



9
15

15-5-
5812

25-5
1-4
0140
4
1-5
12 1.5 2.0.0

64

J. J. Eaton

11
2
8

18 1. 20

21

21 1/4
4
5

118 20
76
10720
29 120

15
0

2-2
7 25-
15-
42 6
42
61

62219

26

33
3

34
788
4

-5
-58
086

441
251
69
dip 100 v 100
100 - 100

111

18 5-
11 3-
2 7. 8-

11-7 25

49
101
49

4 3-
9 0

4 9
4 9 4 9

6 1 8 6 2 5-

2) 12 5 7 2 5-
6 1 8 6 2 5-
6 5 9 9 6

7 2 5 0 6



4 9

15 7 5-
10 0
2 5 10 5

6 1 8 7 5-

45
16

7.2.5 374

270
15
720

14 5-0 748
50 7 7 6 1 5

5-2-2 2 7 28

127
46

116
108
8 9 6

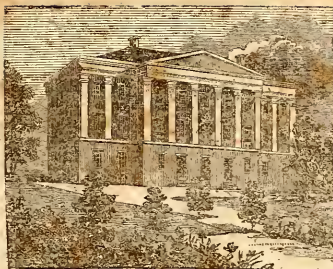
713 511

549 1066

5-5-7 9 73 5-8 5-6

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrisis Members and Sloan Foundation

Classic



Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, AUGUST 12, 1851.

NO. I.

[For the Classic Union.]

GENERAL EDUCATION NECESSARY TO THE PERPETUITY OF A REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

BY ELIASEX.

A Republican Government, when rightly administered, no doubt the best form of government on earth, is one in which the people rule. In their hands is the power, and to them must the ultimate appeal be made on all of those great and important questions which will at times arise and affect the vital interests of the nation. It is then of the utmost importance that useful knowledge be diffused among all classes of people.

Through most parts of our Southern country the numerous schools, colleges, and seminaries of learning, are an evidence of the great interest that is felt on the subject of education. And we are glad to know, and proud to say, that there is a spirit abroad that will lead the rising generation far up the hill of science. But have we been as anxious to make education general, as to make it perfect? Let us look at the foundation on which our scientific and literary institutions are erected, and see if we have been as careful to make that permanent and strong as we have to make the superstructure beautiful and grand. For it matters not how grand be edifice, or how costly the material,—though it be reared of marble and garnished with gold, and its high dome swell to emulate the skies, yet if its foundation be of sand it will prove but a tottering Babel at last.

Our greatest want at the present day throughout the whole Southern and South-western country, is a thorough and practical system of common school education. A system that will extend the light of useful knowledge to every, and the lowest individual whose voice may ultimately be heard in the affairs of our country. In fact, in point of economy, the building of

school houses and educating the children of the poor and destitute, would not only be a matter of saving, but it would be found a valuable investment of our money. For we all know that it is far cheaper to build school houses and sustain good schools than it is to support almshouses, jails, and State prisons. But after all, gold is but dross when compared with the great worth of knowledge and virtue. Useful knowledge, diffused among all classes of people, is our nation's only safeguard, and the only defence that can insure a continuance of our liberties. Let general education be withheld from the people—let the rising generation grow up in ignorance, and soon, very soon, will our fair fabric of liberty crumble to the dust; and our civil and political institutions will fall to rise no more.

It is in vain to contend that there are always wise men enough to administer the affairs of government, and therefore it is not necessary that the whole people should be educated.

In a government like ours there will be political parties, and it is not unfrequently the case that these parties are nearly equally balanced. At such times, the balance of power is in the hands of a few individuals. And if that few are ignorant, illiterate men, they either follow their own unbridled will, or are bought or bribed by the ambitious and designing; and in either case there is danger. If then there is danger in having one hundred or one hundred thousand ignorant, uneducated men at the polls of your elections, there is a proportionate danger in having one. For at such times, when questions of great moment agitate the public mind, one single vote may exert an influence that will affect our existence as a nation forever. If by any course of reasoning it can be shown that there is a necessity for having one thousand or one hundred wise and intelligent men to administer the affairs

of the nation, we will promise to show by the same course of reasoning that the whole people should be educated, and your argument can never stop until it wrests from ignorance every and the lowest individual whose voice may be heard in the affairs of the country. A few wise and intelligent men can very easily deceive and enslave an ignorant people, and rule over them with a rod of iron. But if it is not in the power of many wise and intelligent men to save a people from destruction who possess the power and wealth of State and yet grope in the midnight darkness of ignorance. To this fact will the history of the past and the present state of the world bear the most abundant witness.

Let us for a few moments call your attention to the history of the past. Look at ancient Rome, that once sat on the throne of nations and ruled as mistress of the world! But where now is Rome? She has gone down to the tomb of the Capulets! The crown has fallen from her head and left it naked and bare! The hand that held her scepter is palsied and cold! And Rome, with all her greatness—with all her grandeur—with all her glory, is numbered among the nations that were but are no more. Why is it so? What destroyed that proud and once happy nation? Was it because there were no wise men in Rome? No, for there were many. Her herds, her statesmen, her poets, and her orators, come down to us inscribed in the highest nich in the Temple of Fame. Her treasury was filled with the gold that other nations paid as the price of her friendship. And there was a time when the voice of a Cicero, poured forth in the halls of the Roman Senate, could exert an influence that would shake the whole habitable earth. But her people were ignorant, and that ignorance proved her destruction. And thus it was with ancient Greece, who is the greatest of her arts and sciences; her

literature and learning come down to us unprecedented by any other nation on earth. Greece, too, had her heroes, her statesmen, her poets, and her orators. And there was a time when the voice of a Demosthenes, poured forth in the halls of Greece, could exert an influence that would be felt in all the surrounding nations. But where now is Greece? She has gone down to the grave, and all her glory has departed. The voice of the bittern and the owl is heard in her desolated walls; and Greece lives only in fable and in song. Why is it so, and what destroyed that once most powerful of nations? IGNORANCE! That one word explains the whole matter. Her people (the common people) were ignorant, and that ignorance caused her overthrow.

But now let us direct your attention to the present state of the world; and let us examine facts as they now exist.

Go across the mighty waters. Look at Ireland, ill-fated Ireland! and what is her condition? With a soil as fertile as Eden, and a people in whose hearts burns the natural love of liberty, yet she lies humbled in the dust. The foot of tyranic power is on her neck, and she cannot rise. Why is it so? It is not because there are no wise men in Ireland, for there are many. But her people are ignorant; necessarily ignorant, and that ignorance is the sole cause of her degradation. Look at Spain, with all her gold and vintage—yet her palaces and halls run down with the purple gore. There if a man speak his own thoughts, or declare his own words, he must pay for his temerity with his head. Go to Russia. There you see the proud Autocrat ride triumphant in the car of State over the prostrated liberties of the people. It is a land of slaves; where the mind of man is bound in chains more galling than any that the tyrant can inflict on the body. Right well does Nicholas know that one ray of light from the bright halo around the Temple of Science would brake the chains of his people and hurl him from his throne forever. Go to South America, and there you have Republics, but what is their condition? The school-boy will tell you that it could not well be worse. Thus we might go from land to land, and in every country we should find the most abundant proofs for the position we have assumed. But let us now direct your attention to our own country.

Proud, happy America! The home of the brave and free! The last hallowed sanctuary of civil and religious liberty!

The last asylum on God's habitable earth, to which man can flee from persecution and oppression. And do you ask why we as a people enjoy more of liberty and equality than any other nation under heaven? I answer, it is not because we have a few wiser or better men than other nations; but it is because education is more general. The light of useful knowledge is more widely diffused among all classes of people.

But there is a great work for us yet to do here in our own land. We hear intelligent persons speak of the ignorant mass. We hear the *would-be aristocracy* talk of the ignorance of the *lower class*. And the office hunting politician tells us of a *floating vote!* (A vote that floats in whiskey.) That vote must be secured to secure his election; and it is too often the case that it is secured by bribery. So long as ignorance and vice go through our streets, hand in hand, so long will our country be in danger. If we would be safe, permanently and securely safe, we must extend the light of useful knowledge to one and to all. Let us then, by every means in our power, advance the cause of common school education. Go into the by-places, go into the hovels of the poor—aye, if need be, go into the dens and caves of the earth—wherever degraded humanity finds a shelter from the pitiless storm—drag the wretched inmates forth—pour the light of useful knowledge into their benighted minds—and when the last child of ignorance is enlightened, and the last votary to vice reclaimed, then will your work be done, and well done. Then will your country be safe! Then can the Eagle of Liberty, so long pinioned and weighed down with the triple weights of superstition, of vice and ignorance; rise free as air, and soar aloft to dip his wings in the clouds of heaven, to scatter her blessings far and wide and bear them down to nations yet unborn.

INDIANA LADIES.—Some ladies of the tetotal school, recently *tarted and feathered a doggerly* at Elizabethtown. Yes, Sir, the entire end of the unoffending domicile thickly coated with Dr. Lynch's world wide panacea. It had its effect. "They came, they saw, they conquered." He who kept the "spirital knockings" within, took the hint, and went to parts unknown. A good expedient, that. Let others—but none—but ladies, try it. H.

JELOUSLY.—One of the *four* arising from having a sweetheart, or a spark thrown by Suspicion into the magazine of Love.

[For the Classic Union.]

THE SUPERIOR CLAIMS—AS OBJECTS OF SCIENTIFIC PURSUIT—OF THINGS OBVIOUS TO THE SENSES.

In modern investigations relating to the physical sciences, an undue importance seems to be attached to the occult and intangible. That which is open to general observation and within the reach of the senses appears to be neglected, not indeed for the speculative, but for the "molecular" and *microscopic*, whilst theory and probability are discarded, or received with even an excess of caution, and the inductions of science are made to rest wholly upon observation and experiment, the latter are being directed too exclusively to the intangible and unseen. Very little would seem to be considered worthy of attention on the part of modern investigations except what is only accessible by means of the microscope, or other ingenious contrivances for detecting phenomena inappreciable to the unaided senses. The attention of the chemist is directed to the *molecules* and *atomic* constitution of bodies; physiologists are busied with microscopic structures; naturalists occupy themselves with infusorie and animalcules; while psycho-theologians have been called to renew their warfare with infidelity on the ground of embryotic processes and molecular development.

This peculiar turn of the scientific mind of the present day would seem to indicate about as great a departure from the true mode of investigation as that of the theorists of the anti-Baconian school, and it is questionable whether it is likely to lead to much more substantial results. We fear this tendency will prove unfortunate for the advancement of science, since it operates in rebellion to the dictates of nature and true philosophy.

In physical science, that which is tangible, visible, open to sensible inspection, should always hold the most prominent place as objects of study. The sensible must ever remain the *standard of comparison*, and in this respect can never with safety be abandoned or lessened in importance. Nor are they to be lost sight of any more for the molecular and microscopic than for the speculative. Let the latter be indeed pursued, so far as upon the one hand they are clearly definable, and on the other within the reach of rational induction; but even thus far only as aids to a better understanding of the sensible. They cannot assume an exclusive or prime importance as objects of investigation without detriment to science.

Nature is true to her visible appearance, and uniform in her sensate operations. Her most obvious form the best reveals her character. It is by this that she manifests herself to all with singular constancy—by this must be recognized to be truly known. This is the criterion of Truth; whatever seems to militate against it may be viewed with distrust, and whatever cannot be made to conform to and harmonize with it may legitimately, and, indeed, should be discarded.

Further investigations, and more perfect instruments may materially modify, if not altogether overthrow inferences built upon the imperfect and often deceptive observations made through the medium of artificial apparatus; but those truly based upon the phenomena in Nature, discovered by the instruments which she has furnished, must stand essentially unchanged. As these instruments admit of no improvement, but are in themselves perfect, or at least infinitely more so than anything of the kind capable of construction by the highest ingenuity of art, so will the information derived through them prove proportionally more certain and correct. The field of vision, for instance, may indeed be vastly increased by the aid of a powerful microscope, yet it will be found that in the ratio by this increase will the individual objects become vague and distorted. Hence it is so many microscopic discoveries, so called, have power to be but the creations of imagination, and it is probable that many now received as genuine ought to be classed under the same head.

A prominent source of error connected with the pursuit of science through the medium of artificial helps, is founded in the natural disposition of mankind to abuse their influence and pervert the instruments of power of which they may be supposed to have exclusive possession to wrong purposes. Possessed of means of investigation beyond the reach of the mass, it would not be surprising if ambition or interest should palm off innumerable counterfeits upon the community.

But supposing scientific men to be universally and scrupulously honest—wholly uninfluenced by the temptations which beset human nature in general—exempt from that wide spread, if not inherent propensity in the race to magnify things, to promulgate novel and information, to distort and give a new and singular aspect to facts, and even to create 'startling' discoveries, for public wonderment—yet

the fact of being engaged in the investigation of phenomena, by the use of extraordinary means through which a world of otherwise hidden mysteries bursts at once upon the favored sight, and the consciousness that one is gazing upon what is and will forever remain sealed from the general eye, and that perhaps the particular object of scrutiny may never receive the careful attention of another solitary inquirer,—this is calculated to induce, with the most trustworthy, a state of mental excitement prejudicial to the cause of truth in the general and incompatible with accuracy in regard to particulars.

We cannot, in moments when the mind is most tranquil and unimpassioned, look intently upon the variegated scenery of a landscape, or the cloud-mottled expanse above, without soon recognizing what might be taken for the forms of definite and familiar objects; and as we continue to gaze those forms become as it were animate, and seem to move as endowed with independent existence and voluntary motion. What then shall be said of the liability to error and illusion in the excited and enthusiastic search of new wonders in the field of a microscope magnified thousands and even millions of times,—where the dim outline of a drop of water, for instance, is stretched to an ocean expanse!

But the prominent importance of the obvious and tangible in nature, as objects of study, is still more strongly indicated from this source. Nearly every thing in the natural world bearing markedly upon the wellbeing of society, whether as a means of enjoyment or practical utility, whether affecting mankind physically, intellectually, or morally, is discernable by the naked senses. To be otherwise would indeed be deplorable. There would be nobility of letters based upon wealth. The treasures of science would be monopolized by a monied aristocracy. The few who could possess the more complicated and ponderous scientific engines would hold the balance of power, obtain sovereignty in the empire of knowledge, and become the masters and depositories of whatever were most valuable as conducive to human comfort and enjoyment, while the great mass of mankind would be compelled to wait upon them the humble recipients of their bounty. But such is not the case. Nature is republican in principle. Her immunities extend to the humblest. Equal rights and privileges are proclaimed throughout her vast terri-

tory. Her choicest gifts of truth are within the reach of all, and she has furnished all with the means of obtaining whatever is of essential value.

Let none, then, be deterred from the field of investigation because unprovided with the scientific machinery of modern times, the results of which we hear so much talk about; but let every lover of truth go forth in the active use of the means at his hands, encouraged by the reflection that these means, rightly employed, are the most reliable, and the best suited to the ends in view, and that the objects within their reach are the great and assential objects of pursuit. B. W.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

FROM THE OXFORD EDITION OF MILTON'S WORKS.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong
Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then thou art most near:
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Oh! I seem to stand

In a purer clime,
Trembling; where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now.
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, thyself alone.

I have nought to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Thy chariot I hear.
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my Lute!
I feel the strings of a gift divine,
Within my loom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.—The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Samuel Baker, Pastor of the first Baptist Church, Nashville, by Union University at its recent commencement.

UNION UNIVERSITY.

It is within the memory of man, nay, one generation has scarcely passed away, since there was no literary institution of a high order in Tennessee. Nashville University, the first, and for a number of years, the only one of any character in the State, has, until recently, kept up a distinct organization, under that title, since the year 1826.

As two Universities were once considered 'abundant' for 'all Britain,' surely it was thought one be sufficient for the small territory of Tennessee. The number of charters for new Colleges, nevertheless, in a short time swelled to two or three dozen, thus evincing that the one already in existence was not enough. Many of these, however, for want of sufficient endowment, accessibility, suitable location, or some other cause, dragged out a feeble, shortlived existence, little superior and often inferior in their appointments to the neighboring Academy.

It is believed that but few institutions under State patronage, although furnished with teachers of learning and ability, and the most ample means, have been permanently successful in the United States. Strict as is the supervision of those that may be considered exceptions, it is not half as strict as that of the great Arbiter—Public Opinion. Merit alone can pass its ordeal.—With an earnestness not to be denied ask for the murdered hopes of their old age—the prospects blasted, temporal and eternal, of their beloved children.

Most Seminaries of learning that have been doing well, are located in comparatively small villages, subject, however, to one serious objection—boarding—in commons—where they are debarred from many of the refining and elevating influences of society—a practice believed to be productive of much of that recklessness and moral obliquity so often, and frequently with justice, urged against College students. With a fair allowance for the buoyant exhilaration of feeling natural to youth and who would wish to mar those halcyon days of life? Under proper moral and social influences, they will favorably compare with any class of men similarly situated.

Upon a review of all the elements of an eminently successful Institution—ample endowment, strict supervision, thorough teaching, accessibility, rigid accountability, a good location, healthy and situated in a highly moral community, and at the same time sufficiently central—the friends of sound education, and religion, formed

the plan, some fifteen years ago, of establishing a College embracing as many good, and as few bad qualities as the experience of the past, and the circumstances of the case would permit. Union University is the result.

It was regularly organized in January, 1848, since which time, the number of students has constantly and rapidly increased from about 60 to 181, a number greater probably than ever connected with any similar institution in the State.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.—The third annual commencement is just over. The examination continued from the 7th to the 15th, and was far more thorough than any the writer ever witnessed, and those have not been a few. To say that the young men acquitted themselves well; doing credit to their instructors and exhibiting a degree of intellectual training as rare as it is invaluable would perhaps, be awarding them sheer justice.

Dr. Winston, of Nashville, (on Tuesday evening) delivered to a large and intelligent audience in the Baptist Church, a chaste, beautiful, and forcible address to the two Literary Societies on the influence of Republicanism in the moral and intellectual development of man.

We would willingly subjoin extracts, or rather the whole address of Dr. Winston, and also the Inaugural Address of Prof. Shelton, delivered on Wednesday morning to a crowded house. But as both are to be published soon, we will only delay the banquet of our readers for a time.

The addresses of the Graduating Class are highly spoken of; the Baccalaureate of President Eaton, was such as might have been expected, as a phreologist remarked, from his massive intellect 'powerful and to the point.'

MUSIC.

Prayer—By the Rev. W. C. Buck.

MUSIC.

Inaugural Address of Prof. Wm. Shelton.

Wm. H. Harris—Salutatory.

Wm. Johnson—Immortality of the Soul.

F. A. Ashford—Conflict of truth and error.

F. R. James*—Superiority of Intellect.

G. E. Eagleton—I can, can I?

Wm. H. Harris—Contemplation.

T. P. Crawford*—Foreign Missions.

D. B. Hale*—Our Country.

J. W. Thomas—Progress of Republicanism and Valedictory.

Baccalaureate Address—By Pres. J. H. Eaton.

Prayer—By Rev. S. Baker.

*Excused

THE COLLEGE 'MUS.'

Many years ago 'Harvard' was under the superintending care of the "very mathematical" Praeses, W——. It may be imagined that the coercive part of discipline and instruction so popular in that day lost none of its terrors in his hands.—So precise and mathematical was he that the boys often amused themselves by counting the number of steps he took in going from his house to the college and back, which they averred was *always one hundred*. From this he was never known to vary except on one occasion.

The matin bell had called to prayer.—During the ceremony a poor college mouse, probably for the purpose of obtaining his breakfast, ran among the benches well filled with youths whose countenances were sufficiently solemn, but their eyes had a certain nervous twinkling not to be mistaken. The noise and confusion produced by so unusual a visitor may be conceived better than described: 'But so great a contempt of the Praeses could not be passed over. After prayer he, with ominous voice, exclaimed—

"*Quis distrahit?*"

A Sophomore, just arrived, with demure and cast down look, to the surprise of all, made the candid but fatal reply,

"*Ego, Domine.*"

"*Qua re?*" thundered the President at the trembling culprit. The youth meekly and with measured cadence replied,

"*Mus curcurrit plenum sed,
Contra meum magnum ad.*"

The shout that greeted this sally drowned all "Academic thunder," and the President's steps to his house were said to be fewer and faster that evening than ever before.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.—The Baptists have 9 Theological Seminaries in the United States, with 19 Professors and 123 students; being an average of 12 students to each seminary, and 6 to each Professor. While the Presbyterian and Congregational seminaries have an average of 50 students connected with each. So says the New York Recorder. H.

FANATICISM.—The Western Episcopalian alludes to a Prayer book for children, recently put forth by the Episcopal S. S. Union, which teaches, among other objectionable things, that little children who have not been baptised should not say the Lord's Prayer. The reason assigned is, we cannot say, "Our Father," till we have been admitted into the church by this sacrament. H.

[From the Christian Review of July, 1851.]
ON THE SIGNIFICATION OF KTISIS.

ROM. viii. 19-22.

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.—For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope; because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.—[Received Version.]

Professor Stuart, in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and in the *Biblical Repository*, vol. I. p. 363, enumerates no fewer than eleven different significations which have been attached to the term *ktisis* in the above passage. The larger part of these will not, however, require any long consideration. To name is to answer many of them. No one will be in danger now of supposing that it refers to “the souls of the planets,” as Origen held, or “angels,” “good” or “bad,” or “Adam and Eve,” or “the souls of believers,” or their “bodies.”

The opinion that it denotes “Christians,” (either Jewish or Gentile, or Christians in general,) though upheld by Barnes and some besides, would otherwise seem but little entitled to consideration, since in the 19th verse the *ktisis* is carefully distinguished from the sons of God, for whose manifestation it is represented as waiting. So also, after in the 22d verse representing it as groaning and travelling in pain, the apostle adds, in the 23d verse, “And not only so, but ourselves also who have the first fruits of the Spirit.” Here Christians are plainly distinguished from the *ktisis*.

To obviate this last objection, some have indeed supposed the clause, “we who have the first fruits of the Spirit,” to mean not Christians in general, but “we who are endowed with miraculous powers.”—Such an interpretation, however, is fetched; for those endowments could confer no such special happiness as might be supposed to exempt their possessors from the longings common to all the children of God after a more perfect state, or afford a reason why they should be separately specified from all other Christians. If the context were not sufficient to exclude this sense, the term itself would hardly endure so forced and unwonted a signification.—It never is so used, except in connection with “new creature,” nor is it easy to conceive how it could be.

There are, then, but three views, according to Professor Stuart’s catalogue, which remain to be considered. I. That *ktisis* here refers to unconverted men in distinction from the sons of God; or, II. Mankind in general; or, III. The irrational creation.

I. In favor of the first opinion, *i. e.*, that the term in question refers to *unconverted men*, it is urged that it and the corresponding word in Rabbinic Hebrew are sometimes used derogatively, as for the heathen, or any degraded individual or class; just as in English it is vulgarly said, “The creature refused to be instructed.”—It is also said that *ktisis* is here put in contrast with “those who have received the first fruits of the Spirit,” and must therefore refer to the unconverted.

But it will determine us against this construction of the passage, to remember, 1st. That this, though a possible, would be a very forced rendering of the term. 2d. That the apostle does not contrast “those who have received the first fruits of the Spirit” with the *ktisis*, but only advances from one specification to another. “And not only so, but we who have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan,” &c. 3d. Nor, further, is there any reason why it should be specially predicated of the unconverted that they are subject to frailty, while the rest of mankind are equally so.

In deciding between the two remaining opinions, (and it is between these that the great body of sound critics are divided,) nothing decisive can be argued from the term employed. Nor is the general train of thought very much affected by either interpretation. The subject of the apostle’s remark is clearly expressed in the 18th verse: “The sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory” which shall follow. In the four or five subsequent verses, St. Paul enlarges upon the glory which shall follow at the manifestation of the sons of God, representing it as so great that the whole creation, and even Christians, are anxiously waiting for the event.

II. Shall we then understand by the whole creation here, *that mankind in general are earnestly awaiting this period*, or consider it a bold prosopopœa, by which the earth, the sea, and the whole of the irrational creation are represented as anxiously looking for the removal of the curse, and a participation in man’s glory? Either of these views may comport in a measure with the apostle’s object; which most appropriately and forcibly, we shall see hereafter.

1st. *In favor of the former of these it may be said, (a.) That it well agrees with the usus loquendi*, as the term is frequently used in the New Testament for mankind only, apart from the irrational creation.—Thus, Mark x. 6: “From the beginning of the creation God made them male and fe-

male. For this cause shall a man to leave his father and his mother, and cleave to his wife.” Here the creation seems plainly to refer to the creation, not of the earth, sea, air, which are not male and female, nor yet irrational animals, but of mankind. Again, in Col. i. 23, the same terms are employed as in the 22d verse of this chapter to assert that “the gospel was preached to every creature which is under heaven;” as also in Mark xvi. 15: “Preach the gospel to every creature.” In these cases, “mankind” is plainly intended, not the irrational creation; and why, it is asked, may it not be so used here? “All human creatures sigh together and are in anguish even to the present time.”

(b.) It is urged also in favor of this view, that *such are the feelings of mankind*. There is in man naturally a longing after immortality, and an expectation of a higher, better state of existence. In support of this, heathen writers are appealed to. Numerous passages from Cicero, Seneca, and other authors, have been quoted, and easily might be multiplied, in proof of this general longing and expectation.

(c.) This sense, it is said, also well agrees with the apostle’s argument, since it would tend greatly to support our hopes in the future state, that the expectation of it was universally felt by mankind, and that their frail and unhappy condition evidently pointed to it. This view of the passage is supported by McKnight, Lightfoot, Stuart, Whitby, and others.

2d. *Many objections*, however, are made to such an interpretation. (a.) It is urged by Tholuck that the *ktisis* is here represented as expecting a specific Scriptural event—the manifestation of the sons of God, the resurrection; not a vague, unknown immortality; that the two are altogether different, so that the desire of mankind for the one is totally different from the longing here described after the other, to which the mass of mankind do not look forward with hope.

But this objection is hardly conclusive, for, as Professor Stuart remarks, “It is not necessary for the apostle’s argument to show that they look for this (a future state) in the way that Christianity would direct them to do, nor even that they have good grounds personally to expect a happier condition in future. If even the wicked who love the world are not satisfied with it, and are made to sign after another and more perfect state, then follows the conclusion which the apostle designed to urged, *i. e.*, that God has strongly im-

pressed on our whole race, that there is a better state, and that is highly needed."

(b.) With more force it is objected, that *it is not here the object of the apostle to prove in any way the doctrine of a future existence, but only to heighten our conceptions of this state*; already firmly credited. The theme is, "our present sufferings are not worthy of comparison with the glory which shall follow." The force of subsequent passages, according to Professor Stuart's supposition, is to prove a truth fully believed in. But according to the other opinion, *i. e.*, that the whole fabric of nature is to be renovated in sympathy with this manifestation of the sons of God, our conceptions of future glory are heightened, and present sufferings shown unworthy of comparison with it.

(c.) A further objection is drawn by Mr. Hodge from the 20th verse: "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him [that is, God, according to Mr. H.] who hath subjected the same in hope that the creature should be delivered," &c. It is argued that it cannot be said of man, that he was brought into his present state not by his own act or willingly. "Nothing approaching this can be said of the world of sinners." But this is strained. For however voluntarily he committed that which subjected him to this state of frailty, yet this frailty was the unwished for effect of his own conduct.

(d.) There is, however, a different construction of this verse, much to be preferred on many accounts to the common one, and offering a far more forcible objection to this interpretation. Let the passage be read thus: "The longing expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God, (for the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who subjected it,) in hope that the creature," &c. Thus the *kليس* is represented as waiting in hope, having been subjected to frailty by the evil conduct of man. This better accords with the general Scripture representation: "Cured is the ground for thy sake." "Because they have transgressed the law, therefore the curse hath devoured the land." "How long shall the lapid mourn, and the herbs of every field wither for the wickedness of them that dwell therein?" Thus regarded, this verse will offer a very serious difficulty to Professor Stuart's reading of *kليس*; for if he who subjected the *kليس* be man, the *kليس* subjected must, it should seem, be something besides man, the irrational creature, primarily at least.

(c.) Again, it is a strong objection to this view of the term, as has been remarked in considering another interpretation, that a very clear distinction is made between the *kليس* and Christians. Thus, in the 18th verse, it is represented as "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and not only so, but ourselves also." Surely, this must forbid the idea that *kليس* here not only embraces but is very largely made up of the sons of God.

(f.) Further, the representation here is that the *kليس* shall partake of the glorious liberty of the sons of God; for it is plain the apostle does not mean to assert that the most of mankind were expecting to partake of it, only to be disappointed. But it is not the case that mankind as a whole will participate in the felicity of heaven.

III. We come, then, at length, to consider the interpretation which supposes this term to mean *the irrational creation as a whole*. This is on many accounts greatly preferable to the one last mentioned. It is the most obvious and generally received opinion; is the view of Chrysostom, Theodoret, and others among the early commentators; Erasmus, Grotius and Luther in the sixteenth century, and Platt, Tholuck, Scott and Hodge of the present day.

It also seems to give a more appropriate and dignified sense to these verses. To heighten our conceptions of the glorious period to which he refers, the apostle, by a prosopopeo well suited to the strength of his vigorous ideas, represents the whole creation with outstretched neck awaiting the removal of the curse, and watching for the manifestation of the sons of God. How sublime a sense is this. How frigid the others we have examined, compared to it.

And it well coincides with the general representations of Scripture, which constantly speaks of nature as sympathizing in the glory of man. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the falling together, and a little child shall lead them." So also in Rev. xxi. 1: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." If, as Professor Stuart insists, we must take this language as merely figurative, and not at all to be literally fulfilled, it may be replied that there

can be nothing improper in constructing St. Paul's representation as equally metaphorical. But however figurative some of these passages may be, taken in connection with others they teach a renovation of the earth corresponding to the future holiness of the redeemed.

Thus Heb. xii. 26, 27: "He hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more; signifieth the removing of those things which are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." Again in the second of Peter, iii. 12, 13: "The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Let this language be considered in connection with Acts xiii. 21, where "the restitution of all things" is spoken of. This renovation of physical nature is to be as real and literal, then, as the destruction of the old world by water. Yet Professor Stuart would avoid the force of these passages by saying, "To draw the conclusion that a new creation of the heaven and the earth means here a new literal creation made out of the old one, and differing from the first only in degree of perfection, would be the same as to argue that because the Bible represents a Christian man as being born again, raised from the dead, created anew, therefore his spiritual change in regeneration is to be regarded as being literally one."

If indeed the doctrine of the renovation of the earth needed confirmation after the passages which have been adduced, reference might be made to the universal belief of the Jews on this point. Or it might be said that since the beginning of time, no particle of matter has ever been annihilated; that we might safely believe therefore that the world will ever exist in some state; that geology shows us that it has already undergone a series of improving changes, and that consequently it seems highly probable that after a more thorough purification by fire, it shall exhibit a beauty and order to which it has not yet attained. It is not asserted who shall then inhabit this world, further than that therein shall dwell "righteousness;" that physical nature shall sympathize and partake in the glory of the manifestation of the sons of God, as she has long been subjected to vanity by the fall of man.

It has been objected that the figure is

too strong, unnatural, unlike the apostle. But it certainly is one that is constantly occurring in the sublimest parts of the sacred writings. "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad." "Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein." "Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice."—"The mountains and hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." One of the most chaste and eloquent of modern writers, Robert Hall, in his so much admired passage in his sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte, carries out to greater length the same kind of figure; when speaking of the loss of a single soul, he says: "Were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?"

Finally, it is urged by professor Stuart, that by this interpretation, Christians are represented as in a frail and dying state, and earnestly desiring to be delivered from it; so also is the natural world, yet the world of rational beings in general who are not regenerated are not even mentioned. This objection has weight.

IV. The fairest way seems to be to regard *klis* as signifying the *irrational creation inclusively and primarily, but not altogether to the exclusion of human beings*; who also join in the universal anxiety of expectation. None of the difficulties belonging to an exclusive application of this term to men as distinct from the rest of creation will apply to this interpretation. Two only of the objections could be supposed to do so; namely, those marked (e.) and (f.)

In regard to the former, *i. e.*, that in the 19th and 23d verses, a distinction is taught between the *klis* and believers, and therefore that we may adopt any interpretation of *klis* which will embrace them, if it be considered that believers form but a small part of mankind, and mankind only a small part of creation, it can afford us no surprise that they should be brought out from so subordinate a position, and their feelings as a distinct class recorded.

In regard to the only remaining difficulty (f.)—that the *klis* is represented implicitly as actually partaking of the glorious liberty of the sons of God,—it will be sufficiently true of the *klis* as a whole fully to justify the remark,—of the irrational creation entirely, "and of all the good who form the type of humanity."

This view of the sense of the above term seems free from every objection, and furnishes the sense most exactly in accordance with the general views of the apostle and the scope of this particular passage.

T. F. C.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

There is, in many families, an impression that the boys soon grow beyond the mother's control or influences, and that while it is expected that the girls should still be obedient to their mother, the sons must at a certain age be left to the control of the father. Thus instantly they imbibe the feeling that they are above the mothers authority. The mother feels that she has no power to govern them; the father is away, and his whole mind is engrossed with other cares; and the boys are left uncontrolled. This is the influential cause of the ruin of thousands of families.

The idea is a totally erroneous one, that a son by nature feels that there is an inferiority in a woman, and that it is not manly to obey his mother. The natural feeling is just the reverse, and a judicious mother can retain control over a son as long as she can over a daughter. Indeed, a well-educated young man feels a peculiar pride in being obedient to his mother.—There is a chivalrous feeling, a sense of honor, connected with such submission, which is highly pleasurable to every ingenious mind.

In fact, every young man wants to be proud of his mother. He loves to feel under her control. He delights in having a mother who is capable and worthy of guiding him. And she who virtually abandons the government of her boy just as he is entering upon the fiery temptations of impetuous youth, inflicts upon him an irreparable injury, and is almost unpardonably traitorous to her sacred trust. Get the entire control of your child in the earliest period of his infancy. Hold on upon that control by affection, and firmness, and decision, as years glide along, and your son will love you, and by its virtues bless you while you live, and adobe your memory when you sleep in the dust.

And this should be kept in view by every mother in the education of her daughters. She is to be trained up to a wife and a mother. If she has a weak mind and a frivolous education, and has been prepared merely to shine while in her teens in the circles of pleasure and ostentation, and fashion, what will become of her, when her children, gathered around her knee, and her son growing into vigorous boyhood, with an energetic mind, is looking to her for intellectual guidance? He feels ashamed of his mother. He is mortified at the indications that a woman is but a weak animal, who was never intended to be an intellectual companion for man.

I was recently conversing with a lady in New York, who had by her side a slender, pale, pensive looking child of thirteen. The lady said she was anxious to have

her child finish her education immediately, and therefore, in addition to her school studies, she has provided for her out of school teachers of music, French and drawing. That child at fifteen will have finished her education. She then plunges into all the frivolities of fashionable life.—The parents probably hope that by the time she is seventeen she may be married. Now what can such a mother do with a boy? By the time he is seven years old he will despise her, and of course refuse to obey her. Judging of all other mothers by the silly thing he is forced to call mother; he will feel no respect for the female sex. Passion will remain. A life of dissipation, early death, and endless ruin are almost the inevitable result.—When a young lady is seventeen years of age, if she enjoy good health, she is just beginning to have that vigor of mind which enables her to make intellectual acquisitions. Two or three years then devoted energetically to study, will store her mind with treasures which will be more valuable to her than mines of gold. She will be thus able to command a husband's respect and to retain his love. Her children will feel that they have indeed a mother. Her home will be one worthy of the name, where a mother's accomplished mind and glowing heart will diffuse their heavenly influence.

An angel might covet the mission which is assigned to a mother. Your child, who thinks of finishing her education at sixteen, may soon have entrusted to her keeping and culture a son, in whose soul glow the energies of Milton; or of Newton, or of Washington. God did not make her merely to play a waltz or dance the polka. She is created but a little lower than the angels. When the warning stars expire, she is still to go careering on in immortality. Appreciate the exaltation of her nature, her duties, and her destiny. Let not the noble intellect where dwells her immortality be unheeded. The years of youth are soon gone. The moments in which a young lady can attract attention by a few superficial accomplishments are as transient as the morning dew. But there are life-long cares and responsibilities which will weigh upon her. And when she has passed through her three-score years and ten and venerable in age, she sits by the fireside, with her children and grandchildren around her, accomplished scholars and honorable statesmen may be among their number, who shall assemble in her chamber with emotion of love and reverence.

The better animals can be fed, and the more comfortable they can be kept, the more profitable they are, and all farmers work for profit.

Sow clover deep, it secures it against the drought.

Cows well fed in winter, give more milk in summer.

When you see the fence down put it up, if it remains until to-morrow, the cattle may get over.

What ought to be done to-day, do it, for to-morrow it may rain.

THE SUNSHINE AND THE SHADOW.

I saw a little child, so gentle and so bright, he was like a star upon the earth, and wheresoever he went, light followed him. And light rested upon all things that he touched—and it was a wonderful light. I saw him beside a pebbly brook, and the waters gleamed in a new beauty; he dipped in his little dimpled hand, and the drops that he splashed from his rosy fingers glittered with such a sparkle, that he laughed with a glad laugh. Oh! the beautiful waters; he was very merry with them. And the light fell upon the stones under the water, and they shone like diamonds and rubies; and the little child gathered many of them and felt very rich; and he seated himself upon the green earth, and played a long time with his beautiful pebbles. Presently a butterfly came along, and the light from the child fell on the gay butterfly. And oh! such beauty! The child thought he never seen any thing half so beautiful; he watched it with a wondrous love; he would not move; but his large-loving eyes rested on it, full of hope and desire, for he saw it fly from flower to flower, sipping the honeydew. And a large buttercup bloomed very near to him; and his light shone full upon it; and he hoped that the bright butterfly would come and drink out of that yellow cup, and he would better see those beautiful wings. And the butterfly felt the light that was around the little boy, and so it feared not, but came and rested in the pleasant flower so long that the boy's desire was satisfied.

And now he heard a bird sing, and such a song! It seemed as if the light from the little boy fell upon the bird's song, for it was the merriest and sweetest that a child ever heard. And now the child's mother came; and he sprang to her with such a loving joy, clasped his arms around her, rested his little sleepy face on her bosom—and the angel thoughts passed over his face in dream-smiles. And the light of the child rested on the good mother, and she, too, was beautiful, because she had a good child.

But I saw another one, and I looked in vain for the light. There was none; but wheresoever he went a dark shadow followed him. All tried to please him—to make him happy—but the shadow fell on the costly toys they gave him; and they became broken, useless fragments; and on the cakes and candies, and changed them to hurtful poisons which, when he had eaten them, made the shadow much more black. And then he, too, was taken out into the beautiful country, but the pebbly brook, with its pretty waters, became a mere muddy stream; with earthy stones, under that dark shadow. The happy butterfly was chased from every flower upon which it lighted, till at last its weary wings gave out, and it was snatched by a rude hand and became a loathsome mass. Oh! it was hideous in that black shadow. The birds flew trembling away—they could not sing, or if they hid, the shadow would not let the boy hear the sweet sounds. Even the flowers did not look at all beautiful; so he

whipped off their delicate heads with a switch.

And now the mother came for this tired boy, too, but he struggled and cried; and the shadow, fell upon the mother, and made her so unbeautiful that I could look no longer, for I saw her seize the switch that had so cruelly used the sweet flowers, and I did not wish to see what she was going to do with it, and I wished to escape from the shadow.

Little children—the sunshine was Love, and the shadow was Hatred.—*Little Truth Teller.*

THE CHAPLAIN'S SERMON.

BY R. H. COLEAP.

There's sorrow on the sea, boys,

When storms are howling round;

There's sorrow when the frigate winds

In dismal chorus sound;

There's sorrow on the sea, boys,

When tempests whistle by,

And troubled waters rage a-lea,

And thunders peal on high.

There's sorrow on the sea, boys,

When gallant tars are slain,

Yet falling in their country's cause,

A crown of glory gain;

There's sorrow when a shipmate dies

Far from his native land;

There's sorrow when the pitying crew

Around his hammock stand.

There's sorrow on the sea, boys,

When famine marks our days,

When every mess-mate's fastidious look

The cannibal betrays;

There's sorrow on the sea, boys,

Yet landmen have their care,

G whether you may please, boys,

And sorrow will be there.

There's sorrow on the sea, boys,

But that shall shortly cease,

And we a port shall find, boys,

Where reigns eternal peace;

There evermore shall we, boys,

At anchor safely ride—

No short allowance there, boys,

But every want supplied.

And there shall we enjoy, boys,

The great Commander's law,

That all who do their best, boys,

Shall double rations draw;

And every one new rigged, boys,

On quarter-deck shall be—

No more shall we complain, boys,

"There's sorrow on the sea."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The great Leveller. The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the King and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished.—The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there unmarked the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the bonneted, will sleep until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall give up its dead.—*Giles.*

Whence is profanity innocent? Answer—When a man has a stream running through his farm and he dams it.

BOYS OUT AFTER NIGHTFALL.

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathising lover of boys. I like to see them happy, cheerful and gleesome.—I am not willing that they be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth. Indeed I can hardly understand how a high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye, all rights and customs which entrench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents, who are not thoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon the subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the streets after nightfall. It is ruinous to their morals in almost all instances—they acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy and excited state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language, obscure practices, or criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing; indeed it is in the streets after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular have a most rigid and inflexible rule, that will never permit a son under any circumstances, whatever, to go into the street after nightfall, with a view of engaging in out of door sports, or meet other boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices. Boys should be taught to have pleasure around the family centre table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusement.—Boys, gentlemen's sons, are seen in the street after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of good morals.—Fathers and mothers, keep your boys at home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and, above all, with a view of their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame, as to openly violate the Sabbath day, by indulging in street pastime during its day or evening hours.—*A True Friend of Boys.*

Mr. Nelson, of the Statistical Society, lately gave an estimate of the number of drunkards in England and Wales, from which it appeared that the number of males was 53,583, and females 11,223, making a total of 64,806, which gives one drunkard to every seventy-four of the male population, one to every four hundred and thirty-four of the female, and one in one hundred and forty-five of both sexes.

The road to immortality is as rugged as the one which leads to bread. The gatekeeper is Envy—the toll, Health.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1851.

THE CLASSIC UNION.

In bringing before the public a new paper, it is proper that we should state its principles, explain its designs, and otherwise indicate its general character.

The press is admitted to be the great engine of power by which the public mind is directed and controlled. Traces of its influence are discernable on almost all classes of society. Where it is directed by principles of a pure morality and with fidelity to society it is capable of producing the most salutary results for the cause of virtue and human happiness. If it be destitute of these benign principles, it loses none of its power to effect and leave its impress on society but being directed in a different channel, it becomes as mighty for evil. Entertaining these views of the influences of the public press, and a corresponding responsibility of those who conduct it, we have prescribed to ourselves in the management of the Classic Union the great principles of truth and benevolence. Conformity to these principles will secure our readers at least against pernicious influences.

Being more or less closely connected with the educational interest of the country, and especially those of the Baptist denomination; and having access to the minds of many young persons of both sexes—those upon whom the future glory of the Church and the Nation in a measure depends, we have been induced to believe that through the medium of a paper well designed and properly conducted, the double object of promoting the cause of education and science in general, and instilling into the minds of the young important principles for the government of their future lives and usefulness might be secured. We have also been impressed with the belief that there is a vacuum in the Periodical Literature of the South and West which might be filled with interest and profit to the community at large. With a view of reaching these results we have been induced to commence the publication of a paper devoted to Education, Literature and Religion.

While there has been made, great advancement, in the interest taken by the

people in the subject of education, still there is a great deficiency in energy, liberality, and well directed, schemes for prosecuting and carrying out the convictions of the public mind. The age in which we live, and the responsibilities which devolve upon the people, require a better organized system of education, and an enlarged liberality to have their wants fully met. It will be our object to write and publish such articles, and keep our readers so informed as to inspire greater zeal in so commendable a cause.

We shall also publish both original and selected, such Literary productions as will afford pleasure to the scholar and man of taste. As a Religious paper, we do not appear as the organ of any denomination; but as an independent journal, and shall therefore be free from those discussions which are a necessary part of denominational papers. Articles designed to cultivate the piety and inculcate a love for the pure principles and doctrines of the Bible, will occupy much of our pages. We shall also occasionally furnish criticisms and well written articles on various subjects in Christian Theology.

That we possess any peculiar fitness for the task imposed upon ourselves, aside from the positions we occupy before the public, is not pretended. We are conscious of inexperience and a great want of competency to effect what we desire, but with application and industry we hope to be not altogether unsuccessful in our task. H.

APOLOGETIC.

We regret the necessity of accompanying our first issue with an apology, justice however, to the gentlemen connected with the editorial department, and upon whom the labor of furnishing its matter principally devolved, requires us to say their necessary absence rendered it impossible for them to bestow any attention to the getting up of this number. We therefore offer it as a specimen of the general character of the paper rather than of its literary merit. H.

"HOME AND FOREIGN JOURNAL."

We have received the second number of this paper, published at Richmond, Va., by H. K. ELLISON, and edited by the Secretaries of the Domestic and Foreign Mission Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention. It contains much valuable information on the subject of Missions, and should be in the hands of every Baptist throughout the land. H.

PRESIDENT EATON.

President Eaton has taken a tour through North Alabama and Mississippi, and will return through the Western District of this State. We trust he will form many pleasant acquaintances among our brethren in these regions of country, and that they will find in him the man under whose direction they will be pleased to place their sons. It would not be modest in us to recommend Prof. Eaton very highly, as we might be thought interested, which is a fact. We therefore say to our brethren, and all others, where he may pass, see him, and hear him, and judge for yourselves. H.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

Union University, during its last session, bestowed gratuitous instructions on candidates for the ministry, worth, according to the regular charges of the institution, over \$400, and during the last three years, to upwards of \$1500 hundred dollars!—From these figures, the Baptist Churches may judge what the University is doing for them, and form some idea of the importance of vigorously sustaining it by donations and pupils. Several graduates have already gone forth to blow the trumpet of salvation to a perishing world, and to engage in the great contest between truth and error. If the churches will do their duty, and place the college on a firm basis, at the increasing rate at which candidates for the ministry are making application for an education, it will only be a few years until every church will be supplied with an educated ministry! At this rate is not every dollar invested in the institution returning a profitable income to the churches? But to keep up this encouraging state of things there must be large additions made to the Treasury of the University. There will necessarily be a large amount of the fund subscribed for its endowment, never collected. This is always the ease with such subscriptions, and it will be the ease with ours. This deficiency must be met. Will wealthy and liberal minded brethren not meet it and place the institution on a firm basis? We believe they will! H.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We take the privilege of sending the present number of our paper to many of our friends who are not subscribers, with the hope of inducing them to send us their names. Those desiring us to continue their names as subscribers will apprise us by sending their post office address. H.

THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

The importance of a knowledge of the Greek, especially to the minister of the Gospel, is universally admitted. It is the language in which the doctrines and teachings of Christ and his Apostles—in which the whole plan of man's redemption—was originally recorded. To be able to examine and understand the import of every word or form of expression used by the inspired authors of the New Testament, is certainly an important acquisition. For however correct a translation of the sacred Oracles we may have, and however sufficient it may be for unfolding the plan of salvation, and teaching us our duty to God, it is impossible, in a translation, always to present the comprehensive fullness of meaning contained in the original. He, therefore, who can read the word of God in the language in which it was written, can attain a superior understanding of it, over him who cannot.

Every minister should make himself sufficiently acquainted with the Greek, to be able to read and translate for himself the words of inspiration. Nor is the acquisition difficult. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of this knowledge, has been gradually being removed, until it now imposes no obstacle to complete success. The elementary books of the Greek, were formerly written almost exclusively in the Latin language, which made it necessary for the student first, as a preliminary measure, to learn that language, or to learn two languages to gain a knowledge of one. This was unnecessary, as the learned concede, for a better understanding of the Greek, and only served to cumber it, and deter many from its study who otherwise would have been disposed to it. Even the Latin scholar finds he can proceed to the study of Greek, with greater facility, directly from his own native tongue, without the intervention of the Latin. Accordingly teachers give their instructions, and the Grammars and Lexicons are now generally written in the English language. The difficulty arising from this source, and the difficulty which has obscured, perhaps more than any other, the Greek language, has been removed, and any one who chooses, may enter directly upon its study without embarrassment. Any individual who chooses, if he possesses a tolerable knowledge of the English language, and an ordinary capacity for study and the acquisition of knowledge, may, by devoting the two or three hours which he throws away every day, to the object, be able in twelve months to read with fa-

cility the New Testament; and will have laid the foundation of proceeding at his leisure and with ease to any extent he pleases in the language. He that tries it will be paid for his trouble. H.

RAILROAD.

✓ The railroad running from Nashville to Chattanooga is completed to this place.—We hail the event as one highly auspicious to the commercial interest of our town; and yet there is one deep shade upon the otherwise bright picture of prosperity which the achievement of this work presents. We deeply and sincerely regret that the management of the affairs of the company has been entrusted to the hands of those who fear not God nor regard his holy day. The quiet of our Sabbath has been invaded by the whistle of the locomotive, and thus a strong temptation has been placed before those whose principles are not firmly fixed, to violate those sacred hours by seeking their own amusement. When we reflect that millions of pecuniary profit cannot compensate for the smallest amount of moral injury, we feel that this desecration of the Sabbath on the part of the Directors of the Railroad company, ought not to receive the slightest encouragement from any well wisher to the community. We feel confident that in a pecuniary point of view, Sabbath profits will prove to be far less than they are estimated, inasmuch as the value of property is in direct proportion to the moral elevation of the community in which it is situated. Who can doubt that a disregard of Sabbath observance, tends directly to blunt the moral perceptions and to weaken the feelings of obligation in regard to all moral restraints. A community of Sabbath breakers will soon become a community disregarding the authority of God in all things, having no respect for the rights of their fellow men, deterred from crime only through fear of legal punishment. What, we ask, would be the value of property in such a community? Who would not flee from it even as Lot fled from Sodom? Depend upon it, obedience to the laws of God is the true wisdom in every point of view. We are not done with this subject. We intend to lift up our voice against this Sabbath desecration so long as it continues, even though religious papers remain silent. E.

VOLUNTARY SELF-CONDEMNATION.—He who has genius and eloquence sufficient to cover or excuse his errors, yet extenuates not but rather accuses himself, and unequivocally confesses guilt; approaches the circle of immortals.—*Lavater.*

THE BIBLE A MEANS OF INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

The time was, when the idea of cultivating the intellect through the medium of the Bible would have been thought an idle dream, for there was a time when the Scriptures were read by few and known only in the learned languages. Nor is the truth of the proposition that the Scriptures are pre-eminently adapted to the cultivation of the mind, and the expansion of the intellect, fully realized and appreciated even by the friends of the Bible at the present day. It is thought that the Bible is adapted to moral culture, and not appropriate for that of the intellect. But aside from the fact that moral culture greatly strengthens the intellect and expands the mental powers, the sacred Scriptures possess in a superior degree to all other writings the elements to strengthen the intellect. It is by contact with elevated truths and exquisite beauty that the taste is refined and the understanding strengthened. But there are no sublimer truths or more exquisite beauty in any composition than are found in the word of God. And if we would put the powers of the soul to its utmost stretch and thus expand them by the search after intricate truths, the Bible surpasses all other fields of investigation. If the philosophy, politics, history, poetry and eloquence of Greece and Rome are worthy of our study, are not the profounder philosophy and more authentic history; the sublimer eloquence and more beautiful poetry of the Bible incomparably more worthy? We shall not, indeed, find in the Scriptures a Homer, with his Gods of heaven, hell, earth and ocean; with his nymphs of forest, mountain and vale; nor shall we find a Demosthenes with his Greece and his Macedon, with the Ambition of a Philip and the Liberty of Athens—and here we shall look in vain for the fatalism of the Stoics, the metaphysics of Aristotle, and the imagination of Plato. But in the Bible we look for greater, purer and more valuable works than Greece could ever boast. It is strange that inferior classics of a parallel character should be thought adapted to the cultivation of the intellect while those that are superior are set aside as not adapted to the same end. But as the Scriptures are superior to all other writings, in the soundness of their philosophy and morals, the impartiality and dignity of their history, the sublimity of their eloquence and loveliness of their poetry, so are they the best means of intellectual culture. H.

Good fences make good neighbors.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTION.

The interest of education seems to be advancing with a new impulse, and a commendable zeal is manifest in different portions of our beautiful State, in the establishment of permanent institutions of learning. This spirit evidently indicates an increasing appreciation of the means adapted to the promotion of intellectual and moral improvement, in some degree proportionate to the rapid progress of the physical developments of our country.

Within a very brief period we may hope to see the most flattering results following these educational enterprises, giving a higher tone to public morals, and affording a more refined and elevated literature. To such improvement, the cultivation of the female mind is in a great degree conducive, and indeed, one of the foremost features of this age of progress, is the unparalleled zeal displayed in the cause of female education.

We cannot, as yet, form an adequate conception of the changes which must be effected in many departments of society, where female education is regarded as worthy the highest efforts of the philanthropist and the Christian.

Every new enterprise for promoting this great agency of reformation and improvement, is another step in "the march of mind," and should be cherished with an interest equal to the sphere in which it may exert an influence. The Institution above mentioned possesses rare facilities, for educating the daughters of our country. Murfreesborough as a location, is unsurpassed in most of the advantages desirable for such an Institution: occupying nearly the geographical centre of our State, in a region of extreme fertility and beauty, with that degree of wealth and refinement which affords the first order of society, and ever favorable to literary pursuits. As to health, it is universally acknowledged to be exceeded by no country of the same population, and this young and flourishing city is especially free from local disease.

But aside from these advantages of location and accessibility, there are other great facilities afforded to this Institution which belong to very few female seminaries. Murfreesborough is the seat of Union University—a college of permanency and reputation—having already an endowment fund of \$60,000, and an able Faculty of Professors, and 131 students, as is seen from the last catalogue of the Institution.

Here the brother and sister can per-

sue the paths of learning, enjoying the same watchcare of each other, an advantage appreciated by those who have sons and daughters to be educated away from home. Another indispensable advantage connected with this Female Institution is the acknowledged ability of Mrs. J. H. Eaton, as an instructress of young ladies, in all that is adapted to improve and adorn the minds and manners. Mrs. E. is to be aided by assistant Teachers of the first qualifications, and the College Faculty are to lecture upon the various branches of science and literature pursued in the Institution.

It cannot be reasonably doubted, that, surrounded by circumstances thus favorable, this enterprise bids fair to meet the most sanguine hopes of its liberal founders and friends. It is designed to be permanent, and must add much to the prosperity and reputation of Murfreesborough, and increase the interest already excited in the cause of Education, throughout the State.

THE TWO PATHS.

There are two paths leading through this world, in one or the other of which every traveler on the journey of life is found walking. The one is the path of duty, the other is the way of the transgressor.—Every step in the former path elevates the character and plants the moral footsteps more firmly upon the immutable basis of truth and rectitude. Every step in the latter is a fearful descent in the direction of the "great dismal swamp" of abandoned guilt. At the outset, these two paths seem to our confused perceptions, to run so nearly parallel that we attempt to step from one to the other as best suits our inclinations. But this is a fearful experiment, for as one road is ascending and the other descending they very soon separate so widely that those in the downward course are utterly unable to climb again upon the high road of rectitude, and unless the arm of the son of God is reached down for their rescue, they must continue in the way of the transgressor, which is hard in this life, and leads to endless perdition. It becomes us then to look well to our footsteps, and ascertain without delay in which of these two paths we are walking. Every act of our lives, every word of our mouths, and every thought of our hearts, has a moral character, it is either in accordance with the will of God or in opposition to that will, and consequently must affect our destiny here and hereafter.

Reader, in which of those roads art thou

now walking? Assuredly—for the lips of Eternal Truth have declared it—the broad road of sin leadeth to destruction. Thou canst not reach heaven, unless thou walkest in the narrow way. If thou art in the way, pursue it. Glorious will be the end. If thou art not in the way, enter, enter now, in at the strait gate. Renounce thy sins. Return to God, through Jesus Christ the Savior. E.

"NOTICES OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE U. S. OF AMERICA."—By CHARLES C. JEWETT, Librarian of the Smithsonian Institution.

This work, which has just come to hand, is a volume of over 200 pages, "printed by order of Congress, as an appendix to the fourth annual report of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution," and "prepared in accordance with the plan of rendering the Smithsonian Institution a centre of Bibliographical Knowledge." It contains short notices of the foundation, progress, and present state of the libraries in the United States, which come under following classes: 1st, State Libraries, 2d, Social Libraries; 3d, College Libraries; 4th, Students' Libraries; 5th, Libraries of Professional Schools and incorporated Academies; 6th, Libraries of Learned Societies; 7th, Public School Libraries. From the difficulty of getting the necessary information from all points, the reports are thought to be incomplete. The aggregate number of volumes in all the libraries reported is 3,753,964. Upon the whole this is an interesting publication, and will do much to inspire institutions of learning to increase and render more valuable their libraries. H.

THE NEXT NUMBER

Of the Classic Union will be issued about the 15th September, when we shall commence our regular semi-monthly issues.—Subscribers are requested to send in their names prior to that time.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in the Classic Union, at the usual rates.

The hurry in which the present number has been issued, has prevented the publisher from procuring the size and quality of paper upon which the Classic Union will be published.

It will not do to hoe a great field for a little crop, or to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land and it will pay you for it. Better farm thirty acres well than fifty acres by halves.

COMMENCEMENT OF COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Institution, located at the seat of our federal government, is one of our most prosperous Baptist Colleges. Of its recent Commencement, the Baltimore True Union speaks in very flattering terms.—The following is a synopsis of Dr. Howell's lecture before the "Society of the Alumni."

"In the evening the Rev. Dr. Howell of Richmond, delivered a very able and truly eloquent address before the "Society of the Alumni." His subject was "The Responsibility of Educated men." He commenced by some happy and touching allusions to the scenes of his studentship, a quarter of a century ago, bringing before the minds of his hearers the names of associates and instructors now departed.—Some, at least of those present, appreciated these references as reviving in their minds many fond reminiscences. He then defined what he meant by "educated men," not that they had passed through a prescribed course of study and obtained a degree, but that they had educated their minds, by diligent study and deep thought, had matured and enlarged the sphere of their knowledge by a constant acquisition of facts and ideas. Such men must have influence upon their respective professions, upon the press and the literature of the age, upon the politics of the day, and, upon the morals of all within the sphere of their actions and their thoughts. This influence necessarily creates responsibility. Such men would make society, and for the character they impart to those around them, they are responsible to the present and future generations and to God. The Doctor closed by warning his auditors against the too prevailing notion that mere learning is a safe guide in the stormy ocean of life. Unsteadied by undemoral principle, unguided by truth, both of which are to be found only in the religion of Jesus Christ, learning may and will prove but a disastrous power, destructive rather than beneficial, both to the man himself and to those within his influence."

VIRGINIA.—Mr. Thompson, editor of the Southern Literary Magazine, in an address before Washington College, Va., described the state of education and literature of Virginia. He says that in 107 of the 128 counties, there are 30,000 poor children over five years of age without any means of instruction, besides the multitudes who might learn, but do not; that there are over 70,000 adult whites who cannot read and write; and that one-third of the voters of the State cannot read and write.

H.

[For the Classic Union.]

MR. EDITOR: A beloved brother was advised, on account of failing health, to spend a couple of years in foreign travel. During the second year of absence from a home endeared to him by the tenderest ties of affection, he died in Germany, among entire strangers, after having visited every place of interest in Southern Europe.

While traveling, he was in the habit of gathering wild flowers from every place consecrated by historical associations, and from the tombs of the illustrious dead. These he pressed and placed in a blank book, writing by the side of each, the date, and the name of the place where it grew. The last flower in the book was a "Forget-me-not," and the date written in his own hand, showed that it was placed there only a day or two before the attack of paralysis, from which he died, and that it was gathered from the graveyard where his body now rests. On the reception this book of flowers, a few months after his death, the following lines were written by an only sister. If you think them worthy of a place in the Classic Union, they are at your disposal:

O! ye are vocal to my heart, ye pale and withered flowers,
Ye whisper of the loved and lost, who in his weary hours
Wandering amid your native dells, where ye bloomed in beauty brief,
Seeking in nature's solitude, a solace for his grief.
Perchance ye may have heard the sighs, of a heart surcharged with woe,
Or have seen his brightly beaming eye, with sorrow overflow,
As he thought of those he left so dear in the land of the setting sun,
Whose tones of love he could not hear, ere life's weary race was run.

Full tender was the memories that heaved his manly breast,
As he gathered ye, while blossoms, and with care, each floweret pressed;
Touching Mementoes are ye, of a love so strong and deep,
That nothing could arrest it, but death's calm and pulseless sleep.
Methinks I see his noble form, yielding to slow decay,
Till hope's bright star, that lured him on, had shed its latest ray.
When falling strength and aching head all human skill defied,
While through the winds more sluggishly flowed on the purple tide.

And then all pale and motionless, upon his bed of much of pain,
With raised tongue, but speaking eye, though human aid is vain.
No dear familiar face is seen, though many gather round;
For kindly hearts, and willing hands, in foreign lands are found.
There balancing 'twixt life and death, a few short weeks he lay,
While all he held most dear on earth, were far from him away.
But viewless visitants, I trust, on wings of mercy came,
Inspiring high and holy thoughts, his spirit to sustain.

If "prayer's the breathing of a sigh, the falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near,"
Surely he prayed, in those sad hours, when overwhelmed with grief,
And He who hears the raven's cry, appeared for his relief.
And though upon his lonely bed of speechless agony,
He heard no soothing voice of love or kindred sympathy,
Were not the everlasting arms beneath him gently laid,
And was not then his sinking soul upon his Savior stayed?

And O! if in that solemn hour, when death's dark yale he trod,
His presence, the good Shepherd gave, with his own staff and rod:—
If glimpses of the better land, caught his enraptured gaze,
And o'er cold Jordan's swelling surge, he heard the angel lays,
'Twas naught to him, that stranger hands, should close his dying eyes,
Or that on strangers' ears should fall, his last, his dying sighs.—
That strangers should, his lifeless form, apparel for the tomb,
And bear him in a foreign land, to his last, narrow home.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST.

Fears have been expressed by some uninformed friends that the Classic Union would come in conflict with the interests of the Tennessee Baptist. Such fears are wholly unfounded, as the widely different character of the two papers precludes the possibility of such an occurrence. As a denominational paper the Tennessee Baptist has our warmest support and best wishes for its extensive usefulness and popularity, and in this character its claims to the patronage of the Baptist denomination are paramount to our own. We think however that when the Classic Union is known, brethren will find it desirable to have both papers.

H.

SWIMMING.—The following is given as the rationale of swimming: No branch of education has been so much neglected as this. Man is the only animal which does not swim naturally. He sinks in deep water from the size of his brain when not properly exercised. That is to say the weight of his brain above his nose, sinks that organ a little beneath the surface, when he is in an erect position, before his body displays its weight in water, and thus finds an equilibrium. With the nose under, one must breathe water and drown. But when the brain becomes to be exercised enough to throw the head back and the nose up, pointing to the very zenith, and keep the hands and feet carefully under water, then by the eternal laws of hydrostatics, the nose will continue above water, and the person will float like an empty bottle which is so balanced as to keep its mouth upmost. No human being can sink in still water of any depth lying on his back with hands and feet under water.

INTELLIGENCE AND FREEDOM.

Our country is the freest, happiest, and most prosperous on earth. In this respect there is no other that can compare with it. Freedom is a natural impulse of the human soul, a principle enstamped upon its very nature, and a state, which the world in all ages, has struggled to attain. There is no natural love of slavery in the human heart, and men can only be kept in such a state by fear of physical force, or by being trained from childhood to submission, and held in ignorance of their rights.

In accordance with these impulses of the human soul, our country is free in the broadest sense of human freedom. There are no ecclesiastical censors of the conscience, dictating and proscribing what shall or shall not be believed, and enforcing forms and ceremonies in religion.—Our citizens are free to embrace whatever forms of religion their consciences or judgments may dictate; and holding themselves responsible alone to God for their conduct, spurns every effort to infringe their rights from whatever source it may emanate.

It is also politically free. There are no distinctions in society, save those created by personal merit, and this in a political sense gives no additional power. The humblest citizen has the same voice through the elective franchise as the occupant of the Presidential chair; and whoever chooses may aspire to whatever office his qualifications may fit him to occupy. In these and many other respects our country claims the preeminence over every other nation and people.

This superiority is doubtless the result of the superiority of the institutions of our country over all others. But this advantage in the character and benign influences of our form of Government, and its institutions must be attributed to the superior intelligence of the people over those of other nations. If intelligence and freedom progress together, and the one be the effect of the other; then in proportion as this nation is in advance of all others in the effect, so it must be in the cause. We have been led to these reflections by the following paragraph, showing the relative proportion of readers in our own and other countries:

"The number of newspapers taken by the people of the United States annually, averages one to every sixteen inhabitants, men, women and children. In the British Empire, only one person in twelve thousand takes a newspaper, in Belgium, one in twenty-five thousand, in Russia, one in thirty-three thousand, in Prussia, one in every twenty thousand." II.

THE IMPORTANCE OF COMPETENT INSTRUCTORS.

BY CHANING.

One of the discouraging views of society at the present moment is, that, whilst much is said of education, hardly any seem to feel the necessity securing to it the best minds in the community, and of securing them at any price.—A just estimate of this office begins to be made in our great cities; but, generally, it seems to be thought that anybody may become a teacher. The most moderate ability is thought to be competent to the most important profession in society.—Strange, too, as it may seem, on this point parents incline to be economical. They who squander thousands on dress, furniture, amusements, think it hard to pay comparatively small sums to the instructor; and through this ruinous economy, and this ignorance of the dignity of a teacher's vocation, they rob their children of aid, for which the treasures of worlds can afford no compensation.

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardian and guides of their children. To this good, all their show and luxury should be sacrificed.—Here they should be lavish, while they straiten themselves in every thing else.—They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food; if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences, which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart. There should be no economy in education. Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child.—It should be poured out like water, for the child's intellectual and moral life.

We know not how society can be aided more than on the formation of a body of wise and efficient educators. We know not any class which would contribute so much to the stability of the state, and to domestic happiness. Much as we respect the ministry of the Gospel, we believe that it must yield in importance to the office of training the young. In truth, the ministry now accomplishes little for want of that early intellectual and moral discipline, by which alone a community can be prepared to distinguish truth from falsehood, to comprehend the instructions of the pulpit, to receive higher and broader views of duty, and to apply general principles to the diversified details of life. A body of cultivated men, devoted, with their whole hearts, to the improvement of education,

and to the most effectual training of the young, would work a fundamental revolution in society. They would leaven the community with just principles. Their influence would penetrate our families. Our domestic discipline would no longer be left to accident and impulse. What parent has not felt the need of this aid, has not often been depressed heart-sick, under the consciousness of ignorance in the great work of swaying the youthful mind!

We have spoken of the office of the education of human beings, as the noblest on earth, and have spoken deliberately.—It is more important than that of the statesman. The statesman may set fences around our property and dwellings; but how much more are we indebted to him, who calls forth the powers and affections of those for whom our property is earned, and our dwellings are reared, and who renders our children objects of increasing love and respect. We go further. We maintain, that higher ability is required for the office of an educator of the young, than for that of a statesman.—The highest ability is that, which penetrates farthest into human nature, comprehends the mind in all its capacities traces out the laws of thought and moral action, understands the perfection of human nature and how it may be approached, understand the springs, motives, applications, by which the child is to be roused to the most vigorous and harmonious action of all its faculties, understands its perils, and knows how to blend and modify the influences which outward circumstances exert on the youthful mind. The speculations of statesmen are shallow, compared with these. It is the chief function of the statesman to watch over the outward interests of a people; that of the educator to quicken its soul. The statesman must study and manage the passions and prejudices of the community; the educator must study the essential, the deepest, the loftiest principle of human nature. The statesman works with coarse instruments for coarse ends; the educator is to work by the most refined influences on that delicate, ethereal essence, the immortal soul.

A PEN OF SOLID FIRE.

We know but little of the mysterious connection between soul and body. But one thing we know, that the habits of the soul act upon the body, and the habits of the body act upon the soul. A worldly man thinks very little of this; a man of sin and pleasure thinks of it very little; yet it may be in this very way that he is engraving the letters of his own future judgment on his own being. No man knows, when in a course of sinful indulgence, no young man in a career of sensual passion, no middle aged man in the pursuits of ambition, or the greedy grasp of gain, what lines he is teaching, as with the pen of a diamond, or burning in as with a pen of solid fire, upon his spiritual being, hidden perhaps now, but by and by to come out, and to be read through eternity. It is said that the wicked shall be driven away in his wickedness; and so the wicked soul may be launched into eternity, scared and scorched in the sight of all the universe, with the deep burnt engraving of his own sins; so that no book of judgment would be needed to read them out of either to himself or to angels.

Mirth should be the embroidery of conversation—not the web.

A SIMPLE STYLE.

A simple style of speaking or writing contains clearly and palpably a meaning—the meaning which is at once assigned by the great mass of people. Simple words make simple sentences, readily intelligible to all persons of common information. Of course they are the words of popular instruction, the words of the family, the medium of life's common and most important intercourse. It is an insult to be incessantly spouting Latin to an English audience; or to load one's discourse with classic allusions, of which not one person in a hundred has the remotest idea; or to be forever coining new words, the reason of which none but a scholar can appreciate; or to lug-in at every corner the high-sounding phrase of science. This may show a man's learning; but it is a little too much learning for common life. When one gets above talking to the people in language intelligible to them, it is quite time for him to stop talking.

Physicians sometimes speak to their patients in language they might as well address to the moon, forgetting that the dialect of doctors is one thing, and that of common sense another. They are too awfully learned to be understood.

Not unfrequently those who write and speak to the public ear, even ministers of the gospel; wonderfully overshoot the mark—aiming at a fine style, though at the expense of simplicity and intelligibility. It is manifestly the effort of some to write and talk as nobody else does, to be perfectly original in the use of words. In certain circles we hear in these last days, of the "new style." Such a preacher or writer has really caught the new style. What is this new style? It is the latest fashion of the English language, worked up in imitation to some author who violates the rules of simple speech—putting three words together to make one, and then fixing them in a sentence as before they never were fixed. This is one kind. It is very fascinating, since nobody ever saw it before; and if wishing would do any good, all sensible people would hope that the like might never be again.

There is another kind of this style, becoming somewhat current in our country, working its way into theological teaching; and promising but little good for the future. It is the style of transcendental theologizing, claiming to be much wiser and greater than the time-honored and Bible-honored forms of receiving and stating Christian truths—carrying with it an air of brilliancy and profoundness in its mysteriousness. It is difficult to describe it; yet we think we can give the reader a hint by which he may know it, if he ever happens to meet it. If he reads a book that appears very great, and yet cannot tell what makes it so—precisely in what its greatness consists, though it professes to deal with a common subject—one in respect to which he feels that he ought to understand the writer; and would if he had a fair chance; if at the conclusion he feels confused as to the author's meaning, yet having a general impression of his greatness, though he himself is half in

the fog and half out of it, yet not enough of either to be stone-blind or to see well; if this be his experience in respect to a book, chapter, a sentence, then the reader has probably met the transcendental style. This is the very thing. He may know it by his own confusion. He will find himself on a sea of such strange words, so strangely put together, and of such doubtful import, that no land distinctly meets the eye on either side. Whether the author means this, or means this, or means that, or means something else, or means nothing, or even knows himself what he means, it will not be possible to tell. All the reader will be able positively to affirm is, that probably there is a remarkable genius somewhere in that neighborhood—throwing off striking thoughts that would strike with great effect, if one had the good fortune to know enough to be elevated to their range. This is the transcendental style of plain ideas made unintelligible, or no ideas in the pomp of greatness.

In contrast with this, how forcible is simple language both for the pulpit and the press, as well as ordinary conversation. The entire system of revealed theology, its doctrines, facts, precepts and promises, is given in simple words. God could speak simply. Why cannot men, who know so much less? The whole body of common sense lives and walks in a plain and intelligible dress. Put it in velvet or satin, or set it on stilts, and it is no longer common sense. There is no communicating power in words or sentences men do not understand. There are no words more eloquent than those of common life. The very best prose is always simple. The same is true of poetry. In this respect there is no finer specimen than Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress*. He makes language do its work; it speaks; it says something. There is, we think, more importance attached to this subject than that of mere criticism upon style. The stability and soundness of Christian faith are involved in the use or disuse of simple words. There is no way more artful and more likely to be successful, of assailing a Christian doctrine, than to begin by giving it a new dress. The truth is all there, but a little better because more mysteriously expressed. The great and blessed doctrine of the atonement by the Son of God, on which the Christian system hangs, and by which it is distinguished from every other, has often been assailed in this way. Human philosophy steps in, and says: Let me express this doctrine as it ought to be; and as the apostles would have done had they been better philosophers. Let me give it a dress better suited to learned times, and though retaining the substance, beautify the form; by adding the artistic grace of a better style. We confess we have to relish for this pretension. We think there are some tendencies in our own country, the sight of which ought to make every man say with all his heart, Clear away the verbal mist. Let us have your ideas in plain, simple, Saxon English; and we can then tell what you mean. This is the language in which we are ac-

customed to think, and can therefore best judge of an idea when in this form. We recommend it to the preacher, if he would be useful. It is the language of power. It performs the first great duty of language; it conveys ideas. It is the style of the best speakers and writers. No other is fit for the pulpit.—*New York Evangelist*.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Never keep your cattle short; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.

In dry pastures dig for water on the brow of a hill—springs are more frequently near the surface on height than in a vale.

Cut bushes that you wish to destroy, in the summer; and with a sharp instrument—they will breed freely and die.

Account should be kept, detailing the expenses and product of each field.

When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it aside carefully, but first let it be well cleaned.

Obtain good seed; prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay but little attention to the moon.

Cultivate your own heart aright; remember that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Do not begin farming by building an extensive house, nor spacious barn, till you have something to store in it.

Keep notes of remarkable events on your farm.

Recording even your errors will be of benefit.

OUTWARD BEAUTY—I can not understand, says Frederika Bremer, the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble claim, a wholesome eudaimon, an indifference, or whatever people may call it such like outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are, in fact, for the well or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and loses its charm, exactly to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause I am also of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree and we have daily proof of this.

LIFE.—The true scholar—and may we not add, Christian?—will feel that the richest romance, the noblest fiction, that ever was woven, the heart, soul of beauty; lies enclosed in human life, itself of surpassing value. It is also the richest material for his creation.

He must "ear his share of the common road"—he must work. He must work with men in houses, and not with their names in books. His needs, appetites, talents, affections, accomplishments, are keys that open to him the beautiful museum of human life. Why should he read it as an Arabian tale, and not known in his own beating bosom its sweet and smart? Out of love and hatred, out of earnings and borrowings and lendings and losses, out of sickness and pain, out of wooing and worshipping, out of travelling and voting and watching and caring, out of disgrace and contempt, comes out-tuition in the serene and beautiful laws. Let him not shun his lesson; let him learn it by heart. Let him endeavor exactly, bravely, and cheerfully, to solve the problem of that life which is set before him; and this by *punctual action*, and not by promises and dreams.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE PRINTER.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

Franklin had just returned from assisting poor Collins to bed, when the Captain of the vessel which had brought him to New York, stepped up and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand. Ben opened it, not without some agitation, and read as follows:

"G. Burnett's compliments await young Mr. Franklin, and should be glad to have an hour's chat with him over a glass of wine."

"G. Burnett," said Ben, "who can that be?"

"Why tis the Governor," replied the Captain with a smile; "I have just been to see him with some letters I brought for him from Boston; and when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace."

Ben instantly set off with the Captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look at the door of poor Collins's bed-room, to think what an honor that wretched man had lost for the sake of two or three gulphs of filthy grog.

The Governor's look at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat disappointment. He had, it seems expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and after pressing on him a glass of wine, took him into an adjoining room, which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen selection.

Seeing the pleasure sparkle in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores they contained, the Governor with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him—

"Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the Captain, hear, that you have a fine collection too."

"Only a trunk full, sir," replied Ben.

"A trunk full, sir?" replied the Governor "why what use can you have for so many books?—Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah."

"I can boast," replied Ben, "of having read a great deal beyond that myself; but still I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full to read every six months."

At this the Governor, regarding him with a look of surprise, said:

"You must then though so young, be a scholar perhaps a teacher of the languages?"

"No, sir," replied Ben, "I know no language but my own."

"What, not Latin or Greek?"

"Why, don't you think them necessary?"

"I don't set my self up as a judge—but I should not suppose them necessary."

[In giving his views on this subject, which are not generally considered sound or tenable, he remarked that.]

When opinions of the learned did not seem to him to be founded on truth, to differ from them, he ever thought it his duty; and especially since I studied Locke.

"Locke!" cried the Governor with surprise, "you studied Locke?"

"Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding three years ago, when I was thirteen."

"You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the understanding thirteen?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"Well, and pray what college did you study Locke at thirteen? for at Cambridge college in old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke until eighteen."

"Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at college or even at a grammar school, except nine months when I was a child."

Here the Governor sprang from his seat and starting at Ben, cried out:

"Never at College, well, and where did you get your education pray?"

"At home, sir, in a tallow chandler's shop."

"In a tallow chandler's shop?" screamed the Governor.

"Yes, sir, my father was a poor old tallow chandler with sixteen children, and I was the youngest of all; at eight years of age he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, I staid in the shop, I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day; and at night I read myself."

"At twelve my father bound me to my brother, a printer, in Boston, and then I worked there all day at the case and press, and again read myself at night."

"Here the Governor spanked his hands together, and put a loud whistle, while his eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out."

"Impossible, young man!" he exclaimed, "impossible, you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe the half of this."

Then turning to the Captain, he said—"Captain, you are an intelligent man from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man here be aiming at anything but to quizz me?"

"No, indeed, please your excellency," replied the Captain, "Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and family."

"Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author I am sure you will not quarrel with—an author that I think you will pronounce faultless. It would puzzle you, I think, keen critic as you are, to point out one."

"Well, sir," said Ben, basily turning to the place "what do you think of this famous couplet of Pope?"

"Immodest words admit of no defense, For want of decency is want of sense."

"I see no fault there."

"No—indeed," replied Ben, "Why now to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for anything he does wrong, than his want of sense."

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this poet, I would do it in this way:

"Immodest words admit of this defense, For want of decency is want of sense."

Here the Governor caught Ben in his arms as a delighted father would his son, calling at the same time to the Captain:

"How greatly I am obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to acquaintance with this charming youth! Oh, what a delightful thing it would be for us to converse with such a sprightly youth as he. But the worst of it is, most parents are blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons, than to see them dolving like magpies, worms, for money, or hopping about like jay-birds in gay feathers. Hence their conversation is no better than froth or orangeade."

A FAMILY SCENE.—The following scene is by Mrs. S. Seymour. It should teach our young readers the importance of being able to render themselves useful in times of our fortune.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage; we must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man, to day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," said several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

Such a wife and such children are true riches to any man.

SCOTCH SABBATHS.—The following anecdote is told in illustration of the Scotch veneration for the Sabbath.

"A geologist, while in the country, and having his pocket hammer with him, took it out and was chipping the rock by the wayside for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman. 'What are you doing there, man?—Don't you see I'm breaking a stone.' 'I are doing mair than that; yare, breaking the Sabbath.'

As we opened our windows last evening to let in the refreshing night-breeze which came whispering from the sea, we heard a chorus of several voices in a dwelling opposite, singing that most touching ballad, "Home, sweet home."

We were again seated at the desk, but the odd thoughts which had purposed to put on paper had died in their place, was echoing the refrain, "Home, sweet home." Who of us is not carried back with the words to the days of our childhood; to the little circle where we loved and confided in before collision with the coarse world had taught us the lesson of distrust: to a gentle mother, whose love like an ever-freshening stream, expanded with all our wants, and bore us unharmed through all the perils of infancy, to the kind father, whose parental councils first awakened us to thought and reflection; to the brothers and sisters, whose pleasant companionship gladdened the sunny hours; who does not, at the first-sound of the word, turn instinctively to his early home? Then, most of us have also present, never home; the home where our heart now is; the pivot of our affections; the little nest where those whom we love and are tolling for are sheltered from want, and as far as our thoughtlessness can do, from care, and sorrow. It is good to carry about with us home influences; to let the holy influences of our domestic hearthstones shine out upon our daily walks. Our hearts grow restless by frequent contact with the rude world; thoughts of home soften us again to our proper humanity. We are tempted to stray from the strict principles of rectitude, and in our thirst for gain, to turn sophists with ourselves, arguing for the present evil, that future good may come; the pure atmosphere of home will dispel the mists, and strengthen us in the hour of temptation. We are moved against an erring brother, and our first impulse is to show no mercy; the tears in the thought of our home, and something whispers that he may be, like ourselves, the dear head of such a circle, and the pleading faces of unknown wife and children take the sting from our anger. We grow faint and weary in our round of toil, and are tempted to play the coward and withdraw the allied shoulders from life's heavy burden; then the recollection of those dependent on our laborer's us again to the conflict, and we forget our weariness in glad anticipation of a welcomed success. Two men in the prime of life, under the excitement of strong passion, goaded on by injudicious advisers, and acting under a fictitious sense of honor, became so angry as to thirst for each other's blood. One of them at last proposed to the other a duel. With the thought of death, came to the challenged the remembrance of home and the mourning circle there, and he faltered out, "I will ask my wife!" Quick as magic the home scene was repeated in the mind of the other, for he too had a wife and children. Could such pleasant faces dwell with anger in the bosom of a murderer?—No! and the two enemies fell on each other's neck, grieved by the sweet memories of home. In short, go where we will, home influences are a shield against temptation to honorable ambition; like the genial embraces, a universal fratricide on the fragile soil of the heart. The young man who has not yet kindled the fire upon a hearthstone of his own, often retains the blessed memories of his early home, and has felt their influence in the hour of his sorest trial.

We do well to encourage these home feelings, to hallow our steps into the great thoroughfares of life by such attendant ministries, and to throw around our children and our household friends such pleasant safeguards. We cannot do too much to make our home the happiest spot on earth to all who dwell with us under the same roof. Parents who never have a smile upon their lips, who turn all the sweet charities of the household into gloom by their forbidding presence, are out of place in their sphere, and are laying up for themselves a bitter retribution in the yearningness of their children, who have not had a "Home, sweet home!"—*Journal of Christian*

The proper element of man is activity. The waters of life are like those of the Bethesda pool—it is only when they are agitated that they are healthful.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Hush, baby hush—
Angel's eyes are softly peeping
Though the heaven's blue;
To the flower's heart are creeping
Drops of silver dew
Now a golden beam is lying
On thine infant brow,
And the summer winds are sighing
Mournfully low.

Sleep, baby sleep—
Though the open window stealing,
Like a breath from heaven,
Tremblingly and softly pealing,
Come the tones of even.
They come in sweetest melody
With the breath of flowers,
Like angel spirits unto thee
From fair Eden's bowers.

Hark, baby hark!
Now the silver moon is sailing
Up the azure sky,
And the stary gems are paling
'Neath her gleaming eye,
Like a stately queen she goeth
Through the blue expanse—
Like a spirit meekly throweth
On the earth her glance;

Hush, baby hush!
For my heart would fondly listen
His dear tread to hear,
And my eager eyes will glisten
As it draweth near.
Baby darling! thou art smiling—
Does that magic sound,
From thine infant dreams beguiling
Throw a sunlight round!

Smile, baby smile—
For thy father's footsteps falling
Softly on thine ear,
Like an angel tone are calling
Thy young soul to hear!
He is with us—thanks to heaven.
For his tender love—
For the treasures that were given
By the God above!

THE EMPTINESS OF HUMAN GLORY.

The crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the work of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The plowshare turns up the marble which the hands of Phidias had chisled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. Neither sculptured marble nor stately column can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit, and these alone can 'emblem our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's or trends with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affections or public gratitude, have here embodied in every form, the finest conception of which their age was capable. Each one of these monu-

ments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness.

It is by what we ourselves have done, and not what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has 'given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth,' or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.—*Dr. F. Wayland.*

VARIETIES.

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—When John Adams was a young man, he was invited to dine with the Court and Bar at the house of Judge Paine, an eminent Loyalist, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Paine gave as a toast, *The King*. Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it. But Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying, 'We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment.' At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave *The Devil*. As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, his wife calmed him and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, 'My dear, as the gentlemen have seen fit to drink to our friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to his.'

You have no business to have any business with other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough.

To Soften Hard Water.—A few ounces of soda will soften a hundred gallons of the hardest water. For washing, it possesses a marked superiority over pot or pearlash, giving a delicate whiteness to the linen, with the slightest injury.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Mill stones! you never see two of them together.

During one hot day last week, our Tom perpetrated the following, which is considered very good for the season: 'Puffing with the heat, said he, 'This is a day when a man feels like sitting upon springs and wearing pumps!—*Day Book.*

A Mrs. Phillips living near Vandalia, Illinois, had twin children about eighteen months since, and about three weeks since, gave birth to five more, all alive and kicking. Go it, ye suckers.

It is stated that paralysis frequently attacks modellers in wax, from the absorption of the poisonous ingredients thereof through the pores of the hand.

He who attempts to make other believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to the necessary, is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, an imposter.—*Ladyler.*

'Equality of the Sexes.'—A sensible friend remarked, recently in a conversation, that woman was inferior to man whenever she attempted to fill the place designed, in the creation, for man to fill; and that man inferior to woman, whenever he attempted to fill her place and discharge her peculiar duties. 'This is putting the whole question of "equality" in a nutshell.

ONE SHILLING EACH.—An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. 'Only a shilling!' said Toler—'only a shilling to bury an attorney. Here is a guinea; go and bury one and twenty of them.'—*Twist's Life of Lord.*

THE MISERIES OF THE RICH.—With all his hoardings, Rothschild was by no means a happy man. Dangers and assassinations seemed to haunt his imagination by day and by night; and not without grounds. Many a time, as he himself said, just before he sat down to dinner, a note would be put into his hand running thus: 'If you do not send me immediately five hundred pounds I will blow your brains out!' He effected to despise such threats; they nevertheless exercised a direful effect upon the millionaire. He loaded his pistols every night before he went to bed, and put them beside him. He did not think himself more secure in his counting house than in his bed. It must be moreover confessed that the members of synagogues generally did not entertain the same respect for him as the foreign Jews do for the Rothschilds of Frankfort. Some thought he might have done more for his brethren than he did; and that if he had only used the influence which he possessed, with Government and the many friends which he had at court, all the civil disabilities with which the British Jews continued to be stigmatised would have been abolished when the proposition was first mooted. 'But Rothschild,' said an intelligent English Jew to the writer, 'was too great a slave to his money, and all other slavery was counted liberty in his sight.'—*Margoliath's Jew in Great Britain.*

Q All men of estates are, in effect but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account.

Q The man who first introduced the fanning-mill into Scotland, was denounced as an Atheist—he was getting up gales of wind when Providence willed a calm!

FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE next session of Mrs. HAYNE'S School will commence on Monday, the 25th of August. Terms as heretofore. aug12.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE, Murfreesborough.

THE Trustees of this Institution take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the immediate organization of this School. The first session will commence in the Baptist Church, on the first Monday in August, under the superintendence of Mrs. J. H. Eason, who will be assisted by as many competent teachers as the wants of the Institute may require. Efforts are being made to erect immediately, commodious and suitable buildings.

The course of instruction will be as thorough as any Female School in our country. Arrangements have been made to accommodate a number of young ladies with Board in the best private families on reasonable terms.

RATES OF TUITION.

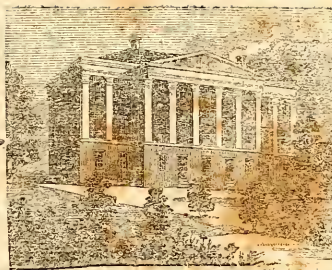
1st Class, with Greek and Latin,	\$20 00
Do without "	16 00
2nd Class	12 00
3rd Class	8 00

TERMS:

The CLASSIC UNION will be published on the first and fifteenth of each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address M. HILLSMAN, post paid.

Published at the office of the *Rutherford Telegraph*, South-west Corner of the Square.

Class



Room

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, OCTOBER 1, 1851.

NO. 2.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS
To the Graduating Class of Union University,
July 16th, 1851.

No period in a young man's history is fraught with deeper interest than that in which he goes forth from the walls of his Alma Mater to take his place among his fellow men and participate in the active scenes of life. Then the problem is to be solved before the world, whether he has by diligence and application rendered the years of Collegiate life profitable, and whether his mind by thorough culture is to be a beacon light to attract and guide his fellow man onward and upward in the ascending path of virtue and moral excellence, or whether by inactivity he will dwindle into insignificance, or what is far worse, prove a phosphorescent vapor which under the semblance of light shall beguile the unwary into the filthy marshes of vice and dissipation.

Many a man fails of accomplishing life's great mission by having no definite aim—no paramount object or great purpose in view. He commences his career without selecting any object to which to direct his energies and upon which to concentrate his efforts. For this reason a vast amount of mental labor and physical exertion is expended for naught, producing no valuable result. The influence of a clearly defined and absorbing object is to give power and directness to the exertions of the mind which will always insure success.

You young men are about to go out in the busy world and perform your part in the great work of life—you will not of course be satisfied to allow those powers of mind which you have been laboring to cultivate and strengthen, to dwindle into weakness and puerility for want of exertion. Let me urge upon you to select some definite object upon which to bestow your efforts, and in the selection of that object the principle which should guide you, is the consideration of the

greatest amount of usefulness to your fellow creatures. Nothing which is really useful should be considered above the dignity of educated men; for the sole design of education is to increase the power of being useful, and nothing but usefulness can confer real dignity. It is not essential to usefulness that some great and splendid results of our efforts should be immediately visible. The obscure teacher, who labors patiently in his little school house among the mountains, or in some sequestered vale, with twenty or thirty boys around him to develop their faculties and impress upon their plastic minds, principles of truth and rectitude which shall influence their whole future lives, may be far more useful than the honored statesman whose fame is world wide and whose eloquence has achieved some great national advantage—for he may give a right direction to numerous streams of influence which shall go on widening, and enlarging, and acquiring increased power for good, till the whole mass of human society shall be born aloft upon the swollen tide. Instead of one wise statesman, or one wise measure, or one correct principle, hundreds may arise as the result of his labor for the benefit of mankind. It requires no small degree of moral heroism thus to labor for good which is future and distant, but the greatest benefactors of the human race have thus labored. In the prosperity which now crowns our happy, favored land, and in the happiness which we enjoy above other nations, we are reaping the fruits of the labors of others, of whom the great majority lived and died in obscurity.—But their lives were an exemplification of the principles of freedom and virtue, and their influence still lives, though their names are forgotten. They planted the acorn, we are reposing beneath the mighty oak.

Cultivate, then, a desire for usefulness until it becomes strong enough itself to

call forth all your powers into active exercise. It is an easy thing to form splendid schemes for the amelioration of the condition of our race, but to have a motive strong enough to impel to the execution of those which the imagination has drawn is the great desideratum. Because a sure prospect of immediate fame or emolument was not present to the mind, many a glorious plan has been abandoned, but let the desire of usefulness be paramount to all other motives, and it will lead you to act, and to act successfully, and the esteem of your fellow men, and a competency will follow as a natural result, but even if it were not so, it were better to be useful and in want than to be idle in the midst of affluence.

You will not I trust cease to be students till you have done with life, but endeavor to turn all your exertions and investigations to some practical purpose, seek to apply the truths you have already acquired or may hereafter acquire to advance the interest of the human family.

We hear much of the nobleness of pursuing truth for truth's sake, but how superior is the pleasure of that man who amid all his investigations—amid the rich enjoyment which new thoughts afford, keeps ever in view the good of his fellow-beings, and studies to know how he can apply the truths he discovers for their advancement in all that dignifies and adorns humanity. He alone accomplishes the end for which he was created. "The earth bears no greater man on its surface than he who with every sensibility quickened and refined by culture, with talents fitted for display and capable of acquiring luxurious wealth, through all the misleading opinions of the world, devotes himself with persevering ardor to the sublime purpose of promoting the true welfare of his fellow man." The individual who pursues his studies for the mere pleasure which he receives in the contemplation of new truths, deserves no more credit than the

man who quickens and warms his benevolent feelings by reading at his fire side the beneficent acts of others without putting forth any action corresponding to those emotions. We own that there is high pleasure in the investigation of truth; the intellectual gratification thus afforded, next to the moral pleasures, is the highest of which our nature is capable. We would advise those who live only for pleasure and have no desire beyond their own happiness to seek it in the acquisition of knowledge rather than in sensual enjoyments. Nor would we advise those who are in pursuit of knowledge in order that they may be useful, to wait in every instance until they can see the practical bearing of the truth they acquire—we would have them wander forth admiringly amid the diversified fields of literature and science, and gather the beauties that there bloom in rich abundance, but we would have them consider that knowledge when obtained is for use, not for show. All knowledge worthy of being acquired is capable of being made subservient to the advancement of the human race. There are truths which were for ages admired merely for their beauty and harmony, but these have been seized by some powerful intellects melted in the crucible of thought and moulded in some practical and useful form and caused to generate others in endless succession, thus forming a new era in the history of human advancement. Is not he who shapes the rough marble and from it rears a useful structure fit for human habitation, worthy of as much credit as he who first discovered it in the quarry and left it there as it had been for ages? so he who takes the raw material thrown out of the quarry of thought and shapes it to the wants of the world, deserves a brighter mead of fame than he who merely discovered the truth without making any application of it. He who turned his thoughts to discover the way by which the force that lifted the lid of a tea kettle, could be applied to the gratification of human desires, is held in more grateful remembrance than he who made the original observation; for by so doing he subjected to human control a power which by the stroke of a piston has set millions of wheels in motion—awakened the dormant energies of nations and scattered the light of knowledge, freedom and pure religion along the shores of every sea and every river, and amid the islands of the oceans. The American philosopher was not satisfied with the mere discovery of the electric fluid—he did not cease his investigations until he discovered

the laws by which its motions are regulated and applied this knowledge to the protection of human habitations from its destructive violence.

There are those who, thinking they alone are acquainted with the legitimate object of truth, rail at the spirit of the present age as too practical.—They say, the great inquiry is now, how can knowledge be simplified and brought within the reach and comprehension of ordinary minds. This they regard as degrading science. They would have an intellectual priesthood established and be appointed as door keepers to the Temple of Truth and admit none but those who come to gaze in mute delight upon the splendid architraves and lofty columns of the spacious dome.

Instead of having new channels dug to the fountain heads of knowledge or enlarging those already made, they would have them carefully guarded from all except those who come to drink for the sweetness of the waters and not to refresh and invigorate the system. We are not an advocate for this aristocracy of learning. But we would urge upon all to aid in removing every obstacle and smoothing the way for the speedy ascent of every rational being.

From your course, young men, as students which has ever been exemplary and worthy of commendation, we entertain high hopes of your future usefulness.—Were it not for this confidence, we would experience more painful emotions from the severance of those ties which have so long bound us in the endearing relation of pupils and instructors. The world is in need of your efforts. The fields are white for the harvest. We have done what we could to prepare you to labor successfully in those fields, and now we bid you go forth, invoking for you Heaven's richest blessings and praying that a life of usefulness may be crowned by an immortality of bliss. E.

DEATH OF BEVERLY TUCKER Esq.—The Southern Press of the 5th says: We are pained to announce the death of Beverly Tucker, Esq., late professor of law in William and Mary College. His domestic life was beautiful to contemplate; he had almost run his three-score, and in his time has laid a foundation of a reputation that can never fade. He was the last of an intellectually gigantic family. Peace to the ashes of the great!

It cost us more to be miserable, than would make us perfectly happy.

For the Classic Union. OBSCURITY OF STYLE.

A famous Frenchman once said that language was made to conceal ideas. This was a very good satire on the diplomacy of his time, which, like the witches of Macbeth,

"Keep the word of promise to the ear,
But break it to our hope."

But there is a class of writers in modern times, who, though (as we believe) as guiltless of ideas as they are of any intention of concealing them, have yet crept into favor—not in spite of an obscene, corrupt style, but by means of it. We say that the class of writers to whom we refer have become famous not in spite of their barbarous syntax and orthography, but by means thereof; and we believe that the remark is generally true. There are one or two good thinkers of the present day who are read and justly admired, notwithstanding the uncouth style in which their ideas are clothed. But we are sure that if these had delivered themselves in plain and intelligible language, their works would have been much more acceptable to those who read for the purpose of being informed.

While we concede that there are one or two of the class referred to, whose thoughts will repay the student for disengaging them from the mesh of uncouth words in which they are entangled, we still maintain that there are many books now extensively read and applauded *usque ad celum*, that if they had been written in a plain style, would have attracted but little attention. To a man of plain understanding, it would seem that out of the thousands of words now in use the most profound and prolific thinker might select such as would express his conceptions.—Nor does it seem to us that there is any reason why the most abstruse thought cannot be expressed in language easily understood. Who would question the fact that Bacon and Locke were profound thinkers? Yet these, and other great masters of the English philosophy, found the English language, with its accepted orthography and syntax, a fit vehicle to convey the most recondite truths to their readers. We are aware that much of Bacon's philosophy was written in the Latin language. The truth is that when an idea—very abstruse though it may be—is once thoroughly mastered by the mind, it will find its appropriate utterance in language at once simple and expressive.—A more truly profound and philosophic

work can no where be found than Butler's Analogy. It is justly celebrated for its depth of thought and analytic logic, yet we venture the assertion that no person of good intelligence can apply himself studiously to any page or sentence of that great treatise without understanding fully what ideas the author meant to convey by the words employed. And after our student has mastered the subject we believe that he could not recast the ideas in more intelligible words. There are minds, which, led by some fatuity or other, seem to associate obscurity of style with profundity of matter; nor can such be persuaded that anything written in simple language can possess more than ordinary merit. There was a time when a lucid style, through which the writer's meaning shown as through the most translucent medium, was esteemed a great merit.—But no sentence which can be construed by the aid of the English grammar and dictionary finds any favor with our metaphysicians. Take up the most admired writings of this class, and you will many times find whole sentences that consist of a mere jargon of words, as unintelligible as a witch's gibberish. Yet the admirers of the grammar school, and of Carlyle, and of Emerson, go into ecstasies, and fairly persuade themselves that under this cabalistic array of uncouth words there lurks some hidden meaning, only the more precious by reason of its obscurity. And since we have mentioned the name of Carlyle, we seize the opportunity to express the regret which we feel in common with his most judicious admirers, that a writer of such power should have so materially impaired his usefulness by adopting so repulsive a style. And we think this more to be regretted because Carlyle has shown himself capable of better things in this respect. We could by quotations easily verify the remark that many of the most striking passages in his writings are those where he has kept himself comparatively free from his peculiarities of style. But we content ourselves with simply referring to his description of the fall of the Bastille, in his French Revolution, and the death of Marie Antoinette, in his Miscellanies, as justifying our remarks. These celebrated pieces are characteristic enough to proclaim their parentage, but Carlyle's peculiarities of style, though discernable here, do not exist to that exaggerated degree elsewhere seen in his writings. We did not purpose at this time to say anything as to the merits of this class, considered as the expounders of the philoso-

phy of mind; for we have no hesitation in admitting a felt incompetency to take such a full and comprehensive view of this lofty branch of human knowledge as would be necessary to assign to each one his proper degree of merit. But there are passages scattered here and there through those writers that cannot fail to attract attention and provoke comment. We take the liberty of quoting one, of many similar passages, from a popular German writer, which will place before our readers in a clearer light some remarks which we have made. The following is the paragraph alluded to:

"Every one will admit that $A=A$; or that A is A . This is an axiom which is known intuitively, and has no need of proof. It is the proposition of absolute identity. It is absolutely true. In admitting this to be absolutely true, we ascribe to the mind a faculty of knowing absolute truth. But in saying $A=A$, we do not affirm the existence of A ; we only affirm that if A exists then it must equal A .—And the axiom teaches us, not that A exists, but that this is a necessary relation between a certain *if* and *then*; and this necessary relation we will call X . But this relation, this X , is only in the ego; and comes from the ego. It is the ego that judges in the preceding axiom that $A=A$, and it judges by means of the X . But as the X is wholly in the ego, so therefore is A in the ego and *posited* by the ego. And by this we see that there is something in the ego which is forever one and the same, and that is the X . Hence the formula, I am I ; $ego=ego$."*

Now this may be, for aught we aver, philosophy and sound reasoning. But for our own part, we confess ourselves utterly unable to reach the height of this high argument. We have carefully pondered every word in it, and if it conveys one idea which is worthy of all this parade, and show of mathematical demonstration, it has wholly escaped us. If Fichte is laboring to show, as it would seem, that the ideas of identity and equality are distinct ideas; he might have saved himself the trouble. For there is no sound mind that will not as readily admit this to be an axiom as that $A=A$. This also is "absolutely true." The truth is, as it seems to us, that all of the foregoing, like a great deal found in German metaphysics, or idealism, is just nothing more nor less than solemn nonsense. It is calculated to instruct nobody. No man, after he has read all they have to say, is half repaid for his trouble. The little insight he de-

rives from them into the origin of human ideas is, we believe, counterbalanced by the vicious taste which they inculcate.—No man who has given much attention to them is ever after able to appreciate books written in an older and better style, at least until he has freed himself from their influence. Their crazy dreams seem to infest his vision so that he cannot take an interest in anything of a downright common sense character. BETA.

*Westminster Review, April, 1847.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.—It is generally known (says a Philadelphia paper) that a disruption occurred in the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in New York in 1849, in consequence of amendments of its constitution, by which past masters, other than the last past master of each subordinate lodge, were deprived of the right to vote. It was contended by a portion of the fraternity that those amendments were unconstitutional, and withdrawing from the grand lodge, of which Judge Willard, of Troy, was then grand master, they organized a new grand lodge, taking with them the funds of the old body, for the recovery of which, we believe an action is now pending. These differences excited the attention of other grand lodges, who were called upon to determine which of these bodies they would recognize as the true grand lodge of New York. The grand lodges of twenty-four States of this Union, that of Montreal and William Henry, the grand lodge of Peru, and most of those in Europe, soon declared in favor of the old, or as it was called, for the sake of distinction, the "Willard" grand lodge.

Action was delayed by the grand lodge of England, however, until very recently, and her decision has been looked for by the Freemasons of this country with the greatest interest. We learn from the American Keystone, the organ of the Masonic fraternity in this city, that the special committee appointed by the Earl of Zetland, the English grand master, have reported that the contested amendments were legally and constitutionally made.—They hold that "the grand lodge which for so many years has subsisted in the State of New York, still continues its functions, and still possesses of right an unimpaired jurisdiction, and still is within the local limits of that jurisdiction, the only grand lodge which can be Masonically recognized."

The grand lodge thus sustained is the one of which Oscar Coles is grand master, and Dr. J. W. Powell grand secretary. Messrs. Phillips and Herrng are the principal officers of the other body. It is probable that a reconciliation will now be effected.

GOD'S WORD NOT THE OCCASION OF
MAN'S DIFFERENT CREEDS.

So many and conflicting are the sentiments which men pretend to derive from the Scriptures, that many find in them an excuse for believing and obeying nothing of the Word of God. And were the difference owing to the real obscurity of the Bible—were it really difficult or impossible for an honest mind to find the truth in the Bible, he would find an excuse for his unbelief in it, and it would be unjust for God to say, "He that believeth not shall be damned." That threatening leveled at unbelief assumes, that the gospel is plain enough, and level to the capacities of common minds, and that errors and differences of opinion about it have their cause, not in the revelation itself, but in men's unwillingness to receive it as it is; and in the vicious biases of the mind, resulting from the blindness in the heart.

It is natural for men to fancy, that if there were a living oracle, to which they might appeal to solve all questions that might arise—one that could speak by inspiration, and give infallible truth respecting doctrines or truths, there would be none of these differences; but all would be found embracing the same truths. But this is a great mistake. Once the church had not one, but a whole college of apostles; who all taught the same infallible truth, and to whose decision Christians might personally refer every question of doctrine or duty.

But did this advantage exclude all differences of opinion? Or did all professing Christians acquiesce in their dictation? The fact was far from this. Men treated inspired truth then just as they do now. Paul found himself as much opposed by false teachers when he taught in person and spoke by inspiration, as he is now opposed by false teachers in his teaching through his Epistle to the Romans and to the Galatians. Now, men who have any favorite point to carry, will sooner deny the inspiration of Paul than receive the doctrines as he has taught them. And so was with the false teachings among the Galatians.

The fact is, inspired truth, as God has taught it, is uncongenial to what is perverse in the human mind. And it is this perversity of man, rather than any obscurity of the Divine Teacher, that leads men astray, and begets such a variety of conflicting creeds. Hence, Paul counts heresies among the works of the flesh, and classes them with adultery, fornication, witchcraft, murder, drunkenness, and the like as being in the same sense criminal.—Let not the sins of men be imputed to the Word of God.

Still it will be asked—What shall the poor man do when he sees so many learned and apparently godly men, so divided in sentiment about the teaching of the Bible? On which of them shall he rely for his guides? We answer. Upon none of them. In the Bible God opens before him a document which he himself may understand; unless he is misled by the

same perversity of heart which has led astray the wise and prudent.

And if he is thus misled, the fault is his own. God speaks to him in plain language, and he wants only an obedient heart to interpret for him. Let him begin his study of the Word of God with a consciousness that the heart's depravity is the spring of fundamental errors, and with a purpose to obey the truth so far as it is discovered; and then the Gospel scheme of doctrine will rise clearly to his view.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Life to me is sad and weary,
In a world so dark and dreary,
All alone.

Death of every joy hath left me,
Of life's cherished gifts bereft me,
And in sorrow here hath left me
All alone.

Once I thought of bright to-morrow—
Now 'tis but to brood o'er sorrow.
All alone.

With my loved one to adore me,
Gladsome hours came gliding o'er me—
Not as now with life before me,
All alone.

Death hath made my loved one's pillow,
Cold he lies beneath the willow,
All alone.

Naught now save my babe hath bound me
To a world where sorrow found me,
In midst of mirth around me,
All alone.

Joy again my soul re-entered;
In my boy my hopes were centered
All alone.

Yet sorrow's cup was still my portion,
Bitterest pangs my heart's emotion—
Robert left me for the ocean,
All alone.

Far upon the tossing billow,
There he found a dying pillow,
All alone.

Now indeed hath hope departed.
Joy for sorrow me hath parted—
I am dreary, broken-hearted,
All alone.

THE WEST.—The senior editor of the Missouri Republican, and Mr. Kendall, of the Picayune, are on a tour to Santa Fe, &c. The editor of the Republican writes from Kansas that mail-stages are running regularly between Independence, Santa Fe and the Salt Lakes. The mail to Santa Fe weighs usually between 250 and 300 pounds; that to the Salt Lakes from 150 to 200 pounds. The mail leaves for each point on the 1st of every month. It is carried in spring coaches, drawn by six mules, and the trip to Santa Fe is made in from 25 to 28 days, and to the Salt Lakes in from 28 to 30. Price of passage, to either place \$125. It takes about one hundred mules to supply the lines.

Truth can never contradict itself, but is eternal and immutable, and the same in all ages. The states of men's receptions of it are as various as the principles and subjects of natural creation.

"I SEE A LIGHT—I'AM ALMOST HOME."

A pleasant summer evening, with its refreshing air and calm repose, was closing in upon the city of Providence. The hurried step of the laboring mass, homeward bound, became less frequent and distinct, as the veil of night was more closely drawn around the earth. Many an expectant family were looking for returning inmates, who had been absent for long, weary hours, with kind smiles of welcome. And many a weary man passed on with eager looks directed at the homestead, where was centred all the treasures of his heart. A few steps more are taken, and he now breathes freer, saying with delight, "I see the light, I'm almost home."

To one young traveller on the world's highway, life's evening at that hour was closing in. Of few years' experience, she had yet learned the lesson, difficult to many, that earth was not her home.—Each day of her existence was recognized a short but rapid stage, leading onward to that more abiding country, where she hoped to live forever. Feeble health for many months hurried that journey to its close. The infirm travelled faster towards the grave than those of stronger limb and firmer health.

About her chamber glided gently the loved forms of her parents, and an only sister. She silently noted her movements with a mild expression of her dying eye, turning it from side to side. Arrested by her peculiar look, so expressive of affliction and patient suffering, they paused to look upon her, whom they only saw now but dimly through their tears, and so soon should see no more.

A feeble effort to speak, a quivering voiceless movement of the lips, drew closely around her the loving hearts of that sorrowing circle. Mother, father, sister, all came closer to her side. A playful smile lit up her countenance. She lay her little pulseless hand within her mother's palm, then closed her eyelids to the light of earth and sank away. The cold, damp air of death's shadowy valley seemed closing over her. Slowly sinking down she glided towards that river-shore, which like a narrow stream, divides the spirit-land from ours. But see! the quivering lips essay to speak: "Mother!"—Oh! how each heart throbbed now, and then each pulse stood still. They listen:—"Mother!" the dying girl breathed forth—"I see—a light,—I'm almost home!"

Blessed thought! Light is sown for the righteous, even amid the gloom and darkness of the grave.

Every seed cannot but bring forth its own kind and no other. Note it well, for that which is formed here in you, can only be found hereafter; and as the tree falls (the state of eternal life in you) so it will lie, or ever remain.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch—in our families, our tempers—and in society, our tongues.

THERE IS MUCH TO DO.

Reader, what answer will you give to the thrilling inquiry of God, Math. 20: 6. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" You are individually addressed, do not, therefore suppose that you can evade the inquiry, or escape the fearful doom of a non-doer. The claim of God is just, abroad, and cannot be disregarded with impunity. In alleviating the miseries of life, and in saving souls from eternal death, God is pleased to employ human instrumentality, is ready to employ you, and therefore inquires, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

With the lamp of life in your hands, look at the countless millions, that move forward with amazing rapidity, amid all the abominations of heathenism to the fearful retribution of eternity. Here and there it is true, the missionary of the cross has kindled up a light, but these luminous points, few and far between, serve to make the surrounding darkness more cheerless, and enable us to see the iron rod of despotism, and the galling yoke of superstition, under which millions of the human family groan. Can you therefore look at this vast multitude, deeply sunk in misery, wretchedness and crime, and see them crowd the broadway to eternal death, without feeling that you are personally addressed, and that there is a stupendous work to be performed. You bestow a tribute of praise upon the physician, who alleviates the miseries of life, and praise the philanthropist, who dries up the tear of sorrow and cheers the drooping heart; but what is all this compared to the work you may perform? A mere cypher. Since then God places before you a noble work, a work inseparably connected with your best interests for time and eternity—a work in which God the Father, God the Son; God the Holy Ghost, and all the angels of God are employed, and addresses himself to every noble, generous, and benevolent feeling of the heart, what will you do? What answer will you return?

But draw a less circle, and glance over your beloved country. A country exalted to heaven in point of privilege. Alas here many are steeped in vice, and multitudes are in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Under the blaze of gospel light the way of death is still crowded.—Men in elevated stations by their influence are dragging their fellow men, and ungodly parents dragging their children down to the chambers of eternal death. The arm of rebellion is raised high against God, and the tongues of children taught to lisp the dialect of the damned. A fearful spectacle.

An immense harvest is perishing; a harvest of souls; and this too at your own door, and before your eyes, while God is calling for laborers, and inquiring "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" If property were in danger from devouring fire, or a devastating flood, or natural life from the attack of disease, you would hearken to the first cry for aid. How much rather then hearken when souls are in danger, and God calls for laborers and offers as

pay whatsoever is right. But draw a still less circle, and look at those who partake of the same flesh and blood as yourself. Look at your nearest and dearest relatives. Whither do their footsteps tend? Are not many of them still under the sentence of eternal death and on their way to hell?—Fix your eyes upon them as they press forward through all the means of grace and privileges they enjoy to the judgment seat of Christ. Estimate the value of their deathless spirits, consider the uncertainty of life, and calculate the probabilities against them. Another week, and they may be beyond the reach of hope, and with the rich man crying for water to cool their parching tongue. Even now they may be on the crumbling verge of eternity, and still you are idle, though as an instrument in the hand of God, you might save some from eternal death.—Think, reader of the position you occupy, of the work in which you might engage, of the inquiry left at the door of your heart, of the review your idleness will undergo, and the folly and madness of your present indifference; for God hath said "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.—Professor Shepard, in giving an account of his recent exploration of California, portrays the country in the following enthusiastic, almost romantic, style:

"I have now explored California for nearly two years. I can truly say it is a land of wonders. There are fresh flowers every month in the year, and winter now wears the bloom of spring. I have found water-falls three and four times as high as Niagara; natural bridges, of white marble far surpassing in beauty that of Rock-bridge, Va.; some thousands of gold bearing veins, inexhaustible quantities of iron and copper ores, lead, bisruth, and quicksilver, most beautiful porcelain clay, and in short, every thing that can bless an industrious and enterprising people. In one valley, I found more than 40 springs of over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.—In another valley sixteen geysers, like the famous one in Iceland. In this famous abode of Vulcan the rocks are so hot that you can stand upon them but a short time even with thick boots on. The siliceous rocks are bleached to snowy whiteness; and brecciated and conglomerate rocks are now actually forming. The roar of geysers at times may be heard a mile or more; and the moment is one of the most intense interest as you approach them.

The Word is the volume or code of laws proper to the Divine Order, and that order manifested: and inasmuch as the Lord is inseparable from his own order, he may be said to exist in the Word, and that the man who seeks in sincerity of heart to know the mind of God in the Word, does in spirit question the Lord.

Religion is said to be the true basis of man's conduct, but oftener it is made the pedestal of his pride.

WISDOM IN WINNING SOULS.

The Holy Spirit is acknowledged to be the grand agency in the conversion of men. The instrumentality which he, in his sovereign grace employs, is the truth of the gospel,—the law as a schoolmaster to lead to Christ, the atonement as the only medium of pardon to the guilty. Yet, while all this is conceded, and while there is little danger that Christians will too much magnify the Spirit's influence in conversion, it is worth our noting that God makes men the channels of conveying the truth of the law and the gospel to the minds of their fellows. It is likewise especially deserving of notice, that He selects and honors most in this work those who evince the greatest zeal for his glory, and who cherish the tenderest solicitude for the salvation of their families and neighbors.

There is, doubtless, such a thing as wisdom in winning souls. It is not the possession of the most gifted intellect or in eloquence. But these may operate as effectual aids. But the first requisite is LOVE, a singleness of aim, an absorbing purpose, an ardor which "many waters cannot quench, nor floods down." Where this exists, "the wisdom that is from above" cometh down, to dwell in the soul, directing its energies, making the words that it utters, as "goads fastened by the Master of Assemblies." Conversation with him who is thus endowed, is wise and skillful. His exhortations are persuasive, his monitions timely, and often prove as "arrows in the hearts of the King's enemies," whereby not a few fall into the ranks of the Redeemer.

How inexpressibly important is the wisdom that renders a man effective in winning souls. How infinitely it transcends all the sagacity and the finesse of the men of this world. The springs that feed the one come from God, while those that feed the other too often come from beneath.—Then look at the reward awaiting those who have learned at the feet of Jesus the Divine skill of pulling men out of the fires that can never be quenched. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Here is truly a high road to immortal distinction. Men may be the vain aspirants for earthly honors. They may fix their ambition upon a goal of renown; which, though they may run after, they shall never reach. But he that seeks "the honor that cometh from God," by having "compassion" on his fellow men, and laboring to save them, shall not here seek in vain. "When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, he shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

The Word of God is the eternal order of God, and the same with Divine Truth. As it was, so it ever will be, one in itself, although variously received by innumerable recipients.

It is estimated that there are three and a half millions of dogs in the United States, and that the expense of keeping them is equal to twenty millions of sheep or two millions of cows.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A little girl was returning to England in charge of the captain. She was the only female on board, and by her sweet simplicity had won the love of the noble captain and his passengers. The poor child was very, very sick nearly all the way, and became very much reduced in strength. One dreary night, the fancy struck her that soda water would be refreshing, and it was given her perhaps too freely. Spasms of the stomach immediately ensued, and before the morning came, the little sufferer had passed away to a better world; mourning most of all, that mother's gentle hand would not close her eyes in their last sleep, nor a mother's prayer (A MOTHER'S PRAYER!) linger last upon her deafening ear.

But the great stalwart captain had almost a mother's heart. He whose voice could be heard high up a loft, when the tempest raged in its fury, had tones of gentleness and love for the poor dying child; and though he scarcely knew the meaning of the word fear, tears fell like rain from his eyes upon the wasted face of the little corpse.

Beautiful, beautiful, most beautiful—though full of gloom—was the scene presented in that cabin on that wild winter's night. With exquisite delicacy, and almost sacred tenderness was the corpse laid out and preserved. But another trying time for the generous captain was yet to come, for he knew that the mother would hasten to the dock gates to meet her child the moment the ship's arrival was telegraphed. And she did. The captain saw her in an instant, and as the ship got near enough to enable her voice to be heard, she could no longer restrain herself, but cried out in tremulous accents—“is Mary on board?”

The poor captain scarce knew what to say, but requested the mother to go to his hotel, and he would soon be with her. I need not attempt a description of the subsequent scenes of this simple, though sad drama. Suffice it to say, that when Thomas B. Cropper, goes to his last account, of this touching incident it will surely be said—“Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my little-ones, ye did it unto me.”

THE ODD-FELLOW'S BURIAL.—Whatever may be the secrets of the order of Odd-Fellows, and whatever the effects of secret societies, we leave entirely for the public to judge; but we have the profoundest respect for the charity and brotherly love, by which the members of this great institution appear to be actuated.

There is no disguising the fact, that death has been busy in our midst, and from the frequent calls on our citizens to follow the deceased to their last resting place—together with the heat and dust, funerals have been poorly attended. But all the above considerations could not deter the Odd Fellows yesterday, from paying their last ceremonies and respects to one of their deceased brethren, who died at one of our hotels, a perfect stranger to

our citizens. We do not know what was the condition of the deceased gentleman's pecuniary affairs, but had he been perfectly penniless, he would have met with as much, and if possible, even more attention from the brethren of the order. What a beautiful lesson to the world! There we see the stranger in our midst, sick, travel stained, foot sore and weary—we see him make to those who are around him some mystic sign, and lo! from being a distressed stranger, he becomes at once surrounded by friends, who with warm hearts and willing hands, place around him all the comforts that man can provide for his suffering kind.

Would that the world in this respect was one ‘Grand Lodge;’ how much suffering, how many valuable lives would be saved, and how different would be the feeling of man for his suffering fellow. Here upon the Mississippi, where our eyes have become familiar with death in all its forms, this attention and devotion, carried even to the threshold of the grave, should place the actors in the scene on enviable ground.

Ever true to the symbolic links which unite them in fraternity, Odd-Fellows are always ready to hold the cooling draught to the fevered lips of a brother; and no matter to what clime he owes his nativity, or what form of religion he may adhere to, the sacred signs he is enabled to give, at once assure him in all situations and all difficulties, the kindness and sympathies of brothers. Verily, should the members of this noble order be excused for any of the little foibles of poor weak human nature, for “Charity covers a multitude of sins.”—*Memphis Express.*

SOMETHING TO KNOW.

The earth is a magnet, with magnetic currents constantly playing around it. The human body is also a magnet, and when the body is placed in certain relations to the earth, these currents harmonize—when in any other position they conflict. When one position is to be maintained for some time, a position should be chosen in which the magnetic currents of the earth and the body will not conflict. This position, as indicated by theory, and known by experiment, is to lie with the head towards the north pole. Persons who sleep with their heads in the opposite direction, or lying crosswise, are liable to fall into various nervous disorders. When they go back to the right position, these disorders, if not too deeply impressed upon the constitution, soon vanish. Sensitive persons are always more refreshed by sleep when their heads point due north. Architects, in planning houses, should bear this principle in mind.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins, and no sooner are we supplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

It requires more courage to think different from the multitude than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

THE BIBLE.

What a wonderful book it is! A multifarious collection of oracles, written in various ages and countries, and at intervals of two thousand years, having in it every form of composition, familiar and profound; songs and history, ethics and biography, scenes from the hearth, and episodes from national annals; numbering, too, among its authors, him who wore a crown and him who threw a net, the Persian prime minister and Caesar's fettered captive; written, too—sections of it—under the shadow of the pyramids, and others on the banks of the Euphrates, some in the Isle of Patmos, and others in the Mamertine dungeons. This book, so lofty in its tone, and harmonious in its counsels, has become the more venerable from its age, and the more wonderful as its history and results are examined and understood. Whence springs its originality, if its claims are disalloyed? It tells us of expeditions prior to Jason and the Argonauts. It describes material advantages long before Achilles and Troy. Its ethical system preceded Thales and Pythagoras. Its muse was vocal before Orpheus and Hesiod. Its judges flourished before consuls and archons. Its feasts and gatherings rejoiced the tribes when the Nemean games had no existence; and it reckoned by Sabbaths jubilees when neither Olympiad nor lustrum marked and divided the calendar. It embodies the prophetic wish of the Athenian sage; for it “scatters that darkness which covers our souls, and tells us how to distinguish good from evil.” The valley of the Nile has now uncovered its hieroglyphics to confirm and illustrate its claims, and Nineveh, out of the wreck and rubbish of three thousand years, has at length yielded up its ruins to prove and glorify the Hebrew oracles.—*Inspiration in Conflict with Modern Philosophy.*

DESCENDANTS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

The announcement of the death of the Duchess of Leuchtenberg recalls to memory the singular fact, that while nearly all the descendants occupy high stations, the only one of the Bonaparte family who is in power is also a descendant of Josephine. Louis Napoleon, the French President, is the son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense Beauharnais; Josephine's daughter. The deceased Duchess was wife of Eugene Beauharnais, Josephine's only son, and was the mother of the present Queen of Sweden, the Duchess of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, the former Empress of Brazil, widow of Don Pedro, the late King-Consort of Portugal, and a son-in-law of the Emperor Nicholas. The star of fortune appears to shine on the fortunes of the divorced Empress. The descendants of the West Indian Creole are sitting on thrones in Europe, while he who discarded her for a higher ambition to perpetuate his power and dynasty, has one degenerate representative, who escapes from obscurity, and he has the blood of Josephine. This makes a curious chapter in history.

THE HARDEST THING IN RELIGION.

It is told of the amiable and pious Hervey, that before his conversion, and while he was seeking and striving, as a self-righteous moralist, to commend himself to God, in one of his daily walks, absorbed in painful thoughts, he encountered one of his hearers, a pious laborer, who was upturning the soil with a cheerful hymn of praise upon his lips, and of whom he asked what he thought to be the hardest thing in religion? The modest plowman declining to decide so intricate a question, Hervey further asked, "Can anything in religion be harder than to deny sinful self?" "No," replied his hearer, after a moment's thought, "unless it be to deny righteous self." The answer struck the preacher poet, and hidden in his heart, became the germ of a conviction which led him to a self-renouncing trust in Christ, and gave birth to those rapt experiences of Christian life to which the world owes the origin and the usefulness of the Meditations, and the Theron and Aspasio.

To deny righteous self—to empty the heart not only of its grosser sins, but of the lingering flavor of pride and self-righteousness—to trust wholly and work none—to accept a righteousness finished without one thread of our own weaving, and a salvation to which our prayers and pains have contributed absolutely nothing—to rise so far above self as to be lost and hid in Christ, and to lose in the sublime sense of his fullness and suffering, all thought or hope of our own struggles—this is, as the good plowman supposed, one of the hardest and last acquisitions of the pious heart. To break the vase, it is said, is not to destroy the scent of the flowers it has contained. So to break the heart will not always and immediately disinfect it of the remaining odors of its native depravity. Like a subtle essence, it will rise unseen from the cleanest heart, and mingle with and tinge the purest thoughts, and deform the holiest experiences. The last trace of the heart's old inhabitants is its self-righteousness. The "strong man armed" may evict, with comparative ease, the ruder tenants, and bar door against them so effectually, that nothing but the clamor of their rage at being expelled, can reach its garnished and peaceful chambers.—Avarice, ambition, envy, and evil purposes, are palpable, lusty foes, that may be rudely seized, and hurled headlong from the portals of the renewed temple of God in the soul. But that circumambient, all embracing atmosphere of selfishness, in which they have lived, and breathed, and grown strong—that subtler element of evil which no violent assault can reach, and no resolute conflict destroy, lingers long, and yields at last only to the cleansing efficacy of indwelling grace. After a man has attacked, and overcome, and driven out many a vile occupant, he still has an ever-recurring work to stifle his pride, and to destroy the complacent self-righteousness of his lying heart. To deny sinful self may be hard; but to deny righteous self is verily harder.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Kate Conynham in the last American Courier, makes the following sensible remarks about runaway matches:

"Runaway matches seem to be marked with Divine displeasure." I have never heard of a happy one. Not far from us resides a widow lady, who eloped from an excellent mother when she was young, with a worthless young man. She is now the mother of three grown daughters, every one of which have eloped and left her, the youngest only last June, at fifteen years of age, and she was left desolate and broken-hearted! Thus is the example of the mother followed by the children; and who can she blame but herself? But the worst remains to be told. The eldest has already been deserted by her husband, who has gone to California, and last week she had to seek a shelter in the home of her childhood; the second daughter is suing for a divorce, though she has not been thirteen months married. Ah, girls! never in an evil hour place your hand in that of a young man who would counsel you to leave your parental home! it is cruel to deprive those who have nourished you, and with sweet hope looked forward to the day of your marriage beneath their own roof: it is cruel to rob them of this happiness. It is their blessed privilege to bless your union, and witness your and your husband's joy. How can you then rob them of their participation in that joyous bridal towards which they have been so many years looking forward? Daughters who elope wrest from their parents that joy of a father's and mother's life—the gratification of seeing their daughter married at their own fire side. A bride elsewhere is unnatural and God's blessing will not follow it."

MAN IS NOT BORN FOR THE SAKE OF HIMSELF ALONE.—Man is not born for the sake of himself, but for the sake of others, that is, not to live for himself alone, but for others; or else no society could be kept together, nor could any good exist in it. It is a common saying that every man's nearest neighbor is himself; but the doctrine of charity teaches in what sense this saying is to be understood. Every one is bound to provide himself with the necessities of life, as food, raiment, a house to dwell in, and several other things, which the wants of civil life and his particular calling require: he is further bound to provide such things, not only for himself, but also for his family; and, not only for the time present, but also for the time to come; for otherwise being in want of all things, he could be in no state or capacity of exercising charity. But in what sense a man ought to regard himself as his nearest neighbor, may appear from the following similar cases. Every man ought to provide convenient food and raiment for his body; this must be the first object of his care; but the end in view must be, to make his body a fit instrument for the operations of his mind: every one ought also to provide necessities for his mind, to wit, all such things as may tend to advance it in in-

telligence and judgment; but the end in view must be, that he may be in a state to serve his fellow-citizens, his country, the church, and thus the Lord. When a man acts thus, he provides for his own welfare to eternity. Hence it appears, what is first in respect to time, and what is first in respect to end; and that the object which is first in respect to end, is that to which all intermediate objects have reference. This case may admit of comparison with that of a man who builds a house: his first business is to lay the foundation; but the foundation is laid for the sake of the house; and the house is built for the sake of a place to dwell in. When a man regards himself as his nearest neighbor, and makes all his attention centre in himself, as the principle end and object of his concern, he is like a man who regards the foundation of his house as the chief end, and not the house itself as a place of abode; whereas a convenient place of abode is the first and ultimate end, and the house with its foundation is only a medium to promote that end.

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

The Southern Standard, published in Columbus, Miss., gives the following from one of its correspondents:

A certain cause having been called up by Judge Rogers, the clerk was unable to produce the papers forming the record of it, and endeavored to excuse himself by stating, that a Mr. D—, a member of the bar, had taken them out of his office. This being regarded by the court as no excuse at all, the frightened officer, was fined one hundred dollars for his negligent dereliction of duty. Another cause was called and the business of the court went on as if nothing had happened, till suddenly, in the after part of the day, the Judge was unexpectedly compelled to leave the bench for a few moments, and accidentally happened to hit upon the identical lawyer who had unintentionally got the clerk in the awkward scrape of being fined, to take his seat during his absence. And as soon as the newly ensconced dignitary had taken the bench, the disconsolate clerk, turning round toward his Honor, very politely begged to know what disposition was to be made of that case in which he himself was a party, namely, the hundred dollar fine. The court very promptly, and in great humor, ordered the eloquent-looking clerk to remit the fine *instantly*!

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.—There are certain great principles laid down in Scripture in relation to giving, and the use of property generally, respecting which there is much practical skepticism. They are as follows:

1. That which we have, we hold as stewards that must give an account.
2. The way to increase, is to distribute. *Some are rich because liberal.*
3. That which is given to the poor is loaned to the Lord.
4. That which is done to Christ's little ones is done to himself.—*Dr. Nevens.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

First, *Habits of luxurious ease and self-indulgence* are among the obstacles to manly virtue. We always pity those youth who, through birth and circumstances expose them to be waited on and relieved from every exertion, and guarded against every inconvenience. The love of ease is inherent in most persons, and when it is encouraged and nursed until it becomes a necessity, it is a grave misfortune. Effeminate, luxurious, ease-loving young men are hopeful subjects for vice. They lack the manly force and firmness necessary to resist temptation. They dread inconvenience and discomfort more than they do sin. We can hardly conceive of firmness of character, stern, unyielding principle, existing in a soft, yielding body.

Let young people beware of forming such habits. Do not be afraid or ashamed of hardships. Wait on yourselves. Black your own boots, brush your own clothes; do not be afraid of a little cold or heat—of a hard bed, of plain fare, or of hard work. Strive to harden your body, and make it firm, strong and healthy. In such a body manly virtue has a chance to grow, as the steam engine works best when it has a solid frame work to support it.

I am afraid habits of self-indulgence and love of ease are but too common with the young of both sexes, many of whom are willing to be relieved of every exertion and inconvenience at the expense of patient aunts, or whoever happens to be at hand. You see it in little things. For instance, if there is but one easy arm or rocking chair in the room, you will see it occupied in many families, not by the father or mother but by the son or daughter.

But, not to mention examples, let me conclude this head by observing that not only do all habits of self-indulgence serve as a hot-bed for vicious principles, but they expose to much suffering in after life, if poverty and want happen to call for exposure and self-denial. No matter if a young man is heir to millions, he had better be his own servant, practice self-denial, and endure hardship in a degree, both because it will be favorable to his intellect and morals, and will fit him to bear without breaking, the reverses of after life.

Indolent habits are earnestly to be deprecated by all young men who would ever come to any good and useful end. This is nearly allied to the subject just spoken of, and yet there is a difference which all can understand. God never sent us into this world to do nothing but sleep and dream and yawn. Every young man should feel this, and endeavor to find out the particular end to which his powers are adapted, and then go at it might and main. Idle habits grow on us rapidly if they are allowed to gain a foothold, and they have a two-fold effect: in the first place, indisposing us more and more to earnest, wide-awake action, and in the second, consuming a great amount of precious time which can never afterwards be recalled. There are moments when the most active and conscientious feel this spirit of indolence creeping over them, but they shake it off and re-

fuse to listen to its whisper. So should every young man do at all times, and resolutely apply himself afresh to his duties, and thus resisting it, he will find that like other bad spirits it will fly away.

The habit of *procrastination* is another enemy to improvement. In some men it negatives all their good. They are resolving, re-resolving, yet doing the same. We may be sure this is a very bad and mischievous habit, from the fact that the Bible so often and so earnestly remonstrates against it. Many a fine young man falls into it, and wastes his life and faculties in intending to do what he never finds an opportunity to do. This is melancholy and criminal too. The circumstances of the world and the will of Providence call upon all young men to be minute men, with their banner inscribed with the one word "Now." There is much force in the remark of an old divine, that hell is paved with good intentions.

AMIABILITY.

What a world of pleasure might this fair earth be, if all its inhabitants, from the monarch to the peasant, were blest with that best and most God-like virtue, amiability. True, the primeval curse would be on our race, thorns and thistles would still spring up, by the sweat of the brow men would have to earn their bread, but amid the toil and wearisomeness of this pilgrimage, flowers would spring up and spread around his path; nature would put on a different garb, what appears now dark and threatening, would smile with the light from God's own throne. The little errands which we in our present nature cannot possibly avoid, would be overlooked and forgotten; the harsh word would no longer break harshly upon the ear; the cold averted look would assume the smile of generosity and affection; the distrustful glance would be thrown aside, and the confidence of brothers would be found instead.—We should not murmur at fate, but acknowledge all the dispensations of Heaven with a cheerful heart. Love would spring up where hatred and malice now breathe their deadly and fetid breath.—Envy, the tyrant of the heart, would give place to joy at another's success, the faults of our fellow beings would be judged, not with uncharitable and unjust reasoning, but with mercy and forgiveness. We should, in short, behold ourselves "as others see us," and many a wretch who has plunged into the gulf of endless and irretrievable perdition, would have been now shining in the "Mansions of the Blessed."

The attendant of Matthews in his illness intended to give his patient some medicine; but a few moments afterwards it was discovered that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed: "Matthews, I have given you ink!" "Never, mind, my boy—never mind," said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper."

DR. CAREY'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

Carey was a journeyman shoemaker, in the small hamlet of Hackleton, a few miles from Northampton and when, as "consecrated cobbler," (the term of reproach applied to him by Sidney Smith, in sneering at his missionary efforts,) he removed to the neighboring village of Moulton, it was to preach to a small congregation of Baptists, for a salary under £20 a year, and to teach a school besides, that he might eke out a scanty livelihood. To Sidney Smith, as to nine-tenths of the British population at that time, it looked ridiculous enough that such a man should not only trouble his own mind, and try for years to trouble the minds of others about the conversion of 420,000,000 of pagans; but that he should actually propose that he himself should be sent out to execute the project. He succeeded at last, however, in obtaining liberty to bring the subject before a small religious community, of which he was a member, on the 2d of October, 1792, at a meeting of the Baptist Association at Kettering, it was resolved to form a missionary society; but when the sermon was preached and the collection made, it was found to amount to no more than £12 13s 6d. With such agents as Carey, and collections like this of Kettering to support them Indian missions appeared a fit quarry for that shaft, which none knew better than our Edinburgh reviewer how to use; and yet, looking somewhat more narrowly at the 'consecrated cobbler,' there was something about him, even at the beginning, sufficient to disarm ridicule; for if we notice him in his little garden, he will be seen motionless for an hour or more, in the attitude of intense thought; or if we join him in his evening hours, we shall find him reading the Bible, in one or other of four different languages, with which he has already made himself familiar; or if we follow him into his school, we shall discover him with a large leather map showing the urchins different kingdoms of the earth, saying, "These are Christians, these are Mohammedans, and these are pagans!" his voice stopped by strong emotion as he repeats the last mournful utterance.—Carey sailed to India in 1793. Driven by the jealousy of the East India Company out of an English ship, in which he was about to sail, he took his passage in a Danish vessel, and chose a Danish settlement in India for his residence: yet he lived till from that press which he established at Serampore there had issued 212,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures in forty different languages—the vernacular tongues of 330,000,000, immortal beings, of whom more than 100,000,000 were British subjects, and till he had seen expended upon that noble object, on behalf of which the first small offering at Kettering was presented, no less a sum than £91,500.—*Dr. Hanna.*

A man should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing lack resolution to climb over such a rugged enclosure.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

OCTOBER 1, 1851.

The present number of our paper has been delayed beyond the time specified in our last. This is owing to the necessary absence of the principal editor, and the unusual occupation of the assistant editors at the commencement of the session of the University. We intend hereafter to be punctual in our issues.

The principal editor of this paper, Rev. M. Hillsmann, has taken a trip into East Tennessee. He expects to be absent some four or five weeks. We feel confident those who become acquainted with him, will desire to take and read the Classic Union.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The first session of this Institution has opened with very flattering prospects.—Its success has thus far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its friends, and the number of pupils is daily increasing. Mrs. Eaton has secured as teachers, some of the most talented and accomplished ladies of the country. Nothing is now wanting but a suitable edifice in order to have a female school that will be as much the ornament and pride of the denomination as the University now is, and such a building will be speedily supplied. The school will be taught in the Baptist Church till the building is completed.

REVIVAL.—During a Campmeeting just closed at Bradley's Creek Church, forty-six professed faith in Christ, forty-eight united with the Church, thirty-six of whom, on last Sabbath, I buried with Christ in the liquid grave by baptism.—There are others to be baptised next meeting.
D. H. S.

Those of our friends who hold prospectuses of the Classic Union, will please return them by the 10th October, as after that time a limited number of copies only will be printed.

Our thanks are due to numbers of our friends for the interest they manifest for the success of the Classic Union. Our list is daily increasing.

DUCK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

We attended the last session of the Duck River Association, held with the Church at Enon, Bedford county. This is a large and influential body of active and efficient christians. God has, during the past year, blessed many of their churches by the outpouring of his spirit. The business was all transacted with great harmony and unanimity. Our beloved Brother, Rev. John Rushing, was elected Moderator. He has long been a zealous and successful herald of salvation, and we pray that God may spare his valuable life and continue his usefulness for many years to come. All the ministers connected with this Association are laborious working men, actively engaged in the cause of their Redeemer. The Association unanimously agreed to support a beneficiary at Union University, and from the spirit manifested on the occasion, we doubt not they would readily have pledged themselves for the support of more, if there had been others within their bounds desirous of entering upon preparation for the work of the gospel ministry. We regard this as pre-eminently the work of Christian benevolence for our times. In no other way can more lasting good be effected than in assisting young men of decided piety and talents in obtaining that thorough development of all their faculties which will enable them to meet the demands of the Church as Christian ministers. We would call the attention of those who are desirous to do good and promote the cause of Christ in this world, with a portion of the means which God has placed in their hands, to this important object. It is true you may not be able to see immediately the results of your efforts, but you will assist in creating a salient fountain of hallowed influence that will send out its healing waters to make glad the city of our God. E.

UNION UNIVERSITY.

The present session of this Institution opened under very favorable auspices. A larger number of new students has entered than at any previous session, and others are daily arriving.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY OF UNION UNIVERSITY.
Scott's Life of Napoleon, } by T. C. Owen,
Sydney on Government, } Moulton, Ala.
Baptists of Alabama, }
Scottish Gael, } by Jas. Armstrong,
D'Aubigne's History of } Moulton, Ala.
the Reformation, } by T. C. Sale.

Some bigots would rather hear a man condemn religion altogether—than to speak harshly of their own particular sects.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

There is a poor forlorn being who is wandering to and fro in this busy world with whom no one is willing to claim any relationship or connection. All, with few exceptions, shun him as though spotted with the plague, yet every person maintains that this forsaken being is connected with nearly every other individual except himself, and that others ought to take care and attend to him. Who is this poor shunned wanderer with whom none wish to claim alliance? It is Individual Responsibility.

How prone are we all to shift responsibility from our own shoulders upon those of our neighbors. We are clear-sighted enough to see what things ought to be done, and think that we understand perfectly who are the persons that ought to do them. We are ready at all times to say such and such things ought to be performed—it is a shame and sin that they are not done, but it is not my duty to do them—that belongs to this neighbor or that neighbor. Now would it not be better if we should examine more carefully and minutely what we ourselves ought to do, and not devote so much time and labor to find out what is the duty of others? Are we free from any responsibility?—And if we can see so clearly what is the duty of others, is not our duty to tell them of it? It may be that they are ignorant of the obligation resting upon them, and if they were kindly informed of their duty they would cheerfully perform it. At least, it would take no more time or words to do this than it does to tell a dozen others that such and such individuals ought to do many things which they neglect.

E.

MERIDIANVILLE (ALA.) FEMALE SEMINARY.

We have seen in the Huntsville Democrat a very favorable report of the Examination of the Meridianville Female Seminary. This young flourishing Institution is under the care of Rev. P. T. Henderson, assisted by his brother, Jas. S. Henderson and Miss Srother. We wish them abundant success in rearing up a female school of high order. We are well acquainted with Br. Henderson, and with his mode of imparting instruction to the youthful mind, and we have no hesitancy in commending his Seminary to all who wish their daughters well instructed in the various branches of a thorough education.

There are two difficulties in life; men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA RAIL ROAD.



SUNDAY ARRANGEMENT.

A PASSENGER TRAIN will leave Nashville every SUNDAY MORNING at a quarter after 8 o'clock, A. M., for the Terminus of the Track, arriving at Murfreesborough at half-past 10 o'clock—proceed to the end of Track, and return to Murfreesborough by 12 o'clock.

Leave Murfreesborough at half-past 1 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Nashville at a quarter of 4 o'clock, P. M.—stopping at all intermediate points, going and returning.

The regular Passenger Train will leave Murfreesborough as on other days, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Nashville—returning, leave Nashville at 4 o'clock, P. M.

H. I. ANDERSON,

seep6 Superintendent of Transportation.

We have taken the above advertisement from one of our city papers, and we have seen the same in several other periodicals. Now we ask in all candor what is the difference between this desecration of the Lord's day, by running the cars avowedly and for no other purpose than idle amusement and sordid gain, and theatrical performances and horse racing on the Sabbath? One is no more a violation of the express command of God than the other, yet how would an advertisement strike a religious community which should be headed by Sunday Amusements for horse racing. We utter nothing more than our true sentiments when we affirm that we would a thousand times prefer traveling the old way from place to place than to have the modern improvements of railroads, if along with them we must have practices calculated to blunt the moral sense of the community in regard to the observance of the fourth commandment. Is this desecration of the Sabbath in accordance with the feelings and sentiments of a majority of the stockholders? We cannot believe that it is. This step which has been taken, in running an extra Sunday train, is what Sabbath breakers, everywhere, and the enemies of christianity and good order, will approve and applaud.—We are unable to see any necessity for this outrage upon the moral and religious feelings of the community. We believe there is a just and holy God who takes cognizance of the acts of his creatures, and he will not prosper those who set at defiance his commands. E.

Cold bathing, pure water plain diet, a clear conscience, and a clean shirt, are indispensable to health and happiness.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is. And why shouldn't it! It will have seven days more experience.

THE INNER LIFE OF MAN.

There is an outer, and there is an inner world. The outer, is that which is exterior to man, and in which he lives and acts. The inner is that which is within his own soul, and in which he thinks and desires and loves. The internal, though imperceptible to sense, is no less real than the external world. The one, equally with the other, has its poetry, its beauty, its melody; The charm of thoughts and desires; is no less real than the charm of things and facts.

Indeed the outer world is but a reflected image of the world within. Its poetry and beauty and melody do not live in its stars and clouds and mountains and vales, they live in the heart of man. Let the inner world be filled with the melody of pleasant thoughts and the outer, with its thousand tongues, reverberates the strain. But change this melody to notes of sadness and the sighing of the softest breeze will murmur back the moan. Make a mind, and that mind will make a universe in its own image and after its own likeness. The imagination, darting from object to object, and governed in its flight by laws too delicate to be analyzed, breathes into the outer world the breath of its own life, and clothes it in a drapery, which has no existence but in the heart that feels it. As the rainbow clothes with its own celestial hues, the shapeless cloud on which it seems to rest, so the heart of man, ever changing in the color of its emotions—radiant with joy or enshrouded in gloom—brightening with hope or dark with despair—faltering or flickering or trembling or fading—returning or resting or glowing or dagglng with celestial radiance—paints its own image on the sky, and in its ever-varying phases of feeling, flings back upon the world the picture of itself.

S.

"What do you think of platonic love?" asked a lady. The gentleman replied—"Madam, it is like all other tonics—very exciting."

He who does good to another man, does good also to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well doing is an ample reward.

To keep preserves, apply the white of an egg with a suitable brush to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover the jars, overlaying the edges an inch or two. No tying is required. The whole will become, when dry, as tight as a drum.—*Cultivator.*

PROGRESS.

"There were giants in those days!" is the constant greeting reformers meet, on every hand, from the old. Forty or fifty years ago, men were much stronger, it is said, than now, yet a recent comparison shows we have many, not only equal to the best men half a century ago, but fully competing with the athletes of Greece and Rome—nay, from careful computation, men live longer and enjoy better health than ever at any future period!

When the cars canter from her to Nashville at the rate of 20 miles an hour, old grey-haired veterans shake their heads—prophesy evil, and long for "the good dirt roads of old!" Instead of an hour and a half, the time then was a day and a half,—over rocks, mud, creeks, and rivers, in "the good old times!"

In the eye of some, the "old field" school has never had its equal. For the teacher to be at his post as the sun peeped over the hill tops in the east until his exit in the west, write a fair hand, use a keen hickory, and cipher to the Rule of Three, was evidence of a learned man and accomplished teacher! But his day has passed away; he now can sit at the feet of children and learn. D.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The various roads—pikes, railroads, and other improvements in our State, are awaking the public mind to the importance of Civil Engineering. Until the Mexican war, West Point and other Military and Scientific schools were decidedly under the ban of the public. It was not and is not in the nature of things—*ceteris paribus*—for science not to triumph over ignorance. Such, indeed, has been the call for good engineers, that they obtain from \$1000 to \$5000 readily—and the supply is still deficient. Why should not individuals as well as corporations employ professional skill to secure property physically as well as legally? "Incompatibles," to use a medical phrase, would not so often be introduced into private dwellings; churches, school and other public houses would not be so often tumbling down, or from deficient ventilation, the hot houses of disease and death.

In view of these facts, provision has been made by the Trustees of Union University for teaching Civil Engineering in this Institution. D.

He that will sell his fame will also sell the public interest.

THE LOVE OF THE ANTIQUE.

Veneration for Antiquity is the predominant feature of the system of religion, promulgated from the University of Oxford, and known by the popular name of *Puseyism*. Around the walls of the ancient seat of learning there floats a solemn aroma of the past. Its antiquated style of architecture, its walls decorated with the ornaments of former centuries, its Professors attired in flowing robes of silk, its libraries hoarded with tomes of Patristic lore, venerable with the rust of ages—all seem to throw around it an air of veneration for the Antique. When one walks through its halls he feels that he is breathing the atmosphere of the Past.

Upon Antiquity, venerable Antiquity, the Tractarians delight to lavish their rhetoric. Examine their writings, and when are they most eloquent? What is their theme? Is it the love of Christ, or the excellence of his mediation? Seldom do such themes engage their pens. Antiquity: on this they kindle and glow with the fires of eloquence. Hear one of their popular preachers: Rush through the applauding crowd and listen. With what an array of eloquence does he usher in—is it the son of God? No, alas! It is some eremite of the wilderness, pale, meager, miserable, who, having forsaken the abode of men and become the companion of wild beasts, in rocks and caves of the earth, is held up for us to admire and imitate. Antiquity with them seems to throw a halo of glory around men and things, which under other circumstances they would despise. The nonsense of one generation, when covered with the “hoar of ages,” becomes the wisdom of another. Such is their veneration for antiquity that even the penances, pilgrimages, asceticism, and degrading superstition of the middle ages are held up for our ardent admiration. And this is natural. Secluded, as they are, from the busy world, and cut off from the charms of social life, amidst the quiet cloisters of Oxford, it is natural that its learned Doctors should love to wander up and down the dim and shadowy past and linger around the monuments of the sainted dead.

There is something poetic and picturesque in those phases of medieval character which fancy loves to dwell upon: and if one will surrender his reason and commonsense, as thousands of the ardent and imaginative are doing, he may see much in the middle ages to please his fancy;

and, abandoning himself to these delicious musings on the faded glory of medieval excellence, he may wish that these poetic dreams might again be realized. I love the romance of the middle ages, and if it could be separated from the evils which attend it, I am sometimes half inclined to be almost willing to wish that I had been born in an age in which the world enjoyed a little more of it than it now does. I pity the man who is so unimaginative that he cannot admire the romance and chivalry of the middle ages: but I ought to pity him the more whose imagination leads him to see only the ideal, and not the real; and I do pity him who would bring back the ignorance, and superstition, and priest-craft, merely for the sake of enjoying the romance. The lordly baron may admire the moss-clad ruins on his domain, which mark the gothic towers of his feudal ancestors, he may delight to muse upon the days of chivalry which they commemorate, but he would by no means wish for the restoration of the feudal vassalage of which they are the memorial.

A PEARL IN THE OCEAN.

Few men are so depraved, that there is nothing amiable in their character, though blotted with the dark pencil of corruption, yet something of the fair and good exists in almost every heart. How often beneath the repulsive mantle of a shattered fortune and a blasted fame, buried in disgrace and crushed by an unfeeling world, lies a bleeding heart, miserable at once from a sense of guilt and abandonment, yet not wholly dead to virtue. Many a lovely flower, may shed its fragrance through the desert of the heart. Descend into that interior world, away from the din of earth, and in the stillness of solitude, listen to its musings, and you may hear the plaintive tones which breathe a tale of fond and melancholy recollections of brightening and fading hopes, uttered in stifled sighs, and anguished prayers. It is the sighing of a down-trodden and buried heart, for the light of Heaven and sympathy of man. Philanthropist! lift that heart from the grave in which it lies entombed, restore it to life, bind together its broken fibres and you will find it still a heart possessed of much of human loveliness. Touch its strings with your sympathy and you will awake a tone of melody, which before lay slumbering among its unstrung cords, unheard and unknown, save to the heart that breathed it.

S.

TO BE AND TO DO.

Perhaps no two terms in the English language have a wider signification than “To Be and to Do.” Whether we scrutinize their literal meaning, giving each its minutest shade of application, or examine their common acceptation, we find the same difference.

When we look at the idea conveyed by the former we are reminded of whatever that tends to excite the vanity of the human heart—of whatever that tends to foster pride,—of whatever that tends to generate envy, and in fine of whatever that tends to debase and degrade mankind. But on the other hand, the latter reminds us of the great doctrines of charity and especially the Heavenly injunction, “thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, and all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.”

How often is it the case, that we hear devoted and well-meaning but misguided parents endeavor to excite the languid spirits of their children by admonishing them of the unfading laurels of Alexander, Lord Byron, Napoleon or many heroes of our own country, telling them that many an extraordinary personage once struggled against pinching poverty, overcame almost insurmountable barriers and inscribed his name high upon the tablet of fame? Why not tell them of the meritorious deeds of St. Paul, Martin Luther, Howard or Wilberforce and exhort them not be as others have been, but do as others have done?

It is not because we lightly esteem the well-earned fame of any one, but the principle we deprecate is that the youthful mind should be aroused to exertion by painting upon the imagination in vivid colors the undying renown of some distinguished hero. Surely it is very important that the adviser of the young should be informed of the fact, that it is a sin in the sight of high Heaven to arouse and cultivate those principles of our nature, which lead us to make gain for ourselves to the entire neglect or injury of our fellow-beings. The inherent turpitude of our species will develop itself sufficiently soon and needs no inciting influence on the part of others.

Our great object should be to profit and bless mankind, and when on our dying pillow to feel assured that the world has been benefited by our existence. We should study to do great not to be great.

J.

A TREATISE

On the History of Etiology and Prophylaxis of Trismus Nascentium, by Professor J. M. Watson, M. D.

We have just received a neat pamphlet bearing the above title which we would cordially commend to the perusal of all who can obtain it. The substance of the treatise was published in Nos. in the Nashville Medical Journal, but the articles were thought by the Medical Faculty to possess so much merit, and to throw such important light on a hitherto obscure subject, that they prevailed on Dr. Watson to arrange them in a treatise to be published in pamphlet form, that they might be presented as a whole to the public. The pamphlet before us is the result, and we doubt not but that it will be highly useful in preventing a disease for which medical skill has hitherto failed to find a remedy.

Since writing the above we find the following notice in the Nashville American:

The subject discussed in these pages, we presume, must be an exceedingly interesting one to the profession generally, and especially so to those whose province it is to attend more exclusively to the duties of Obstetrician. It is not a little remarkable, that a disease, presenting such a train of fearful and distressing symptoms, so heart-rending to the mother, at the period of nature's greatest weakness, and so fatal in its results should not have received that careful attention and investigation from medical writers which its importance so justly merits.

We think Dr. Watson has given due credit to all those writers who have heretofore written on this subject, when he says, "All that has been published about this fatal malady, is, for the most part, well calculated to embarrass and disappoint the reader—leaving him uninformed of its history; in doubt about its etiology, and uninstructed in a reliable prophylaxis;" and passing over the consideration of the several unsatisfactory, and in some instances fanciful theories, advanced by different writers, to explain the symptoms of the disease, we are very favorably impressed with the plain and practical common sense views of its etiology and pathology, and the prophylactic suggestions advanced by the writer, based, as all such views and suggestions should be, upon long experience, careful observation of the phenomena, a candid comparison of his own with the facts and observations presented by other writers, and a rigid and impartial deduction under all the circumstances and facts bearing upon the subject. We think every candid and impartial reader will award to Dr. Watson due credit for the soundness and originality of his views upon this interesting subject, and the valuable hints and suggestions in prophylaxis, which certainly ought to be made familiar to every nurse and mother. It is desirable that the head of every family should read this little treatise; especially that the proprietors of large plantations should be well acquainted with the prominent facts set forth, and be prepared to enforce all the necessary prophylactic observances upon those having charge of the child-bearing women and their young children.

We regard this production of Dr. Watson's as an evidence of his ripe experience as an obstetric practitioner, and a prestige of his ability and reputation as a lecturer and teacher in the chair which he has the honor to fill.

SUMMARY.

THE ROSE.—The horticulturists of Paris have, by artificial crossings, obtained a natural rose of a blue color, which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means—the yellow, the black, and the striped rose, being all inventions, and the result of skillful scientific gardening.

PATRIOTIC.—A Western man says when he heard Yankee Doodle performed on an organ, in the Crystal Palace, he felt the Declaration of Independence and a couple of Bunker Hills rising in his bosom.

CURMUDGEON.—This word, which is very expressive, is composed of two words, *caur*, heart, and *mechant*, miserly, avaricious. Hence curmudgeon—a miserly, churlish, avaricious fellow.

SINGULAR THEFT.—Some person broke into the Temperance Office, in New York, and stole a thousand Temperance Tracts. It is hoped that he will give them a wide circulation.

LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.—There is a plant in the island of Lumatra, the circumference of whose fully expanded flower is *nine feet*; its nectarium is calculated to hold *nine pints*; the pistils are as large as a cow's horn, and the whole weight of the blossom is computed to be *five ten pounds*.

FACTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—The whole number of persons convicted of crime in the State of New York, from 1840 to 1848, inclusive, was 27,949. Of these 1,182 were returned as having received a common education, 414 as having a tolerably good education, and 123 only as well educated. Of the remaining 26,225, about half were able merely to read and write; the residue were destitute of any education whatever.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—This wonder of modern times is just becoming a step more wonderful. It is beginning in good earnest to make pictures of all colors. This new advance was gained by our countryman, Mr. Hill, and it appears, by the last arrival, that the same, or a similar discovery, has been made by a citizen of France, named Niepee. The American calls his art Hillotype, the Frenchman gives his a better name—He liochromy—sun coloring. The means by which they do it is still kept a secret, and it is probable that as their discoveries are independent, so they differ from each other.

AN OLD BIBLE.—A gentleman in Fredericktown, Pa., has in his possession a Bible printed in London in 1495.—"This date," he says, in a letter recently received from him, "I find at the beginning of the new Testament, the date being torn out at the front part. The Psalms at the end, were printed by another person in the year 1611. It is printed in the old English black letter style, with the exception of the argument at the beginning of each book and the marginal references."

NOVELTY.

The love of novelty is a principle deeply rooted in the human mind. It displays itself in the dawn of infancy, and in the maturity of manhood many things attract attention which have no other recommendation than of being new. When controlled by higher faculties and directed in its proper channel, it is not only innocent but highly valuable in its results. It has urged forward the philosopher in his researches after those hidden truths which have proved of an inestimable value to mankind. It has led the mariner across the pathless ocean in quest of new discoveries, and thus revealed the treasures of new Countries, and we daily witness its results in the various improvements of which we boast. But though in reference to the works of nature and art we may seek for something new—though we may exercise human ingenuity in all the departments of knowledge, yet upon the subject of religion we should beware of novelties. It becomes us on this subject in a humble and childlike spirit to enquire for the good old way. The system of truth contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, was perfect when it came from the hand of its divine Author, and no art or ingenuity can add aught to its perfection—it cannot be added to, nor any thing subtracted from it without marring its beauty. We find, however, in all ages a proneness in some professed teachers of divine truths to depart from "the old paths" and seek for something new, and many, with the characteristic love of novelty, have gone after them.—But as man did not invent the system of religion laid down in the word of God, it is impossible for him to mend or improve it. "The gospel which I preach" said the Apostle, "is not of man nor by man."—"Son of man," said the Lord to his prophet, "preach the preachings that I bid thee." "Hear the word from my mouth and give them warning from me." E.

IMMIGRATION.—The immigration into the port of New York for the last eight months was 192,836. During the same period last year there arrived 143,702.—Increase this year 49,134. The average since the month of April has been over 1,000 per day. On the 4th the number of emigrants arrived was 13,975.

The Lord is more or less present in every human soul; and from his dictates to the mind, the righteous speak. He is no where so present as in the mind of a good man.

[For the Classic Union.]
MAN'S LOVE.

When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth;
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight,
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate,
Business and bustle;
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing:
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when the young heart is still,
That though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill,
Wearied he turneth;
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek:
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hands,
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfill.

She leads him, when the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To 'midst herbs and flowers.

And when she goes not there,
To feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare,
Into his darkened room:
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour of death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day
She meets his eye away.

And when his trial's o'er,

And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in his bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpress'd;
Her tears, her sighs are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again,
Still, still she must regret,
She never can forget!

SALLIE M. MOYLER.

Athens, Ala., Aug. 25.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer:

ENGINEER'S OFFICE, WINCHESTER, TENN.,
July 27, 1851.

MESSRS. GALES & SEATON: Allow an humble votary of science to suggest through the Intelligencer a difficulty in regard to Foucault's experiment which seems insuperable, and to ask a solution of some of your many able correspondents who have recently been investigating it. Perhaps Mr. T. E. Browne* can satisfactorily explain it, and by doing so would oblige hundreds to whom the same difficulty presents itself. It is this: It is assumed from the laws of inertia and mechanical force that the pendulum, once in motion, will continue to oscillate in the same or parallel planes. Now, if a pendulum be set in motion towards a fixed star, say the pole star, by this law of inertia it will continue to vibrate towards the pole star; or, in other words, the pole star becomes a point in the plane of its vibration, and is fixed; the centre of the earth, by the laws of gravity, constitutes a second fixed point in the plane of its vibration; the point of suspension constitutes a third point in the plane, and is movable because of the rotary motion of the earth. Three points always determine the position of a plane in space. Since, then, the pole star and the centre of the earth are common points in all the planes which a pendulum may describe, and since the point of suspension becomes successively a point in each plane, and also changes its position 15° every hour, have we not a series of intersecting planes instead of parallel ones? I should be glad to see this difficulty removed by any one who can, for it constantly annoys me, and obscures to me all the attempts at explanation I have seen given to the pendulum experiment. Allow me also to ask Mr. T. E. Browne if he has ever furnished to the world a demonstration of the exact squaring of the circle, which he says the Egyptians did six hundred years ago; if so, where can it be found, and if not, whether it is his purpose to do so?

Yours truly,

MINOR MERIWETHER.

*I call it fixed, because the orbital motion of the earth has no bearing on the present difficulty, and therefore may be omitted in its consideration.

*This gentleman died within ten days after the publication of his note on this subject.—*Elys. Nat. Intell.*

A man whose mind is trained to find happiness in doing good, almost always has the means of happiness at command.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BATTLES OF THE ANTS.—Huber thus describes, in Homeric style, that burlesque of human warfare, battle of ants, 'Figure to yourself two of these cities, equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The whole space that separates them, for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, who make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile fornicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about two or three square feet in dimensions; a penetrating odor exhales on all sides; numbers of ants are here lying dead, covered with venom; others, composing groups or chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in contrary directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first, a pair of combatants seize each other, and rearing upon their hind legs, mutually spurt their acid, then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavors to drag off his antagonist; if their strength be equal, they remain immovable till the arrival of a third gives one advantage. Both, however, are often succored at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, and sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery, the equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same hive arriving at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combatants recommence. At the approach of night each party retreats to its own city; but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.—A gentleman introduced an infidel friend to a minister, and he remarked that he never attended public worship!

'Ah, said the minister, 'I am almost tempted to hope you are bearing false witness against your neighbor.'

'By no means, for I always spend Sunday in settling accounts.'

The minister immediately replied,

'You will find, sir, that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner.'

Mr. Cuvier says that a whale may live ten thousand years, and that a pair of whales may have the domestic pleasure of living to count 72,000,000 of their offspring. This is filling the command with vengeance.

[For the Classic Union.]

RESIGNATION.

My heart, my heart is sorrow-crushed,
In still despair my woe is hushed,
Low, lie I by the broken well,
Whose radiant waves no longer swell.

Loosed is the silver cord of hope,
Broke at the fount, the golden cup,
The hasty draught was sparkling bliss,
But O, I knew life was not this!

One moment drank I, and forgot,
That I was Christ's remembered not,
One hour 'twas nectar to my taste,
But O, 'twas bitterness at last!

O, shall I weep and wildly plain,
And make this chastening in vain,
Shall I visit this staff and rod,
Who is my Father and my God?

O, not if prayer be not in vain,
Not, if this grave I may regain,
Not if Christ's power can yet subdue,
And mould the mind and will anew!

Help me my God! (*my strength is none*)
Be strong to say—"They will be done!"
And if it be Thy will in me,
Baptised in sufferings, let me be.

May I the rugged Calvary climb,
May I but tread that bright sublime,
Can I not lean upon the cross,
And calmly smile on earthly loss?

I feel the kindlings of that power,
And tho' renewed is conflict's hour,
I yet can bow before the throne
And safely say, "*Thy will be done!*"

Baptised in sufferings was my Lord,
Let me too, be, if 'tis Thy word,
Even unto death my will subdue
I shall arise to live anew!

Come then O, fire, that first refined,
Again, melt, change and form my mind,
All purely purged away its dross,
A lively image of the cross!

'Tis done—"baptised into this death,"
Again I rise—"breathe thou, O breath!"
And lo! the living power returns,
From pulse to pulse, it breathes, it burns!

Arise my soul, this grace adore
Captive to sin and grief no more!
O, angel harps, resound for me,
The triumphs of a soul set free!

NAOMI.

Aug. 26th 1851.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

The London Journals, by the last steamers, give continued and more interesting accounts of the tests of this great discovery. It is no longer a theory,—it is a fact, and the demand for the mechanics is so extensive, that although the patentee turns out over two thousand per day, yet he has full two weeks' orders on hand unfilled.—They are sought after by all the principal manufactories, distilleries and stores, as well as mansions and private residences of Great Britain. The highest recommenda-

tion, however, came from Lord Brougham, who recently introduced a bill into Parliament requiring every Government emigrant vessel to be supplied with one or more of the Fire Annihilators. One of the high merits of the discovery tested by several practical experiments, is the fact, that while the vapor will almost instantaneously suppress a flame, it can be inhaled without any injury or inconvenience to the lungs of persons in the building; and moreover, it can be used as a protection to the person, enabling a fireman or other individual to go right into the heated room. The London Standard, speaking of a late test of this merit, said:

"It was astonishing to see with what ease the firemen, protected by the vapor emitted from the cylinder, could deliberately and with impunity walk into the middle of a fire, whose heat caused distant spectators to recoil, and succeed in pouring the vapor into the interior of the building. This combination of gases is BY NO MEANS INJURIOUS TO ANIMAL LIFE—QUITE THE CONTRARY, although it is indomitably anti-combustive. The flame of gas, or of such combustible substances or fluid as cannot be overcome (except by immersion) by means of water, are instantaneously extinguished by it."

Of course there is a general anxiety in this country to have such an important safety-machine introduced. One of the features of our patent laws will demand its introduction in a very short time—that provision which compels any foreigner, obtaining a patent here, to offer it for sale in the United States, within eighteen months after the date of his grant, or the same becomes forfeited. It is now sixteen months since Mr. Phillips obtained his patent in Washington, and, therefore, within two months he must offer his Annihilators for sale, in this country. Whether our friends of the "*Fire insurance*" interest are particularly anxious to see it become common, we are not advised; but property holders who pay high premiums for protection, both to Insurance companies and Fire companies, will surely rejoice.—*Cincinnati Eng.*

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

And how vast the range of blessing your prayers may take. Who can tell the history or trace the wonderings of yon cloud, that sails in light and glory across the sky, or indicate from what source its bosom was filled with the vapors it is yet to shed back upon the earth? Perhaps, though now wandering over the filled field and the peopled village, its stores were drawn from some shaded fountain in the deep forest, where the eye of man has scarce ever penetrated. In silent obscurity that fountain yielded its pittance and did its work in preparing to bless the far-off lands that shall yet be glad for it.—And even thus is it with the descending Spirit. Little do we know often of the secret origin of the dews of blessing that descend on the churches of God. In the recesses of some lowly cottage, in the depths of some humble heart, may be going on the work of pious intercession, in

answer to which the grace of Heaven descends on us and on our children, on the labors of the wondering and joyful pastor, and on the hearts of the far heathen, until the wilderness and solitary place are glad for them. The time is to come when from every home, brethren, such prayer shall arise. Let us sustain and swell in our day the ascending volume of supplication that is yet to roll around the globe, and never to fail until over a world regenerated and purified, the morning star shall again shout for joy, and the earth emerging from her long and disastrous eclipse of sin and wrath, shall yet again walk the heavens in her unsullied brightness a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—DR. WM. R. WILLIAMS.

CORRUPTION OF WORDS.—Take, for example, the word kerchief. There is no doubt that this word is derived from the French *couvre chef*, and obviously meant a covering for the head. Brevity converted *couvre chef* into kerchief. This was well enough for colloquial purposes, and no great harm done. By degrees, however, having occasion to enlarge the application of the word for our convenience, we flung etymology to the winds, and coined the word handkerchief—, which, broken up into its constituent parts, means literally a head-cover for the hand. The force of absurdity would seem to be incapable of going beyond this, but worse remains behind. Having reconciled our consciences to handkerchief, there was no difficulty in finding kerchiefs in like manner for all possible purposes; and accordingly we have manufactured a pocket-handkerchief, which means a head cover for the hand to go into the pocket, and a neck-handkerchief, or head cover for the hand to be tied round the neck.

A writer says, women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in almost any other occupation. Editors, reporters, and doctors, need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they please, and thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen sleep twelve hours out of every twenty-four, and put their parish to sleep once a week.

The same author, in speaking once of his tea-kettle, said it was like Abernathy's great work "on the bile," an exquisite pun that nobody but Hood would ever have thought of. By the way, how comes it that some of our publishers don't go to work and get out "Hood's Works complete in one Volume?" At the present time, they are as scattered as the fleas which made up last winters snow. Where are the Harpers?

VOLTAIRE.—In a company, who were conversing on the antiquity of the world, Voltaire, on his opinion being asked said, The world is like an old coquette who disguises her age. 'Till within thirty or forty years she passed for only 6000 years old; but geologists say they have since discovered in her face the wrinkles of indefinite years.

LENT BOOKS.

There are many evils under the sun; and one is the immorality of not returning a borrowed book. When a man borrows a book, he virtually engages to use it carefully, and then return it within a reasonable time. He ought to do so.—His possession is merely temporary. The book is neither given nor sold. It is simply borrowed. To get it, and then keep it unreasonably or forever, is a breach of honesty. The lender perhaps forgets where it is; and then to him it is lost, not in the depths of the ocean, but to the private and unknown possession of the borrower. Even as an act of sheer carelessness, it is not justifiable. Strict and scrupulous honesty, touching this little, though not unimportant point in good morals, as we have no doubt, would bring home to their true owners quite a number of books, that have been out on a long pilgrimage. Not long since a clergyman remarked to us: "I have lost a great many books by lending them—some that I valued very highly. They are gone; but I cannot tell where." Too often a lent book, like a vessel on the pathless ocean, leaves no trace behind; or, like Noah's dove, returns no more. It does not go back to breathe its native air, or refresh the owner with the incidents of its journey. Being acclimated and snugly housed in another's library, it stays there till the tooth of time consumes it, and dismisses it from the service of men. Alas! for the unfortunate owner! He will never see it more! Reader, have you in your possession a borrowed book? Think before you answer. If so, how long have you had it? Is it not quite time to return it? Put the shoe on the other foot; make yourself the lender, and then judge of the borrower's duty.

A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND.

To be calm and cool in inferior things is better than zeal. "A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit," in the Hebrew, a *cool* spirit.—Injuries do not fret him into a flame, neither does any occurrence heat him into any height of joy, grief or anger. Who more temperate in these things than Moses? But set this holy man to pray, and he is all life and zeal. Indeed, it is one excellence of this fervency of spirit that it allays all sinful impatience. David's fervency in prayer for his child, when alive, made him bear the tidings of his death so patiently. We hear not an angry word that Hannah replies to her scolding husband Peninnah; and why? Because she had found the art of easing her troubled heart in prayer. Why need she contend with her adversary, who could be wrestling with God to espouse her quarrel; and were there nothing else to commend fervency of spirit in prayer, this is enough, that, like David's harp, it can charm the evil spirit of our passions, which, in their excess, the saint counts great sins, and finds them grievous troubles.—*Gurala*.

FACILITIES FOR STUDY.—To study successfully, the body must be healthy, the mind at ease, and time managed with great economy. Persons who study many hours in the day, should perhaps have two separate pursuits going on at the same time—one for one part of the day, and the other for the other; and these of as opposite a nature as possible—as Euclid and Aristotle—Locke and Homer—Hartly on man, and voyages round the globe—that the mind may be refreshed by change, and all the bad effects of lassitude avoided. There is one piece of advice, in a life of study, which I think no one will object to, and that is, every now and then to be completely idle—to do nothing at all. Indeed, this part of a life of study is commonly considered as so decidedly superior to the rest, that it has almost obtained an exclusive preference over those other parts of the system, with which I wish to see it connected.

The Native Americans have nominated a separate ticket for Governor and other State officers in Pennsylvania.

Miss Bremer, the Swedish authoress, was to have left this country on her voyage homeward last Saturday on the steamer Atlantic from New York.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Calliopean Society, held in their hall at the University, on Saturday the 20th inst., the President announced to the Society that an esteemed member, WILLIAM LAX, whom we had hoped to meet on our return to School, had departed this life at home, near Bolivar, Tenn., (at his father's house,) whereupon the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, God in his providence has seen fit to remove our beloved brother, Wm. Lax, whom we highly esteemed and regarded as an ornament to our Society, therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply regret the loss of one whose amiable qualities, whose mental endowment, and whose consistent piety, gave promise of more than an ordinary degree of usefulness.

Resolved, That we affectionately extend to the parents and relatives of the deceased, our sincere condolence in their sad bereavement and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That in token of our respect and esteem for brother Wm. Lax, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our book, and a copy of the same be sent to the parents of the deceased, and also be published in the Classic Union, Tennessee Baptist, Rutherford Telegraph, and Bolivar Herald.

A. B. HAYNES, Sec.

C. J. HARRIS, Pres.

INSENSIBILITY TO DAILY MERCIES.

Alas! what reason have we to complain of this! We receive mercies, are often loud and clamorous in asking for them, and yet make no corresponding return. But common mercies, which come without asking for, are almost necessarily forgotten; and yet not forgotten either, for they were never the subjects of perception; they come in such an ordinary way, they never awake our consciousness; but never feel their presence; we feed upon them, but recognize them not. We drink the liquid air, without seeing it or feeling that it sustains us; we lie down to sleep, without feeling that it consolidates our frame; we appropriate the mercies crowded into every moment, without any corresponding memories of them, or even knowing that there are such things, or saying with the prophet, "By these things men live, and in them is the life of the spirit." The same idea seems to have formed part of the experience of good men in all ages, but has seldom been more beautifully brought out than by the once celebrated Bishop Reynolds. "As the Dead Sea," says the Bishop, "drinks in the river Jordan, and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers, and is never the fresher, so we are apt to receive daily mercies from God, and still remain insensible of them."

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none are blessed by them. None can point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perish, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of life can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy; on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact year by year, and you will never be forgotten! No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the sky of evening.—*Dr. Chalmers*.

FITNESS FOR HEAVEN.—Let us not delude ourselves. This is a truth, if there be any religion: they who are not made saints in the state of grace shall never be saints in glory. The stones which are appointed for that glorious temple above, are hewn and polished, and prepared for it here, as the stones were wrought and prepared in the mountains for building the temple at Jerusalem.—*Leighton*.

HUMAN ARROGANCE.—Alphonso X., king of Leon Castle, once said, that "if God had consulted him in the formation of the universe, he would have given him directions for a more perfect whole?" The great French mathematician, Laplace, has stated in his writing, that if the moon had been somewhat differently placed, it might have been more useful for lighting the earth! Blackstone quotes from a European Prince of the middle ages, who commenced one of his edicts as follows:

"We moderating the rigor of the divine law, do enact," &c.

Can any reader refer to three more remarkable and daring examples of heaven-scaling arrogance than these? How strikingly in contrast with the modesty and humility of the great Newton, who at the close of a life devoted to science, and crowned with discoveries that have rendered his name immortal, declared that he was like one who had been gathering a few pebbles on the seashore, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him.

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH ON THE WEEK.—I have observed by long and sound experience, that the due observance of this day and its duties, has been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The holy observance of this day has ever had joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time, and the week so begun has been blessed and prosperous to me. On the other hand, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments, so that I could easily make an estimate of my success the week following, by the manner of passing this day; and this I do not lightly or inconsiderately, but upon long and careful observation and experience.—*Sir Matthew Hale*.

FORGET YOUR INJURIES.—He is unwise and unhappy who never forgets the injuries he may have received; they are indented on his face, making the visage of the injured man frightful, like neglected wounds indented upon the stately tree, and which might have been effaced by the careful husbandman. They come home to his heart like, when the sunshine of happiness would bless him, and throw him into a tumult, that not easily subsides. The demon of hate reigns in his bosom, and makes him of all accountable creatures the most miserable.

Have you been injured in purse or character? Let the smiling angel of forgiveness find repose in your bosom and you will be fully revenged, and what is of more consequence, your health and peace of mind will be improved.

THE PIOUS PEARL.—Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures esteem, and adds a dignity and worth indescribable to all her deeds. How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place! When about to leave her a widow, how consoling, if her character is such that she can lean on the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of Him, who is the father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope that he shall meet them all in heaven.

FLOWERS.—Ladies, are you fond of having flowers in your room, you will perhaps be glad to know that about as much nitrate of soda as can be easily taken up between the forefinger and thumb, put into the glass every time the water is changed, will preserve cut flowers in all their beauty for above a fortnight. Nitrate of potash, that is, common saltpetre, in powder, has nearly the same effect, but is not quite so efficacious.

TEACH ME THE NUMBER OF MY DAYS.—Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses desired to be taught this holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days.—Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate.

[From Graham's Magazine for September.]

TO BELL SMITH.

I longed to see thee, gifted one,
For fame, in accents warm,
Had told me of thy loveliness
Of mind and face and form;
But oh, I did not think to meet
Such charms as I have met;
My dreams of thee were very bright,
But thou art brighter yet.

When Plato lay, in infancy,
In slumber's soft eclipse,
'Tis said the gentle honey-bees
Came clustering round his lips;
And thus, as on thy lips we look,
So eloquent and warm,
A thousand sweet and winged thoughts
Around them seem to swarm.

A spell is in thy dark, bright eyes,
The wildest soul to tame,
Dark as the tempest-cloud, and bright
As its quick glance of flames;
And gazing in their earnest depths,
I see more angels there
Than fancy to a dreaming seer
E'er pictured in the air.

Young Genius his own coronal
Around thy forehead wreathes,
And high thoughts are the atmosphere
In which thy spirit breathes;
Thy soul can read the mysteries
Of cloud and sky and star,
And hear the tones of Eden-spheres
Borne sweetly down from far.

For thee the soul of poetry
The universe pervades,
It glitters in the light, and dwells
All softened in the shades;
The young waves murmur it, the dew
Reflects it from the flower,
The blue skies breathe it, and the air
Thrills with its mystic power.

Press on, bright one, press proudly on
To win the laurel crown,
And set thy living name among
The names of old renown;
Press on, press on, and thy bright fame
Will never, never die,
But, like the ivy, brighter grow
As centuries pass by. C. D. P.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican has sent an account of the late meeting in Albany of the American Association for the advancement of Science. We extract the following noble and touching instance of magnanimity, alike honorable to the parties concerned in it, and to human nature itself:

"At the closing meeting on Saturday afternoon, one of the most interesting occurrences ever witnessed in this Association, took place. It was well known to many, that a difficulty has prevailed for some years among some Geologists and Naturalists, originating at first in professional matters, but afterwards became personal. A lawsuit took place in the Spring, growing out of this difficulty, between Dr. Emmons of Albany, and Professors Agassiz and Hall. Most of the scientists in the country sided with one party or the other, and much hard feeling had been manifested. On Saturday, after passing resolutions of respect to the memory of Dr. Morton, the distinguished naturalist of Philadelphia, Dr. Emmons, whom many considered to be deeply aggrieved, arose, and with some complimentary remarks, proposed a resolution of thanks to his heretofore bitter opponent, the President of the Association, Prof. Agassiz. Such a proceeding, so unexpected, caused the President no little embarrassment. He blushed, hesitated, and then with the whole souled magnanimity for which he is noted, stepped forward in the assembly, and gave to Dr. Emmons, the

man to whom he had not spoken for years, a free and cordial embrace and greeting. The enthusiasm and excitement of the Association manifested itself in loud applause, and this act of Prof. Agassiz was immediately followed by others—and, in a moment, the differences of years were settled. Another suit which was also pending, has, in consequence of this, been withdrawn."

A PARALLEL.—The New York Courier furnishes us with statistics of the commerce of Great Britain and the United States during the year 1850, from which we learn that the total number of vessels entered at the ports of Great Britain was 26,493, with an aggregate tonnage of 4,963,063. The number of vessels entered at the ports of the United States, during the same period, was 18,512, with an aggregate tonnage of 4,348,639. The total number vessels cleared during the year was, from the ports of Great Britain 26,536, with a tonnage of 5,417,817; and from the ports of the United States 18,195 vessels, with a tonnage of 4,361,002. The aggregate total of entrances and clearances during the year was, in the British ports 53,029 vessels, with a tonnage of 10,380,880, and in the American ports 36,707 vessels, with a tonnage of 8,709,641. Notwithstanding the large excess in favor of Great Britain, it is to be observed that if the home tonnage of the respective countries be deducted, it will be found that the foreign tonnage of the United States exceeds that of Great Britain, viz: deducting home tonnage from the above totals of entries, we have foreign tonnage entering British ports to be 1,595,722, and the foreign tonnage entering the ports of the United States to be 1,776,623.

The Indiana State Sentinel of the 7th inst, says that the Hon. E. M. Chamberlain, Hon. J. B. Niles, Judge Beardsley, and J. L. Jernegan, Esq., and many other prominent citizens of Northern Indiana, have connected themselves with the New Church, and embraced fully the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg.

It is announced that Mr. Macaley has at length completed two more volumes of his History of England, and that they will be published the coming autumn simultaneously by the Messrs. Lodge in London, and the Messrs. Harper in New York.

N. & C. RAIL ROAD.—The rock excavation at Lookout point has so far progressed that persons are able to ride around it on horseback. To those only, who are acquainted with the locality, will this fact give an idea of the amount of work already performed. The present rate of progress will soon prepare the road, around that formidable obstruction, for the track-layers, and we begin to think of celebrating the advent of the New Year '52, by a ride of a few miles on this end of the Nashville & Chattanooga Road.—*Chattanooga Adv. 3d.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Cincinnati Times of the 11th inst. says:—"The Westerns last evening, after escorting their Nashville guests to the boat on which they return to their homes, presented them with their beautiful banner accompanied by a speech from Mr. Melford. Mr. Getzendanner also spoke for the Cincinnatians. They were replied to in a feeling and appropriate manner by Mr. Glenn, Dr. Morris and Capt. Dashiels of the Nashville firemen. This leave-taking ceremony was one of the most interesting attending the parade."

An old maid, who hates the male sex most venomously, cut a female acquaintance recently who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

There are at the present time eleven institutions in the United States devoted exclusively to the education of the deaf and dumb.

THE GARDINER CLAIM.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier writes:

"Mr. George Slaenau, our former Consul at Rio, has gone with the American Minister to Mexico charged, as I learn, with the investigation of the Gardiner Claim, and all awards made by the late Board of Commissioners, so that if fraud has been practiced upon the Board, it will soon be made manifest."

Col. JEFF. DAVIS, arrived in our city day before yesterday, and took lodgings at the Commercial Hotel. We regret to learn that his health is not good. The Holly Springs Jacksonian announces him a candidate for Governor of Mississippi in place of Gov. Quitman.—*Memphis Eng.*

A Western editor complains of the scarcity of change,—unable to get a dollar bill changed. One of his cotemporaries has more reason yet to be dissatisfied,—he seldom gets a dollar bill to change.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday, 9th inst., by Rev. J. H. Eaton, Rev. D. B. HALE to Miss BELLE SCHULTER of Sumner county.

DIED.—On Friday, 25th ult., at 7 o'clock A. M., in the 20th year of her age; ELIZA J., daughter of Mrs. Mary G. Stevens.

DIED. in this county, on Sunday last, CORA ANN, daughter of R. W. and Narcissa Wade, aged 6 years.

DIED.—In this county, on the 16th inst., Mrs. MARY E. HORN, consort of Thos. Hord, Esq., and daughter of the late Benjamin McCulloch, aged nearly 36 years.

DIED.—On Thursday last, at the residence of her son, R. B. Jetton, Mrs. MARY D. JETTON, aged about 71 years.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.

Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
Jal-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. MARY JANE GLASE, Mantua 
Maker, respectfully informs the Ladies of Murfreesborough and vicinity that she intends carrying on the above business in all its different branches. Her work shall be executed in the neatest and most fashionable style, and warranted to give satisfaction. Orders attended to at the shortest notice. Prices moderate. Her rooms, at JNO. RATHER'S. jns-4f

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE, Murfreesborough.

THE Trustees of this Institution take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the immediate organization of this School. The first session will commence in the Baptist Church, on the first Monday in August, under the superintendence of Mrs. J. H. EATON, who will be assisted by as many competent teachers as the wants of the Institute may require.

Efforts are being made to erect immediately, commodious and suitable buildings.

The course of instruction will be as thorough as any Female School in our country. Arrangements have been made to accommodate a number of young ladies with Board in the best private families on reasonable terms.

RATES OF TUITION.

1st Class, with Greek and Latin,	\$20 00
Do " without " "	16 00
2nd Class	12 00
3rd Class	8 00

TERMS:

The CLASSIC UNION will be published on the first and fifteenth of each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address M. HILLSMAN, post paid.
Published at the office of the *Rutherford Telegraph*, South-west Corner of the Square.

Classical Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, OCTOBER 15, 1851.

NO. 3.

THE MEANS OF PERMANENCY IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PROF. SHELTON.

At every period in the history of man, the influence of schools has been co-extensive with the diffusion of knowledge. Not more truly has the Bible been the ever-accompanying companion of religion and virtue, than the college has gone hand in hand with intelligence and civilization.—In Judea were the “schools of the Prophets,” where her scribes and lawyers and teachers were taught. Phœnicia, and Egypt and Babylon had, each her learned colleges, where her “wise men” investigated the mysteries of Astrology and the intricacies of letters. Greece could proudly point to her lyceums and academies, as the sources from which emanated the brightest names on the catalogue of her distinguished sons. And Rome could name some one of her own schools or of those of Greece, as the *Alma Mater* of her best poets and statesmen and orators.

When Greece and Italy were the seats of many schools they were the birth-places of many great men. But when the hordes of northern barbarians overwhelmed the Roman empire, and extinguished the light of ancient schools, the light of learning and civilization was extinguished also; and the world was left in intellectual darkness, except in the east, where the light of universities shone around the proud walls of Cordova and Constantinople. At length, in the fifteenth century, after many hundred years of intellectual and spiritual darkness, the light of learning, simultaneously with that of religion, again dawned upon the world. Universities reared their walls to heaven, in Germany and France and England: and while the Bible was dug up from the rubbish of ages in which it had been buried, knowledge and religion joined hand in hand and effected the reformation of the world.

In this age, and among all people, the

number and character of a nation's colleges is the index to her intelligence.—England can boast of two Universities, and numerous colleges, as the nurseries of her civilization. Scotland has four Universities; Germany has twenty; Netherlands six; and Prussia is distinguished, over all the world for the number and excellence of her schools. Our own America can point to four or five Universities, and to a hundred colleges, where her scholars have been trained, and a higher civilization fostered and promoted. Let no one then lightly esteem the mission of colleges. They are the nurseries of intelligence and refinement. Wherever the University is planted, and permitted to develop its resources, the influence which it exerts, is for the elevation of society and the good of man.

In our own state, numerous attempts have been made to establish colleges.—They have generally seemed to promise well for a time; but, in the end, have almost universally failed. Among these, I will take the liberty of referring to a few, which have come under my personal observation, and whose history, I think, will be fair examples of the others.

First in order, because first in age and character, I will mention my own *Alma Mater*, which always fills a sacred place in my memory. It is now nearly half a century since her foundations were laid. For many years she rivalled the best institutions in the east. She possessed a cabinet inferior to few in America; and a library, the most extensive in the west.—She always sustained a faculty, equal perhaps, in ability, to any in the Union; and owned a capital sufficient to satisfy all her wants. Yet with all these advantages, Nashville University, the oldest daughter of the State,—the pride of her mother,—the catalogue of whose graduates contains as many distinguished names, I doubt not, as any school of the same age in the nation,—Nashville University has ceased for

a time to be. Her President is gone; two of her most distinguished Professors are dead; her spires are fallen, and her rooms are deserted. There is however hope that she will be revived again, and may that hope not be disappointed.

The University of East Tennessee, the second daughter of the State, whose beautiful buildings may be seen in the distance, as they shine over the hills of Knoxville, possesses advantages inferior to few schools in the country; and once her number of students was very large, and bright were her prospects for a career of future glory. But I was informed by a traveller, only a few weeks ago, that the number of her students was very small.

Twenty years ago were laid the foundations of an institution not more than thirty miles from this place, which some of you perhaps may remember. Many were the youths who flocked to Clinton College from every part of the State, and it seemed to give fair promise for the future.—But where is it now? Only the deserted walls are left, to tell the passing traveller where it stood.

It was my privilege, some fifteen years ago, to be a student in the Tennessee Military Institute, then in its palmy days.—But as I lately passed by the place where it stood, the decaying walls were the only marks by which it could be distinguished from the surrounding waste.

Only four years ago the honorable fraternity of Tennessee Masons resolved to establish a University for their order in the State. It was located in the thriving city of Clarksville. In due time the handsome amount of thirty thousand dollars was raised for the erection of buildings, and a quorum of well qualified Professors chosen. It opened with the brightest prospects of success. More than a hundred students, I believe, entered during the first session, a splendid edifice was erected,—one acknowledged by all who have seen it, to possess transcendent beauty and taste.

And yet, the Masonic University of Tennessee, in the short space of four years, and even before its splendid edifice has been completed, has been bereft of its three most distinguished Professors and deserted by the Masonic Lodge, its author and founder.

Our brethren in the cause of learning, of the neighboring village of Lebanon have laid the foundations of a University which bids fair for ultimate success. May its future history verify its early promises! May it live and flourish forever!

For the last five years the friends of learning and religion have been erecting a college here. Hitherto their labors have been successful. An edifice has been reared whose classic symmetry attracts the admiration of all. The number of its students is much larger than any institution in the State can boast. Never has a school commenced under more favorable auspices, or with better prospects of success. The unrevealed future, alone, can declare what these bright promises may lead to. It possesses no princely estate, on which relying, it can be independent of the patronage of the people. It boasts no long list of distinguished sons to whom it can point as the exponents of its worth. It has no gilded domes and magnificent turrets, rising in splendor, to attract the admiration of the world. Here it stands, like the Areopagus of Athens, simple, unassuming, yet the more beautiful from its plainness:—a monument of the enlightened liberality of its friends.

The eye of the Philanthropist instinctively turns from the present and the past, and, looking, down through the vista of the future, asks with anxious solicitude, what shall be its destiny? Shall these walls, of which stone after stone has been laid amidst the prayers and tears of its friends, ever totter and fall to the ground; or shall they continue to be enlarged until the world shall be blessed by their influence? Shall the light, which has been kindled within them, ever be extinguished; or shall it burn on more brightly forever? Is the popularity it has gained of that ephemeral character, which is purchased for a small price, and is of small value when bought; or is it but the germ of that future and greater worth which is to be enlarged and matured for ages to come.—Will Union University, like most of the other colleges of our country, live only through the short summer of its existence, and die when the summer is over? Or will it gather strength from revolving

years, and successfully withstand the wintry storms which may beat against it?

That we may know how to guard against the downfall and to secure the stability of our school, let me direct your attention to

THE MEANS OF PERMANENCY IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

I need not tell you that no college can be enduring without an *adequate pecuniary basis*.

The erection and support of a college requires an immense expenditure of money. Without its buildings cannot be erected, nor Professors employed. With money alone can a library be procured, and apparatus bought. A school, worthy of the name of college, much less of the more honorable name of University, cannot be even begun without a very large outlay of money; and when the commencement is made, a continual and large expenditure is still required to sustain it.

The people generally have little conception of the amount of capital which is necessary to put into operation, and to support, an institution of high order.—They suppose it necessary, only that a school should be *started*, believing that it will then sustain itself. They have accordingly been liberal in the raising of funds for the *endowment* of colleges, but, afterwards, their liberality has generally ceased, because they have believed that money was no longer necessary. This has been one cause of the failure of our colleges,—their being *commenced*, and then left to live of *themselves*. They flourished, perhaps, for a year or two; but their little capital was soon exhausted, and, as a natural consequence, they went down.

It is indeed true that a college may continue to live, independently of the liberality of the people, when its original endowment fund is sufficiently large. But let us enter into an estimate of the amount which is necessary to secure its entire independence, setting down every item at the very lowest price. In the first place, suitable buildings and grounds cannot cost less than \$20,000. Then a library, worthy of the name, must be worth at least \$15,000. And, putting down the necessary apparatus for the study of Philosophy and Astronomy and Chemistry at another \$15,000, there will be in all \$50,000 which must be laid out in the very commencement. And there ought, also, to be at least \$50,000 invested as a permanent fund, the annual interest of which should be appropriated, in connection with tuition fees, to the payment of Professors'

salaries. According, therefore, to the very lowest calculation which it is possible for us to make, there is required a capital of \$100,000 for any college to exist and flourish. It may live for a few years with a smaller capital than this; but I venture the assertion that no college ever has been known to be, or ever can be, permanent, with a smaller fund. If it is smaller, not only the interest, but the principal must be used in the necessary expenditures for maintaining the college; and thus, by being gradually infringed upon, that which was designed to be a *permanent fund*, will be consumed; and then, of course, the school must die. Every college, therefore, in order to live and prosper, must either possess a capital as large as I have named, or must receive annual contributions from some other source, either religious or benevolent. It cannot continue, for any length of time, without an annual income, either from interest on invested capital, or from some other source. There is not a college, of any respectability, in the world, that relies upon tuition fees alone for the payment of its teachers and its other necessary expenses.

That we may form some conception of the expense of erecting and sustaining schools, and that we may know what we are doing in attempting to plant a college here, I have taken some trouble to find out, as nearly as possible, what have been the expenditures, and what is the permanent fund, or annual income, of some of the best colleges in the country.

And first I will mention the University of Virginia, which I have little doubt is one of the best schools in the United States. It is estimated that the cost of its buildings, library and other fixtures was not less than half a million of dollars.—Its annual income from the State is \$150,000, which is equal to an invested fund of something more than \$200,000 at six per cent. So that the pecuniary basis of Virginia University may be set down at \$700,000. Washington college, in Virginia, has an annual income of \$3,000, from the liberality of the illustrious founder whose name it bears besides a productive fund of about \$200,000, the interest of which is annually appropriated to its welfare. The University of South Carolina, besides its magnificent buildings, reared by the State, receives annually from the State Treasury, a grant of about \$15,000. The University of Alabama is worth about \$500,000, the interest of a large part of which is used for its support. In the North also, we find colleges of

the highest character possessing endowments equally rich. Harvard is so old that it is impossible to form an estimate of all her expenses. She has however an annual income of about \$30,000, equal to half a million, at six per cent. *At one time the State of New York made a grant to Union College of \$400,000, though she was rich before. Brown University, the pride of the East, is known to possess large resources; yet her friends have lately been pouring thousands into her treasury, to extend her usefulness and enhance her power.

From these statistics we may learn a useful lesson in regard to the cost of colleges. It is true that I am not an advocate for such expensive outlays of money as have been made in some of the Eastern States. The expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars in buildings is a useless consumption of money; and the payment of over-grown salaries to teachers is equally useless. But still a continual expenditure of money, derived from other sources than the regular income of tuition fees, is necessary to the usefulness and stability of a college; and I doubt not that \$100,000 is as small a sum as can erect an institution of high character, and render it permanent.

FOREIGN PHRASES.

The ridiculous custom of interlarding articles with foreign words, is justly ridiculed by the Common School Journal.—For our part, when we hear a preacher talk much in his sermon about the original Greek, or Hebrew, or see an editor drag in French and Latin on every occasion, we at once set such men down as laboring under the double affliction of ignorance and vanity. With such persons, a *medley* or *mixture* is a *melange*; a *fray* is nothing short of a *melee*, and the *select* are not the *chosen*, but the *elite*. Disputants do not differ *entirely* but *toto cado*, and they never begin again, but *de novo*, or as some goslings prefer to say, *ab ovo*.—The most common items of news are interlarded with such barbarisms. Thus the President is never going to Washington, but he is *en route* for the city. No remark can now be made *by the way* or *in passing*, but it must be *en passant*. A rising of the people is no longer a *mob* or a *rebellion*, but an *emute*. Some years ago an editor discovered that *nous verrons* was a more expressive phrase than *we shall see*; and now every village editor, after giving his view of national affairs, gathers himself up in his armchair and utters the doubtful prophecy, "*nous verrons*."

SHOULD MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL BE EDUCATED?

The time has not yet arrived when all answer this question in the affirmative.—It is true the number who reply in the negative are daily becoming less and less. We have been amused in listening to the objections, urged by some of our good meaning brethren, against educating young men for the ministry. We will mention a few and offer some remarks in reply.

The first is, "It makes them proud." This, we reply, is not true. It is contrary to common sense and contrary to the word of God. We will admit that a mere smattering of learning may have a tendency to puff up vanity and cause one to assume airs unbecoming a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. Some young men enter school and remain just long enough to enable them to look out the word "*Baptizo*" in the Lexicon, and understand the difference between *plus* and *minus*, and then go forth in the world entertaining the most extravagant notions of the extent of their acquirements and the profundity of their erudition. Such are ever ready to made a flourish of their learning and they never fail to attempt an exhibition of it on all occasions. But it is far otherwise with a truly educated man.—He who has spent several years in hard study, has seen enough of the boundless fields of knowledge which are still untrodden before him, to render him humble and modest. He feels how meagre are his attainments compared with the vast treasures of truth on which he has barely been permitted to gaze at a distance. He is ready to exclaim with Newton, "I have only gathered a pebble from the shore while the limitless ocean of truth is still unfathomed before me." The idea that learning renders men proud and self-conceited is not only contrary to reason and observation but is also contradicted by the teachings of the Scriptures. Solomon says, "A fool is wiser in his own conceit than ten men who can render a reason;" and Paul in speaking of the qualifications of a minister, says, "He must not be a novice less he be puffed up." Another objection is that educated ministers preach from their learning and not from the dictates of the Spirit. In reply to this we would enquire, is it not better to preach from knowledge than from ignorance?—We are not of those who believe that ministers are now inspired to utter revelations direct from Heaven with which their own intellects have nothing to do.—

The truths they utter must be learned from the word of God, from his providence and from his dealings with the children of men in past ages. The Holy Spirit never compassionates the indolence of any by suggesting directly those ideas which might have been attained by the exertion of their own minds. No man can preach to the edification and profit of his hearers without previous preparation and study, and he owes it to the Author of his intellect to exert it to the utmost extent of its capacity in the all important work of proclaiming his truth. Again we have heard it objected by elderly ministers whose early advantages for education were somewhat limited, that if the churches were supplied with an educated ministry, they would no longer have any use for such men as themselves. Such an objection however, is never heard from those venerable fathers in the church, who have always exhibited the true christian spirit—that spirit which was manifested by John the Baptist when in reply to those who told him that the disciples of Jesus made and baptized more converts than he, meekly replied, "He must increase but I must decrease." Such men rejoice to see the rising ministry free from the embarrassments under which they have suffered, and enjoying the advantages of superior intellectual cultivation.

No one who truly desires to be useful need fear that he cannot find ample room for the exercise of all the capacities which he possesses. As we heard an excellent brother remark not long since "dimes are not at all depreciated in value because there are dollars in circulation." The true genuine silver coin will always be worth its full value whether that coin be large or small. But we would inquire if this objection against educating young men for the ministry, does not spring from the pride of the human heart. You will find as many who are proud of their ignorance as you will of those who are proud of their knowledge, and we are unable to tell which of the two is the more contemptible. E.

We had yesterday the pleasure of being shaved with a Jenny Lind razor, by a Jenny Lind barber, scented with Jenny Lind cologne, combed with a Jenny Lind comb, brushed with a Jenny Lind brush, washed in a Jenny Lind bowl, wiped with a Jenny Lind towel. After which we put on our Jenny Lind hat, walked into a Jenny Lind restaurant and partook of Jenny Lind sausages. Then we took up a Jenny Lind paper read a Jenny Lind editorial, smoked a Jenny Lind cigar, fell into a profound Jenny Lind reverie.—N. O. Courier.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Much is said and written on the subject of female education at the present time. Indeed we can scarcely open a periodical of any description without our eyes being greeted by an article under this caption. But after all, the importance of the subject, though readily admitted, is not practically felt and acted on as it should be, otherwise we should not have in our midst so many girls, in their early teens, who have left school and are done with study forever. They have been hurried through the various branches of education while their minds were yet too immature to comprehend or take any interest in them, and just as they begin to be old enough to study with profit they are turned out into society, to spend those precious years between sixteen and twenty, years by far the most valuable in the life of man or woman, in the decoration of their persons and in idle chit chat which the utmost stretch of courtesy could not dignify with the name of conversation. No wonder that cultivated gentlemen feel obliged to lay aside all literary topics, all abstract reasoning and metaphysical inquiry, and descend to the merest trifles, when attempting to converse with ladies. How rarely do we find a lady who has prosecuted her studies far enough to acquire a genuine taste for intellectual pleasures, and those only are truly educated whose desire for knowledge has become strong enough to impel them to seek its gratification from every source within their reach, during the remainder of their lives. If girls could always remain in their teens and be as free from the cares and responsibilities of life as they now are, it might be sufficient for them to understand the mysteries of the toilet, and know how to talk nonsense prettily. But theirs is a high and holy mission. Duties will be long devolved upon them, in the discharge of which they will need all the advantages which well trained minds and extensive knowledge can confer. They will soon become absolute sovereigns in an empire more important than any whose government is ever swayed by kings or princes. The mother and mistress in a family is not only a sovereign in her little realm, but the legislative and executive power are placed without restriction in her hands. She is lawgiver, judge, jury and executioner; and if the affairs of her kingdom are not wisely administered, administered according to the principles of strict and impartial justice, who can tell the amount of moral injury inflicted upon that little

community from which all other communities take their rise—who can tell how much of the crime, injustice and misery that afflict the society at large, may be traced to the mal-administration of injudicious and incompetent mothers. Many a mother, with the best intentions and the strongest desires to discharge her duties faithfully, has been heart-broken by seeing her children break away from the restraints of her influence, and run in the paths of folly and ruin; and all this was simply because she had not strength of mind and force of character enough to acquire a permanent ascendancy over them. Children naturally respect most those whom they regard as most capable of giving them instruction, and in order that a mother's influence may be all that the Creator designed it should be, her son must feel even at the end of his college course that his mother is his equal in knowledge. I once knew a mother who left school at fifteen and plunged into the gayeties of fashionable life. At twenty, she married, and by that time she had forgotten the little she had acquired at school. In a few years her son, an active enterprising boy, might have been seen every morning with his satchel of books on his shoulder wending his way to the village school. When he became puzzled, as such youngsters always do, with the mysteries of Geography and Arithmetic, he was asked one day by a school-mate why he did not get his mother to assist him at home about his lessons, "I do ask her," he replied, while a bitter and contemptuous expression came over his countenance, "but she always says she don't know; my mother don't know any thing; I believe she is a fool." That remark and that expression of countenance, made a lasting impression upon my mind, and I pitied the mother that had made such an impression upon her own child. And well I might, for in a few short months she was widowed, and the control of this boy devolved on her alone. As she had failed to inspire him with any respect for her knowledge, it is not strange that he refused to be guided by her judgement.—She soon felt that she had no influence over him, and she saw him rapidly plunging into all those habits which she most dreaded; and before he had attained the age of manhood, his misconduct had brought his doating mother to a premature grave.

To contrast with this I have in my mind another picture. It is that of a mother whose name and place of residence I

could give but that she and her son, of whom I shall speak, are still living and might object to such publicity. This lady was thoroughly educated—an extensive course of study had developed and strengthened all the faculties of her mind. She had acquired such a taste for literary pursuits that after her marriage a certain portion of every day was redeemed from domestic cares and carefully devoted to the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of her own mind. In a few years a little student was seen seated by her side. His first lessons of instruction were conveyed to his mind in the tender tones of maternal affection. He loved knowledge because it was imparted by his mother, and he loved and respected that mother the more because she was capable of gratifying his love of knowledge. The farther she led him in the paths of science, the more profound was his reverence for her. She prepared him for college without the aid of any other instructors, and when he entered the University she was still the companion of his studies. She could aid him to construe the obscure passage in the classics or solve the intricate problem in mathematics. The pleasure he derived from the acquisition of every new truth was doubled by the thought that his mother would share that pleasure with him. The charm of her society secured him from all temptation to seek the companionship of the idle and vicious.—Her influence over him was without limit, and she knew how to turn it to advantage. That mother too is now widowed, and that son is occupying a prominent position in society. He is honored and his opinions are quoted with respect by hundreds of his fellow citizens, but still his mother is the object of the same veneration with which she inspired him in his childhood. He seems to regard her with a reverence inferior only to that which he feels for the Supreme Being. When all mothers shall be like this mother, then will the benefits of female education be fully realized—then will the human race be elevated in the scale of intellectual and moral being to a degree of which we can at present form no conception.

Mrs. E. M. E.

THE LONDON FAIR.—The receipts of the exhibition by the time it closes, the 11th October, will amount to about £400,000. Of this immense sum, one half, it is calculated, will defray all the charges connected with the building, and the government say to this sum, only have the commissioners any claim, and that the surplus belongs to them.

PROGRESS OF REPUBLICANISM.

The rapid progress of republican principles excites the admiration of every philanthropic heart. There seems to be, throughout the world, a deep and widening current of thought flowing through the popular mind, before which royal dynasties vanish as the mist before the morning sun. The ear of revolution, crushing oppression and diffusing the principles of universal freedom, has rolled over many nations.—Kings, who hitherto swayed the absolute sceptre, have been forced to humiliating concessions, and those who have refused the demands of their people have been made to breast the tempestuous storms of popular fury until they have been swept from their thrones; unless by foreign force, they have momentarily subdued those subjects which are destined to hurl monarchy to atoms. The entrancing charm of ignorance, which gave imperialism its power, has been broken, and tyrants tremble at their prospects, as they cast their eyes along the vista of time, and see the world steadily advancing toward that goal of perfection, where the sun of knowledge shall illumine not only the tinseled heights of nobility, but also the plains of peasantry and serfdom. rendering liberty, now the song of the Poet and theme of the Orator, the practical joy of all men. The impetus which was given to these principles, during Elizabeth's reign, has not been impaired by the lapse of ages. On the contrary, it has continued to increase with every successive generation. This "occidental star" of England was surrounded by a bright constellation of scholars and statesmen, who, through the instrumentality of education inspired a spirit of liberty in the hearts of their countrymen.—This spirit plainly evinced itself during the two succeeding reigns, when the people asserted and triumphantly maintained their rights, until Charles the first expiated his crimes in front of the royal palace. Then monarchy was abolished and a republic instituted which might have remained to the present day, had it not been for the recreant traitor Cromwell. He basely subverted the freedom of his country and entailed upon it the evils of arbitrary power. Britons democracy was thus checked, but it was not annihilated. For since this era, that fastened island of the sea has tranquilly remodelled its ancient institutions, until royal republicanism pervades them all. When the shackles of arbitrary power again fettered the nations, the tree of liberty was transferred to America's wilds, where it has flourished and is now exhibiting in exuberant abundance its ripened fruits. It was planted on New England's fertile rocks, and it has flourished until its boughs now extend from the stormy coast of the east, to the gilded shores of the west, and from the far north, "where the palaces of nature have throned eternity in its halls of cold sublimity," to the south, "where blossoms, fruits and flowers together rise, and all the year in gay confusion lies." The progress of republican principles in this free and happy land has ever been viewed with wonder and fear by all the European powers. In the very infancy of our Republic, England with her arms upon land and sea poured in upon us, but though the contest was fierce and bloody, yet we eventually triumphed and the thirteen stars and stripes were unfurled to the breeze proclaiming to the world that America is free. Victory perching upon our standard kindled a spirit of liberty

in the hearts of the French. They abolished regal power and declared France a Republic, but she was not then prepared to enjoy this boon, for as she dethroned her King, she decreed that her deities should be liberty, equality and reason. Soon Napoleon, the blood-thirsty incarnation of despotism, ruled her with an iron sway and when he had inscribed his ambition in characters of blood upon the tablets of his country's history he was formally elevated to the throne.—Then followed the most galling oppression, mingled with a series of revolutions which though productive of no real good, yet evinced the fact, that the rights of man were comprehended. For years during the reign of Louis Philippe there was no sudden outbreaking of popular sentiment, but it remained silent only gathering strength; and when he attempted to muzzle the press and to fetter speech, it burst forth in peals of thunder which shook the throne to its base and hurled the tyrant from his seat of power. France then regained her liberties and notwithstanding the reactionary movement which have since taken place, she still remains firm upon the basis of Republicanism.

When she threw off the yoke of arbitrary power all Europe was convulsed and the democratic principle advanced with unparalleled velocity. The pompous display even of the old Austrian emperor could no longer delude his subjects.—They demanded an enfranchising constitution and as he dare not refuse, it was granted. This was an unmistakable evidence of the supremacy of the people and it flew from kingdom to kingdom and from State to State. Germany rose in arms and became constitutional; Sicily separated from Naples and Naples herself accomplished a constitutional revolution; Hungary's plains streamed with patriotic blood, shed in the cause of freedom; Rome the eternal city, which has long been ground to the dust by the most odious despotism, asserted its independence and would have maintained it, had not France—treacherous France, struck a death blow at the Republic.

Amid all this crumbling of thrones and remodeling of governments there was only two powers in all Europe which remained unmoved—England upon the basis of royal liberty; and Russia upon that of military power. All the others shook with convulsive throes which made their rulers tremble with fear.

Such events as these demonstrate the rapid progress of republican principles in those countries which have for ages been chained to a degenerating vassalage, and they presage the bright dawn of that era, when every vestige of absolutism shall be annihilated, and when the war drum shall throb no longer, and the battle shall be fought in the parliament of man, "the federation of the world."

It must be the pride of every American that our country has been the beacon of light, which has guided those nations in the path of freedom, and that she still flourishes under the glorious canopy of republicanism notwithstanding the political agitations which have threatened to burst asunder the ties which bind us together. This results from the diffusion of knowledge, for that intellectual culture is essential to the enjoyment of political freedom is demonstrated upon every page of national history. Under tyranny a few bright luminaries dazzling with glowing souls may dart into the intellectual

horizon, but they exert no influence upon the vast assemblage who lie enshrouled in the darkest clouds of ignorance. If then, the permanency and prosperity of our republican institutions depends upon the diffusion of knowledge, who can view the numerous literary institutions of which we can boast, contemplate their glorious purpose and see them thronged with those in the vigor of youth and manhood, without feeling his bosom thrill with rapturous delight?

T.

[For the Classic Union.]
OUR COUNTRY.

We live in an age of investigation and advancement and one in which the Arts and Sciences, with electric speed are being carried forward. We live in a land well suited to the development of the human intellect in all its bearings and compared with other nations our country, like Ajan amid the many thousands Greeks, stands pre-eminent.

Although Greece and Rome could once boast of their power and gorgeous magnificence, their breathing marbles, their sublime temples—their unrivaled elegance, all exhibiting marks of transcendent greatness yet they have been excelled, their glory has been surpassed. Our country can justly boast of far higher advancements in the arts and sciences than any of the ancient nations.

Like the towering light-house upon the sky piercing cliff, sending forth its beams of light to direct the tempest-tossed vessel amidst the swelling waves of the angry deep to the secure haven, America stands as a beacon light to the benighted nations of earth. We can justly pride ourselves as having set an example of justice, mercy and patriotism, which should be the leading characteristic of every government in all countries and in every age. These principles should ever live and be engraven with the point of a diamond upon the crescent of our national emblem, to be read by coming generations and guide them in the pathway to human glory and happiness.—Our nation's independence is a jewel worth all the blood and treasures which it took to purchase it and it becomes us to transmit this priceless gem untarnished to the coming generation with the solemn injunction to guard it with untiring vigilance and suffer not the gangrene of party spirit or local interests to corrode its substance or dim its lustre.

D. B. L.

A Good Man's Wish.—I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, have some one in my mapbook stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him;" or would rather have some widow, with aching heart, telling her children:—"There is your father and I mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say, I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parisian or Italian marble.—The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly epitaph ever reared.—Dr. Skerr.

THE TERMS.

There seems to be, practically, considerable doubt whether the terms of Christianity will be hereafter strictly adhered to in admitting men to heaven. Else, how can we account for it, that close-fisted, avaricious and dishonest people dare to hope that they will be happy hereafter.—Of course they do not believe the requirement to love our neighbors as ourselves will be insisted upon. And if the terms are to give way for these persons, why not also for liars, adulterers, drunkards and murderers? Hence we see, that either the Bible, or all such people, will have to be modified and improved considerably. Which shall it be?—[*J. Y. Orger*.]

It is related that George Washington, when a small lad, was struck with delight and astonishment in discovering in a flower bed in the garden his own name grown up in green plants, the seeds of which his father had thus sown. To every young man we would say, you are sowing seed which will spring up ere long and exhibit in characters of living green faithful duplicates of yourselves. Every act you now put forth, and every word you now utter, is a seed which will spring up in the opinions that others form of you and will go to make a part of your reputation which will be read not only by yourselves, but the world. Though the seed may seem to you so small as to be scarcely worth your attention, yet the plant which springs from it may be of rank and overshadowing growth. Beware, then, what seed you sow.

E.

SUNDAY SICKNESS.

This is one of the most mysterious diseases which flesh is heir to. It seizes the unfortunate individual just after breakfast on the Sabbath morning and lasts till a short time before the dinner hour, and then returns during the ringing of the first bell for evening service. It is not regarded as a dangerous disease, so far as the mortal life is concerned, but it is a slow consumption to the spiritual life.—The paroxysms are never known to occur during the week, except it be on the night of the prayer meeting or on those days on which the stated meetings of the church are held. Those who are afflicted with this disease are almost sure to have an attack on every such occasion. Fortunately, however, the paroxysms subside in a very few hours, and the individual who is their subject may be seen promenade the public streets, attending to business or in search of pleasure, and no one would suspect, from his appearance, that he was

the victim of so terrible a malady. The regular recurrence of this disease is sometimes prevented by the excitement attendant upon the arrival of some distinguished preacher, but a relapse is almost certain to occur as soon as the unusual stimulus is withdrawn. We would call attention of the benefactors of mankind to this subject, and beg that they would strive to discover a remedy for a disease so alarmingly prevalent and so fatal in its consequence. E.

[For the Classic Union.]

A STAR.

My brother O my brother
When I think that thou art gone,
In life there seems no other
With a spirit like thine own!

O, thou wert meek and gentle
And simple as a child,
Yet noble in thine artlessness
And thy serenity mild.

The storms of earth came not to thee
But like a high, pure star,
Thou movest o'er the constant strife
With blessings near and far.

And many, when the clouds were 'reft
Sighing for thy release,
Looked up at thy sweet beam and said,
How beautiful is peace!

Alas! that when the world's so rife
Of bitterness and hate,
When brother, brother calls to strife,
Thy light so soon has set!

But no!—thou livest still for earth
Such glory cannot die!
In memory's sacred ornament
Thou gloriest still on high.

And many, musing 'neath thy light
Shall catch the gentle fire,
To bless and to be bless'd—like thee,
To nobler life aspire.

Shine on thou pure and lovely star!
To many a heaving breast
Thou art a beacon of high hope,
Of peace and love and rest.

Thou' lonely now the paths I trod
When thou wert by my side,
Yet by my heart so bless'd a fate
Thou canst not be denied.

But this I ask—when I shall quit
This field of toil and strife,
Thou may'st be near to light my way
Into the gates of life.

NAOMI.

September 26th 1851.

BOARD can be had in private families from \$3 to \$9 per month. The number of students that came in at the first of the session rendered it somewhat difficult to obtain, but several persons have kindly opened their doors, making ample provision for the present. Arrangements are being made to guard any contingency for the future by putting up two large boarding houses. Our friends at a distance can bring on their sons and daughters without any fear for "the staff of life." D.

MOVING A MOUNTAIN.

The Bible tells us that if we have faith, we shall remove mountains, as if the moving of mountains were the last of physical impossibilities. But if we believe what the Hungarian Gazette, quoted a Geneva correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser says, there is a mountain in Transylvania which has moved itself. It seems that on the 13th day of August last—by the way, that was the very day on which the great earthquake occurred in Italy—the mountain "Geleztas" in the county of Clausenburg, Transylvania moved towards the "Vengikes"—both mountains being from eight hundred to one thousand feet in height. The town "Mongorokeczk" which was, before the movement, an hour's walk from the last named mountain, is now scarcely eighty paces distant from it, and is threatened momentarily with burial. This movement lasted from the afternoon of the 13th to the noon of the 15th. It occasioned incalculable losses; all the plains at the foot and around the moved mountain, with their ungathered harvest, being entirely ruined. In this place, now appear rocks of great height and the features of landscape are completely changed. No one of the old owners can recognize his fields. Waters have broken out in the whole vicinity, which is converted into a rocky marsh. The population of the village some four or five hundred in number fled to their next neighbors.—*Evening Post*.

BOYS! DO YOU HEAR?—The Learned Blacksmith says: Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age—boys like you assembled in your school-rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic. Believe it and look abroad on your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the future, all are boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

Dobbs says that he has always noticed that the slight acquaintance of a great man is generally a person that the great man slight.

[For the New York Evangelist.]
WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW
THOU ME.

BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

How different from our Lord's usual familiar and condescending manner in conversing with his disciples, was this laconic reply to Peter. Never was any "master in Israel" so ready to encourage the inquisitiveness of his pupils, or to answer any proper question, by whomsoever asked, as was the Great Teacher. But he never gave the least encouragement to a vain curiosity, even in the most devoted of his followers.

It was in one of his last interviews with his disciples, that after charging Peter, "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs," and "signifying to him by what death he should glorify God," that Peter, noticing how closely John clave to his Master, abruptly put the question, "Lord, what shall this man do?" "How is John to be employed, and what is to befall him? Is he, too, to be cut off by a violent death, or to live and labor longer than the rest of us?" Something like this appears to have been the drift of the question. What shall my brother John do? It was a *curious*, if not an *impertinent* question, and his Master's laconic and rebukful answer, we may be quite sure, Peter never forgot. *What is that to thee? Follow thou me.* As if fastening his eye upon the too forward disciple, he had said, What does it concern you to know how it will fare with John, after my departure? I have just given you your charge, and let that suffice. Do your duty faithfully, and ask no more questions about him.

On another occasion, when Christ was going "through the cities and villages, teaching and journeying towards Jerusalem," one of the company suddenly broke in upon him with this question, *Lord, are there few that be saved?* If he had asked, Lord, what must I do to be saved? it would have been the most pertinent of all questions, and our Savior's answer went directly to that point—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "Your question is an improper one; and if I were to give you a direct answer, it would do you no good. The all important thing for you is, to secure your own salvation, which you will never do, till you set yourself earnestly about it.—Unless you make religion a personal concern of the last importance, you will be lost, let who may be saved."

This, if I understand it right, was the purport of Christ's answer. If the question had been a proper one, he would no doubt have made a direct and satisfactory reply; but, as in the former case, he did not choose to encourage a vain curiosity.

Human nature is the same now as it was then. If Christ were again to appear on earth, he would doubtless have a great many such curious questions put to him. And who of his ministers have not, at one time or another? For example, How old, Mr. A., do you think children are when they first begin to sin? Do you believe,

Dr. B., that all children dying in infancy, both in Christian and heathen lands, will be saved? Mr. C., what kind of serpent do you suppose it was that tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit? How could a perfectly holy being yield to any temptation? Mr. D., I have been wanting a good while to get your opinion upon the question, whether more of mankind will be saved than lost? I wonder whether all the stars are inhabited? What is your opinion, Mr. E.? And whether by sinful or holy beings. Why did Cyrus order just *nine and twenty* knives to be restored to Ezra, when he returned from Babylon to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem? How many devils were there in the legion that entered into the swine?

These are a few of the thousand questions of no practical use, which are put to ministers by their people, in pastoral visits, because they cannot civilly avoid talking about religion; and to whom our Savior, were he to return to the earth, and go from house to house through a parish, would undoubtedly reply, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Some professors of religion show a great deal more interest in such speculations, than in conversing directly upon "the things of the kingdom;" and it is painful to see what shifts intelligent and respectable men of the world will often make to ward off serious religious conversation. They will talk with you as long as you please about the Bible, and admit that religion is a good thing—the best thing in the world; but the moment you attempt to make it a personal matter, they adroitly shift the subject, and you are baffled.

This, I believe, is one of the greatest trials that faithful ministers meet with.—They feel it to be a duty to deal faithfully in private as well as in the pulpit with all classes of their hearers; but how to approach some of them, especially of the higher class, they know not. They watch for favorable opportunities. They make the attempt again and again, but cannot get within the circle of repulsion, and at last give up in despair.

It is melancholy to think, that on the most important of all subjects which can come before the human mind, men lose sight of their own personal concernment, as they never do when any considerable temporal interest is at stake. They never stop to ask curious and irrelevant questions when prompt action is necessary to make their property secure. No prudent man in the world, when told by a friend, "I have been looking into the records to see how my own title stands, and I find that yours is not safe," would stop to inquire whether a hundred others are any more secure than he is; and if such a case could happen, would not his friend very properly answer, "What is that to you? As a sane man, attend first to your own title, and then if you have leisure, help them to secure theirs." No, he would not lose time in "doling about questions" of no practical use to him. He would go straight to the Register's office and examine for himself, and never think of asking a question of any sort, which didn't relate

directly to the object of his search. Much less would he waive the subject, and as much as say to his kind friend, "It may be as you apprehend, but I don't wish to hear anything about it at present. I am too busy with other matters to attend to this." No, no, never! But here are scores and hundreds of men, who have no title to the heavenly inheritance, and are every day in danger of losing it forever, and when they are urged to come and accept the title which is offered them "without money, and without price," instead of closing with the offer at once, they have a hundred questions to ask which are irrelevant as that, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" Alas! what will they do "when God taketh away their souls?"

DREADFUL MISTAKE.

BY REV. DR. CHEEVER.

It would be nothing strange, should it be found in the great day of trial, that this age was distinguished as an age of self-deception; and if we take not great heed to ourselves, we shall glide on with the same general current. And it is the saddest, most dreadful mistake that ever man fell into, to dream on of heaven, only to awake and find himself in hell. We had better do any thing most hard, be pressed with the greatest evils, encompassed with the most painful difficulties, endure all labors, undergo all suffering, practice every self-denial of the good soldier of Jesus Christ, than remain in such danger. What is not worth to be unalterably safe in Christ, to have constant experience of his preciousness, to be making constant additions to our knowledge of him, to be nourished daily by his grace, and to be animated constantly by his love? Oh, if we had anything in this world of a value in the least to be compared with the blessedness of a well-grounded hope in Christ, we would not leave it for a single day in such risk as we do our hope of heaven, by living at such a distance from our Saviour.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! absorbed with vanities! a vision made for eternity, blinded by the shadows of time. A soul made for God and the boundless realities of everlasting ages, absorbed with earth, and the poor worthless trifles of transitory years! Is this the manner in which Christ would have his pupil live? Or is the prize of heaven's eternal inheritance of so little concern? Ah, no! the crown of righteousness is not so little worth.

MONUMENT TO JAMES HOGAN, JR.—We understand—and feel truly rejoiced that it is so—that a number of our citizens have in contemplation to erect a handsome monument over the remains of our deceased friend, whose name stands at the head of this article. We trust the praiseworthy object will be pushed forward to an early completion; and that Williamstown county will erect such a monument as will be creditable to her liberality, and honorable to the memory of a man who has done more to elevate her character than any man within its limits.—*Franklin Review.*

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

OCTOBER 15, 1851.

THE ATHENS OF TENNESSEE.

Our city, from the number and character of its schools, is in a fair way to merit this appellation. Here Union University rears its imposing structure, a spacious building, thronged with ardent and aspiring young men, who are trying with commendable zeal to scale the heights of knowledge and possess themselves of the hidden treasures in the store-house of truth. At a little distance stands the Preparatory Department of the University, where a goodly number of promising youths, under the guidance of an able Instructor, are advancing with rapid strides into the ranks of College students. Not very remote from this is the place where that veteran in the cause of education, Rev. Barlow, has around him a large and interesting group of lads who are eagerly drinking in instruction from his lips and advancing in the paths of literature and science. A little further on is the Baptist Female Institute, where Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Prof. Shelton, and Miss Sally Bell are daily laboring to impart instruction to a large number of the fair daughters of our Republic, who are ascending the hill of science with an energy and perseverance rarely surpassed by young men. Then close at hand is the Methodist Conference Institute, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Finley, who is assisted by two accomplished ladies who are giving instruction to a goodly number of female pupils and who will doubtless do much to elevate the standard of female education in our midst. Hard by is the Murfreesboro' Female Seminary, under the care of the indefatigable Mrs. Henderson, who has labored long and successfully in the work of training the female mind, and whose school is in a prosperous condition. To these we must add the school under the care of Mrs. Haynes, who has charge of quite a number of Misses, whom she is leading forward with persevering energy in the paths of knowledge. And why should not this be the Athens of Tennessee. Where could we find a point in our State or in the neighboring States more favorable for a seat of learning. Situated in the midst of rural scenery, calculated to inspire the

young with the love of Nature; sufficiently retired to invite study and reflection, and unsurpassed in regard to health by any section in the Union, why may we not invite hither those who are in search of knowledge? Already the numbers engaged in study have created a literary atmosphere around them which is well calculated to stimulate those who might otherwise be indifferent to their own improvement. The place is easy of access from every direction, and the society cultivated and refined. Here we have groves rivalling those of Academus where we would invite those who would drink of the fountains of Parnassus and Helicon.

We see that our friend, Rev. G. T. Henderson, has mounted the tripod and seized the pen Editorial. The "Weekly News" has doffed its neutrality, and is henceforth to be the organ of the democratic party in Rutherford county, under the editorial care of the above named gentleman. He has an arduous and responsible field before him, and one which to us appears strewn with but few flowers. We have always regarded a political editor's life as one full of harrassing perplexities, but it may be far different from what we have supposed. Mr. Henderson is a gentleman who is well qualified to discharge the duties of an editor, and we have no doubt the "Weekly News" will be ably conducted under his auspices. He is a man of talent and a far seeing politician, and while his paper will do much to promote the political interest of his party, it will also, we doubt not, be high toned in a moral and religious point of view and tend to the general improvement of the community in intelligence and virtue. We cordially commend it to all who wish a valuable paper. E.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TELEGRAPHING.—In the way of telegraph lines, Michigan alone has now already more miles completed than has the whole of England.—From Detroit there are six lines and in the State thirty stations. The whole number of miles in operation in the State is 623. This is doing pretty well for our State and so far west in the bargain.

THE HEALTH OF MURFREESBORO'.—We hear of much sickness in other portions of the State, and often receive the painful intelligence of the sickness or death of a valued friend. Murfreesboro' continues to enjoy very fine health, and we hope in the selection of a school this fact will not be overlooked.

THE SABBATH.

It has been remarked by those who have observed much that the first symptom of moral deterioration in one reared under bible influences is a disposition to throw off the restraints of the Sabbath.—Indeed the regard paid to this divine Institution is the ethical thermometer by which the moral condition of individuals or communities may be pretty accurately determined. With thousands, Sabbath desecration is the first step in that downward course whose end is irretrievable ruin. When we see a young man who has been religiously educated beginning to spend his Sabbaths in seeking amusements, we feel that his case is critical in the highest degree. He is beginning to unloosen those moral restraints which bind him to a virtuous course and opening upon his own defenceless head a flood-gate of temptation which will almost inevitably sweep him down the swollen stream of vice and folly into the gulf of perdition. How very reprehensible then is every thing in individuals or communities which tends to draw the attention of youth from the religious observance of the Sabbath. We are sorry to see that Sabbath desecration is practiced to a greater extent now, than in days passed. We cannot disguise the fact, that this appalling evil is rapidly on the increase, and extending its withering, soul-deadening influence, through the whole community. It has infected the members of the christian church. Many can start on a journey or to the neighboring town on the Sabbath without any feelings of compunction or remorse. We speak not of our own particular neighborhood, but of the country generally. This tendency is seen throughout the Union, and is lamented by all true christians and every lover of his country. This is doubtless in part owing to the great influx of Catholic population into our country, and partly to the insane desire to accumulate wealth. It is well known that with Catholics, in all countries, the Sabbath is a day of amusement and dissipation, and so far as Catholic influence can be brought to bear in our country it will become so here. The religious observance of the Sabbath forms one of the most important bulwarks of our holy religion. And from the decline of the Sabbath we may date the decline of Protestantism.

QUERY.—Are not those men who are engaged in running the railroad cars for pleasure trips on the Sabbath, either Catholics or under Catholic influence? E.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

Reader, are you a christian? We do not enquire whether you are a member of the church. It is so reputable at the present day to make a public profession of religion, and so pleasant to feel a sort of confidence, that one is in some mysterious manner borne along towards heaven in that conveyance called the church, that we fear other motives beside a single eye to God's glory has induced some to enter into church relations. It is by no means certain, then, because you are in the church, that you are a true christian.—But the question is of overwhelming importance. Let us examine it carefully, and as if for eternity. What is the supreme object of your affection? Do you desire holiness of heart and entire conformity to the will of God in all things, more than you desire the riches, the honors, and the pleasures of this present world? Before deciding upon any action or course of action do you first enquire, is it right? will God approve? or do you first ask yourself how it will appear in the eyes of your fellow men, or how it will affect your worldly interests? Do you delight in secret communion with the Father of your spirits? or is secret prayer attended to as an irksome duty, and of neglected? Are you willing to suffer the chastisements of your Heavenly Father, if he sees them necessary for the purification of your character and your perfection in holiness? Do you choose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season? or would you prefer worldly prosperity even at the expense of progress in spiritual life? Have you that deep humility of heart which would lead you to feel that the censures of others are probably merited and that you have therefore no right to take offence at them? or is your pride wounded and your anger inflamed whenever you hear any thing that savors of reproof? Can you from your heart forgive those who injure you? Can you love your enemies and desire to do them good? Are you as watchful over your secret thoughts that are known only to God as over those actions that are open to the inspection of your fellow men?—Do you strive earnestly and constantly after perfect purity of thought, word, and action, and at the same time renouncing all self-righteousness, throw yourself with humble confidence upon the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ for pardon, sanctification, and eternal life? Go down into the lowest depths of your heart, and answer these questions to your conscience

faithfully as you will soon have to answer them at the bar of the Eternal, and then you may know whether you are a christian. If your heart condemns you, don't say that you are as good as other professors of religion, and therefore you will not trouble yourself on the subject. Go to the word of God and see if the standard of christian character we have here laid down is too high, and remember God will never abate one jot or one tittle from his requirements, in order to accommodate the worldliness that has crept into the church. It is an easy matter to join the church—to talk about religion—to go to the sanctuary—to attend to the outward ordinances—to dispute about doctrines and contribute to the support of the gospel—all this may be done by one who is unrenewed and unsanctified in heart; but to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts—to overcome the world—to keep the heart humble at the foot of the cross—to love the praise of God more than the praise of men—to cultivate devotion and a spirit of prayer—to discharge as punctually those obligations, the neglect of which would pass unnoticed by the world, as those which are most likely to gain for us the approbation of our fellow men.—These are the marks of a regenerate heart. And without these let no one for a moment flatter himself that he is safe, however fair his profession may be in the eyes of the world. Let me entreat you to be honest with yourself. What can you gain by being deceived in a matter of such awful moment?

E.

MURFREESBORO' TEMPLE OF HONOR, NO. 28.—A Temple of the above name and number was organized in this place a few weeks ago. The following are the names of the officers for the present term: W. A. Shelton, W. C. T.—T. J. Burchett, W. V. T.—B. W. Petty, P. W. C. T.—Ab. Watkins, W. R.—J. H. Castleman, W. A. R.—T. M. L. Burk, W. F. R.—N. H. Burk, W. T.—R. W. January, W. U.—C. A. Fowler, W. D. U.—Jesse Sage, W. C.—H. W. B. Mitchell, W. S.—D. Ralph, C.

IMPORTANT OPERATION.—We have just seen a calculus, or stone, about the size of an acorn, but of bean form, which was extracted from the bladder of a little boy between three and four years of age.—The patient is now doing well, and should he survive, it will be the third operation of the kind successfully performed by our townsman, Dr. B. W. AVENT, within a short time past.—News.

LIGHTNING—TREES.—It sometimes becomes a very interesting question, "*what trees does lightning strike?*" Although in this dry time, few can recollect when it did thunder. The time *will* come, however, no doubt. Every one at all conversant with Natural Philosophy knows that pointed substances attract electricity much more than others. Bearing this in mind let any one look at the different trees in the nearest wood. Oak, Lombardy and Yellow poplar, and ash trees he will find with limbs *near the tops*, straight, and frequently dead, pointing like so many lightning rods to the clouds. Now should a thunder storm come up suddenly upon a person in the woods, he would be tempting the bolts of heaven by going under such trees. That such is the fact each one can easily determine for himself by noticing the "*Heaven blasted tree.*"

But should a *beech*, or any other *low* tree with limbs *hanging down* offer a protecting shelter, let him seek cover without delay. "*Not a hair of his head shall be hurt.*"

To this it may be objected that straight pointed limbs do not invariably draw the electric fluid, because many trees are struck about the middle. The explanation is easy. Let them be struck where they will, so far as our observation has extended, they are invariably the same class of trees, and if any one will summon nerve enough to look at a tree when it is struck he will see the whole top enveloped in a sheet of light—dimming the orb of day himself. The multitude of points have distributed the stroke so that it passes readily until it reaches the body of the tree where the conducting surface is so much less that it "*rifts even the heart of oak.*" D.

DUCK RIVER ACADEMY.—We notice with much pleasure that this Association at its last session determined to establish an Academy of high order, to give young men a good english education and prepare them for College.

To the philanthropist and christian every where this will be "*glad tidings of great joy.*" More especially will it be welcome to all who daily witness the great disadvantages students often labor under in entering College—*particularly the advanced classes.* Let the foundation be laid deep, and broad, and solid, as momentous interests at stake and we fear not the result. Again we say, "*a few more!*" the *higher, the better!* We must have the "*schools of the prophets.*"

wrote for his consolation the sure words of Scripture.

It is very bad policy, as well as bad religion, to indulge any fear of the hearings of science upon the truth of revelation. The infidel has had his triumph repeatedly, but the world knows how short it has been. Every step of progress into the arena of nature has been a triumph for Christianity, and there is not the shadow of a reason to fear any other result for the future.—Christianity is true, whatever else is true; and we ought never to allow an issue to be formed which should involve the question of its truth. Science may disclose her new truths, but they will not make untrue anything that was true before. The discovery of a new truth does not destroy an old truth. What is true will forever remain true, whatever else may be found true.—And if there seems to arise a conflict between the old truth and the new, it will be found to be only in appearance, if they both be really true. It is quite possible we do not rightly interpret the Bible in all respects; and it is proper to accept an issue with the man of science on the ground of interpretation, and safe to abide the result. Geology has made us read anew the book of Genesis, with a much better and grander exegesis; and it is quite possible the progress of discovery and research may make other modifications of our interpretations. Perhaps the discoveries in the natural history of our race may compel us to a more critical study of the sacred text, to evolve a sense more in accordance with scientific truth. But geology has made no announcements which conflict with revelation, but on the contrary, has most strikingly confirmed its truth. And so would natural history in the end, whatever its discoveries may prove to be, confirm all that the Scriptures really say respecting our race. We tender no such issue to the infidel, as that if your philosophy or your science be proved true, our Bible falls. The Bible cannot possibly come in conflict with science. Our interpretation of the Bible may—for we often have to correct that; but the Bible as it really is, never.

ALIMENT FOR THE MIND.

We would that all our readers were appreciating students of the grace and wealth of thought in Wordsworth's poetry. It makes us sad when we think of the exquisite enjoyment which is lost, but which might be derived from this philosophic poet, by those who now seek vainly their pleasure in objects that yield only sorrow. To Wordsworth, rather than to any other, would we apply his own lines:

Blessings be on him, and immortal praise,
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares,
The Poet, who on earth hath made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

We can imagine with what emotions we should look at tenanted palaces and luxuriant fruits and fragrant flowers untouched, unenjoyed, because unappreciated; but what are the enjoyments of the senses compared with those of the mind! what are the luxuries of appetite compared with the raptures of the soul, as it fasts upon the thoughts and imaginations which genius and poetic fancy supply! What are mines of gold compared with the vast treasures of intellectual wealth accessible to all.

That is of all desolations most mournful and dreary which we see all around us in the world of mind. Aliment fit for the gods lies untasted and unknown in the volumes of our sages and poets. Melody and joy, and brightness and beauty, enough to set the stars to shouting, are all unappropriated. A table of good things for heart and mind is set, in sight of us, at which all the intellect in the universe might feast, yet only now and then comes along some solitary octo taste, and he, likely as not, will be contented.

The shrewd men, the wide awake men, the wise in their day and generation, are caught in no such transcendental communion... Their inspiration is derived from the exchange and the market. It is enough for them that cotton has advanced a quarter of a penny, and flour a shilling. Mercantile sagacity smiles at the dreamers whose most fervent phrenzy never advanced stock a farthing. Well, the fox knows his hole—the ass his master's crib—the swine eats his acorns; each and all make manifest their natures and tastes by the nourishment they crave.

THE BEAUTIFUL AS AN EDUCATOR.

It would be a blessed thing for all classes of people, if the moulding, refining influence of the beautiful were better understood and cherished. It is a great and precious truth that our nature is so framed and tuned that by a sweet necessity we assimilate to the beautiful, the lovely, the graceful, if it only happens to be our good fortune to be brought into intimate familiarity with them.

The low mild voice of a loving mother has naturally and necessarily an influence very different from that of a boisterous, coarse, vulgar woman. A child growing up under the influence of the one, will be unlike one trained by the other. Let a young girl grow up in a family where there is no order, no cleanliness, no regard to the gracious amenities of domestic love, and how unlike will she be at maturity from what she would have been had it been her lot to be born and brought up in a home where order, neatness, scrupulous nicety and cleanliness were the uniform law, and where mild, affectionate gentleness, and grace were the unvarying example. We cannot well avoid falling into the imitation of what we constantly and closely mingle with, and in the course of years we come to reflect almost as accurately as a mirror, the influences which have affected us.

It is a great mistake to regard minute and common expressions of the beautiful, as of small account. A few graceful or fragrant flowers in the family sitting room, may inspire the heart with love for the purity of which they are the emblems.—A painted landscape on the wall may insensibly mould the thoughts; a scene of grandeur, or of majesty in nature, drawn by a master, may call up feelings of wonder and delight, and engage us in reflections the most elevating. The statuary of the poor Italian, say for instance of a child at prayer, may give direction for life to our minds, and even without our own consciousness, may carry on a work of regeneration in our taste and desires.

Would that we could impress this simple, but manifestly truthful philosophy upon all parents with reference to their training of their children. Would that they might understand the importance of surrounding their children with the beautiful, the graceful, the gentle, and the true. Let them hear only the accents of love and kindness, if you would have them kind and loving. Let the mother's voice be music in their ear, whose soft tones shall still float around them when she is in her grave. Let her image be associated with all that is sweet and mild, and gentle, so that in future years, when the turf is green above her, they may remember it as invested, with a soft halo, with "something of an angel light," and be awed and melted.

In a word, let parents surround their children's young warm hearts with an atmosphere of love, and fill their souls with visions of spiritual beauty. And then at length they are compelled to face the rude, rough world, they will be far less likely to

love it to their undoing; for the mind, sweet images of home will summon them back as the restless dove on tired wing hastened back to the ark from the storm and desolation without.

IMPOSSIBILITIES POSSIBLE.—What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one record of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth; and that although so remote from us that a cannon-ball, shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regular organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see. Nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—*Herschel.*

DEATH OF DR. CHAMBERLAIN.—Our citizens were shocked on Saturday last, by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch, announcing that Chamberlain, the venerable and beloved President of Oakland College, had been murdered on the previous evening by a man named Briscoe. We are not in possession of the particulars, farther than that Dr. C. was stabbed in his own house by Briscoe. The perpetrator immediately fled. It will be seen by our telegraphic dispatch that he has since been found, but was so far gone from the effects of poison which he had taken, that he died soon after.—*Ticksburg Whip, 9th inst.*

[From *Author's Home Gazette*]

THE BRIDE'S ADIEU TO HER MOTHER.

BY D. ELLIS GOODMAN.

Mother adieu—strange thoughts are rushing
Wildly across my brain,
And my young cheek and brow are flushing
With mingled joy and pain;
Joy, that his eyes in starry splendor
With their deep glance of pride,
And their own look, thrilling and tender,
Are cast upon his bride.

Joy, that I hear his low tones breathing
Of happiness to come—
Of the rich vines that will be wreathing
About our cottage home;
And the dear birds with golden winglets
And song will linger there,
And the soft winds will lift the ringlets
Back from his forehead fair!

And the low murmur of the river
Will come up to the door,
While the bright sunbeams gaily quiver
Its azure surface o'er;
And mother, at the quiet even,
When stars are in the sky,
It will be sweet 'neath the blue heaven,
To dream of thy mid life!

But pain—dear mother, amid the gleaming
Of all this starry light,
And 'mid the blessed visions teeming
Within my brain to-night—
A painful shadow lies, enshrouding
The lustre of their beams,
And with its coldness darkly clounding
Ny fond heart's warmest dreams!

To leave thee in thy lonely sorrow,
With clouds upon thy brow—
'Tis this alone that makes me borrow
A thought of anguish now;
As by the loved side of another
I pass along life's track,
To this dear mother—to thee, sweet mother,
My soul will wander back!

And often in the night's deep stillness,
When dreams are in my heart,
Amid their light all softly stealing
My mother's tones shall start!
Her form will rise among the visions
That sweep my spirits o'er,
And I shall gaze into the fullness
Of her blue eye once more!

Mother, adieu—one burning tear-drop
I leave upon thy cheek
To tell the sorrow I am feeling,
Too deep for words to speak;
Even his voice cannot beguile me
From thee, so fond and true;
I bear thine image, dearest mother,
Within my soul—adieu.

[For the Mothers' Journal and Family Visitant.]
FIRST LESSONS—REVENGE.

BY REV. J. L. EBBOWS.

Henry Ballard was a beautiful and affectionate boy. His parents, like too many others similarly thoughtless, were regardless of the moral character of his infantile habits, supposing, if they thought at all on the subject, that the future education and good sense of their child, would rectify whatever might be wrong in his early training. They never reflected that the same dispositions and actions that were wicked in the man, are incipient germs of wickedness in the child.

Upon Henry's third birth day, his fond parents had presented him with some little toys, with which he was romping joy-

ously about the floor, when he accidentally stumbled over a stool. He was somewhat hurt, and began to cry. His mother took him into her arms, and, in order to pacify him, began to strike and scold the stool.

"Naughty stool! to hurt my baby!—Mamma will whip the naughty stool!"

The object was gained. The child opened wide his beautiful eyes, looked triumphantly at the chastized stool, and continued his play. *The first lesson in revenge was given.*

A short time after, a little playmate took up one of his toys. Henry, jealous of his rights, attempted to snatch it from him. He resisted, and Henry struck him in the face. *It was the first practice of his mother's lesson.*

He looked up into her face, and she was laughing at his sprightliness, and remarking to a friend, "*What a spirit the dear boy has! The practice of the first lesson was encouraged!*"

Ah! that mother did not dream that she was inculcating and fostering principles in the heart of her boy, that should subject him to disgrace and remorse, and herself to unutterable anguish.

Scenes like these were of frequent occurrence, and Henry became accustomed to strike with his tiny hand every person or thing that offended him, and these little ebullitions of passion, were hailed and encouraged as so many evidences of superior vivacity. True, he was sometimes told it was "naughty," and that "good boys must not be spiteful," and that "mamma would not love him, if he acted so;" but there were in the words of reproof so much of the manner and tone of approval, that it is not marvellous, if, with the quick perceptions of childhood, he understood the censure rather as an encouragement, than as a restraint.

Years passed.

One day, when Henry was about seven years old, he ran sobbing into the parlor where his parents sat, and rushed to his father's knee in great distress.

"Why, my son, what in the world is the matter?" asked the father.

"Charles slapped me in the face."

"Well, he is no larger than you, why didn't you whip him for it. I hope you are not going to be a coward. You must take your own part, or you will never be a man."

Now the truth was, that Henry, upon some slight vexation, had struck his cousin Charles, who, probably, similarly trained, had returned the blow. But, without any inquiry into the cause of the quarrel, the father, who, in accordance with the popular but ruinous maxim wanted to "make his son a lad of spirit," encouraged him to take his defence into his own hands.—The child shamed and nerved by his father's reproaches, left the room, and in a few moments the screams of the two boys proclaimed that they were in battle. Before they could reach the scene of contention, Charles had run, and little Henry was the boasting victor.

"Now you are a brave boy," said the blind, foolish father, patting his flushed cheek, "my own brave boy: never let any

boy of your own size insult you without paying him for it."

Thus were the principles of the first lessons fixed, and the bent twig hardened as it grew in the direction to which it was inclined.

Henry grew up a passionate and revengeful boy. His disposition, naturally yielding and peaceful, under judicious training might have rendered him amiable and beloved; and, as it was, there were lovely traits in his character. He was as generous as hasty, as ready to forgive as to strike, as eager to repair an injury when the storm of passion had calmed, as to inflict one while it was raging. By his youthful associates his temper was dreaded, and of course he was not loved. The bright strands that composed the warp of his temperament were clouded by the dark threads that had been woven into its woof.

During his seventeenth year Henry entered college, and possessing untiring energy and industry started fair in the race for the laurels of his class. But before the year was passed he was expelled for grossly insulting the tutor, who mildly reproved him for being tardy at the hour of recitation.

His mortified parents were now as severe in censuring his fitful passions, as they had been industrious in instilling them. Earnestly did they strive to root out from the soil of the heart, the noxious weeds, which, in their thoughtless folly, they had planted. But it was too late.—Promoted by their own assiduous culture, the growth had become too rank to be easily subdued. And they sought not for him, nor did they encourage him to seek the interposition of the divine hand which alone can "break up the fallow ground," and plant the flowers of paradise in the mellowed soil.

A clerkship was obtained for Henry in the store of a merchant in his native town. He was attentive to the business of his employer, who, though often tried by his irritability, highly valued his promptness and energy. Experience in the world had taught Henry the necessity of controlling his anger when crossed or contradicted.—But his passions were only suppressed, not expelled. The fire was but smothered, not extinguished; and a passing puff of wind could raise it to a blaze.

One day, when the store was crowded with purchasers, Henry, in the hurry of the moment, mistook the measurement of a piece of cloth. Some time after the buyer returned, and laying the cloth on the counter, said in an angry tone, "This cloth has been spoiled by the tailor, who commenced cutting it before he found out it was a scant pattern. I paid for a full pattern and expect you to take this back and furnish one. I do not mean to be cheated out of the price of a coat."

Henry's brow contracted and his lip quivered with rage at this insinuation.—"Sir," said he, "if I have made a mistake, I will rectify it; but do you mean to charge me with intentionally cheating you?"

"Your mistake," replied the man sneer-

ingly, "was much in your own favor, which certainly looks very suspicious."

Quick as lightning Henry snatched the shears from the counter and hurled them at the insurer's head. The point pierced his temple! He fell! and in five minutes was a corpse!

The young man was taken almost senseless with horror before a magistrate, and within an hour was lying in agony of soul upon the hard floor of a prison. In a few weeks after he was indicted for manslaughter, tried, convicted and sentenced to seven years imprisonment.

The night previous to his removal to the state penitentiary his heart-crushed parents passed with him in the jail. With unutterable anguish they looked upon the face of their own promising boy. Haggard despair and gnawing remorse had drawn their shades over that still youthful countenance, and traced there the furrows of incipient old age. Two of their loved children they had already seen wrapped in winding sheets, and laid in cold graves. But they felt no such agony of soul as now. They wept then, and found relief in tears. Now their woes were too deep for tears. They wailed and groaned. They could have followed their son to the grave, but the disgrace and horror of this living entombment, how could it be borne! Miserable parents and wretched son! They had no God to soothe, no Divine Comforter to sustain them. But there were additional drops of wormwood to be wrung into their intolerably bitter cup.

"Father," said the wretched Henry, "in this gloomy prison, I have been recalling the scenes of my youth, while tracing the history and growth of the hellish passions which have embittered my whole life, and now doomed me to a living grave. Can you remember, father, when in the days of my childhood you reproached me with cowardice, and told me if I would be manly I must learn to give blow for blow? Can you remember how you encouraged and applauded me when I followed your instructions? Then, father, and at other times, by such lessons you planted scorpions in my breast, and during all my boyhood they were nursed. They have grown with my growth, and now they sting us all."

Earlier scenes, and among them those of his third birth-day, arose to the memory of the mourning mother. He had forgotten them—they were beyond the date of his remembrance, but their influence had been powerful in moulding his character and shaping his life.

Within two years Henry died in prison. Often did the repentant parents bitterly wail, when those *first lessons* were remembered, and if they never repeated the words of the wretched poet, they often felt the truth of the sentiment,

"The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree I planted; they have torn me and I bled; I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."

Study to be more consistent in principle, and more uniform in practice, and your peace will be more unbroken.

[For the Watchman and Reflector.] TOBACCO CONSUMERS

The use of tobacco is a serious and a growing evil, may we not say a growing sin. That it is a sin, it seems to us, every discriminating, candid and enlightened conscientious man, will confess. That it should not appear so to the poor, uneducated Indian, or to the gross and ignorant inmate of the Irish cabin, we do not wonder; but we do wonder that an enlightened and a cultivated Christian disciple, should be a slave to the use of tobacco, and not feel that he is committing a grievous sin. And this indecent and vile habit is indulged in, by those from whom the world should expect better things, who should be living epistles known and read of all men. We have smoking ministers, and chewing deacons, studies perfumed with the odor of the noxious weed, and sanctuaries bespattered and stained with its filthy excretion.

It is a sin because it *wastes money*. And the amount of money thus thrown away, puffed into empty air, by those who profess to be the disciples of Christ is incredible. There are hundreds of members in our churches, who expend, at the lowest rate twenty dollars annually for that, which not only is not bread, but poison, a sum exceeding their benevolent contributions for every object whatever.

And it is a sin because it *injures health*. No man has a right to jeopardize so valuable a gift as health; and to destroy it, is suicide. That tobacco injures the health, by enervating the system and by weakening the digestive organs, is settled beyond a reasonable doubt. But those who would frame an excuse for their habit may deny this. But what ails them? Why such sallow countenances? Why such trembling hands? Why so many complaints of dyspepsia? Why such nausea? "But this is not owing to my habit of using tobacco. Should I abstain from its use, I should immediately experience injurious effects. And then my physician recommends the use for this throat complaint, and catarrhal affection." O fol-de-rol! abjure this heathenish habit, and we warrant you good digestion, sound sleep, increased dimension, and a relieved conscience. For your conscience *must* trouble you.

Reader, are you a consumer of the Indian weed, and persist in denying its deleterious effects upon you? Just look at some of its elements. "Nicotine is a most deadly poison, and is the essential principle of tobacco. It was the poison recently used in the horrible murder of a wife's brother by Count Bocarme, in Belgium. Orfila, the celebrated toxicologist, has lectured upon it, and the Bocarme trial has given birth, also, to several medical dissertations on the same subject.—Virginia tobacco yields the largest proportion of nicotine; from twenty pounds were extracted four hundred grammes of the poison; a gramme is equal to 15,444 grains Troy. The Maryland leaf affords about one-third of that quantity. Nicotine is nearly as powerful and rapid as prussic acid, with the animal economy.

And yet men will persist in eating this deadly poison, saying that they cannot do without it.

If tobacco chewers, and tobacco smokers, will persist in their obnoxious habit, they should colonize, herd together, and have a territory, *atmosphere*, and all, especially to themselves.

Z.

ABOUT BABIES.

The influence exerted unconsciously upon a family, by a little child, especially if it be beautiful, gentle and good, is not easily estimated. Few persons are aware, or take time to think how much ill feeling is prevented; how much good nature and affectionate emotion are evoked; how much dullness and gloom are banished by the odd ways and sweet innocences of the dear toddling baby. Even the rebuke which is slyly ministered over baby's shoulders to some older body, loses its vinegar and provokingness. Often, too, the brother or father, impatient for his meal that he may get to business, is cheated into forgetfulness while holding baby and listening to its funny attempt to talk. How, we should like to know, can a man grumble that his steak is over or underdone, or that a button is off, or that his wife has made a bill at the dry goods store, while baby is crowing in his face or clambering on his knee? Heaven's blessing on all good babies, we say.

When baby comes the family circle cries With great applause; its little sparkling eyes Brighten all bosoms in that happy place; And saddest brows, and guiltiest, it may be, Unwrinkled on a sudden bid to see That innocent glad face.

Yes, whether June has green'd the sward, or whether November draws our touching chairs together Round a great house-choil fire in quiet talk, When the child comes we feel a general cheer: With calls and laughter, and the mother's fear Seeing it try to walk!

It looks so fair, the infant with its smile, Its soft sweet trust, its voice that knows no guile, And would say all the grief it soon dismisses; Letting its pleased and wondering glances roll—Offering to life, on all sides, its young soul, And its young mouth to kisses.

TO PRESERVE PEACH TREES.—Clear the earth away immediately next to the trunk of the tree, down near the root, and then place two or three lumps of unslacked lime, about the size of a goose egg, next to the tree, and cover it over with a little earth. It will eradicate the worm, and in a short time give much vigor to the tree. The lime should be applied when the trees are young, but will answer as well for older trees, by increasing the quantity of lime about one-third. Once in three or four years is all that is necessary to ensure a vigorous, healthy tree.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of preceiving those advances, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

[From Author's Home Gazette.]
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

I think some heart, beside my own, must feel
the joyous thrill,
The memory of the happy Past can bring my
spirit still:
The memory of the holiday, so linked with
childhood's hours,
Of spirits gay, and free as air, amid the birds
and flowers,
When the long thralldom of the week, with toils
and tears was past,
And the beautiful half holiday, long looked for,
came at last—
Away away, with bounding step, beneath the
sky of June,
While our hearts beat high with joy to hail bright
Saturday afternoon.

The afternoon in summer time, when 'neath a
smiling sky,
So still and beautiful and green the meadows
used to lie;
Away we trod across the field, and up the hill
side green,
And down the cool, damp hollows, hid the old
grey rocks between.
Or clambering up the apple bough where birds
sang on the spray,
And the school boys laughed and sung beneath,
as glad, as free as they—
The very sky looked brighter still, the waters
danced in time,
And the green earth seemed robed anew for
Saturday afternoon.

It was a joyous, joyous time, through all the
livelong year.
When winter brought its ice and snow, and skies
so cold and clear,
Then loudly rang the skater's steel, or round the
freside hearth
The merry winter's tales were told, or jests that
wakened mirth,
Or through the summer afternoon, a group with-
in the barn
Would list to wondrous fairy tale, or sailor's
jovial yarn,
Or speed the hoop on ceaseless round, or mar-
bles in the ring,
Or send the snowy kite aloft upon the breeze of
spring.
The golden house at Pleasure's gate had doffed
their sandal shoon—
But Father Time sped quicker still on Saturday
afternoon.

Then, too, the bright eyed little girls kept pleas-
ant holiday,
And 'mid the hills and shadowy woods with
close clasped hands would stray;
Or gather flowers in the dell, with apple boughs
o'er head,
Or down upon the emerald grass their mimic
feast would spread
'Till far behind the sloping hills, the sun had
sunk at last,
And misty twilight shadows dim upon the earth
were cast.
And rising slowly in the east, sailed up the
golden moon,
As if she hailed the peaceful close of Saturday
afternoon.

I think, perhaps, some weary heart, amid the
city's throng,
Looks back upon the joyous time that he has mis-
sed so long;
Could he but shake the shackles off and, with a
heart of joy,
Go forth as gaily to the fields as when he was a
boy.
Oh! if amid the din of life, its maddening cease-
less round,
Some holidays undimmed by care, oasis-like
were found,
Then might we keep our spirits young, our jar-
ring hearts in tune
With melodies that memory weaves for Saturday
afternoon.

HOARDING WEALTH FOR CHILDREN.

The anxiety which many men exhibit to accumulate wealth for the purpose of endowing their children with fortunes, is not the dictate of prudence and common sense. The teachings of experience are very uniform in regard to the effect of entailing wealth upon children. With few exceptions it is one of the worst uses to which wealth can be applied. And if parents wished to injure their children, they might be nearly sure of their end by hoarding property for them and bringing them up with the understanding that they are to inherit wealth without toil.

For, in the first place, the children of such parents are deprived of the benefit and discipline of labor, and the ordinary and strongest incentives to industry and enterprise are of no force with them.—Children who know that their future wants are provided for by parental exertions and fondness, will, of course, not engage in anything which requires close application, earnest endeavor and self denial. They will grow up in indolence, love of ease, and ignorance of the ways and means of getting an independent living. A life of ease and idleness pre-disposes and exposes them to a thousand temptations and vices, to evil company, and to dangerous indulgences. And in case of future reverses, to which all are exposed, they must be comparatively helpless and incapable of shifting for themselves.

Difficulties make the man. The necessity for labor, for rugged toil and self-denial, is a blessing, not a curse, and parents who seek to remove this necessity, inflict injury upon their offspring. By smoothing down the rough places in life's pathway, they make their children puny, effeminate and worthless as regards all high manly exertion. It is by encountering and conquering difficulty that the heart and mind are made stout and strong. But those hoarding parents would prevent the possibility of their children having any difficulties, and they call this favoring their children!

The daughters of hoarding parents are exposed not only to the evils just spoken of, but also, to become the prey of those gamblers in the lottery of marriage, who make the wife secondary to her fortune. There are at all times numbers of such men prowling around, watching their opportunity at all places of fashionable resort, to remedy their own poverty or to repair their ruined fortunes by marrying wealthy young ladies. The possession of a large property by a young lady, while it makes men of real worth of character shy and afraid to ask their love, unless they have equal fortunes, operates as a snare of the most dangerous kind to entangle them with mere fortune hunters. And when these hunters of property obtain such ladies as wives, they are apt to consider them as an incumbrance to the property and treat them accordingly.

We say to parents, beware how you endanger the future character and happiness of your children by hoarding wealth for them to possess. If you wish them to form idle and vicious habits and compan-

ions—to grow up incapable of manly exertion and true independence—or if you wish to spread a snare to entrap mere fortune hunters for your daughters' husbands, doubtless the course is to hoard all you can, and let them understand from childhood, that it is for them. But if you wish your children to be industrious, independent, self-relying, and happy, they must be taught to depend upon their own exertions. Give them good educations; give them trades or professions; but give them not the means of living without care and exertion.

LONDON.—If the streets of London were put together, would extend 3,000 miles in length; the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3,000 omnibusses and 3,500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses.—In 1849 the Metropolis alone consumed 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,709,000 sheep, 28,000 calves and 35,000 pigs. One market alone supplied 4,024,000 head of game. London the same year ate 3,000,000 salmon, which were washed down by 43,200,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. 13,000 cows are yearly required for London milk, and reckoning two gallons a day from every cow, we have here, say 72,000 gallons of "London peculiar" consumed, if not enjoyed, by the London inhabitants. 360,000 gas lights fringe the streets. London's arterial or water system supplies the enormous quantity of 44,383,326 gallons per day; a thousand sail are employed in bringing annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal, and to clothe and wait upon London's people we have no fewer than 23,516 tailors, 28,579 bootmakers-40,000 milliners and dress-makers, and 168,017 domestic servants.

SELF-MOVING CARRIAGE.—The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, in a letter, says—"Two years ago, I described for an American paper the self-moving carriage of M. Provost. Since that time, M. P. has traveled in it over a great part of France, visiting Tours, Gannum, Orleans, Chartres, Havre, and other places. He is now in Paris, on his way to Bordeaux. He travels with ease to himself, for the force is not muscular strength, applied to pedals or cranks, but the weight of his person, which puts in movement the machinery, on much the same principle with the weight of a clock. On ordinary roads, (they are macadamized in France,) M. Provost travels from sixty to eighty miles a day. The carriage is about six feet by three, and the machinery not visible from the outside."

Said the distinguished Lord Chantam to hisson, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days' will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

THE USEFUL MORE ENDURING THAN THE BEAUTIFUL.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and the gold, and the ivory; and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of the Persopolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the *Acqua Claudia* still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the sun at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sprinkles as freely in his rays, as when the thousands of worshipers thronged its colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now.

And if any work of art should rise over the ocean of time, we may well believe that it will neither be a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men, rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—impating to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or mere magnificence.

Although we are accustomed to think of heaven as distant, of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society, of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe? Milton has said,

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth.
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side. Whilst we know not to what place our friends go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what beings they go. We know not where heaven is, but we know whom it contains; and this knowledge opens to us an infinite field for contemplation and delight.

To all men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue; and the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish.

CHRIST'S TEACHING ON UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

On one occasion during our Saviour's ministry the question was put him, "Lord are there few that be saved?" If Christ had been preaching the final salvation of all men, it is strange that such a question should have been proposed to him. Yet he manifested no surprise at it. He did not reprove or correct the inquirer for having dishonored the goodness of God by the supposition that any would be finally lost. He did not refer him to his past teachings to learn that all would be saved. Nor did Christ advance the doctrine of universal salvation. Never had he a better opportunity. The question was directly to that point, are there few that be saved? What did he answer? Did he say *all* men shall be saved? Did he even say, *many*—the great majority of mankind—shall be saved? Did he say, a just and benevolent God will never punish any after this life? His answer was, "Strive to enter heaven by an incessant warfare with sin"—"for many I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Whoever may preach universal salvation, and upon whatever authority, certain it is, that Christ preached no such doctrine.

QUESTIONS OF MORALITY.—Balzac or some other French author, propounds the following curious question in morals: If one knew that by crooking his little finger, some distant relative—say forty seventh cousin in some remote part of the world, would die whereby the person would inherit an immense estate, ought he to be particularly careful *not* to crook his finger?

At the present day, whatever sound morality might dictate, if there were many large estates depending on such contingencies we predict there would be an immense crooking of little fingers. And if it could so happen that every one might reap great benefits, at the expense of others, by so simple an expedient, crooked fingers would soon become a national deformity. For example, if Cuba could be wrested from Spain, or Canada, from Great Britain, or a few Mexican States from our sister Republic, by so easy a process, we fear, the nation would very speedily crook its finger, without stopping to weigh very carefully the morality of the act. Now-a-days nice questions of morals are not very scrupulously considered where large profits are concerned.—*St. Louis Intelligencer*.

INSECT LIFE.—Professor Agazez says more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects and describe their appearances. Meiger, a German, collected and described 6000 species of flies, which he collected in a district ten miles in circumference. There have been collected in Europe 26,000 species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin, two professors are engaged in collecting, observing and describing insects and their habits, and already they have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

MACCLAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The third and fourth volumes are on the eve of publication.

MRS. HOWARD.—The philanthropic Howard was blessed with a wife of singularly congenial disposition. On settling his accounts one year, he found a balance in his favor, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis for her gratification. "What a beautiful cottage for a small family might be built with that money," was the benevolent reply. The couple enjoyed the greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.—"The sun stoops not more readily to warm the flower that opens to receive his beams, than does the Holy Spirit to strengthen and bless the soul that desires his influence."

REUSSELLS.—They charge their customers as soldiers do guns—to have widows and orphans weep at the discharge.

☞ That is a pretty thought of one of our poets

"Woman is the heart of a family
If man the head."

When the heart is right, the head seldom goes astray.

An old farmer in Ohio, who was anxious to have his minister dismissed, was asked the reason. 'I have heard say,' was the reply, 'that a change of pastors makes fat calves, and I'm in for a change.'

Aunt Betsy has said many good things—among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man had ought to have one of his own.

It is stated the drought is so severe on the road between Pittsburgh and Washington that travelers have not been able to procure water for their horse at one dollar per bucket!

There is a girl at the Troy Seminary with such dimples in her cheeks, that you might use them for coffee cups. Of her eyes, 'blue and oval,' like plums, we shall speak in an extra.

A Broker without money, is a good deal like a man with a good set of teeth and nothing to eat. He is willing to bite, but where is the goose to do it on?

Father Mathew has determined to delay his departure from this country till 25th October, when he will leave in one of the Collins line of steamers, in acceptance of Mr. Collins' offer to of a free passage.

MARRIED on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Eagleton, Maj. John W. Childress, to Miss Mary E., eldest daughter of the Hon. Joseph Phillips, all of Rutherford County.

DIED.—In this county, on Friday 10th inst., MARTHA, daughter of the late Hosea and Sarah Northcott.

DIED.—On the 7th inst., near this city, LEMUEL M. BAIRD, Esq., for many years an esteemed citizen of this county.

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Marfreesborough, Tenn.

[From the Louisville Journal.]
TIS THE HOUR OF PARTING.

A SONG—TO ANNIE W.

'Tis the hour of parting, when silence and sadness
Sit weeping in sorrow o'er the heart's sacred
fane,

Where late were enshrined all those bright
dreams of gladness

That attuned the soul's lyre to extacy's strain.
The pulse now beats wildly—the bosom is
swelling

With strange wild emotions that no language
can tell;

The pure dew of feeling to the eye is fast wel-
ling,

And the trembling lip murmurs a mournful
farewell.

Those bright orbs above us, so rich in their
splendor,

And mild in their influence as thy love is in
thee,

May oft light the soft hours of lovers most ten-
der,

But ne'er as they have shone for thee, love, and
me.

The flow'rs that have shed round our pathway
their brightness—

The mocking-bird's song that we list in the
bower,

May again charm the air with their beauty and
lightness,

But not as they have done in love's sacred
hour.

I go to the distance—my footsteps are way-
ward—

One country's as dear as another to me,
For since Fate has decreed that our hearts must
be severed,

Sure this world is the same, though on land
or on sea.

I go as the sea-bird that, s fabled in story
To sleep on the wing when its loved one is
lost:

The wide world's my home but all dreams of
its glory

Live only as wrecks on a wild-ocean tossed.

But where e'er I may go, one hope will still bless
me—

A lone star left shining midst the gloom of
the night—

A treasure of which there is naught can divest
me,

That oft shall awaken fondest dreams of de-
light.

It is: that in moments like this thou wilt hearken
To mem'rys that will strive on thy heart
strings to play,

And though they may serve thy gay spirit to
darken,

Will turn thy thoughts to me, where e'er I
may stray.

And when years shall have faded, and friends
have forsaken,

And thy lovers are lost in the midst of the
throne,

Cheer thyself with the solace, that there's one
heart unshaken,

That still makes thee its theme and its bur-
then of song:

A heart that still loves thee, howe'er un-
required,

And finds pleasure enough in that love to re-
pay

The sorrow and sadness of its early hopes
blighted,

That were as sweet in their joys as swift in
decay.

Planters of trees ought to encourage
themselves, by considering all future time
as present; indeed such consideration
would be a useful principle to all men in
their conduct of life, as respects both this
world and the next.

"KEEP THY HEART."—You have nothing which is in such danger of being neglected as your heart. Your outward manners—your personal appearance—your external culture—are far more likely to receive your attention than your heart; for these are open to the public inspection of men, and are therefore objects of your daily thought and care. But your heart is as something shut out from the direct view of men, and therefore you are greatly tempted to neglect it.

"Keep thy heart." You have nothing which is so important to carefully watch and guard as this. Evil thoughts, purposes and desires cannot be allowed to harbor here without danger. If they do not show themselves in form, they will at length show themselves in their effects upon the outward character.

"Keep thy heart." There is nothing which is more difficult to keep in order. "The heart is deceitful above all things."

You will need often to offer the prayer of David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"Keep thy heart." There is a great reward in so doing. Your care and watchfulness will return in rich and abundant blessings upon you. If the heart is right, all is right.—N. Y. Evangelist.

OLD STYLE HYMNS.—The following verses are correct specimens of the hymns sung in the Congregational churches before the days of Dr. Watts, and which were gradually made to give place to the hymns now in use, as the taste for harmony and beauty increased in our churches. The following verses should be deaconed off and sung one line at the time:

" 'Tis like the precious ointment
Down Aaron's beard did go:
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment skirts unto."

" Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout;
Up from the sands ye codlings peep
And wag your tails about."

There is much truth if not poetry in the following:

" The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs:
Nor the battle by those people,
Who shoot the longest guns."

The following address to the sun, chimes very well with the preceding, although of more modern origin:

" All hail thou glorious sun!
Bright as a new tin pan!
Thou roundest, fairest, purest source—
Of bread and cheese to man!"

He that would do good to others, without practicing self-denial, does but dream—the way of philanthropy is ever up hill, and not unfrequently over rugged rocks and through thorny paths.

Even the malignancy of man is rendered subservient to the general and ultimate end of divine providence, which is to bring all animated beings to happiness.

Some writers and speakers are apt to deal too exuberantly in the one article—fancy; and, through you are amused for the moment with the rocket showers of brilliant and many-tined ideas that fall sparkling around you, when the exhibition is ended you are disappointed to find that the whole was momentary, and that from the ruby and emerald rain scarcely one gem of solid thought remains.

It requires more courage to think different from the multitude than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful.

Inviolable fidelity, good-humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty, it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

WILLIAM STEWART,

MARKET ST., a few doors below Church st., west side, nearly opposite Lanier & Bro.,

MANUFACTURER OF

COPPER, TIN & SHEET IRON WARES,

KEEPS constantly on hand all kinds of Improved COOKING STOVES; also, Stoves of various kinds, such as Parlor, Hall, Fluted, Box, 7 and 10 plate Stoves. Also, improved Coal Stoves, of all kinds; Enamelled and Plain Mantle Grates. Castings of all kinds.

Job Work solicited, and executed with neatness and despatch. Feathers, Ginseng, Beeswax, Pewter, and Old Copper, taken in exchange for wares, &c.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and punctually attended to. oct11

THE TENNESSEE

BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE,
Nashreesborough.

THE Trustees of this Institution take pleasure in announcing that they have made arrangements for the immediate organization of this School. The first session will commence in the Baptist Church, on the first Monday in August, under the superintendence of Mrs. J. H. EATON, who will be assisted by as many competent teachers as the wants of the Institute may require. Efforts are being made to erect immediately, commodious and suitable buildings.

The course of instruction will be as thorough as any Female School in our country. Arrangements have been made to accommodate a number of young ladies with Board in the best private families on reasonable terms.

RATES OF TUITION.

1st Class, with Greek and Latin,	\$20 00
Do without " "	16 00
2nd Class	12 00
3rd Class	

TERMS:

The CLASSIC Union will be published on the first and fifteenth of each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address M. HILLESIMAN, post paid.

Published at the office of the *Rutherford Telegraph*, South-west Corner of the Square.

Chazier Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

NO. 4.

THE MEANS OF PERMANENCY IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PROF. SHELTON.

Money alone will not secure the prosperity of American Colleges. They have wants which gold cannot supply. The buildings, the library, the cabinet, the faculty,—all that money can purchase, are not, of themselves, sufficient to guard a school against destruction. It was not for the want of money that the honored University of Nashville was compelled to suspend its operations. Its various buildings cost about \$70,000. It contains, about 11,000 volumes in its library. It possesses a cabinet among the richest in America. It owns property and money to the amount of \$200,000 and upwards. It may also be said with equal truth that poverty is not the cause of the present low estate of East Tennessee University, for her means are amply sufficient for all her wants.

Money then we say is not the only thing which is necessary to secure the permanency of American Colleges. Though they cannot exist *without* it, yet *with* it they may fail.

For a College to possess lasting worth its *course of instruction* must be of such a nature as to adopt it to this object. The single purpose of all schools is to furnish to young men such an education as will prepare them for future life; and if the course of study is not of such a character that it will secure this object, this fact may be the cause of the decay or death of the institution where it exists.

That a school may be permanent, its course of study must be *thorough*. The opinion has become prevalent, I believe, that a College cannot be popular unless it is superficial, and I doubt not that this erroneous opinion has been the cause of the downfall of many an institution of learning. It is true indeed that, especially in this country, no school can be permanent

unless it possesses the favor of the people. But that popularity which is purchased at the expense of thorough learning is valueless, for it will last only until its cause is known. The school which attempts to gain popularity, by lowering its literary character to what it is pleased to believe the level of the popular taste, will most certainly lose that for which it sought.—The favor of the people, without which nothing in this country can prosper, is conferred, not upon those who swerve from the right to please them, but upon those who honestly labor to do them good.

But it is not true that the popular taste demands a superficial course of instruction in our Colleges. On the contrary, I believe that their favor with the people is always proportionate to the completeness of their course of study. A course of instruction too superficial, I doubt not, has been one cause of the failure of many of our Western schools.—A young gentleman who graduates at College is expected to be an accomplished scholar; but when he goes out into the world, and is found to be only an *ignoramus*, with all his learning on his sheep skin, the people, very naturally, lose all respect for the *Alma Mater* who brought such a son into the world; and thus she misses that popularity, which she sought by lowering the standard of learning, in conformity to that popular taste, which she now finds, when it is too late, to be far higher than the depreciated standard which she had formed for herself.

Every College ought to adopt the principle, never to confer her honors on any one whose literary standing is not such as to render him worthy of her honors. It is the rule, I believe, with our schools to graduate every one who passes through what is set down in their Catalogues as their regular four years course. The custom has become so general, I believe, that Professors are beginning to consider themselves morally bound to sign the Diploma

of every young man who has been under their tuition for four years. The piece of parchment seems to be given as the payment of a debt, "for value received."—Such a rule as this, if carried much farther, will fill our land with graduated dunces, and cause the people to lose respect for the Colleges from which they emanated. The idea ought to be forever obliterated from the mind of every Teacher and Trustee of every school in the land, that any particular *time* of study, entitles the student to the honors of graduation. Not the *time of study*, but the *standard of scholarship*, should be the test. Graduation was designed to be a mark of honor to those who excel, not a debt to be paid to every drone who may spend four years of his life in College.

To secure the permanent success of a College, its course of instruction must possess, not only completeness, but a something besides, which I will call *adaptation*. It must be suited to the age, the country, the student.

Two centuries ago, a collegiate education was, and ought to have been a very different thing from what it now is, and ought to be, because the researches of modern science have laid open new fields of investigation, which in that age were unknown. So also in this country, the course of study ought to be different, in many respects, from that which would be proper in Germany or England, owing to the differences between the laws and the character of the people of America, and of the nations of Europe. And so again, in the same age and nation, there ought to be such a diversity in the course of instruction as to adapt itself to the various mental peculiarities of different students, and to the various professions which, in future life, they expect to engage in.

There are two things, however, which ought to form a prominent part in the course of instruction of every College, in every nation and every age. The one is

the *Mathematics*; and the other is the *Classics*. In the language of Dr. Whewell,—“No education can be considered as liberal which does not cultivate both the faculty of reason and the faculty of language, one of which is cultivated by the study of *Mathematics*, and the other, by the study of the *Classics*. To allow the student to omit one of these is to leave him half educated. If a person cannot receive such culture he remains, in the one case, irrational, and, in the other, illiterate.”

The great object of an education is twofold—first, that mind may be taught to *think*, and secondly, that it may learn to *communicate*; and the mind which can best accomplish these two things is best educated.

To effect the former, is the peculiar province of Mathematical study. It teaches the mind to fix its attention—to collect and concentrate its thoughts, to abstract itself from all intruding objects, and look directly at the point before it.—Men generally are skimmers over the surface of things. They know not how to *think*. They need something rigid. They require unerring demonstration and absolute truth. Now Mathematical discipline is the best thing in the world to supply this want of man's nature. The hard study and intense thought, which it affords to the mind, can hardly be gained from any other source. It makes men *thinkers*. It deals with pure truth, unmixed with error. It teaches to compare, to analyze, to sift, to find out truth, to see the relation of one truth to another, to compare and combine one with another, to rise from one to another, and, step by step, to ascend to the contemplation of the loftiest truths in the universe. This power of concentrated thought is the greatest power that God has given us, and no man can be educated without its cultivation. Mathematics ought, therefore, to take a high place in the course of study of all our Colleges.

The mind however, as I have said, was made, not only to think, but to *communicate thought*; and that it may be educated, there must be a cultivation of this scarcely less important science. To accomplish this, is the object of Classical study.

There is no denying of the fact, and the most casual reader can observe it, that there are vast differences between the writings, and especially the *oratory*, of ancient and of modern times. The exquisite taste and abbreviated force of their sentences, the varied and perfect excellences of their diction, the great and comprehensive powers of their language, the

sound and rolling melody of their periods, and, above all, the burning thoughts flowing forth, from the pent up fires within, in words so beautiful that we scarcely know which it is that we are admiring; the thoughts, or the words in which they are clothed—there is nothing like this in all the books of modern times. It may be true that their Antiquity has flung around them a deceitful lustre, and reveals them more glorious than they are. And, be it so! Who would love them less, or think them less worthy of his study, because the hand of time had wreathed around them the laurels of two thousand years?

The Artist, who wishes to learn the science of communicating thought by his pencil, goes to Rome or Florence that he may study the great models of his art, the master-pieces of the past, the paintings of Raphael or Angelo. So, let the scholar, who would learn the more mysterious science of communicating thought, by words, carefully study the great master-pieces of his art, as written on the pages of the *Classics*. Let him study their words, their phrases, their sentences,—so happily chosen, so imitatively faultless, such perfect pictures of thought. Let him study them until he feels their power, appreciates their beauty, and incorporates them into his soul. This will teach him how to communicate thought in words as it ought to be communicated—even as the painter learns to express it by his pencil. This will unlock to him treasures which he had never dreamed of. It will teach him the beauty of simplicity, the grandeur of proportion, and the force of brevity as he never learned them before. A thousand forms of beauty will continually pass before his mental vision; and their future recollection, like the memory of long forgotten music, will continually haunt the imagination and fill the soul with the most delightful thoughts.

But I have intimated that in oratory especially, the Classic far transcends the modern world. Milton can be compared with Homer, or Shakspeare with Euripides, or Gibbon with Thucydides, and not be dishonored by the comparison. But where is the man who can be placed along with Demosthenes. We have, I know, a large number of good orators; both in England and America, in the pulpit, at the bar and in the national halls: but, in vain do we look, in all their addresses—except perhaps in a very few paragraphs of a very few speeches,—for that strange power, so fascinating to the soul, which holds us in enchantment, while we read, in their original languages, the orations of Classic

orators. Such delicate colorings of thought,—so beautifully painted, and in words so expressive, that they lose half their charm by being translated; such condensation of language—so much compressed that it requires half a dozen words in English to give the meaning of one in the original; such order and congruity of expression; such mellow phrases of feeling flung over the page to soften the excessive brightness; such an entire absence of all superfluous ornament, of all extravagance of expression, of all straining after effect,—hardly will we find, even in the best specimens of modern eloquence a parallel to this.

If we would learn to communicate “thoughts that breathe” in “words that burn,” we must study the *Classics*. There Milton learned how to write the *Paradise Lost*. Thence Shakspeare imbibed the spirit and form of the Drama. There Gibbon caught the perfection of the historic style. Thither the greatest orators in the world have gone to learn their art.—The study of the master-pieces of antiquity is the great school, where the youth of every nation should resort, that they may learn the science of the expression of thought.

“Thence, to the famous Orators repair,
Those Ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded, at will, that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artasceses' throne.”

In every College then the course of study should contain the *Mathematics* and the *Classics*. These should be the unalterable studies, while other things should vary to suit the taste and future profession of students. It would be well, of course, for all to arrive at an accurate knowledge of every science which can possibly, come within the province of a collegiate education. But as “art is long and life is short,” this is impossible. All men, however, whatever their taste or character or future profession may be, should be thoroughly instructed in *Mathematics* and in the *Classics*; because all men ought to know, both how to think, and to communicate thought.

Such is the course of instruction which our Colleges should adopt if they would hope to be permanent. Rooted and grounded in the principles of Mathematical and Classical study, they should adapt themselves to the various wants of the people and the age. Such a course of study cannot but be permanent. It prepares the mind, in the best possible manner, for the duties of life and the service of God. Combining the discipline of the reason with the cultivation of the taste, it

invigorates and enriches the mind by a combination of studies to which nothing else can be compared and for which no substitute can be found. Such a course of study possesses, in itself, the elements of its own stability. Laying its foundations among the immutable laws of a rigid Mathematics, and rearing its walls to Heaven, beaming with the decorous splendors of Classic lore, its basis is too firm, and its walls too secure even to be swept away by the tide of time.

For the Classic Union.

FEMALE EDUCATION. NO. 2.

In a previous No. we alluded to the fact that very few ladies pursue their education far enough to acquire a genuine taste for intellectual pleasures, very few lay so broad and deep the foundations of knowledge, that a lofty superstructure can be erected thereon. We also endeavored to show that the mission of woman is one of so much importance, that the powers of her mind cannot remain uncultivated without incalculable loss and injury to society.

If this be true, it becomes us to enquire why there are so few thoroughly educated ladies among us? It is not because parents are unwilling to incur expense in the education of their daughters. Many of them are ready to make any sacrifice to procure for their daughters the very best advantages within their reach, and after all, a woman of well trained mind, and extensive knowledge, is a phenomenon of rare occurrence. Is it then because female pupils are wanting in capacity, and incapable of a high degree of mental culture? Or is it because their Teachers are wanting in fidelity and zeal? We answer neither. We believe that a large share of the blame for the present superficial character of female education rests with gentlemen.

It is not in the nature of the human mind to act without a motive, and though the necessity of thorough mental culture, in order to prepare females for the successful discharge of the responsible duties that will hereafter devolve upon them as Mothers and Mistresses of families, is the strongest argument in favor of a high standard of female education, yet these duties are too distant, and in respect to each individual they are too uncertain, to operate as a motive on the minds of young girls. Preparation for duties which seem to them distant and uncertain, cannot form a motive powerful enough to overcome the natural indolence of the human mind, and se-

cure that intense application to study which is necessary to the full development of its powers.

But the desire to appear well in society and especially to make an agreeable impression upon the other sex, is an ever present and powerful motive with the young. No exertion is spared, which is regarded as necessary for the accomplishment of this object. Let our social habits be so changed that the want of intelligence cannot exist without its being felt in society, and the standard of female education would soon be elevated. If gentlemen seemed to prefer to converse on literary topics, young ladies would be eager for knowledge that they might prepare themselves for such conversation. They would be unwilling to be ignorant of any thing which they expected to be called on to converse about in the circles in which they move.

But how do even our best educated gentlemen, now attempt to entertain young ladies? Mr. A. meets Miss B. at a party and enters into conversation with her. After the usual remarks about the weather &c., he begins to tell her how extremely well she looks to-night, how very becoming her dress is &c., and then taking it for granted that she is envious as well as vain, he begins to speak disparagingly of the appearance of Miss C. who he declares does not look as well as usual, she is getting decidedly ugly, and her figure never was graceful. Next comes up the flirtation of Mr. D. with Miss E. and that reminds Mr. A. of something in the last new novel, which he presumes Miss B. has read. Then follow a few trite remarks on the threadbare subject of love, and Mr. A. contrives to introduce Miss B. to some other gentleman, while he passes on to say the very same things to the next lady he meets. Now what reason have ladies who are treated in this manner to suppose that gentlemen regard them as rational beings, or that they would value rationality in them even if they believed them to possess it? The invariable inference is that gentlemen value nothing in ladies but external appearance, this leads young ladies to devote their whole time and attention to the subject of dress, and thus the priceless gem of intellect subserves no higher purpose than to adorn the perishable casket that contains it. It may be supposed by some that these usages of society do not affect the progress of young girls at school who have not yet entered society, and are therefore ignorant of them. This, however, is an entire mistake. Girls observe at a very early age what

those older than themselves regard as most important, and they learn to estimate the value of things accordingly. As they approach womanhood they see ladies making a figure in society, whose attainments they know to be very superficial, and hence their willingness to enter society before they are prepared for rational intercourse with cultivated minds. These influences affect girls through the whole of their course of study, and it is impossible for teachers to prevent it. Let gentlemen treat ladies as if they were rational and intelligent beings, and they will soon become so. Let them banish from conversation the idle gossip that now engrosses it, and substitute in its place subjects of real interest and importance, the events of past ages, the writings of the giant intellects of our own and former times, the wonderful developments of physical science, and questions of mental and ethical philosophy. Then will the demands of society form a strong motive for close application on the part of young ladies while pursuing their studies. They will no longer be satisfied with a partial or superficial course.

But at present gentlemen give the whole weight of their influence to render ladies mere butterflies, and then complain that they are so. They marry these butterflies, and when contact with the stern realities of life has rubbed off the gilding that adorned their wings, they are surprised to find that nothing attractive remains. They blame that weakness, they themselves have fostered, and are ready to find fault with the feebleness of purpose which is incapable of holding the reins of household government, with a firm and steady hand. And some even excuse themselves for neglecting their homes, and seeking society abroad, because they can find no intellectual companionship at their own fireside. The flippant nonsense that was so very agreeable, as an occasional amusement, in the young girl, is quite another thing in the Mother and Mistress of a family, and nothing is more tiresome than the volubility of one who is incapable of thought. But whose, we would ask, is the fault? If what we have said be true, and none who observes and reflects will deny it, then it will follow, that so long as the world is deprived of the refining and elevating influence of cultivated female intellect in all the relations of life, so long as society suffers from the incompetency of those to whom are entrusted its most precious interests, a large share of the responsibility must rest upon the Lords of Creation.

Mrs. E. M. E.

HELLENES, ROMANS AND ISRAELITES.

THEIR POSITION, SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS, IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

Translated for the *Christian Review*, from the Introduction to Trautmann's "Apostolic Church, or Pictures of the Christian Church in the Age of the Apostles."

There is in education, a progressive culture of the human race, dependent not merely on the lapse of ages, but on the appearance from time to time, of diverse forms of national spirit and genius. The relation of individual nations to one another is not accidental, like that of trees in a forest, or ears of corn in a field. As each people has its individual character, its peculiar gifts and capacities, so has it also its calling, its destiny, and its appointed time and hour wherein to fulfil this destiny, and to make its contribution to the progressive culture of the race. But there are certain nations appointed to take precedence of others, to stand as the pillars of history, to stamp upon the face of humanity clearly marked and lasting traits. Among these, the Hellenes, (Greeks,) the Romans, and the Israelites, have exerted the most important and enduring influence; and their character and relations must be clearly understood, that we may judge correctly of the foundation laid for the entrance of Christianity into the world.

With the name of the Hellenic race is recalled the noblest and most honored of the nations of antiquity. No other people has ever secured so enduring a renown; and for the reason that this was the fruit, not of conquest, not of the subjugation of other nations, but of long-continued activity in the field of spiritual culture. All liberal and polite culture of the present time, which truly deserves the name, is derived from this people; and indeed in all which pertains to criticism in art and science, Greece still sits as it were in the teacher's chair. Without the aid of the sword, she has attained to universal empire; an empire to whose peaceful yoke humanity, especially the races of the West, yields a willing homage; an empire whose influence has never been to degenerate, but always and everywhere to awaken and elevate. It was for this people, sprung from a very small beginning, though its declining light glimmered far into Asia as well as Europe, to give the first example, in contrast with the unwieldy vastness of Asia, of the superiority of mental power over the most gigantic developments of physical force. The relative situation and form of its native land is a type of its relative position in humanity,—the inherited or self-chosen residence of a people being, according to a universal law, ever the fitting frame to inclose the spiritual lineaments. A peninsula of south-eastern Europe, wedged between the approaching boundaries of Asia and Africa, in equal proximity to both, it thus indicates the calling, corresponding to the spirit of this people, of spiritual mediator between the East and

the West; through whom the occidental nations should come to know and share the science and experience of the Asiatic and Northern African races, and be educated into the highest refinement and spiritual maturity. In like manner does the infinitely various and diversified formation of its coast and surface, symbolize the rich variety, the versatile and elastic character of the Grecian mind. Finally, this finds expression in the physical structure of the Greek himself; which, in an admirably delicate and noble figure, and constitution, developed an extraordinary degree of strength and firmness for labor or conflict. In harmony with this, the spiritual nature of the Greek is in the highest degree delicate and noble; delicate in its singular excitability, pliancy, vivacity, gaiety and elasticity; noble in its endeavors; peculiar to this people above all others, to rise in its conceptions and aspirations, above the necessities of the day and of the sensual existence; and to overcome both by a purely intellectual energy. With this connects itself that curiosity which is the bud of awakening intellectual life, and that restless spirit of inquiry which cannot content itself with the mere outward appearance and use of sensual and visible things; but converts them into materials of thought, asks after their origin, essential nature and connection.—Hence the Hellenes have cultivated knowledge into science, and the inquiry and aspiration after wisdom is their peculiar possession.* To this is added that distinguishing gift of the Grecian nature, IDEALITY; that is, the capacity of conceiving the perfect form of whatever appears, or can be made the object of thought, and of representing it; or of bringing the idea into realization. From this springs enthusiasm for all that is great and noble, for the attainment and preservation of the highest possessions of the mind, be it fatherland and freedom, or the pursuit of knowledge; and hence that sense of beauty, so honored and cultivated by the Greeks as justly to be called their "worship of the beautiful."—And as science was the product of their rich and powerful intellectuality, so from their idealizing enthusiasm for the beautiful sprang Grecian art, of which the idea of beauty is the essence. By strict adherence to this single idea, Grecian art became free and independent, containing in itself its own end and reward; while in the case of other nations, e.g., the Hindus and Egyptians, with all their wonderful skill in the mechanical detail, and never became more than a handmaid in the house and service of another,—for the most part, of religion. If works of art among other nations excite our admiration by their colossal, monstrous, symbolical forms, it is through their relation to something apart from themselves,—as the Sphinx may in this view properly be called the representative of Egyptian art. In Hellenic art, on the contrary, it is the perfection of form, which in and for itself fills and satisfies the mind. But the Grecian mind achieves its highest triumph in the

combination of moral-intellectual aspirations with enthusiasm for the ideal; uniting the beautiful with the good; presenting each as an object satisfying in and for itself, as containing within itself its own end and reward;—the one in its essential nature, the other in its form; so that by the union of the two the satisfying essence receives the satisfying form, or outward manifestation, the good conferring worth upon the beautiful, the beautiful lending grace to the good.

From all that has been said, we perceive in the Hellenic mind a preponderance of intellectual power and culture, and hence an aspiring after spiritual mastery and independence; a striving, and a capacity for it also, to free itself from the bondage of material nature. While the Oriental, in sluggish indolence of unreflecting devotion; at all events, in unconditional recognition and reverence of the mysterious forces which are with him accounted sacred and divine, slumbers in unconscious harmony with nature, like an embryo in the womb, the Greek seeks, by the aid of his personal and moral consciousness, to penetrate to the essential idea. In him the human soul first comes to itself, becomes aware of an opposition between nature and spirit; the moral self-consciousness awakes as if from slumber to a feeling of individuality, and of a destiny higher than anything to be realized in the physical life. The moral becomes an object of consciousness,—is indeed, by the labor of the understanding, cultivated to an independent science, and ethics take rank with physics. But this lofty sentiment we soon find degenerating with the Greeks into self-conceit, manifested in an excessive overestimate of individuality, of subjectivity, in a certain haughty feeling of self-reliance. Hence the lack of reverence; hence that familiarity and levity in the contemplation and treatment of religious objects. Those mysterious, colossal, monstrous representations of divinities derived from Egypt and the East, change under the hands of the Hellenes into human forms, refined by art into ideals of human nature. The Isis veil is torn away; and rising from the wild chaos of matter, from the sea-foam, naked and distinct in plastic forms of beauty, the embodied divinities present themselves as Hellenic men, in all respects "like one of us," with every passion and impulse belonging to human nature.—Thus Olympus was but a reflection of Greece,—a gallery exhibiting every distinctive trait of Grecian character, only heightened into a nobler beauty by an idealizing fancy. The foreign origin is now scarcely to be traced; the subduing power of Grecian genius has transformed all into its own image. The great master, he who gave to this tendency its realization, was Homer, the prophet of the system of humanized divinity. From his age and that of Hesiod, the popular religion thus familiarized to the common mind, becomes the field of the poets, and the abyss of fables without limit. The priests, indignant at the profanation, strive to preserve the myths of tradition in a secret system of doctrine and a se-

*Die apostolische Kirche, oder Gemälde der christlichen Kirche zur Zeit der Apostel. Von I. B. Trautmann. Leipzig 1843.

*Comp. Acts xvii. 21; and 1 Cor. i. 22.

cret worship. To counteract the increasing levity of the religion of the poets and the populace, and to secure something wherewith to satisfy the still existing cravings of religious consciousness and feeling, they seek to deduce from the myths, for the most part of very doubtful and obscure contents, a weighty moral significance. This is the origin of the so-called Mysteries. On the other hand, those possessing a finer spiritual sense, to whom the frivolous and childish fables of the popular religion, the dark deceptive teachings and the in part obscene symbolism of the Mysteries, were equally distasteful, sought to win a new field by the exercise of the reasoning faculty. Philosophy awoke, in a peculiar sense the true offspring of the Grecian mind,—to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, to answer satisfactorily the questions respecting the existence and nature of God, of the world, of mankind, and their relations to each other. Having, in her search after the ground-ideas of all things, first applied herself to the contemplation of nature; and having in this wholly lost, in opposition to the visible plastic forms of the popular religion, all idea of personality in the divine nature, philosophy turned again to the contemplation of the human soul, its powers, its achievements, its destiny. Imagining herself to have found the Deity again in man, she views in him the supreme arbiter, and with an excessive exaltation of personality and subjectivity, makes the twilight of his knowledge the absolute moral standard. This tendency was carried to its utmost limit in the teachings of the Sophists; whose specious negative logic, directed against all the received ideas of religion and morals, undetermined the foundations of social and civil order, and brought Greece to the verge of ruin. Then, in the hour of great peril, the gracious providence of the God thus rejected and denied, awoke in the lap of the most frivolous, but at the same time the most intellectual and religious city of Greece, in Athens itself, the great prophet of Hellenic piety and morality, Socrates. With resistless logic he affirmed the positions denied by the Sophists, and demonstrated to an age, drunk with their intoxicating cup, the truth of our religious and moral consciousness of the being and providence of God, of good and evil, of rectitude and duty, of government and law, of man's accountability to a divine tribunal after death. Connecting virtue with reverence for the Supreme, he sought to call into life among his nation a religious morality based upon reason. Reared upon this soil, rising from this foundation on the wings of a splendid creative genius, Plato—the most accomplished of the Greeks, the flower and ornament of Athens, the culminating point of philosophic effort in the ante-Christian period—moulds the Socratic doctrines into scientific form, and becomes the prophet of religious philosophy. Deep feeling of poverty, weakness, and corruption of human nature, clear perception of the wants of his age, with a profound yet tender earnestness in the delineation of these wants,

high moral enthusiasm, the most earnest aspirations after the true and right, and here and there a half-conscious presage of help that may one day come,—these are the traits that meet us in his writings. In him the Hellenic spirit reached its highest point, and fulfilled its calling, as the educator of the race in all that is comprehended in a purely human culture. No long after him appears Alexander the Great, to whom was given the key wherewith to open the world for the entrance of Grecian language and culture. Following in the path thus opened by his sword, the Grecian mind achieved an intellectual conquest of the world, and established an enduring sovereignty.

But the vigor of the Hellenic spirit declined and grew weaker as the field of its activity extended. Then appeared another people destined for the government; as Greece had been for the culture, of the human race. These were the ROMANS.

Not proceeding from a common stock or a common country, but originating from a City,—itself not the offspring, but the mother of a nation, gathered out of every people under heaven,—appears this new race in history; which, as it was drawn together by a common necessity and the love of freedom, was held together chiefly from opposition without. Hence it was a strange mixture; uniting, in accordance with the significant legend of the origin of its first leaders, the low rapacity of the wolf with the strength and grandeur of the god of war. What was said of Ishmael may well be applied to this people: "His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren,"—*i. e.*, shall spread himself in their sight, and in spite of them. Its characteristic traits, distinguishing it from every other people, may be expressed in the words—Will and Law, Conquest and Dominion. Earnest and firm, hard and austere, powerful in will and deed, tending wholly to the practical, pursuing not the idea but the reality, aspiring after material possession and its maintenance and extension, it was by nature fitted for conquest—not indeed in the intellectual, but in the physical world. Gifted with the eagle eye of a wholly practical understanding, seeking only the practically useful and its application to the daily wants of the family and the State, it was devoted to civil order, which it systematized and administered with masterly skill, and was therefore equally adapted to government and dominion. With such a character, indicating a predominance of the choleric in temperament, the Roman stands before us, in comparison with the Greek, as the man beside the youth. With the one the ideal is the object of pursuit, with the other the actual; longing aspiration characterizes the one, satisfied possession is the calm, collected tone of the other. With the one, personal subjective freedom is the supreme good; with the other, general objective civil order. With the one, freedom degenerated into licentiousness; with the other, law into oppression. To this prac-

tical nature, devoted exclusively to earthly possession, and to the regulation of the domestic and civil relations, the arts and sciences could have no value in themselves, but only as they contributed to the support of the temporal existence and to the general order. Philosophy, as the science of ideas, had no worth to the Romans; the natural sciences, (astronomy, natural history, &c.,) only so far as they subverted physical enjoyment and well-being. State policy became its science; the administration of public affairs, the science of government. On this were concentrated all the efforts of the Roman mind; this was its crowning glory. Eloquence, and even religion, were but servants of the State. In Rome, more than anywhere else in ancient times, was religion a State institution; everything religious was national, religiosity was political, and State policy was religious. Even when the superstitious reverence for the old traditions and religious forms had given place to unbelief, the forms and ceremonies were still adhered to, because they had been once interwoven with the organization of political life, and of civil government. Law, and not religion, took the lead. No other people has watched over the interests of civil and social life with such earnest and jealous care; no other has with equal skill wrought the principles of government into systematic form; so that Roman law has remained the admiration and the model of all succeeding times, and the Roman people has become the representative of political law and civil order. Thus, with every faculty and energy of the national mind concentrated upon this one object, the Roman became qualified to go forth, in the one hand bearing the unerring lightning of war, in the other the thunderbolt of law, to subjugate the world; to become the ruler and guardian of the enfeebled nations, in whom the capacity for religion as well as for civil order was already nearly extinguished. This then was their calling,—to wrest the sceptre from the nervous grasp of the nations, and to bring them under guardianship and restraint of law. Their calling they have understood and fulfilled, but fulfilled it unjustly and oppressively; for iron was the yoke imposed on the necks of the conquered, and treacherous the policy that brought them under that yoke.

Thus, on the basis of Grecian culture rises Roman dominion; and both contribute to the education of the nations for a new order of things.

Apart and by itself stands the ISRAELITISH people; separated entirely by origin, character, and destiny from the Greeks and Romans, and mentioned here solely with reference to its RELIGION, in contrast with the whole mass of pagan systems of worship. A people of earlier origin than theirs, it is distinguished, and indeed unique, in the sobriety and connectedness of its continuous history down from its earliest progenitor. After a brief period of prosperity, scarcely more than half a century, it stands before us "without form or comeliness;" nay, for the most part, as a by-word, an offense, and a reproach,

"for an astonishment to the nations;" often "as dying and yet alive," "as chastened, yet not killed;" almost ever as the "filth of the world and the offscouring of all things." Of a powerful, rugged, and strongly sensuous nature, hard, stubborn, intractable, a people of stiff neck, without great intellectual activity or susceptibility, inapt to scientific, philosophic, or even political effort, it had by nature no qualification either for the education or the government of the race. Yet it commands admiration for an unequalled energy and elasticity of nature, by which it was fitted, not indeed for a rich variety of intellectual effort, but from a solid basis of positive truth to rise to the loftiest heights, as well as to fathom the profoundest depths.—Thoughtfully, earnest, at once vehement and tender, it was swayed in turn by the softest and the most violent emotions. It must be admitted, however, that this people stands among the other nations, almost without a formed character of its own.—In the very beginning of its youthful period, just as it was awakening to a consciousness of national life, it was taken under the special guardianship of God himself, and was made subject to a law, whose origin is proved to be foreign, and therefore divine, by its contrariety to the spirit and tendencies of the people. From this time its strictly original traits are lost from view, and its character is developed under, and in resistance to, the restraints of that divine law. But with this it now receives its calling, through its own inward relation to the law on the one side, and on the other, with the law in its hand and its lips: to the heathen nations. For this law was not like that of every other people,—the product and expression of the national spirit and will, and consequently not the spirit and will of a single individual, who, like Solon, Lycurgus, &c., must always accommodate himself to the spirit and will of the people; but it was a law miraculously given by God himself, as attested by satisfactory historical evidence. Its requisitions and restraints come into conflict with the natural character and tendencies of the people, and the result is slavish fear, rebellion, and apostasy. But as the law was given, on the one hand to reveal God's delight in holiness, and his will in reference to the character and actions of men, and on the other to give the knowledge of sin, i. e., of the whole natural character of man and his attitude towards God; it is, therefore, not in its outward form, which was a law for Israel and for a limited period, but in its essential nature, eternally true and binding on every age and every people. Israel stands therefore, in its relation to the Law, as the representative of the human race. For a time he sustains alone the conflict of the natural inclination and will of man, in essence a wayward and everywhere the same, with the law and will of God; endures chastisement as it were for all humanity, and thus fulfills one side of his appointed calling. But the history of the people, in this relation to the law, has two distinct periods. In the first of these, embracing what we may

call his youth and early manhood, and extending to the captivity in Babylon, it appears—now in the unbridled willfulness and pride of youth, now in that inclination for religions and customs of the heathen, indicative of the vague and restless desires of the yet immature man—for the most part in the attitude of resistance to the Divine Law; till at length in captivity, under the chastisement denounced against apostasy, it learned the truth and glory of its law and of its God.—Then follows the second period. Israel now, though not till after a hard-won victory over the severest of its temptations,—that of a union with heathenism in one universal religion,—under the conduct of the Maccabean princes achieved forever its separation from paganism. Thenceforward Israel holds fast to its law in opposition to the heathen. Now first, under the moulding hand and in strict observance of this law, the national character is developed in marked peculiarity,—a hard zealot-spirit, a mind directed wholly to the external, to works, signs, and forms, an insolent pride in the mere outward possession of the advantages which it enjoyed over other nations. That youthful period was succeeded by ripe manhood, with its satisfied enjoyment of the acquired or inherited possession. But even now, the national character, admirable though it may be, is far from attractive. Even its otherwise praiseworthy traits, its firmness, perseverance, and fidelity; were too nearly allied to that hardness and arrogance which marked its whole history; for in no people, as the men of God in the writings of the Old Testament fully testify, has the natural man offered stronger resistance to the work of God's Spirit and grace. Yet was Israel now first prepared, by strict observance of the law, and steadfast opposition to heathenism, as well as by its ever-increasing dispersion among the Gentiles, to fulfill the other side of its calling, viz: to testify to the reality and unity of the Godhead, to a pure Monotheism; to make known among the nations the law of God, and the promises affecting the whole human race; and thus to awaken the hope of a new and better state of things. Thus this people appears among the nations, according to the high destiny assigned it, as the Priest and Prophet of the human race. Testifying of God's truth and holiness under the pressure and service of the law; opposing to the shallow externality of idol-worship, the internal and spiritual which was the essential principle of its own religion; it preaches the glory of the Divine Law, and the education of the human race to righteousness.

And thus, through the richness and splendor of Grecian culture, and through the rigid externality of the Roman legal sway, is transfused the interior spiritual element of [Israel]ish doctrine and prophecy.

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear of old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

THE BLUES.

Reader, are you troubled with fits?—We don't mean ague fits, nor convulsion fits, nor any of those light-ills to which flesh is heir. But did you ever have "a fit of the blues?" If you never did, set yourself down as one of the lucky sort, and bless your stars for deliverance from an evil in comparison with which the measles are as nothing, and being most desperately wretched in love as mere pastime. We know there are some who affect to disbelieve the existence of the malady we have named, or at least any necessity for its existence; but there are others, and their name is Legion, who would sooner doubt the evidence of their own senses, since the conviction has been forced upon them by a terrible and painful experience.

It may be well briefly to sketch some of the symptoms and effects of the disease, and hint generally at some of the probable causes. One of the first symptoms is a terrible cram—in the pocket.—Some who never have experienced this have supposed themselves afflicted with the "blues," and have even gone so far as to offer to "sell themselves for a shilling;" but the result has always proved they were merely laboring under a mental hallucination. In most cases the cram to which we have already referred is immediately succeeded by the fit itself. The features assume a most dismally lugubrious appearance; spectres with bony fingers and poor-houses and straw pallets flit before the imagination, and on the approach of a creditor, the victim is seized with a tremendous weakness and shaking of the knees and the toe joints. It is delightful at this interesting period to be invited to spend a social evening with friends, or to be informed that you are out on coal and flour and such other necessities of life, or to receive your rent-bill, or tax-bill, or a subscription paper, with the intimation that an X is supposed to be about your share.

All the aches and ills of mortality are as nothing compared to this. Deem yourself fortunate if you break your leg, or your neck; but if you suffer from the "blues" the apothecary cannot help you. To fret will make your case no better.—Your only chance is to get rid of the cram, and for this the most effectual remedy, and indeed the only one, is a heap of "the dust" applied to the seat of the disease; but where to obtain the medicine, Heaven only knows. A poultice of "slim plates" has been known to do wonders and relieve a most terrible fit in a few seconds. The fact is, a victim of the blues is in a sad fix, and is a fit subject for the attention of the benevolent.—At any of our readers can give any information where the medicine above named, can be obtained, they will confer a favor by leaving word at this office.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

To discover how many idle men there are in a place, all that's necessary is to set two dogs a fighting.

REMEMBER ME.

What a thrill of sadness or perhaps of joy, rushes through our minds at the recollection of these words. They may have been the last words of a mother parting from an only son. He leaves the loved scenes of his childhood, and the tender associations connected with them, and launches his frail bark upon the ocean. For a time it bears him nobly on, but at last darkness thickens around him, his life is in danger, but he heeds it not; death is approaching, but he forgets not the last injunctions of a mother, which appear to him as a Star of Bethlehem to illuminate his bewildered pathway.

"Oh, my mother," he cries in the hour of peril, "I still remember thee." As he uttered these words the sea parted as a scroll, and as a scroll rolled together again, the victim sank beneath the waves to rise no more; no more to behold the glorious sun in his daily course, or with the gentle moon to hold his nightly converse.

These words may have been the last of a loved and loving sister, ere she bid adieu to those on earth, or of a tender and affectionate friend, when about to leave the cares and troubles of this world for a happier home prepared for all.

When but a child I well remember standing by the bedside of my dearest earthly friend, "My Mother." Mourning friends gathered around to witness the departure of one so dearly loved. It was at the hour of twilight; all nature seemed hushed into pensive quietness, the laborer wearied with the toils of the day, wended his way homeward; the birds sought their nests in the tall trees; the soft beams of the young moon, stealing through the window, fell on the pale and angelic countenance of "My Mother," wreathing her brow as with a crown of heavenly light. I clasped her hand—it was cold! A seraphic smile rested upon her features.—It seemed as though the pure spirit had freed itself from the mortal tenement of clay, but yet lingered near the objects it had so dearly loved, ere it plumed its wings for its heavenly flight. For a short time it tarried thus; then casting a smile on the enquiring friends, that no pen can portray, it whispered, "Remember me," and winged its way to a brighter world.

Years have passed since then; yet time with his wasting sythe, nor age with its many cares, can ever blot from my memory the saddest event of my whole life.—Sweet words! Me thinks I hear them even now, echoing in soft whispers through the room. Years may pass away, but I do not forget them. The thousand tinged leaves of the forest murmur them to the winds and the evening breeze sighs them gently in my ear. In the hour of meditation I listen with rapture to the reverberation of these soul-thrilling words. They are united by a golden chain of love to all the fond associations of my youthful days.—By memory's magic art the present is connected with the unforgetten past. I cannot forget all the dear companions of my childhood. Oft as I sit musing on the happiness of these blessed days, the ill-

very toned voice of the past glides through my lattice, and breathes in my ear, "Remember me," and as its echoes died away, the impression it has left of my memory grows brighter and brighter.

PROVIDENCE.—BY GEORGE HERBERT.

O sacred Providence, who, from end to end,
Solely and sweetly mostest! shall I write,
And not of thee through whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? Shall they not do the right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Only to man thou hast made known thy ways;
And put the pen alone into his hand,
And made him secretary of thy praise.

Beasts faint and sing; birds ditty to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To thy renown; but all their hands and throats
Are brought to man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high priest; he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent—
Such as springs, use that fall, and winds that blow.

Thou art in small things great; not small in any;
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall;
Thou art in all things one; in each thing many;
For thou art infinite in one, and all.

Tempests are calms to thee; they know thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow. Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, even where it swells and gathers.

The cupboard serves the world; the meat is set
Where all may reach; no beast but knows his feed.
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net;
The great prey on the less; they, on some weed.

Nothing engendered doth prevent his meat.
Flies have their table—prad ere they appear.
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others do sleep, and envy not their cheer.

How fine dost thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist chequered with night and day!
Which, as it lengthens, winds and winds us in;
As bows go on, but turning all the way.

Each creature hath a wisdom for his good;
The pigeons feed their tender off-pring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food,
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower; but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever; and as fit for use;
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

It is a mistake often made, that the common occupations of industry are vulgar, or that it is not quite lady like to work with the hands. The hand is a curious piece of mechanism: It was doubtless intended by its Maker for active and ingenious purposes. A man of no mean attainments has said that its structure might convince an infidel of the infinite wisdom of its Architect.

Look abroad, and see what the hand of man has done, on the earth, and in its depths, and upon the broad sea, where white winged navies ride. Had it stum-

bered in supineness, where would have been the prosperity of

"The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself."

Woman's hand too, in its own quiet way, has wrought something for the world's welfare. Why should you withdraw yours from contributing its part in any fitting form of industrious occupation? Of Miss Edgeworth, it was said by a familiar friend, that she could do skillfully with her hands everything that a woman ought to know how to do. This versatility of knowledge and aptness for useful employment are peculiarly appropriate to the simplicity that should prevail in a republic. Those are deceived in the character of a true lady, who suppose it comprises helplessness, or ignorance of whatever her sex ought to understand and perform. Believe me, inertness is not laudable nor indolence graceful. Were it necessary, I could fortify the assertion by numerous examples from history, as well as personal observation. And I will not do you the injustice of supposing it possible for any of you to belong to that class of cyphers in the scale of being, whom an ancient and homely epithet thus characterises.

"Then if their tombstones, when they die,
Ain't taught to flatter and to lie,
There's nothing more that can be said,
Than that they've ate up all their bread,
Drank up their drink, and gone to bed."

Woman's mission on earth is not one of sloth and selfishness. It is alike her duty, her policy, and her happiness, to abandon weak indulgence, empty display, and inglorious ease.

MRS. STODEN.

SPACE MEASURING.—Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man; the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway at the creation to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system. But we are getting into too large numbers again; we must have some swifter servant than a railway to measure space for us. Light will answer our purpose—for light travels from the sun to the earth in eight minutes. Eight minutes, then, counting by light, are equivalent to a hundred years at railway express speed? It would take about four hours to go from the sun to Neptune. Among the stars, we shall find that the nearest is three years off, counting by light.—Howe's Words.

Humility is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired accomplishments lose half their charms.

THE JEW AND HIS DYING DAUGHTER.

Traveling lately through the Western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested, by seeing a man enter, having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his countenance. He was well dressed, his countenance was noble, though it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheeks. After service the clergyman fixed his eyes steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare.—The good minister goes up to him; "Sir, am I correct, am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The substance of his narrative was as follows:

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe, and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child.—She was indeed worthy of a parent's love; she was surrounded by beauty as with a mantle; but her cultivated mind and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several languages, and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder, then that a doting father, whose head had now become sprinkled with gray, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, especially as he knew of no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

It was not long ago, that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was appertinent that the worm of disease was rooting in the core of her vitals. The father hung upon the bed of his daughter, with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her, but seldom spoke but by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy

heart he entered the door of the chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religion gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with her death cold hand: "My father do you love me?"—"My daughter, you know I love; that you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!"—"But, father, do you love me?"—"Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite, have I never given you any proofs of my love?"—"But, my dearest, do you love me?"—"The father could not answer; the child added, 'I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me. You have been the fondest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?'—"My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it."—"My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against JESUS of Nazareth!" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know, but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I have never before loved him.—I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him now my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him; and I pray you may know him; and when I am no more, you may bestow on him that love that was mine!"

The exertion here overcame the weakness of her body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full, even for tears.—He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, and I trust, to that Saviour, whom she loved and honored, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure him a New Testament. This he read; and, taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

Articles of provision were once called for to go down the Mississippi to a missionary station. A certain man subscribed two bushels of wheat. When the time came to carry it to the boat, he thought one bushel as much as he ought to give, and if all would give even that, it would amount to a great deal. He measured back one half, and left it on his barn floor. On his return, he found that his best cow had broken into the barn, and eaten most of what was left, and was dead in consequence.

"COME THIS WAY FATHER."

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State; some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly, we left them, and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from sea, entirely enshrouding us.—Without compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog, and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped into my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me!" and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in the fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me!"—When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery; still, as I stand by a little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence—"Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way
When lost on the sea,
Fog-enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear
O'er the billows' loud roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee!"

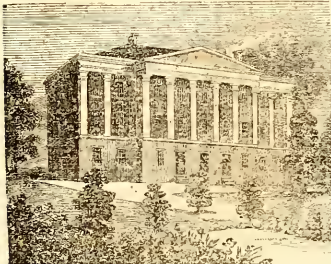
I remember that voice
Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
"Come this way, my father!—
Steer strait for me;
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest,
For the tones of my child,—
"I called you, dear father,
And knew you would hear.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,

AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY.
Editors and Proprietors.

NOVEMBER 1, 1851.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF DOING GOOD.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" is the language of Christ, and possesses all the force and authority of eternal truth, yet how few, it is to be feared, believe it. We do not say that any professed disciple of Christ disputes its truth, or that any one would refuse to assent to it, for to do otherwise would be open infidelity. But we doubt whether the proposition is received into the heart and made a principle of action by a majority of professed Christians. It evolves, however, an important principle in the divine economy, and affords an element of superior enjoyment. If it was universally received and acted upon it would soon relieve all the wants of suffering humanity as far as human power can do so, and in its reflex influence protect the giver, however prodigal his benevolence from want or injury. It was upon this principle, the first disciples acted when they sold their possessions, and distributed to every man according as he had need. And it is the principle that must animate and impel christian action before the light of truth will illumine the dark corners of our earth, and the Son of God return to reign in peace and triumph over a redeemed world.

It is also an element of superior enjoyment. It is maintained by some, and with truth no doubt, that he that gives liberally, through the blessings of a kind providence, has his possessions increased in a ratio greater than the diminution from giving, and thus "it is more blessed to give than to receive." But the enjoyment in this case does not arise directly from giving, but rather from receiving the product of giving. There is, we apprehend, a

more intimate connexion between giving and receiving than this, and that the pleasure is derived directly from the act of giving, without respect to any future return in increased wealth or worldly possessions, and is felt in as great a degree by him who never receives or expects to receive in this way, as by him who does. It likens man to his maker, and affords the same source of happiness from whence it is received by the Divine mind itself. To do good and communicate happiness to his creatures is the unceasing employment of God, and is, doubtless, to him a source of happiness in proportion to his stupendous plans and the number and magnitude of the blessings which he bestows. As man does good and communicates happiness to his fellows, he becomes like God, and opens to himself the same fountain of bliss from which Deity himself derives it.

We know we do not speak to the comprehension of the covetous man, when we talk of the pleasure of doing good; but the benevolent who is accustomed to do good from principle, and is conscious of having relieved the sufferings of his fellow creatures; who has dried the tear from the widow's weeping eyes, and poured gladness into the broken and disconsolate heart; who has led back the wanderer from the paths of vice and restored him to virtue and happiness, realizes the truth of the declaration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

This is perhaps the only case in which men prefer the less good, when the greater is within their reach. To receive, is admitted by implication to be a blessing, but to give, a greater; but most persons prefer the smaller blessing, and content themselves with receiving only. H.

"LOVEST THOU ME MORE THAN THESE?"

The obscurity of this passage lies in the difficulty of fixing with certainty the proper application of "these." The same obscurity which exists in our version is found in the original also, which determines nothing with certainty, what its true application is. It may be either in the masculine or neuter gender, if in the latter it refers to Peter's occupation and fishing utensils, and may be rendered, "lovest thou me more than these things?" that is, more than you love these things. To this interpretation may be objected the frigidity of the sense, and its want of congeniality with the spirit of the conversation between our Lord and Peter. Besides, there is no

evidence of any peculiar attachment of Peter to these things, by which a preference for Christ would show any great affection, for he might have loved Christ better than he did his fishing utensils, and yet have had no great love for him. If the masculine be used, then it refers to the other disciples, and may be rendered, "lovest thou me more than these (other) disciples do?" This version, or sense of the passage, seems to accord with all the circumstances of the case, and the most easy of explication, and therefore to be preferred.

Previous to the crucifixion of Christ, Peter, with characteristic forwardness, had strongly intimated his superior attachment to Christ, over his brethren, declaring that "though all men should be offended because of him he would never be offended, and that he would die with him rather than deny him." Notwithstanding these strong declarations of Peter that the other disciples might forsake him, or be offended because of him, rather than himself, the others stood firm, and Peter alone denied him when the time of trial came. If the passage before us, and its context, do not refer to these events; then there is no evidence that Christ ever referred to the subject of Peter's apostasy, or that any penitence for the deed was ever manifested except his weeping when Christ looked on him, at the time. It is not likely that our Lord would let such a defalcation pass without suitable expressions of penitence, especially as all the apostles were knowing of the event, and would, without suitable expressions of repentance, be suspicious of him as a co-worker as witnesses for the truth. If this was the design of our Lord, to remind Peter of his denial of him, what more natural than Christ should introduce the subject by a reference to his boasted attachment, and what better calculated to penetrate his heart and bring him to a sense of his own weakness and arrogance? The interrogative at once brought up to Peter's mind his error, and in reply could only repeat, "Lord, thou knowest I love thee." This was enough, Christ restored him to his ministry by directing him to "Feed my sheep." H.

IGNORANCE HANDED DOWN.—"What's that?" asked a pedagogue pointing to the letter X.—"It's daddy's name." "No you blockhead, it's X." "Taint X nisher, it's daddy's name for I seed him write it many a time."

⚡ A lazy fellow named Jack Hole, living near Covington, Ky., has adopted a way of spelling his name, which throws stenography clear into the shade. He makes a big "J," and then jobs his pen through the paper for the "Hole."

SABBATH-DESECRATION.

We have spoken in former numbers of the fearful weight of responsibility incurred by those who disregard the law of the Sabbath and place temptation to do the same in the way of others. We would, at this time, view the subject in another light. The motive in most cases which leads to the public desecration of the Sabbath, is the desire for gain. But we would inquire whether the love of gain is truly gratified by this course? We fully believe that Sunday profits are imaginary, not real. As long as God reigns, the Sovereign of the Universe, he will vindicate his laws and not suffer them to be trampled upon with impunity. It is easy for Him, without working any miracle, to accomplish it to cause disasters and losses which more than cancel all the gains obtained by Sabbath desecration. What means the highfal array of steamboat accidents that greets our eyes in almost every paper?—They are no doubt the effect of secondary causes but they are not the less the voice of God speaking to the nation to teach his will.—Enquire into the facts and you will ascertain that all of these steamboats on which accidents have occurred were in the habit of paying no regard to the Sabbath. The Griffith whose destruction caused a thrill of horror through the whole nation, and on board of which two hundred human beings met with death in its most terrific form, left Buffalo on Sunday morning and several passengers who were too conscientious to travel on that day waited for the Monday's boat and thus saved their lives.—Lake Champlain which forms a part of the great thoroughfare between Montreal and New York city, has been continually plowed by steamboats for nearly fifty years and but one steamboat accident has ever occurred there and in that accident not a single life was lost. The steamboats on that Lake, have been in the uniform habit of lying in port through the Sabbath. While the boatmen assemble to worship God in the chapels erected for their benefit. Those who see not the hand of God in facts like these, must be morally and spiritually blind. The physical laws which govern the universe are laws which God has enacted for his own glory and it would be absurd to suppose that he has not the power to guide and control these for the production of moral results. The moral interests of the universe are by far the highest, and the whole history of the world shows that God has ever made the physi-

cal subservient to the moral, and though sentence against an evil work is not always speedily executed yet there are numerous instances in which God vindicates the honor of his moral laws by the dispensations of his providence. He shows his displeasure against iniquity in so marked and decided a manner that none need mistake the lessons he designs to teach. To this view it may be objected that the innocent share in the punishment designed for the guilty. But may not the same objection be argued against many things which are known and established facts? Do not the innocent suffer with the guilty in all the penalties of violated law? Did not the wife and daughter of Dr. Webster suffer even more keenly the consequences of his crime than the criminal himself? As well might we say that Dr. Webster's execution was not designed for his punishment because the suffering was shared by those who were innocent of any crime.

Does not the brief history of our own railroad go to corroborate the position we have taken. It is well known that this road commenced its career by violating the Sabbath and thus far the providence of God seems not to have favored it. Accidents have become so frequent that many are not willing to trust themselves upon it, and hence an indirect loss to the company; and if to this, we add the expense of repairing damages, would it not quite swallow up all the profits that have arisen from Sunday trips? Oh when will men be wise! when will they learn that their true interest is consulted by conforming their lives strictly to the will of God?

E.

I WIL.—We like that strong robust expression. No one having uttered it in sincerity, was ever a mean crying man.—The pigmies of the world did not trouble him, although they rose in masses to pull him down. He speaks and the indomitable will prevails. His enemies fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your scientific or literary attainments? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will" breathing from your lips, and bursting from a great heart you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a toad-stool, and whose influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a groping, cringing wretch, who trembled at the approach of a spider and fainted beneath a thunder cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in right channels, you will yet startle the slumbering universe.

THE FIRST PART OF CHARITY CONSISTS IN PUTTING AWAY EVILS, AND THE SECOND PART IN DOING GOOD ACTIONS THAT ARE USEFUL TO OUR NEIGHBOR.—This tenet, that it is the first part of charity to do no evil to our neighbor, and the second, to do him good, occupies the first place in the doctrine of charity, for it is the door to it.—It is an acknowledged truth, that evil resides in the will of every man from his birth; and whereas all evil regards man both near itself and at a distance from itself, and also the society to which a man belongs and his country, it follows that hereditary evil is evil against our neighbor in every degree. The light of reason itself may discover, that so far as the evil inherent in the will is not removed, the good which a man does is impregnated with that evil; for in such case evil is within the good, like a nut in its husk, and like the marrow in a bone; of consequence, although the good done by such a person has the appearance of good, yet inwardly it is not so, being like a sound husk within which is a kernel eaten by worms, or like a fair almond that is rotten within, the corrupt veins of which spread even to the surface. To will evil and to do good, are in their nature opposite to each other, for evil is grounded in hatred towards our neighbor, and good in love towards him; or in other words, evil is our neighbor's enemy, and good his friend, which two cannot possibly exist together in one and the same mind; that is, evil in the internal man and good in the external; for in such case good in the external man would be like a wound superficially healed, but inwardly full of purid matter. Man, in such circumstances, is like a tree whose root is decayed through age, but which yet produces fruit that appears outwardly like fruit of a good flavor and fit for use, but inwardly is unsavory and useless; or he is like the scoria separated from metals, which, when polished and of beautiful color, are sold for precious stones: in short, they may be compared to the eggs of an owl, which men are induced to believe are the eggs of a dove. Let it be observed that the good which a man does in the body proceeds from his spirit, or from the internal man, for this is his spirit that lives after death, and of consequence, when man casts off his body, which constituted his external man, he is then wholly and entirely immersed in the evils of his life, and takes delight in them, while good is held in aversion, as being offensive to his life. That man cannot do good which is truly so, before evil is put away, the

Lord teaches in many places: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." (Matt. vii. 16, 17, 18.) "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean as so." (xxii. 25, 26.) And in Isaiah: "Wash you; put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; and then if your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow; if they be red like purple, they shall be as wool." (i. 16, 17, 18.)

* * * * *

It is believed at the present day that charity consists only in doing good, and that whilst a man is doing good he does no evil, consequently, that the first part of charity is to do good, and the second not to do evil; but the case is altogether the reverse, it being the first part of charity to put away evil, and the second to do good. For it is a universal law in the spiritual world, and thence too in the natural world, that so far as a person wills no evil, he wills what is good; consequently, so far as he turns himself away from hell, whence all evils ascend, he turns himself towards heaven, whence all good descends; and, therefore, so far as any one rejects the devil, he is accepted by the Lord. It is impossible for any person to stand between both, turning his neck about, and praying at the same time to one and to the other; for these are they of whom the Lord spake, when he said, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot; so then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." (Rev. iii. 15, 16.) How is it possible for an officer to stand wavering with his troops between two armies, and to take part with both? How is it possible for any one to be in evil against his neighbor, and at the same time in good towards him? In such a case, does not evil lurk within the good? And although in such its hidden state it may not appear in outward acts, yet it will show itself in many particulars, if they be duly attended to. The Lord says, "No man can serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and mammon." (Luke xvi. 13.)

No one, however, is able by his own power and his own strength to purify himself from evils, and yet such purification cannot be effected without the power and

strength of man as his own; for without this, no one would be able to fight against the flesh and its lusts, which nevertheless is required of all; nay, no one would even think of any such fight or warfare, and thus would abandon his mind to evils of every kind, being restrained from their actual perpetration by worldly laws and worldly punishments only; thus he would inwardly be like a tiger, a leopard, and a serpent, which never reflect on the cruelties they exercise in the gratification of their lusts and loves. It is plain then that man, being endowed with reason, and thereby exalted above the beasts, ought to resist evils by virtue of the power and strength given him of the Lord, which in every respect of feeling and of sense appear to him as his own; and this appearance is communicated to every man by the Lord, for the sake of regeneration, imputation, conjunction and salvation.

PHENOMENA OF FLAME.—The principal phenomenon of flame are well exhibited by a large gas-flame burning from a wide orifice. I presents a hollow cone, the base and light of which are confined to its exterior surface. A cross section of such a flame exhibits a ring of light enclosing, like a shell, a central unflamed core, out of which an invisible vapor may be drawn by a tube inserted into it, and again kindled at the extremity of the tube. A flame may be very hot without being proportionately luminous. The flame of hydrogen, for instance, is scarcely visible in daylight, but its heat may be shown by placing in it a wire of platinum, which immediately acquires a white heat, and emits an abundance of light. The light of all flames is of similar origin, and depends upon solid matter ignited and rendered glowing by the heat of the flame. Thus, if magnesia, or lime in fine powder, be projected into the flame of hydrogen, the brightness of the flame is immediately increased. All common flames, as those of coal gas, wax and tallow candles, &c., owe their brightness to minute particles of charcoal. When flames are cooled, they are at the same time extinguished. Hence a flame may, as it were, be cut in two by a piece of wire gauze held horizontally across it. In this case, the smoke, gas, or vapor and charcoal, go through, but being cooled by their passage through the gauze, they cannot inflame; yet by applying a flame to this smoke it may again be kindled.—Thus the upper portion of the flame may be burned, while the inflammation of the lower half is prevented by the interposed cooling medium.

THE CAUSE OF DISASTERS.

We scarcely ever take up a paper that does not contain some awful disasters produced by steam boats or steam cars. It really appears to us as *high time*, that the cause of these disasters should be considered in a different light from what they have hitherto been and a remedy applied to the same.

In almost every accident the cause is attributed to some unskillful conduct in the managers or to a deficiency in the strength or qualities of the material of which the engine is made. But it has long since been perceived, that accidents are just as frequent to the skillful as to the unskillful managers, and hence the cause of the misfortunes is unjustly attributed to their conduct. The builders or makers are oftentimes blamed for being unfaithful in the discharge of their duties, in the selecting of the materials, and the construction of the same. But it is unreasonable to suppose that they would put off an inferior job of work on their customers since it would evidently injure their reputation.

But cannot the cause of accidents be attributed to a different source? May it not be the infliction of a curse for a violation of the command "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." How awful must be the condition of those who not only sin themselves but offer an inducement for others to sin. In England those engaged in desecrating the Sabbath by means of railway cars are not only under a curse incurred by violating the command of God, but also their stock is ruinously low. Of the three hundred and fifty millions of dollars which have been invested in railroad stock, the average dividend is but three per cent. And more than this, a large number of fatal accidents have occurred of late. How long shall it be before our ears shall cease to be annoyed on the Sabbath, by the engines' delight of the wicked one? It is fashionable now *always* for constituting societies to produce a desired effect. Let us have a society all over the country to put an end to the desecration of the Sabbath.

J.

BACK NUMBERS.—We have a supply of the back numbers of the *Classic Union* on hand. New subscribers can be supplied with all the numbers.

Weep for love, but never for anger a cold rain never brings flowers.

THE COLLEGE COMMONS.

There are those who entertain nothing less than a *holy* reverence for the antique, and spurn every effort having a tendency to produce a change. When any alteration is proposed, it is heard from every quarter, that the spirit of innovation is breaking down the old *land-marks*, and forsaking the good old way our fathers trod. Really nothing appears more absurd to us than to defend anything upon the ground that it was practiced fifty, or an hundred years ago with apparent success.

In nothing is antiquity more earnestly claimed, than in the present course of college instruction and college commons. It is the latter of these of which we intend to speak in this article, bearing with it the uninterrupted existence of centuries, having gained the approbation of scores of instructors whose lives have been passed in the college precincts, and now defended from almost every quarter.—Doubtless it had its origin in some of the English Universities, where the nobility finding that the youth of the land needed some initiatory training to make them good and loyal subjects,—it being at that time customary for a number of the college officers to have the constant supervision of the students. Some of our New England Universities, constituted by graduates from Cambridge and Oxford, in the days of colonial oppression, where the same usages were instituted as those then prevalent in the English Universities.—From these institutions our American colleges have borrowed the custom of college commons, the disadvantages arising from which are various.

It appears to us, that the transition from the parental roof to that of this new manner of living is too great. It is expecting of youths that which could scarcely be expected of those of a riper age.—They have been accustomed whilst at home to parental supervision, to the advice and sympathy of friends and relations; and are thus thrown aloof upon the coldest charity the world ever saw.

Moreover, it is an established fact that the vicious are more earnestly engaged than the virtuous in gaining proselytes, and no one becomes more easily a dupe to their wickedness than the young man thus shut out from the influences of home, and suddenly removed from the restraints which arise from being under the inspection of parents and relations. The manners and habits thus acquired by the un-

interrupted association of young men thrown together for a long time, is by no means desirable, and anything else than that of society at large. Their ignorance of the world is astonishing, and if the recurrence of vacations did not produce a very wholesome influence, they would soon forget all the examples set before them in their childhood.

In addition to what has been said, a large majority of the colleges of the present day do not offer what they pretend, namely, parental supervision and instruction. The latter may be, but the former is rarely if ever afforded. It is expecting too much of the Professors.

What then is the proposed remedy for this evil? We answer: Do away with your commons, abandon them forever, and provide boarding for the students in private families. This will appear most like home, since it really is so. Here the heads of the families have the supervision of the students when out of the recitation room. Here but a few are assembled, and the inducements to waste time in frivolous conversation are not so many.—Here the vicious find fewer opportunities and fewer subjects for making proselytes. Here they are better nursed, and better attention given in cases of protracted sickness. Here they forget none of the precepts or good examples set before them at home. Here are better opportunities for taking exercise, a very important item in regard to health. Finally, it is here where the heads of the families can co-operate with the Faculty in instilling useful lessons of virtue and morality. J.

AN INCIDENT FROM HISTORY.—A poor country girl travelled from Gee Croes, near Manchester, to London, during the troubles in the time of Charles I., to ask a place as a servant. Failing in this object of her ambition, she engaged herself as, what was called “tub woman” to a brewer—that is she carried out the beer from the brew-house. Pleased with her healthy, handsome face, the brewer raised her to the position of his servant—then to that of his wife—finally to that of a widow, with a handsome dowry.—She engaged Mr. Hyde, then celebrated as a clever lawyer, to settle some puzzling money matters for her; and as his own money matters happened to be not only puzzling, but in a hopeless state just then, he proposed to the rich widow and married her. Mr. Hyde became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon. The only daughter of this marriage became wife of James II., and mother of the Princesses Mary and Anne; and so the poor “tub woman” ended her life as Countess of Clarendon, wife to the Lord Chancellor of England, and mother to one, and grandmother to two Queens of England.

Books were bound in oak boards until the fourteenth century.

CURE OF BLINDNESS AND DEAFNESS.

The public have been so frequently and sadly *humbugged* upon almost all subjects, until the announcement of any new discovery brings to our minds the host of quacks who from time to time have practised deception even upon the incredulous. But we see, it is stated, and coming from very high authority too, that Dr. Trumbull, a physician of London, announces a new discovery in medicine, which if the accounts be true, is one of the most important in this “age of wonder.” He states, that he can effect a perfect cure in most all cases of blindness and deafness.

His account is as follows: “Some years ago having observed that the eyes, of persons who had died of hydrocyanic or prussic acid, become dilated and unusually clear, just after death, it occurred to him that the acid must exert some specific action upon the eyes. He consequently made a number of experiments, and was delighted to find that his conjectures were not without truth. The sight of those who were near-sighted was immediately relieved by it, while the eyes of persons totally blind were gradually opened. The vapor of the acid, for the vapor alone was used, seemed to act both as a stimulant and sedative. By exciting the small blood vessels, the circulation was quickened, and the eye soon relieved itself of all morbid affections. Subsequent experiments showed that the practice might be varied to suit different maladies, by employing other but kindred agents, such as chloroacetic acid, sulphurated chazic acid, and chlorazet of iodine. They are simply put into a glass vial and the vapor applied to the eye, but as there are very destructive agents, the utmost care must be taken in the application.

We see it also stated that William Chambers, the editor of Chambers’ Journal has witnessed several operations in which the remedies had the desired effect, with the entire restoration of the patient’s health. The editor of the Literary Gazette gives the same testimony. The London Times says: “A number of scientific gentlemen assembled yesterday at the house of Dr. Trumbull, in Russell Square, to witness the results produced by a process recently discovered by the Doctor, and applied for the cure of deafness and blindness.

Between twenty and thirty patients attended, many of whom, it was stated by their parents, had been born deaf and dumb. They were submitted to various tests, by which it was proved that their deafness had been cured by the application of Dr. Trumbull’s remedies; and what appears more singular is, that whether the disease depended on paralysis of the auditory nerve, ruptures of the tympanum or obstruction of the internal passages, relief had been immediately obtained, or complete cure effected without delay, pain or inconvenience. Several patients who represented that they had been completely blind, said they could now see perfectly well.”

The accounts are certainly very singular, yet by no means unreasonable. If they be true, which we do not doubt, Dr. Trumbull deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance by those of the human family afflicted with blindness and deafness. The Dr. is now in this country and intends making some experiments at some of our public institutions in the presence of scientific gentlemen.

A MAN'S COUNTRY HIS NEIGHBOR.

The reason why a man's country is his neighbor more than a single society, is, because it consists of several societies, so that the love he bears towards it is of a more extensive and superior kind; moreover, to love one's country is to love the public welfare. Every man's country stands in the relationship of neighbor, by reason of its resemblance to a parent; for the country which gave him birth is ever giving him support also, and affording him security from injuries. Men are bound from a principle of love to do good to their country according to its wants, of which some are natural and some are spiritual: natural wants regard civil life and order, and spiritual wants regard spiritual life and order. That every man is bound to love his country, not as he loves himself, but in preference to himself, is a law inscribed on the human heart, whence the universal saying to which every upright man subscribes, that when in danger of destruction, whether from an enemy or from any other source, it is honorable for any one to die in his country's cause, and that it is glorious for a soldier to shed his blood in her defence; and these expressions are used to mark the very great love which should bind us to our country.

The Church is our neighbor, whom we are bound to love in a higher degree; and the kingdom of the Lord is our neighbor, and ought to be loved in the highest degree.—As man is born to eternal life, and is introduced into it by the church, therefore the church ought to be loved by him as his neighbor in a higher degree; for she teaches the means that lead to eternal life, and introduces him into it, leading him to it by the truths of doctrine, and introducing him into it by the goods of life. We do not mean by this that the priesthood is to be loved in a superior degree, and church subordinely, but that the good and truth of the church should be loved, and the priesthood on their account, since the priesthood is designed only to act as a servant to such good and truth, and should be respected in proportion to the service which it yields. There is also a further reason why the church is neighbor, and entitled to a superior degree of love, and consequently to be ranked above our country, and this is because man by his country is initiated into civil life, but by the church into spiritual life, which latter distinguishes man from a animal. Besides, civil life is but temporal, and has termination, and is then as if it had never existed; whereas spiritual life having no end, is eternal, and may therefore be said to have a real *esse* or being, but temporal life is a state of *non esse*, or non being; the difference is as between finite and infinite, between which there can be no comparison, for what is eternal is infinite in respect to time.

The reason why the kingdom of the Lord is our neighbor, that ought to be loved in the highest degree, is, because it includes the church dispersed throughout the whole earth, which is called the communion of saints, and also heaven;—who-

soever then loves the kingdom of the Lord, loves all those throughout the whole world who acknowledge the Lord, and live in faith towards him and in charity towards their neighbor; and he loves too all who are in heaven. They who love the kingdom of the Lord love the Lord above all things, and are thus influenced more than others by the love to God; for the church in heaven and throughout the earth is the Lord's body, the members thereof being in the Lord, and the Lord in them. Love therefore towards the kingdom of the Lord, is love towards our neighbor in all its fullness; for they who love the kingdom of the Lord not only love the Lord above all things, but also love their neighbor as themselves; for love towards the Lord is a universal love, and is consequently in all and everything that belongs to spiritual life, as well as in all and everything that belongs to natural life; for that love has its residence in man's supreme or highest principles, and the highest descend by influx into the lower, communicating life to them, just as the will enters into the whole of the intention, and thence descends into action; and as the understanding enters into the whole of the thought, and thence into the speech: wherefore the Lord says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 33.) That the kingdom of God and of the heavens, is the Lord's kingdom, is plain from this passage in Daniel: "And behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and there was given him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Daniel vii. 13, 14.)

THE POOR MAN.

What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is bathed in heaven's own light—
Whose knee alone to God must bow,
At morning and at night—
Whose arm is nerved by healthful toil—
Who sits beneath the tree,
Or treads upon the fruitful soil,
With spirits calm and free.

Go—let the proud his gems behold,
And view their sparkling ray,
No silver vase, or yellow gold,
Can banish care away,
He cannot know that thrilling dream,
Which smiles within the cot
Where sunny looks and faces gleam
To cheer the poor man's lot.

What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is wet with heaven's own dew—
Who breathes to God the heart-felt vow,
Whose pledge is deep and true.
The morning calls his active feet
To no enchanting dome;
But evening and the twilight sweet,
Shall light his pathway home.

And there is music to his ear,
In the glad voice of his child—
His wife, with hurried step, draws near,
With spirits undelid—
Then turn not from the humble heart,
Nor scorn his humble tone;
For deeper feelings there may start,
Than the proud have ever known.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY HOMES.

There are few persons, we presume, who will not readily admit that the family is the chief source of earthly happiness. The affectionate intercourse of parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, though not attended with the excitement and fervor of some other enjoyments, nevertheless yields a calm, refreshing, purifying happiness which nothing beside ever affords. Nothing in our earthly experience can afford the lasting satisfaction of the home affections; nothing so moulds and mellows the character and ripens all the estimable qualities of the heart.

But it never should be forgotten that this home happiness is a product of culture and diligent painstaking, and not a result of haphazard and spontaneous growth. If we would have happy homes, we must apply ourselves to the nurture of those affections, disposition and manners which produce peace, pleasure, contentment and delight. If we imagine that these things will spring up spontaneously, we shall be so much mistaken as if we expected a garden to yield fruits and flowers in which no seed had been planted and no soil mellowed.

If we would have happiness at home, we must consider those things which are inimical to it, such as quick, bad tempers, faultfinding and complaining dispositions, envious and suspicious hearts, and whatever breeds discord, disquietude and alienation, and all these faults and failings must be rooted out. Every member of the family must be ready and willing to make some sacrifice of ease, or of opinion, for the sake of the whole.

Of course, a family to be happy, must be in some degree an intelligent family, deriving its pleasures from useful reading, or enlightened converse, instead of being dependent for topics of thought upon the wretched scandal and small talk which form the staple of ignorant, ill-bred households, and which are ever engendering bad feelings between neighbors and friends.

The great secret of home happiness lies in the perfect readiness of all the members to discharge conscientiously and cheerfully the duties belonging to their several relations, without stopping to consider the inconvenience or the cost. It is a law of the moral world, prevailing every where, that those who live for self must be miserable, and those who devote themselves to the welfare and happiness of others must be themselves happy. Whenever each member is chiefly solicitous for the welfare of the rest, than a general joy pervades the whole group, and it is not in the power of man to render such a household miserable. In view of these suggestions, let every family circle to which this journal comes, make the effort faithfully and perseveringly to increase the happiness of home.

An editor out west in speaking of a contemporary, says that to see him swell, you would swear he had been wanned on woodcock; and yet the time has been when he could "bury a waxy taper without salt." We have got a sample of that kind of men in Albany.

OLD FASHIONED COURTSHIP.

Lord Bacon, in his history of Henry VII., says, "When the king was ancient, he had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent three Ambassadors, with curious and exquisite instructions for taking a survey of her person, &c." The following are some of his items in these instructions:—5. Item. Especially to make and note well the age and stature of the young Quene, and the features of her bodie. 6. Item. Specially to mark the favor of hir visage, whether she be paynted or not, and whether it be fitte or leene, sharp or rownde, and whether hir countenance be cheierful and amyle, frowning or malineolous, stadfast of light, or blushing in communication. 7. Item. To note the clearness of hir skynne. 8. Item. To note the colours of hir here. 9. Item. To note well her ies, browes, teethe, and lippes. 16. Item. To marke well the fascion of her nose, and the heithe and brede of hir forhedde. 11. Item. Specially to note hir complexion. 13. Item. To see hir hands bare, and to note the fascion of theyme; whether the palme of hir hand be thikke or thynne; and whether her hands be fatte or leene, longe or shorte. 14. Item. To note her fyngers, whether they be longe or shorte, smale or grate, brode or narrowe before. 17. Item. To marke whether there appere any here about her lippes or not. 18 Item. That they endeavor theym to speke with the said young quene fasting, and that she may telle unto theym some matter at lengthe, and to approche as nere to hir mouthe as they honestly maybe, to the extent that they may felle the condicion of hir brethe, whether it be swete or no, and to marke at every time when they spoke with hir, if they fele any savor of spices, rose waters, or muske, by the brethe of her mouthe or not. The answers of the ambassadors were equal to the emergency, as will appear by some extracts of their report:—to the 13th article. As to thys arteyle, we saw the hands of the said quyn bare at the sondry times, that we kyssed hir said hands whereby we persawed the said quyn to be right fair handye and accordeynge unto hir personage they be somewhat fully and softe and faire and clene skynned. To the 18th article: As to this arteyle we could never come unto the speiche of the said quyn fasteynge wherefore we cowde not mygght not attayne to knowliche of that part of this arteyle. To the 22nd article: The said quyn ys a good feder

and eets well hir meit twyes on a daye, and drynketh not often, and that she drynke the most commonly water, and some time that water ys boyled with synamon, and some time she drynke the ypo-cras, but not often."

LONGING.

From this valley low and dreary,
By the chilling mist-oppressed,
Could I but the way discover,
How supremely were I blessed!
There I see the sunny hillside
Ever green and ever gay;
Oh, if I were blessed with pinions,
To the hills I'd soar away!

Harmonies I hear resounding,
Soothing tones of heavenly calm;
And the gentle breezes tell me
Of the fragrance-breathing balm.
Golden fruit I see there glowing
Beck'ning mid the dark-green leaves;
And those flowers of their beauty
No stern winter e'er bereaves.

Ah, how happy, how delightful
In the eternal sunshine here!
And upon those lovely summits
Oh how fresh must be the air!
But I'm frittered by the river
Which between us madly raves;
And my soul is filled with horror
As I view its swelling waves.

On the stream a boat is rocking,
But alas! the pilot fails!
Enter boldly, without shrink or
Full of life thou'lt find its sails.
Thou must trust, and thou must venture,
Heaven will pledge no helping hand,
Nothing but a wonder takes thee
To the glorious wonder-land!

DEATH IS SILENT.

In this city, while men are brawling in the crowded streets, death is entering the secret chambers, and friends sit pallid by the couches of the breathless, or love is drinking in the sigh which bears the soul to heaven. Death is silent, those whose weary looks spoke to us in life, pass from our sight as the shadow from the dial, and the music of their words becomes sad and echoes in the distance of our memory. Death is silent. Living hatred thunders in the strife of war, but when the contest is over, death, grim and speechless, is monarch of the field. Death is silent. Tempest's shriek madly upon the ocean, and many are they who sink with this requiem into their fathomless grave; but from the depths of that sublime sepulchre no sound comes back to tell of those who perished. Death is silent to the air, but not always to the heart. Our brethren are still bound to us, and though dead, they have not ceased to be. There is much to be felt and learned where they rest.

Humility has instructions from the proud man's monument, and contentment a lesson from the vanity that overles his clay. There is peace in solitude where the stranger sleeps; there is mute eloquence in his unlettered grave; there is beauty in the poor man's epitaph inscribed honestly by affection; there is sublimity in the rude sepulchre of the peasant's tomb, when it is an effort to symbolize an immortal faith. And it is such faith which takes its rest on the power of death, and despair from the silence of the grave. That which belongs to earth must go to earth, and when earth claims and get back its atoms, God gathers up and calls home his spirit.—Rev. H. Giles.

DEW.

The participation or formation of dew, is occasioned by the atmosphere circulating over a substance colder than itself. The phenomenon is analogous to the formation of moisture upon a cup of cold water during summer, and is of course more abundant when the atmosphere is saturated with moisture, as before a thunder shower or after rainy weather, than any other times. For this reason, it is formed more copiously in the spring and autumn than in summer, when the atmosphere is dry. Calm and serene weather is also essential to the formation of dew. It may, indeed, fall during cloudy nights, but not when a wind prevails. From the nature of the dew it will be seen that, before it can be deposited upon a substance, that substance must become colder than the surrounding air. This is a fact, which, though only scientifically explained in modern times, was known by Herodotus, who says in his description of the Crocodile, that this animal passes the night in the waters of the Nile, on account of their being warmer than the nocturnal atmosphere and the dew. Cicero and Virgil also apply to dew the expression *gelidus*.—Such being the case, it will be seen that as substances differ in their power of losing their temperature they must differ in their attractions for dew. Accordingly it is found to be deposited more on vegetables than on dry sand, very little on bright metallic surfaces, and none at all on large bodies of water as the ocean. Swan's down and all other substances of a filamentous nature, part with their heat rapidly, and never imbibe much dew. Fine unwrought cotton and silk receive more dew than wool whose fibres are thicker and coarser. The mechanical condition of objects likewise affects the formation of dew, as shavings attract it more than solid wood.

The upper parts of blades of grass receive it, by radiating their temperature into the regions of empty space, while the lower portions, from the smallness of their conducting power, transmit very little of the earh's heat to restore their temperature thus given out; consequently, they become colder than the surrounding air, and, affording a surface for the condensation of the atmosphere vapor, become moist with dew.

BREVITY.—The Independent says that one of the most estimable and successful ministers in Western New York is distinguished among other good qualities, for brevity in his pulpit services, whether prayer, sermons, or addresses; and being complimented on one occasion for his habits, he answered—"I suppose I have done many foolish things; but I never did a long thing."

DREAMS.—To dream of a closed fist, indicates that you are about to ask a favor from an universal philanthropist. To see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding—because where you find apples, you may reasonably expect to find pears. To dream of soap, indicates a row with your husband, in which you may expect to get lathered.

THE PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

We take the following article from the Providence Journal. Such discourses are good signs in secular papers:

"No one who loves his country can remain indifferent to the progress of luxury, which corrupts the morals and enervates the manhood of a people which engenders habits of idleness and frivolity, and turns even industry into unprofitable channels. The progress of luxury has been the cause of national decay in more than one proud empire, and it is not safe for any people to think themselves beyond its influence. Its entrance should be guarded against with care, and its progress should be watched with the most anxious vigilance. Especially should those whose fortunes place them above the necessity of close economy, set the example of simplicity in their style of life, and manifest their profusion in benefactions to public objects. Not that we would have the rich deprive themselves of any of the rational enjoyments which wealth can purchase; but we would have them avoid that useless and hateful ostentation in dress, in equipage, in entertainments, which confers no benefit on those who can afford it, and which finds so many imitators in those who cannot.

The introduction of luxurious habits, by increasing the expense of house keeping, discourages marriage, and thus leads to a long train of immoralities of the most serious character. It breeds envy and discontent, and destroys that union of all classes which especially essential to the support of republican institutions. It makes wealth supercilious, and poverty hostile to the securities of property. It is an unmixt evil, and it is the duty of those who shape the public policy, of those who direct the public morals, and of those who influence public sentiment, to discourage every departure from the simple manners of our fathers.

If any think that these remarks are applicable to this latitude, we ask them to mark the change which has taken place in our community—not greater perhaps than in the community around us—within a few years. All the increased comfort, may well be a matter of congratulation; the countless inventions for the convenience of dwellings, for the more healthful use of food, for the lessened abuse of medicine, all those contrivances which place within the reach of men of moderate means the enjoyments which were formerly confined to the rich, are sources of just congratulation; but all that is devoted to ostentation, to showy furniture, and gaudy equipage, to display of plate, and to splendor in entertainments, is a matter of serious regret. It is a low order of enjoyment. It perverts and exhausts the tastes which would otherwise expend themselves in works of art, in books, in music, and in things which have a harmonizing influence. After all, those who indulge in this ostentation on the comparatively moderate scale, on which alone it is possible for most men, even those who are esteemed rich, must re-

member with constant mortification, that they cannot approach the few who, in larger communities, and with greater means of folly, lead the fashion in matters of this kind.

That display which has nothing but its expense to recommend it, will be constantly overtopped by new comers, bringing fresh accumulations to waste upon the altars of fashion. The utmost limit of fashionable extravagance in a provincial town is not equal to the common display of folly in New York, does not approach the disabille of Goodwood, and Blenheim, and Chatsworth. And even these are put to shame by the countless refinements, the lavish display, and the barbaric magnificence of the Eastern nobles.

How foolish then, for the greatest fortunes to atempt any such rivalry here.—A republican people should be distinguished by their elegant simplicity; by their appreciation of the true value of wealth, and by their knowledge of the true mode of life.

THE DOWNWARD LADDER.

Those who abandon the Orthodox faith usually commence by what is called Arianism. The Son or God is, in this view, higher than all other created beings, and only inferior to the uncreated Deity. But this doctrine affords no firm resting place. It does not escape from the mystery of two natures in the person of Christ, unless it be affirmed that his appearance and conduct as a man were a deception. It does not harmonize with his assumption of the incommunicable attributes of Deity, such as creating all things judging all things, forgiving sins, and performing all marvellous works in his own name. These difficulties are commonly found to be insurmountable, and the Arian must take step the second, which leads him into Socinianism.

But the Socinian ground is still less satisfactory. If Christ be a mere man, then his affirmations concerning his previous existence, and the whole tenor of his teaching and conduct, which was eminently calculated to leave and actually did leave the impression that he was a Divine being, were imposture; and the whole Sacred Record must be abandoned to the fate of the mythological books of Greece, Rome or India.

This is step number three, or Deism; to which every logical Arian must descend, unless he retrace his steps to pure Christianity. But does Deism afford any more stable resting place? Assuredly not. It presents the spectacle of a race of rational beings, created by an all-wise and beneficent God, but left by him without any revelation of his will, or direction to guide their steps. They must stumble about in the dark, without any rule or standard of right or wrong, good or evil! This most monstrous supposition, which is by some called the perfection of reason, must by any sound reasoner, be considered its very antipodes; as indeed it is a striking fact that the more obtrusive the claim the various systems of error lay to rationality, the more irrational and absurd are the conclusions legitimate-

ly deduced from their premises. The Deist, then, cannot logically rest in Deism. If there be a wise and good Creator, he must be supposed, in accordance with these attributes, to have furnished his intelligent creatures with a revelation for their guidance, as he has furnished instincts for their physical nature, and for the government of the lower animals. And if he has furnished his revelation, where is it, if not in the Bible?

Having descended to Deism, the Arian must, therefore, either turn back to where he commenced or go forward to step number four, which is Atheism, and make it out that all the adaptations in nature and providence are the results of mere chance. We need not add that this logical conclusion of the downward road affords less footing to stand upon, if that be possible, than any of the previous rungs of the ladder, and that even a child might see through its absurdity. But we do not think any clear reasoner can avoid such a miserable termination, if he once step off the platform of receiving the testimony of the Scripture concerning Christ, in its natural and obvious sense, viz: that he is God and man in two natures and one person, that this mysterious person died a vicarious sacrifice for our sins, and that if we exercise faith on this sacrifice, we are saved, not by his example or by his teaching, however incalculably important these are, but by his blood.—*Montreal Witness.*

THE MOTHER.—The influence of a mother is never lost upon the hard heart of a man. We may be entangled in the cares of life, ambition may whisper us onward, avarice may urge us to add dollar to dollar, poetry may picture the passion of lovely woman to our hearts, but the image of our mother—it is with us ever, in joy, in hope and in despair. God bless the name of a mother! She may be dead and buried, her personal appearance may be forgotten, but her spirit is with us.—With us in sin, yes, when the wine-cup invites or the mercenary beauty proffers her polluted lip, then, aye, then the holy smile of a mother, our mother dead and in the grave, yet forever more living in Heaven invites us back to virtue.

Men of many ideas are apt to want common sense and make many blunders in life, not, indeed, because they have many ideas, but because they are not always able or willing to keep them in proper array, order or discipline. A mind of high imaginative cast and stored with sentiments without care and prudence to marshal, direct and regulate them, is like a large undisciplined army without officers to conduct it.

A CLERICAL BLUNDER.—A clergyman in Newburyport, having had a notice for a lecture handed him, which was cut from a new paper, unfortunately read the wrong side of the paper—nor did he discover his mistake till he had gone through an entire advertisement of a clothing store in that town. It all happened well, however as the person advertising was a member of the society, and consequently brought in his business affairs more directly to the notice of the brothers and sisters.

OBITUARY.

REV. BENJAMIN F. FARNSWORTH.

Died near Lexington, Kentucky, on Wednesday, June the 4th, REV. BENJAMIN F. FARNSWORTH, the first President of Union University, Tennessee.

Brother Farnsworth was a graduate of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. Expecting to enter the ministry of the Gospel, he spent some time in the family of Rev. Edward Payson, of Portsmouth, Maine. During this period, his attention was specially called to the subject of baptism, and he became convinced that believers in Christ are the only proper subjects of the ordinance, and that immersion only is baptism. In accordance with these convictions, he presented himself to the Baptist Church in Portland, and having related his religious experience, he was received as a candidate for the sacred rite. He was baptised in the year 1816, by Rev. William Collier.

Subsequently, brother Farnsworth received ordination in Edenton, North Carolina, and became, I think, pastor of the Baptist Church there. His continuance at the South was short. He removed to New England—and without relinquishing the ministry, he occupied himself principally in teaching the young; for which business he seems to have had a special aptitude. His life was henceforth mainly devoted to this service.

There was however a brief suspension of these labors, and he was occupied for a time in editing the "Christian Watchman." Retiring from this service, he became the Principal of a Seminary in New Hampton, New Hampshire. The plan of the Institution was enlarged. Arrangements were made for instructions in Theology. There was an increase of teachers—the school became more fully identified with the Baptist denomination in the States. The New Hampton Literary and Theological Institution prospered. God's blessing seemed evidently to rest upon it. Some of its pupils gave themselves there to the Lord; others, who resorted to the school, having the Gospel ministry in view, or having already entered upon the work, were encouraged and helped onward in their course, some of whom have been called to important stations in the Church of Christ.

I am not able to state the number of years brother Farnsworth continued in New Hampton, nor for how long a period he was occupied as Principal of the Arcade Ladies' Institute in Providence, R. I. In 1836, he came to the West, having been appointed President of Georgetown College, Kentucky.

His connection with the College proved far otherwise than pleasant to him, and was soon dissolved. He repaired to Louisville, and was occupied there for some time in educational efforts. In 1840, he visited Tennessee, and became associated with brother Howell and others in the enterprise of founding the Union University.

His long acquaintance with institutions of learning and with various points pertaining to their establishment, progress and course, the government requisite to be maintained, and the order of studies to be pursued, prepared him to render valuable service in this undertaking. He was appointed President of the University. He entered with ardor upon the work before

him. A plan in conformity to his views was procured for the University Edifice, for the erection of which, funds to a very handsome amount were obtained. He drew up the form of the University Charter. By his agency, brother Eaton and Smith were procured to be Professors in this new Institution, and the preparatory department commenced.

But the health of our brother failed; and the divine will seemed to be, that this great work should pass into other hands. How far his influence and exertions contributed to give impulse and a right direction to this undertaking, we may not be able to say—nor is it important. If a good design succeeds, it matters little to know the precise share which one individual or another has had in effecting the result. It is God that gives success. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." To him we ascribe the elevation which the College has already attained. To him we look for its continued prosperity and increased usefulness. Let us not be high-minded, but fear.

[One feature in this cherished Institution commands it especially to the prayers and the co-operation of good men; to wit, the provision made for the gratuitous instructing of young men, called of God to the work of the Gospel ministry. Already quite a number of young men of talents and piety have availed themselves of this provision; and the churches are even now beginning to reap the fruits. This feature of the Institution originated, I think, with brother Farnsworth.]

On leaving Murfreesboro', our brother spent some few years in Memphis; still occupied, amid increasing infirmities, in educational plans and efforts. In 1846 he retired to the vicinity of Lexington, Kentucky; and here, where dwell his only daughter, his son-in-law, P. H. Thomson, and their children, he continued experiencing the assiduous attentions of his faithful wife, through the months of disease, both physical and mental, which were appointed to him. At length the hour of his release arrived. His sufferings, writes his son Thomas, "had been so poignant and excruciating, especially during the last few months of his life, that it could not but be a relief to us all, that the change should be made for him from earth to heaven. 'I am going home,' he said, a short time before his death, 'my home is in heaven.'"

His funeral sermon was preached by President Reynolds, of Georgetown College. Rev. 2:10: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." T. B. R.

We see the following "going the rounds," among our exchanges, the author of which should be known:—"Every man can be really great if he will only trust his own instinct, think his own thoughts, and say his own say. The most stupid fellow, if he would but reveal with child-like honesty how he feels and how he thinks, when the stars wink at him, when he sees the ocean for the first time, when music comes over the waters, as when he and his beloved look into each others eyes,—would he but reveal this, the world would hail him as a genius in his way, and would prefer his story to all the epics that have been written from Homer to Scott."

PROCRASTINATING.—BY CHAS. MACRAE.

If fortune with a smiling face
Strews roses on your way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of conflagration,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listed and forgive,
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harnessed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debtor fall on his knee,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If love, estranged, should once again
Her genial smiles display,
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if she would indulge regret,
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,
When shall we weep, if weep we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them
To-day, my love, to-day,
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

MARRIED.—On the evening of the 28th ult., by the Rev Wm. Eagleton, Mr. JOHN M. DOWLING, to Miss MARY W. SMITH—all of this city.

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

D. W. TAYLOR,
Book and Job Printer,
South-west Corner Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

WILSON T. JONES. JAMES M. PEAK.
JONES & PEAK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Flour,
SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
Jal-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

TERMS:
The CLASSIC UNION will be published on the first and fifteenth of each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address M. HILLSMAN, post paid.
Printed by D. W. TAYLOR, at the office of the *Rutherford Telegraph*, South-west Corner of the Square.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

NO. 5.

THE MEANS OF PERMANENCY IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PROF. SHELTON.

I have mentioned an adequate pecuniary basis, and a proper course of study, being necessary to the stability of American Colleges. I now say that, though no school can be permanent without these two things, yet they *alone* are not sufficient. *One* thing, besides, is needed; and that one thing is the conservative influence of *Religion*. There is so close an analogy between the training of the intellect, and the moral faculties of man's nature, that Colleges are almost necessarily, seats of Religion, as well as of Science. They always have been religious institutions. Various attempts have been made in our country to separate them from the influence of Christianity and, in every instance, they have failed.

It is well known that Thomas Jefferson, the founder of Virginia University, was somewhat skeptical in his religious opinions. In the first projection of that school, the influence of religion and religious men was carefully excluded. But the experience of a few years convinced its founder that, without the conservative power of Christianity, it could not live. Throwing few restraints around its students, they became immoral, and the number rapidly diminished. A new principle was therefore adopted by its governors. Religious men were placed in the professorships, who diffused a Christian influence around them, and introduced a new principle into its constitution. From that time it seems to have been based on a firm foundation, and has continued to widen its influence and expand its power.

Some fifteen years ago, or upwards, the attempt was made by the world-renowned Gerard to erect, in the city of Philadelphia, a college in which there should be no Religion. Millions of dollars were placed in the hands of the agents who

were appointed to carry out the plan.—They erected such a building as the American continent never before had seen. They chose professors, such as they could find throughout the nation,—men of no religion. They called together students from all parts of the country, and commenced. But what is Gerard College now? "It is weighed in the balance and found wanting." The proud edifice is there, propped up by a hundred pillars; and, as it stands conspicuous from the fair city of Philadelphia, the admiration of every beholder, it seems firm enough to defy the shocks of time. But the college is *not*. It gave not God the glory, and God destroyed it. He permitted only the magnificent edifice to remain, as a monument of the folly of those who forget this truth,—That no College can live without Religion.

That a college which has no religion should die, is one of the laws of nature. However rich in wealth, however rich in worldly knowledge, if it have not the knowledge of God, it must perish. The reason of this is so obvious that it scarcely needs to be stated. Young men, without the restraints of religion, cannot be governed. No laws, however good; no discipline, unless sanctioned and sustained by the influence of Christianity, can keep them in the path of duty. An institution whose professors do not respect religion, and whose students are taught to keep the thoughts of God from their minds, must necessarily be a corrupt and corrupting body. Its students are under no restraints; the public sentiment of the mass bears even those who be virtuous, along with the current. As a natural consequence, their studies are neglected, the standard of learning is depreciated, the honor of the institution is lost, and that which was designed to be a school for training men to benefit the world, and do honor to their race, has become a nursery of vice, receiving, from the bosom of parents, their

sons, whom a thousand anxious prayers have followed, only that they may be initiated into the knowledge of evil, and sent out into the world to curse and destroy mankind. Of how many a once promising seat of learning has this been the sad catastrophe! Near these rocks have wrecked,—how many a school that once bade fair for a career of glory!

The stability of colleges is proportionate to the *religious* element within them. Princeton, and Yale, and Brown, have always been prosperous, because such men as Wayland, and Dwight, and Edwards, and Alexander, have been connected with them,—men of God, who diffused around them the saving influence of religion. A college which has christian teachers, and a large number of christian students, possesses a public sentiment in favor of piety, which is shared by those who are not religious, and restrains, in the path of virtue, even those who would be vicious if placed in other circumstances. The school thus becomes a nursery of virtue as well as learning; and its graduates, thoroughly equipped for the battle of life, go out into the world, carrying with them, and reflecting upon others, the light of science and religion, which was gathered in the college.

It is a well known fact that those schools which are under the control of some religious Denomination are generally more prosperous than other institutions. And herein may be found the cause of this fact;—that there is generally a stronger Christian influence within them than in those schools which are responsible only to the State or to society at large. Their professors are almost universally religious men, and a large number of students for the ministry usually attend them. There is thus created a public sentiment in favor of religion that gives a refinement and beauty and symmetry to the character of the College, which under different circumstances it could not possess.

There has been, however, one very serious obstacle in the way of the advancement of Colleges under the control of religious bodies, which has prevented their being as successful as they otherwise might have been. It is their *sectarianism*. It is that spirit which would bring religion down from her lofty sphere in the heavens, and confine her in the nutshell of a party's creed. This kind of religion may do for other places, but not for the College. It should be as large and free as the universe, and as broad as the pages of eternal truth, unshackled by the fetters of any party. Her glorious form, like the form of an angel, should be left to remain as she was when she came down from heaven, none of her beauties marred by the touch of man, none of the symmetry of her stature distorted by his hand. Such is the religion for our Colleges. A sectarian school, a school that teaches sectarian Greek and Latin and Mathematics, a school that has a Creed and Confession of Faith, which all its members must subscribe to:—saye us from such a school as this! Give us, rather, in its stead, a *Christian* school, a school that has no creed to trammel its powers, a school, based upon the broad platform of the eternal truth of God, and rearing its majestic walls to heaven to attract the admiration of the world. A College should subscribe to the creed of no man or set of men on earth. Disclaiming the epithet *sectarian*, it should vow allegiance to the dogmas of no human sect.

Religion ought to know no party on earth. She is dishonored by such connexion. She breathes the atmosphere of heaven. Celestial glory beams around her brow. Let her ever remain what God has made her. Let her walk through our Colleges, dwell in their midst, scatter the light of heaven through their inmates; and, palsied be the arm that would rise to tarnish her glory, or mar her beauty, or distort her symmetry, by endeavoring to confine her in the iron cage of any human creed. Happy! thrice happy, my country!—blessed, beyond all that hope could dream of, would be her destiny, were all her Colleges thus pervaded by the spirit of Religion.

I have thus mentioned the three things which are the elements of stability in American Colleges. Without them a College cannot be successful, and with them a College cannot fail.

I am aware that the overthrow of schools in our country has been assigned to other causes,—such as the fickleness

of the public mind, its fondness for novelty, and the multiplication of other schools around those which have failed. I have no hesitancy in saying that no College ever failed from these causes. Our people are not so fickle and fond of novelty that they will not patronize that which is worthy of their patronage. They have never been known to forsake excellence wherever it may have been found. Colleges, so long as they have been useful, have received their liberal support. But when they have either deteriorated the standard of learning, or become schools of vice, instead of being the nurseries of religion, they have always been forsaken by the people. It is true our citizens may, for a time, be led away by the chicanery of demagogues, and be induced to leave that which is good, for the more unworthy; but, in the end, they always return to the permanent patronage of the useful and the good. The firm and unbiassed sentiment of the mass of the people is almost always right.

Nor can the rise of other Colleges be assigned as the reason of the downfall of one. If the one is entirely worthy of public confidence the others will not exist.—Colleges, like every thing else, are made to satisfy the wants of the people; and the supply, as in other things, is proportionate to the demand. If the one College satisfies that demand there will be no need of the others, and hence they will never exist. The multiplication of schools, therefore, around another seat of learning, instead of being the reason of its downfall, is only the proof that it is not what it ought to be.

The cause of the failure of Colleges is always found in *themselves*, and neither in the fickleness of the people, nor in the rise of other schools; and, when traced back to its source, it will be found to spring either from a want of *money*, a want of a *suitable course of study*, or a want of *religious influence*.

The question then arises, by what means can these three things be secured?

To gain a permanent *religious influence* in a College, its Trustees must appoint religious men to be its teachers,—men in whose daily walk can be seen a living illustration of every Christian virtue.—These Professors must guard the religious interest of the school with the most watchful assiduity. They must strive to create and to maintain a public sentiment in favor of religion. While directing the minds of students to the fountains of human

streams of salvation. They should also guard against every influence which would tarnish the pure spirit of religion among them. The bland voice of temptation should not be permitted to plead in their ears; and those among them, who may exert an injurious influence on the morals and religion of others, ought to be sent away, lest the contagion of their evil example should lead others astray. Thus may the religious influence of a College be securely guarded.

To secure a thorough and suitable course of instruction the Trustees must appoint men of thorough learning to fill the various professorships in the College.—Each Professor, of course, should be master of his own department. He ought also to be a man of general knowledge, lest, not seeing the true relation of different parts of science, he should extol his own department to the neglect of others, and thus destroy the *symmetry* of an education.

The whole attention and all the talents of every Professor should be employed for the College. One reason why our institutions of learning have not been permanent is because, their teachers have felt and manifested too little interest in their prosperity. For the first few years after the commencement of a school and the inauguration of new Professors, they generally apply themselves to the mastering of their various departments, and feel a deep interest in the prosperity of the College.—And while this continues the school prospers. But soon mastering their various branches of study,—i. e. the text books which they use, they begin to relax their efforts and lose their interest in the school. Those among them who are men of energy direct their minds to other employments, since they suppose the duties of the College are not sufficient to engage all their thoughts; while others fall into habits of idleness and inactivity. Some become farmers, and some merchants, and some temperance lecturers, while many others become book-makers and scribblers for newspapers. Each of these various callings they endeavor to pursue in connexion with their duties to the College, and, by dividing their energies between two objects, succeed well at neither. This is one great evil under which most of the Colleges of our country are laboring, and which has been the cause of the downfall of many,—the want of zeal, on the part of their Professors, for their prosperity. The cause of this is doubtless, found in the fact that teachers in a College have fewer inducements to fidelity than any other

class of men. A Professor is not placed under the same incentives to exertion as other men. He is put into the professional chair, and, whether he be efficient or not, all the students who are candidates for graduation are required to attend his recitations. Whether he be a good teacher or a bad teacher, the number of his pupils is the same, his professional character is the same, and his salary is the same.—Let him be ever so efficient, he adds nothing to his emolument: let him be ever so remiss, he takes nothing from it. If by his unwearied labor he gains for himself a high reputation as a teacher, and, for the College, a large number of students, he reaps no profit for himself. Such a state of things is entirely contrary to the usual motives by which men are influenced. Persons, in all other professions, expect to receive an increase of their income by that application and energy which gives them efficiency and reputation.

The same incentive to exertion ought to be held out to teachers in Colleges.—Their salary ought to be made dependent on their efficiency and worth. If their ability makes them worthy of large salaries, they ought to receive it; and, if their indolence and inefficiency make them worthy of a small one, they ought by all means, to have it.

The only practical manner in which this can be done, is to adopt the plan pursued by Virginia University and Brown University, and the Universities of Germany and England, and which commends itself immediately to the common sense of every man;—that is, to make the size of Professors' salaries dependent on tuition fees. In the University of Virginia the salary of the Professors is \$1000, each, and the tuition fees. The \$1000 makes them independent, and the tuition fees causes them to feel a personal interest in the prosperity of the school. If they render themselves worthy of public confidence and secure a large number of students, they reap the benefit. And if, on the other hand, they become remiss in the discharge of their duties, they will be the first to feel the effects thereof in the diminished emoluments of their office.

A plan similar to this ought to be adopted in every College. It commends itself to the sound reason of every man, as being the best plan in the world to incite Professors to that fidelity and zeal, with which they ought always to discharge the work wherein they are engaged. The income of teachers will then be dependent on their professional diligence and ability.

Their interest will induce them to exert all their energies that they may deserve and receive the patronage of the people. Let such a plan as this be adopted in an institution of learning; it will possess all the vigor of a private school with all the dignity of a College. It never can become insolvent. Its annual income will always be sufficient to meet its annual expenses. It will become a self-supporting institution, based on a sure foundation.

The amount of money which is necessary to sustain a College is raised in a variety of ways,—sometimes by the liberality of an individual; at other times, by the grant of land and other property by the General Government, and still in other cases, by appropriations of money from the State Legislatures. Very often, however, the requisite amount is furnished by the contributions of a large number of individuals. It makes but little difference in what manner the money is made up, but no college can exist without it. The friends of Union University, if they would hope for ultimate success, must set themselves to work to secure a capital sufficient to sustain it. Heretofore they have acted nobly. Liberal hearts and hands have felt and labored for its welfare. It is now worth in money and property about \$60,000. But this is not enough to sustain it. The minimum is \$100,000. The remainder must be secured. If the State will give it, or lend it, to be repaid in the gratuitous education of her indigent sons, she will have done a noble deed. If a wealthy individual who loves the cause of learning and education will give it, it will be well, and he will receive the gratitude of a thousand hearts. But if it can be secured in no other way, it must be begged from house to house. Its agents must go through the land. The teachers during their vacations of study, and the Trustees, and all the friends of the school must consider themselves self-appointed and self-sustained agents, and, wherever they go, must present to the people the claims of the University, and bring into it treasury the offerings of the people to the cause of Learning and Religion.

We want to rear here a University that is worthy of the name. We want to lay its foundations broad and deep. We want to fill this little city with hundreds of noble youths who are eagerly traveling the road of knowledge. We want a dozen professorships, all amply sustained and filled by the best men the nation can afford. We want a Library of twenty thousand volumes to spread over this com-

munity and the College its enlightening influence. We want a Cabinet of National History, a Philosophical Apparatus, an Astronomical Observatory: and none of these things can be secured without money. But I have no doubt the money will be found. God's providential government is such that every thing is provided as it is needed. The friends of Virtue and Science will rally around this infant seat of learning and aid in its progress and perfection. They will love and cherish an institution of their own, erected by their own beneficence and sustained by their own patronage. The enlightened and the liberal will pour into its treasury their offerings to Science, and even the purse-strings of the covetous will be loosened.

Hired to keep the Sabbath.—An eminent minister in Wales, hearing of a neighbor who followed his calling on the Lord's day, went and asked him why he broke the Sabbath. The man replied that he was driven to it, by finding it hard work to maintain his family. "Will you attend public worship," said Mr. P., "if I pay you a week day's wages?" "Yes, most gladly," said the poor man. He attended constantly and received his pay. After some time, Mr. P. forgot to send the money; and recollecting it, called upon the man and said, "I am in your debt." "No, sir," he replied, "you are not."—"How, so," said Mr. P.; "I have not paid you of late." "True," answered the man, "but I can now trust God; for I have found that he can bless the work of six days for the support of my family, just the same as seven." Ever after that, he strictly kept the Sabbath, and found that in keeping God's commands there is not only no loss, but great reward.

One of those country editors who 'print for glory and live on trust,' earnestly entreats his delinquent subscribers to decipher the following puzzle and follow the precept which it contains; RETNIHF ENF YAF.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—Baron Alexander de Humbolt has, says a Berlin journal announced the discovery at Athens of the edifice in which the Council of Four Hundred was accustomed to assemble. Upwards of one hundred inscriptions have already been brought to light, as well as a number of columns, statues, &c.

Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Read your bible and speak no evil of your neighbor.

THE IMPROPER USE OF THE TONGUE.

A Sermon preached before Marble-Head Association, by D. BREIDENTHAL. Published by request.

"Keep thy Tongue from evil." Psalm 34: 13.

Is it not, my brethren, a lamentable fact, and one which is frequently brought to our notice that those things, which providence designed as blessings, are often by the waywardness of man, converted into curses? The very endowments, the bestowment of which argues the goodness of God, are so perverted and abused, as to be rendered the instruments of injury and evil. From the same flower the Bee extracts honey and the Serpent poison. The metal that gives value and durability to your Rail Roads, that enchains the wild lightning, and brings it harmless and captive at your doors, is converted into a deadly weapon, and in the hands of the assassin, deals death to the innocent and unwary. The harvest which crowns your fields for the wholesome necessities of man and beast, is by the still converted into a liquid death, to burn up the strength and innocence and happiness of man. It is thus with the members of the body. The hand endowed with a capacity to minister to human want, and protect the innocent, is oftentimes clashed in unhallowed rage once imbued in our brother's blood. The feet given us to walk in the way of obedience and uprightness, run heedlessly into transgression and are swift to do mischief. And it is thus with the tongue. No physical agent which God has given us, is capable of greater good or greater evil; none is capable of a more extensive influence for weal or woe, than the tongue. It has awed Senates and convulsed Nations. It has rendered glad some the hour of sadness and solitude, and awaked animation and energy in the bosom of the despairing. Its articulations have sent daggers to the home of affection, and refreshing dew-drops upon blighted feeling. Its notes have wrung sighs from the gay, and hilarity from the mournful. By its slightest motion, kings have trembled, sages have wept, and hearts have broken. "Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men which are made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing."

It is our purpose, in the present discourse to consider the improper use of the Tongue, and may our Heavenly Father to direct and assist our meditations, as that we shall evermore regard the divine injunction,—*"Keep thy tongue from evil."*

There is such a thing as a too constant use of the tongue; and such a use becomes an absolute abuse. There is such a thing as talking too much; and in that case, though the subject and matter may not be specially objectionable in themselves, yet because of excessive and indiscriminate garrulity, there is manifest impropriety, if not positive wrong. It is true, a full and free interchange and expression of sentiment in social conversation, may not only be innocent, but be productive of lasting good, in cementing the ties of friendship and cultivating those social faculties, with which God has endowed us. Indeed why may not reasons of social intercourse, be made the means of permanent religious profit? Why may not on such occasions, the truths of Christian experience which every disciple carries in his bosom, as well as the truths of the Gospel generally, be mutually presented with a familiarity and force corresponding with the favorableness of the opportunity? Why should every subject of social and national importance pass under review, while those subjects which are, of all others, most important, which are, in fact, of eternal importance, are passed in silence?—Not against this; then, would we be understood to declaim. We long to see the day, when no parlor in the land, will be deemed too costly and elegant, to introduce in it those themes which will be the subjects of perpetual contemplation, in those Heaven-wrought courts at God's right hand. But what we urge is; that incessant talkativeness gives room for evil. Some things cannot be mentioned under any circumstances without harm; other things cannot be mentioned under certain circumstances without injury. And such things as these are even liable to escape from the tongue which is perpetually in motion, which thoughtlessly and heedlessly touches every subject that it meets.—There are times when it is as much our duty to be silent, as it is, at other times, our duty to speak; and to speak when we should be silent, is as truly wrong, as to be silent when one should speak. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." The Physiologist assures us that the agents of the body require rest, and that by incessant exercise they would wear out; but it really seems that the tongue is an exception to this general law; for some tongues are ever going and never grow weary. As constant are they in their motion, as the busy machinery of a vast Factory, and as rattling and clattering as that machinery with screws loose and

coils broken. The tongue is fortified both by the lips and the teeth, a circumstance that should admonish us that the tongue in its utterings should be circumscribed within proper limits. Moses, for the utterance of one thoughtless word, was forever debarred from entrance into the earthly Canaan. Aaron never appeared so full of goodness and godliness, as when standing before the altar, and beholding his sons prostrate and lifeless upon the turf, stricken down under the judgement of God, he was silent. "And Aaron held his peace." The Bible never complains that men do not speak, but it does complain in the language of the profoundest astonishment, that men do not consider.—Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O Earth,—the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know my people doth not consider." That is, if you will allow such a paraphrase, the ox, as dull and mopish as he is, can low, and the ass the most stupid of all beasts, can bray, but mind, wisdom and good sense alone can consider!

The tongue is improperly used in excessive *jesting* and *ridicule*. Of all persons in the world, the Christian has the best ground for cheerfulness; and a man's religion is by no means, measured by the face he wears. It would be assuming quite too much, be altogether too austere, to say that every jest is in itself sinful; it may however be carried so far as to become an evil.

The relations which we sustain to God and the race of which we form a part, the circumstances in which we are placed; as well as the destiny which awaits us, are all too solemn, in value, too important issues to admit of a constant round of levity. We have throbbing in our bosoms immortal elements; we carry around with us, souls undying, and the day is coming apace, when these souls will be welcomed into everlasting security and happiness, or be doomed to endless ages of wrath and anguish. Such, moreover, is the demand of the grave upon our species, that during the very moment in which the jest is curling our lips, one or more, of our brothers are summoned to the land of darkness or everlasting day. During that very moment, too, from many a bed of anguish arises the fruitless cry of pain, from many a bereaved and desolate bosom issues the hollow wail of sundered friendship and affection. He who saw our condition as mortal never saw it, who regarded our interests as mortal never regarded them,—he who understood the fulness of the

"noon-tide of glory" and the depths of the lake which burns evermore, was never known to laugh, but often wept. "Jesus wept." It shows a mind incapable of properly understanding, or a heart incapable of properly appreciating our true condition, to constantly toss upon the whirl of hilarity and jesting. You have often seen the eye sparkling with excitement, the cheek colored with enthusiasm, and the breast heaving with a desperate struggling effort, to no more weighty or important end, than to give utterance to a trifling, empty, vapory jest, or to blow away the misty jest which the breath of nothingness has breathed in our presence. As if it were the highest end of our existence, to trifle, as if we were born to entrap butterflies, created to chase bubbles, as if the mind with its endless existence, its boundless wealth and its limitless capacities were given us for no higher or nobler purpose, than to sport with insects or play with straws. Is there not really enough in this world of stern duty and obligation, to tax to sober exertion every power which God has given us? Is there not room enough, in the vast fields of heaven and earth, crowded with immortal beings and immortal responsibilities, for sobriety and contemplation? Is there not sorrow and difficulty and accident and death enough in our world, to give weight to the thoughts and steadiness to the eye? Is there not moment enough in probation, in judgment, in eternity, in the smiles of Heaven and the frowns of God, to rob the lip of its levity and curb the wildness of its hilarity?

Oftentimes upon things of high concern and sacred, the jest breathes its blight. How often when the eye is suffused with the tears of penitence, and the heart is stirred with the emotions of contrition, does the heedless jester drive from the mind of his companion, those reflections which would otherwise have resulted in endless life? Better bury the dagger in his heart, mock his last gasp, and laugh at the blood that gushes from his nostrils, than to crush the uprisings of the soul struggling after life. The minister of God will sometimes permit the tongue consecrated to holiness, to run heedlessly upon thoughtlessness. Aye, the tongue that articulates the sacred names of Calvary, God and Savior, dishonors its holy mission and, betrays its sacred trust in lightness and jesting. It is due to the forbearance of God, that such tongues are not often scalded by the judgment of Heaven.

It is truly astonishing how, frequently, we hear the most sacred things of religion

spoken as lightly as the merest follies of a day. This is the more astounding as such trifling and rudeness are frequently found upon the lips of those who are professedly religious persons. That the man who makes no pretension to christian character, should in his heedlessness, speak lightly of that in which he professes no concern, is so characteristic, so in keeping with all of his conduct with regard to religion, that it is what we naturally expect. But that the man upon whose head are laid the most solemn vows, the most weighty responsibilities and the most sacred obligations,—that he whose profession declares that the interests of religion are the most momentous that heaven or earth knows—that he who has sworn allegiance to the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, in the presence of God, angels and men, should so degrade his profession as to speak triflingly of the holy things of religion, is amazing. Dream ye of Heaven? mistaken souls, God is not mocked.

The conduct, in this respect, of the pagan should reproach us, for our irreverence. Though they are buried in darkness, and have no other Bible than that which the finger of God has written; in the firmament above them, yet even they have their sacred mysteries which they hold it disgraceful and profane, to utter lightly. And shall we who are enlightened from on high, be more inconsistent than they? Shall we who press this volume to our bosoms as the sacred and precious boon of God, as the foundation of immortal hopes, use its sacred sayings as instruments of humor? O, religion is not a jest; it is an eternal reality. The Bible is not a book of fancy; it is the voice of destiny. Its record is not a bundle of dreams; it contains the revelations of doom. This volume is the breath of God; trifle with his breath? It can destroy.—This volume bears the seal of the eternal spirit; trifle with that signature? It can seal endless doom. This volume hath the blood of Christ upon it; trifle with the purple drops of Jesus' blood? Rather play with balls of thunder! In all the writings of the Apostles, and history of primitive christians, we never learn of their perpetrating a pun on any scriptural saying. The practice of growling and misapplying sacred phraseology to light and trivial occasions, for the purpose of eliciting mirth at the expense of reverence, cannot be too severely censured.

But jesting, like the burnished sword, has a keen edge as well as a bright side. It passed with an easy transition to ridi-

cule, when it prostrates before it truth, friendship and innocence. The vine of intimacy and attachment which, with its tendrils, binds together the kindest feelings of kindred hearts, will not long flourish where is driven the rough ploughshare of ridicule. We have too nice a sense of justice, are too full of independence, long to cherish feelings of special regard for those who make our sincerity and frankness the fuel for blazing forth and kindling into scorching heat the fire of a favorite propensity. It is vain for such a person to urge, by way of palliation, that he meant no harm by it. Then what did he mean? Let him be placed in the position of him who is the object of his shaft, and he will quickly know and feel what is meant; for universal observation will attest the truth, that none feel more keenly the smart of the barbed arrow than those who are accustomed to bend the bow. In a world of mingled good and ill, of casualty and imperfection, are not the ties of friendship sufficiently often causelessly severed, without deliberately applying the sundering knife? Are not long and endeared intimacies sufficiently often needlessly estranged, without voluntarily casting in the bitter element, whose very nature, upon every principle of moral chemistry, ferments estrangement and dissolves the closest ties. In a world where death and accident reign, where afflictions fall suddenly and heavy, where the winds of adversity blow darkly fiercely, and the heart bleeds under the stroke of bereavement, are the friends whom God hath given us to gather around our sinking hopes, to drive the cloud from the brow and wipe away the tear, to be so highly prized, that for the sake of a momentary gratification of vanity or of the display of a tongue skilled in improper use, we will chill their sympathy, cut off their kindness, and separate them forever from us? Indeed I know not, my brethren, that ridicule is proper under any circumstances; at any rate, is it the part of a gentlemen, or of a christian, to indulge in it when it becomes painful to him who is its object? Is it the part of a gentleman to causelessly and wantonly inflict pain upon the humblest being that bears the image of God? Especially, is it the part of a christian, whose very commission calls him to the work of producing universal well-being and happiness, whose very motto is, "do the greatest possible amount of good in the least possible time," whose soul should ever be tenderly alive to shield from pain and fortify in happiness?

The power of ridicule is well understood, and often is it brought to bear upon truths the most important and sacred. The most senseless dolt can often, by his rolery, inflict injury upon a cause whose truth and justice are so firmly established that the mightiest bolts of logic cannot move it. Men have learned that it is much easier to extort a laugh—for a fool can cause laughter—than, in a bad cause, to produce sober conviction; therefore will they resort to the one when they utterly despair of accomplishing the other. A bad cause, however, is to great an evil; too serious an injury to be treated lightly; and a good cause is too important and sacred, to be subjected to ridicule. Therefore keep thy tongue from the evil of excessive jesting and ridicule.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN AT A PARTY.—The Cincinnati Message relates the following:—A certain steamboat Captain had become popular on the river, as a commander, and was about to take charge of a new boat, one of the handsomest that was ever built in the west. On the evening preceding the morning she was to leave port, he was induced by one of the owners to visit his house, where there was to be a party of ladies, some of whom were to be his passengers to New Orleans. The Captain felt a little queer about going; he was more at home on the hurricane deck, or in the social hall of his boat than in the drawing-room among ladies. He summoned up courage, however, went, and was introduced to the company. "Captain D.," said one of his lady passengers, "you must be a happy man, to be master of so beautiful a boat." "She is a beautiful boat, madam—sits on the water like a duck." He was "in town" so long as the conversation was about steamboats. "Captain D.," said another lady, a blue-stocking of the Lydia Languish tribe, "what do you think of this immortal Shakspeare?" "Think, madam! think! I think she burns too much wood, draws too much water, and carries too little freight." We never learned whether the Captain staid any longer or not.

☞ Other passions have objects to flatter them, and seemingly to content and satisfy them for a while, there is power in ambition, and pleasure in luxury, and pelf in covetousness, but envy can give nothing but vexation.

Boast not of to-morrow, for no man knoweth what a day may bring forth.

[For the Classic Union.]

USURY.

The meaning of the word usury has, like that of many other words undergone a radical change. Formerly it was used to denote any *rise* or premium taken for the loan of money. This is strictly its derivative import. But in modern times it is used in opposition to legal interest, and signifies a loan of money at an exorbitant and illegal rate of interest. It was once much debated, whether it was lawful in the forum of conscience, to receive any even the least, return for the use of money. Many churchmen were opposed to it, grounding their opposition on the precept in Deuteronomy "Thou shalt not lend unto thy brother upon usury." So deep was the antipathy of the church to the practice of usury that those who followed it were the subjects of many stringent laws. In the days of Papal power it was regarded as a mortal sin. The User unless he made restitution was by the canon law, deprived of the power of making a last will and testament, or of taking any thing under the will of another. Even after death the vengeance of the church pursued him and his body was denied burial among christian men. But in spite of these cruel laws usury found its advocates. These contended that there was nothing immoral, or opposed to the Divine law in taking a moderate amount of usury or interest, (for the words were formerly synonymous.) To the scriptural arguments was answered that the precept above quoted was a *political* precept merely intended to govern Jews in their dealings with their brother Jews. That it could not be regarded as a *moral* precept, for if so it would manifestly be as immoral to exact usury from a stranger as from a Jew; yet in the following verse it is expressly said "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury." But whatever were the merits of the theological question, it has been practically decided by christian nations in favor of usury in its older sense, and under the milder and less opprobrious name of interest, it is sanctioned by the laws of the commercial world. Thus every State has fixed for itself a rate of interest, and the odious nature of usury is applied to those who violate and exceed these laws.

That the practice of usury in its ordinary sense, is demoralizing and has a tendency to lower the tone of those who follow it, cannot be controverted. The concurring testimony of the whole world—the users themselves alone excepted—

might be brought to establish the fact, that as a class they are penurious, unfeeling and selfish. Many admit this, who yet can find no reason why it is so. We have often heard it urged that on principle there can be no difference between lending money for such a rate of interest as it will command, and selling any thing else at its highest price. You take my negro upon hire and agree to restore him to me at the end of the year, with one hundred dollars for the use of him—you take my money—the value of the negro—and agree to restore it at the end of the year with one hundred dollars for the use of it. Are these not, it is urged the same operations in substance? And if so, how can one be more or less immoral than the other? We answer that these operations are by no means the same. Money of itself can produce nothing nor can it administer to the wants of anybody. It is merely a medium of exchange, and a standard of value, nor was it ever intended as an article of commerce. Of itself it can neither feed, clothe or otherwise administer to the wants of mankind. But it may be urged you can use the money. Go to the user, give him approved security, borrow his money for twelve months, and invest it prudently in some article of commerce.—By the exercise of skill and industry you may at the end of the year be enabled to repay the usurer his principle and per cents, and furthermore realize a fair profit for yourself. Now what harm is done here—the user gets back his money with his twenty or thirty per cent.—the trader has sold his commodity so well that he can replace this and still have left a fair remuneration for his time and skill. This looks at the first blush all fair enough.—But in this very operation we see the selfish and unsocial spirit of usury. The user by means of his money avails himself indirectly of the skill and talent of other men, and appropriates the gains of their enterprises without doing any part of the labor or incurring any of the hazard thereof. While the honest tradesman is striving to sell the merchandize bought with the user's money, *he*, safe behind his bonds and his mortgages has abundant leisure to reckon his gains, and speculate upon the necessities of other victims.—It may be said though, that the user does run the risk of losing his loaned capital and that he ought to be repaid for this. This does well enough in theory, and practically they sometimes incur losses.—But whose eyes have yet been blessed with the sight of that Shylock who parts with

his gold without security at least against all the foreseen chances of loss. He does not deal with his customers like other men. He does not say to the man of enterprise, I have money, you have skill and industry, we will buy, and sell together. If we are fortunate we will divide the profits, if not, we will share the loss.—The user's is quite a different operation. He is not willing to take his chances with others. He is not willing to work and strive and hazard with them—sink if they sink and rise if they rise. Before he parts with his money he must first

"Make assurance doubly sure
And take a bond of fate."

If the tradesman wants my money, saith the usurer, to engage in commerce he must first secure me against the fluctuations of trade. If he succeeds in his ventures I am safe. And if he fails I am safe still, for after the reverse of fortune has well nigh finished him, I can still come in with my bond and give him the *coup de grace*. No considerations of his misfortunes can defeat my right to be fully repaid. "It is not so nominated in the bond." How selfish and unmanly is all this. To stand aloof from other men, leaving them to battle with the chances of human undertakings, and yet fattening on the proceeds of their industry. Of all partnerships, if such it may be called—that between the usurer and the borrower is the most unequal, all the labor and risk on one side and all the security on the other, and yet a fair division of the profits.—How different this from operations in which men unite their labor and capital.—The merchant is with his partner hand and glove. If they "clam the hill" they rise "thegither" and if not, why "they sleep thegither at the foot." Here is the proper spirit for man to feel towards his brother man. Here is equality, mutual aid, and mutual comfort. We say to the usurer do not sit and idly count your gold, but come out and take your chances with others in the battle of life, and by running the hazard with your fellows, you may be taught to feel a portion of that sympathy for their pecuniary misfortunes, a want of which is the just reproach of all your race.

Surely if there are any just men who reap where they have not sown, and gather where they have not strewed, usurers are such. It need not be urged on their behalf that by lending money they extend credit and facilitate the operations of commerce. Let those who control money engage in commerce themselves, or if this

does not suit them, let them engage in agriculture, manufacturing or such other useful pursuit as their taste may approve. Thus money would be brought back to its legitimate purpose which is exchange and not traffic. Contrast the pursuit of usury with any other.—Does it give such employment to the intellectual faculties as is calculated to elevate and expand the mind? Does it cultivate the moral man? Does it foster generosity, kindness, charity, and benevolence? or rather does it not excite greediness, selfishness and distrust? Or lastly does it like agricultural pursuits give even healthful employment to the body. The intelligent farmer finds a thousand things in his profession to cultivate, the highest faculties of his mind, and to exercise the best feelings of his heart. In doing neighborly acts, in taking care and providing for his servants and his stock, his humanity, his liberality and kindness are exercised and strengthened. And in this he feels his account. From the discharge of the duties he reaps a pecuniary reward. Who is there that knows not, that it is by the exercise of our virtues alone that they are kept alive? In the practice of usury what high faculty of the mind, what generous sentiment is brought into action?

We have not urged the objection that usury is a violation of the laws of the State. And those who follow it are often driven to disreputable shifts to cover up the illegal transaction, and evade the letter of the law. True, they think the law is unreasonable and ought not to exist.—But this does not excuse a violation of it. Every citizen is bound in conscience to abstain as much from that which is prohibited by law, and which is therefore an evil, as he is, to abstain from what is evil in itself.

It may be said that after all there are many very clever men and good citizens among the money lenders. This is undeniably true and we have known a few who upon the whole were better than the average of other callings. But certain it is that the usurers are far from being the best class of men. And if we find good men among them they are those upon whom their calling has not wrought its usual effects. They are such not because of their profession, but in spite of it.

The truth is that all classes of society need to be reminded that the pursuit of money is not the noblest and most praiseworthy object of life. They ought to be told that there are higher claims to consid-

eration than wealth, and more amiable virtues than thrift where we take a view of society around us the most unpleasant feature which the prospect affords is the unmitigated thirst for wealth and the unblushing adulation which is paid to its possessor. The display of genius, of elegance or of heroic courage will still command the applause of an hour, but a more enduring respect is shown to the possessor of money. Those virtues are prized alone, by society now which lead to success in life while those who constitute its charm are little thought of. The days of chivalry are gone indeed. As well might we look to find, at this day, its pageantry its banquets, and its tournaments, as its knightly virtues. The high souled generosity, the self-sacrificing devotion, and unbought loyalty of the knight are as well nigh forgotten as his mouldering escutcheon.—Far be it from us to disparage the men of the present day. They have their virtues but they are such as are called for by the spirit of the age. Where all are patriots, patriotism no longer leads to more than common renown. Seasons of profound national peace affords but a limited field for the display of their manly virtues which illustrate, the annals of war, and almost reconcile us to its horrors. We are not of those who believe that the men of this day are worse than those who went before them except in so far as they are differently circumstanced. But unfortunately it is with nations as with individuals. Times of prosperity are not auspicious to virtue. We believe that if there was a call for it, the energy and fortitude that are now exerted in making money would be equally active in the defence of our country. But when a country needs not the service of her sons they naturally turn to less noble pursuits. It is only to be deplored that there is no other peaceful pursuit, as it seems but the pursuit of money. The *Oris* of peace is a misnomer with us. There is only one art of peace and that is the art of making money. Many think that we ought to be very grateful to Franklin for his lessons of practical economy, doubtless he was a good and a wise man. But our sense of obligation to him would be somewhat qualified if we could see the full bearing which he has exercised on the national character. We believe that if one could now arise, and teach our people moderation in the pursuit of money, he would deserve better of his country than if he had enriched her science with a thousand discoveries or led her armies to a thousand victories.

NEED OF HEAVEN:

"Our Father who art in Heaven." The heaven where God is, is the point of man's original departure, and also, the term of man's final destiny. Earth is but an outlying colony and dependency of the Empire of Heaven. Man was not his own maker, nor is he properly his own legislator. True views of Virtue, and Duty, and Government, and Happiness, cannot be formed on earth if you exclude heaven from the field of vision. Now, it is the cry of some socialists and revolutionists in our times, that man has been cheated of earth by visions of an imaginary heaven beyond it, and that this world may be and ought to be made our heaven, and that it will suffice as our only paradise. A proposal to make their own daylight, and to arrange for themselves the axis, and the poles, and the orbit of the earth, by vote of a great oecumenical legislature, would be as sober and as practicable a theory. You could not, if you would, cut loose your globe and your race from heaven. It is an impossibility, by the will of the earth's Ruler and Sovereign. You should not, if you could, thus disunite them. It would be wretchedness. Heaven is necessary to earth, even in the things of this life, to drop its balm into the beggar's cup, and to shed its light on the child's lesson. You cannot sail over that comparatively narrow strip of your planet, the sea that parts your coast from the white cliffs of Albion, without calling the heaven and its orbs in their far wider range of space into view, in order thereby to aid your calculations and to supply your nautical reckonings. You cannot time your morrow's visit to your office, but as God shall keep his sun and your own earth, (or his earth rather,) as they roll and blaze, millions of miles away from each other in their present relative positions to each other. And so, without the moral influence of the heavens upon the earth, you cannot be blest; or just, or free, or true. Your philosophies become—with God forgotten or defied; with eternity and accountability obliterated from their teachings—but a lie; and your political economy, shorn of Duty and God, is left but a lie; and your statesmanship, and your civilization, and your enfranchisement, if torn loose from Conscience and the Lord of Conscience, all are left but one vast and ruinous delusion.

Man's Maker is in heaven. He formed his creature for his own service and his own glory. That creature has revolted; and until his return to the God in heaven from whom he has departed, the anger of Heaven is on the race and its institutions; and even its mercies are cursed. The shadow of the Throne must be projected over the board where man daily feeds; over the cradle, and school, and the ballot-box; over the shop, and the railroad, and the swift whip; the anvil, and the plough, and the loom; over all that ministers to man's earthly comforts and corporeal needs, as well as over the pillow where he lays down his throbbing head to die, and over the grave where he has left his child, his wife, or his friend, to moulder. Not that we ask an establishment of Christianity as a State re-

ligion. But we mean that, for man's own interest, his daily mercies and tasks must, in Paul's language, "be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer," by a remembrance of the Deity whose subject he irrevocably is, and a continual preparation for the eternity of which he is indefeasibly the heir.

Heaven was, we said, not only man's point of departure, but it is also the term of his final destiny. We do not mean that all men will reach heaven, to inherit it.—But all must stand before its bar to be judged. They cannot strip from themselves mortality or immortality, and the moral accountability which, after death, awaits the deathless and disembodied spirit. This world is but a scene of probation.—Christ has descended to show how this world may become the preparation for a celestial home. Bring heaven, as Christ's blood opens it and Christ's Word paints it, before the wretched and wicked denizens of earth; and what power does that eternal world, seen by the eye of faith, possess to attract and to elevate; to extricate from the quagmires of temptation; to assimilate and ennoble the degraded into its own glorious likeness; and to compensate the suffering and the needy and the neglected of earth for all which they have lost and for all they have endured.

And until men consent to make heaven, as it were the back ground of all their earthly vista; their views, in history and in art, and in science, and in law, and in freedom, must all be partial and fallacious. Elizabeth of England, in ignorance of the laws of painting, wished her own portrait to be taken by the painter without shadows. She knew not that in the painter's art there could not be light and prominence to any figure or feature, unless it had some measure of shade behind it. Alas! how many would have man portrayed, in their schemes of polity and of philosophy, without the dark background of Death and Eternity behind him, and without the shadings of Fear, and dim Hope, and dark Conscience within him. But it cannot be.

Fit the man for heaven, and train him for eternity, and he cannot be utterly unfit for earth while he stays there. Fit him for earth only, secularize his education, and refuse to acknowledge his relations and obligations to heaven, and he is no longer truly and fully fit for earth. Our globe, without the sun or the stars, or the light of the material heavens, what were it as a place of man's habitation? Read a noble and infidel bard's gloomy poem on Darkness, and you may conceive the fate of a race blinded and chilled, and groping their way into one frozen charnal house. And so our earth, without the light of Christ the Former of it, and Christ on the throne as the Judge of it; the world, without him as its Son of Righteousness, is morally eclipsed and blasted with the winter of the second death; and that frost and gloom kill not only its religion, but kill its freedom as well, and its peace, and its civilization, and its science.

Let the world know that there is a Father, and they will bethink them of his provi-

dence; let them know that he is our common Father, and they will learn charity and philanthropy for the race; let them know that he is in heaven, and they will be awed and guided by that immortality and accountability which link them to that world of light.

Let the churches ponder these great truths. In the *filial* principle of our text, they will find life and earth made glorious by the thought that a Father made and rules them; and, above all worldly distinctions, they will prize and exult in their bonds through Christ to Him; rejoicing mainly, as Christ commanded his apostles to rejoice, in this, that their names are written in heaven. In the *fraternal* principle we shall aright learn to love the church and to compassionate the world; and in the principle *celestial*, we shall be taught to cultivate that heavenly mindedness which shall make the Christian, though feeble, suffering and forlorn in his worldly relations, already lustrous and blest, as Burke described in her worldly pomp, and in the bloom of her youth, the hapless Queen of France: "A brilliant orb, that seemed scarce to touch the horizon." More justly might the saint of God be thus described; having already, as the apostle enjoins, his conversation in heaven, and shedding around earth the splendors of that world with which he holds close and blest communion, and towards which, he seems habitually ready to mount, longing to depart that he may be with Christ, which is far better.—*Lectures on the Lord's Prayer by Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D. D.*

PROCLAMATION.

To the People of the State of Tennessee.

It has pleased the great Author of our existence, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," to bestow upon us, during the past year, the blessings of peace, health, and prosperity. For these evidences of his continual care and mercy, it is eminently becoming a christian people to exhibit, in a marked and public manner, the deep sense of their gratitude, and to acknowledge his goodness and power. With this view, and in accordance with an approved and highly honored usage, and in concurrence with the intention of almost all of our sister States, I do hereby set apart and appoint the 27th day of the present month—November, 1851—to be observed by the citizens of our favored commonwealth, as a day of praise and thanksgiving.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of said State to be affixed at office in Nashville, the 10th day of November, 1851.

By the Governor,

WM. B. CAMPBELL.

W. B. A. RAMSEY, Sec'y of State.

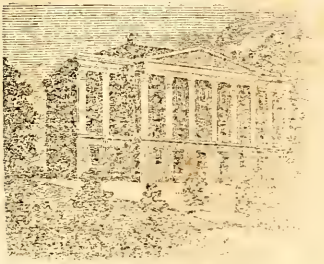
Nov. 11, 1851.

The suit between the Morse and Bain lines of telegraph has been decided in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia in favor of the Morse line patent. The Bain patent is declared an infringement upon that of Morse.

The Classic Union.

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.



NOVEMBER 15, 1851.

PROMISES.

A promise implies an *intention* to perform the thing promised. If the promiser does not intend to fulfil his promise, he at the outset asserts a falsehood. It also implies an *obligation* to perform it.—He who promises is bound to fulfil the expectation which he voluntarily excites.—He has no right to change his mind, nor can he do it without violating moral obligations, unless the person or persons to whom the promise was made release him from the performance. He has no right to say, that is a matter of little importance, he has voluntarily made the promise, and he must fulfil it, if within the bounds of possibility, provided it is not wrong to do it. It is strange, passing strange, what loose notions many entertain in regard to the binding nature of promises. They are thoughtlessly made and as thoughtlessly disregarded. We have known Ministers of the Gospel make appointments to preach, and afterwards, from some trivial circumstance, make no efforts to comply with their promise. A faint prospect of rain, or a change in the weather, is sufficient to induce them to violate their word, or they take up the idea that but few will attend, and from that fact (a fact conjured up by their own imagination,) they think they are perfectly exonerated from fulfilling an expectation which they have excited. This is wrong—wrong in principle and wrong in its tendency. It is, to call it by the mildest name, telling a *lie*. Mark those who are loose in their morals in regard to attending their appointments, and you will generally find them loose in many other things. A minister ought always to be punctual at his appointments, even if he had every reason to believe that not an-

other one would be present but himself.—This punctuality on his part will serve to promote the same fidelity in his hearers. The absence of a minister from his appointment ought to be proof positive that either he, or some one of his family is dangerously ill. We hope ministers will be more punctual in regard to their appointments and give less occasion to the world to enquire "what do ye more than others?"

Again. A church calls a minister to preach for them, and promises to pay him stipulated sum. At the end of the year he receives, it may be, one-half of what the church promised, and this is all. Is this fulfilling the promise? On whom lies the guilt of violating a solemn obligation? We answer, the church; an individual member can free himself from the charge of falsehood because he has, as he thinks, paid his part. A promise has been made, and that promise must be fulfilled, or else a great wrong is committed. And we ask, is not each member individually bound to fulfil it, or see that it is fulfilled, as much as each in former on a note? There are some churches that have thus promised, but have not redeemed their solemn pledge. Can they expect the blessing of God to rest upon them so long as they continue thus to falsify their word? We speak plainly upon this subject, because we firmly believe church members do not feel as morally bound in regard to fulfilling the promises which they make in a church capacity as they ought and for this reason the curse of God is resting upon them.—We are not done with this subject.—E.

THE HUMAN HEART.—The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock—his mistletoe flourish upon the withered branch—the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin—the pine tree and cedar remain fresh and leafy amid the nation of the dying year—and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest, darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart!

The map of France, which was begun in 1817, is not yet finished. It is to contain 550 sheets, of which 149 are already published. There yet remains five years' work in surveying and nine years' work in engraving to be done. The total cost will exceed £400,000 sterling. Up to this time 2,249 staff officers have been employed the work.

PRIMARY THOROUGHNESS.

There exists at the present day a very great inclination to urge students from the primary to more advanced studies. Parents, and even some instructors, are not content that their sons or pupils should long continue in the rudiments, but are anxious that they should study the higher order of mathematics and classics. Their plea for so doing is that these studies are well calculated to discipline the mind.—True, they are admirably adapted to develop and strengthen the faculties of those minds which are capable of contending with their difficulties and comprehending their principles. But they are equally unsuited to those who have not been previously well drilled in the first principles of an education; and to place a youth, who has but a mere smattering of arithmetic, geography, and history, to studying the classics and their attendants is the height of folly. It is productive of many deliterious consequences, and has often been the cause of putting young men of fine natural talents to the blush. In their early youth they acquired some knowledge of the geography of their own country and of the world, learned the names of the noted cities, towns, mountains, rivers, bays and gulfs, and could repeat them with facility; they also became somewhat proficient in arithmetic, and could easily solve the identical problem in turn book. Having made such acquisitions, they were hurried on, and scarcely ever reverting to these things, except when compelled to blush on account of their ignorance, they have been almost entirely forgotten. The impressions which were so vivid and seemed so lasting, have been erased by the finger of time, as the track on the ocean's beach is swept away by the first advancing wave. This fact demonstrates the necessity of primary thoroughness. A superficial knowledge of these studies may be easily acquired, but in order that they be understood there must be long continued application. If this is done an impression will be made which no lapse of time can erase, and the pupil may then safely advance and rear a sublime and towering superstructure upon the foundation he has rendered firm and solid by continued application. T.

There is a tree in Bombay, called the sack-tree, from which are stripped very singular natural sacks. They are from six to eight feet high, and resemble felt in appearance, the only joining being at the bottom.

INTELLECTUAL APPLICATION.

The human mind possesses mysterious and exhaustless energies. But it is ushered into the world in a state of embryo, all its powers being latent and destined to develop and strengthen by their own exercise and if not exerted to remain encased in the gloomy darkness of ignorance. It is as the diamond that has not passed through the hands of the Lapidary. The power and beauty of its susceptibilities have not become apparent. For as the precious gem does not sparkle with its wonted lustre until polished, neither does the mind beam with that bright intellectual effulgence of which it is capable untilurnished by application. Energetic, persevering application is the only means of human development. This holds equally true with regard to man's physical and mental capabilities. His muscular strength is augmented only by healthful exercise and to exertion is the only means of increasing his mental vigor. Those, who now stand as resplendent stars in the intellectual world do not occupy their present position because gifted with a higher order of talent than others, but because their energies have been brought into more active exercise. The powers of their minds were not suffered to remain latent, but were called into requisition, and thus they rose from the vale of mental imbecility, and triumphantly scaled the rugged steep "where fame's proud temple shines afar."

Intense and continued application is necessary not only to secure, but to retain an active and powerful mind. The pathway that leads to the bright fields of learning, where the sun of knowledge ever pours forth its brilliant flood of light, can be pursued only by those who are assiduous, and the moment that one of the votaries of learning relaxes his energy, he immediately begins to retrograde, and is soon borne upon the listless stream of forgetfulness into his former state of ignorance. This is manifest to the most cursory observer; for there are multitudes that in youth bid fair to win wisdom's coal, who, having been allured from their course by the love of pleasure, have sunk into insignificance.

But though application is necessary to secure intellectual greatness, yet the advantages accruing therefrom are sufficient to inspire every mind with an ardent desire for knowledge. This enabled the human mind to accomplish all that it has achieved. It empowered man to invent the Printing Press, which has placed in

exhaustible sources of information within the reach of every one. By this he was enabled to convert water into steam, apply its elastic force in propelling vessels across the mighty deep, steamboats upon every river, and the locomotive over hill and dale—through mountain and plain! This empowered him to reach forth the mighty arm of science, grapple with the lightning of heaven, drag it from its eternal abode, dash it in harness, and bid it execute his will in annihilating time and space! In short, this is the means by which he has opened the store-house of nature, unfolded the treasures of the universe, and modified them for the supply of his wants.

These truths all acknowledge, but how many young men are there, who, having left the enchantments of home and sought some distant college, seem to have forgotten that they must *study*, and study *intensely*, in order to become truly educated? They appear not to remember that though an individual should resort to an institution where every conceivable facility of learning could be enjoyed; yet he must tax his own energies if he improves, and that if he fail to do this, to stay the mountain torrent, as it dashes from cliff to cliff, as to flatter himself with the hope of attaining intellectual superiority without severe mental toil. T.

MEMOIR OF DR. JUDSON.

A memoir of Dr. Judson has been published, by Derby & Wilson, Auburn, N. Y. We have not seen this work, but learn that it is a compilation of extracts which have heretofore been published, and which are familiar to most intelligent friends of missions. We trust this memoir, will receive the merited neglect of the public, and the author receive that evidence of disapprobation due so great a want of respect for the distinguished dead and his bereaved family, as to thrust upon the public this memoir, when it had been announced by his particular friends, that a work prepared from materials in possession of his family, would be soon forthcoming—the proceeds of which should be applied to the benefit of his wife and children. Upon the arrival of Mrs. Judson in the United States, we learn that the publishers of this work sent her a note requesting her to accept an interest in the proceeds of its sale, which she promptly and prudently declined, stating that as the friends of Dr. J. had not been consulted in its publication, she could not sanction it, so far as to be a partner to its profits.

Dr. Judson having devoted his life and property to the cause of missions, and leaving nothing to his family save the recollection of his virtues, and works of love and mercy to the heathen, it was due his wife and children that all of a pecuniary character, to be realised from such a work should be theirs; and that the work itself should have had their sanction and aid.

We are gratified that Dr. Wayland, at the instance of the Mission Board, and Mrs. Judson is preparing an authentic work from materials in their possession, which will soon be before the public.—The reputation of the author will cause the work to be looked for with great interest. H.

We have just had the pleasure of perusing a Compendium of Grecian Antiquities, by Charles D. Cleveland, published by Lippencott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. There is perhaps no better test of true Genius in a writer than the ability to combine the brevity necessary in a compendium, with that vividness of conception which is capable of fixing the attention of the reader. But this we think our author has succeeded in doing. Though he surveys a field so wide that it would be impossible within the limits of his work to descend to those minute details which must interest the general reader, yet he has given the outlines of the most important facts and events of Grecian history, in a style so happy, that the attention of the reader is riveted, and it is difficult for him to lay down the book.—Though we have turned over many a page on the same subject, and read all the facts here recorded, still we become so interested in reading the contents of this compendium that we robbe Morphews of his share of our time. We seldom find so much valuable information contained within so small a compass.

This work is well worthy of being used as a text book in our schools and colleges, add we would recommend it especially to all those who are interested in the Greek language and literature. E.

JUDGE NOT RASHLY.—Alas! how unreasonable as well as unjust a thing it is for any to censure the infirmities of another, when we see that even good men are not able to dive through she mystery of their own! Be assured there can be but little honesty, without thinking as well as possible of others; and there can be no safety without thinking humbly and distrustfully of ourselves.

THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY, AND ITS CONNECTED SCIENCES.

By EDW. HIRSCOCK, D. D., L. L. D., &c., Boston; Phillips, Sampson, Co.

The author has long been known to the public as a scholar, and a man of science. If we recollect aright, it was the study of Natural History, that, many years ago, restored his shattered health. He has had much reason to love nature, nor has he loved in vain; she has yielded up to him many of her profoundest secrets.—His work on Geology—no doubt the most scientific work ever published on the subject—and his various reports, have made his name familiar to the public, but in this country and Europe, whilst the consecration of all his knowledge to the cause of christianity doubly enhances the gift.

The time was when Geology, like Astronomy, was considered a deadly foe to the Bible. Volumes have been written and anathemas pronounced without number, on the unfortunate science.

That God in nature does not contradict God in Revelation, but indeed confirms and affords important illustrations of Scripture, is now generally admitted. Our Savior in his parables, and the sacred writers generally, often appeal to some simple but apposite feature in God's "handy work."

One cannot but admire the delicate but appropriate dedication to his wife, and the deep religious feeling pervading the whole. It should be in the hands of every minister. As a sample of the work, we give an extract or two:

Nitre.—"In the book of Proverbs, (xxv. 20,) we find it said, that as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart. We should expect from this statement that when we put vinegar upon what we call nitre, it would produce some commotion analogous to the excitement of song singing. But we should try the experiment in vain; for no effect whatever would be produced. Again, it is said by the prophet Jeremiah, (ii. 22.) *Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord.* Here, too, we should expect that the use of nitre would increase the purifying power of the soap; but the experiment would prove rather the reverse. The chemist, however, informs us that there is a substance, viz: the carbonate of soda, which, if substituted for the nitre, would effervesce with vinegar, and aid the purifying power of soap, and thus strikingly illustrate the thought, both of Solomon and Jeremiah. And on recurring to the original, we find that the Hebrew word *nether*, *nitrum*, or *natrum*, does not necessarily mean the salt we call nitre, but rather a fossil alkali, the *natron* of the ancients, and carbonate of the moderns."—[Page 7.]

Divine Benevolence and Foresight.—"If a created and intelligent being from some

other sphere had alighted on this globe during that remote period when the vegetation now dug out of the coal formation covered the surface with its gigantic growth, he might have felt as if here was a waste of creative power. Vast forests of *sigillaria lesdioidendron*, *coniferæ*, *cycadeæ*, and tree ferns would have waved over his head, with their imposing though sombre foliage, while the lesser tribes of *calamites* and *equisetaceæ* would have filled the intervening spaces; but no vertebral animal would have been there to enjoy and enliven the almost universal solitude: Why, then, he must have inquired, is there such a profusion of vegetable forms, and such a colossal development of individual plants? To what use can such vast forests be applied? But let ages roll by, and that same being revisit our world at the present time. Let him traverse the little island of Britain, and see there fifteen thousand steam engines moved by coal dug out of the earth, and produced by these same ancient forests. Let him see these engines performing the work of two millions of men, and moving machinery which accomplishes what would require the unaided labor of three or four millions of men, and he could not doubt but such a result was one of the objects of that rank vegetation which covered the earth ere it was fit for the residence of such natures as now dwell upon it. Let him go to the coal fields of other countries, and especially those of the United States, stretching over 150,000 square miles, containing a quantity absolutely inexhaustible, and already imparting comfort to millions of the inhabitants, and giving life and energy to every variety of manufacture through the almost entire length of this country, and destined to pour out their wealth through all coming time, long after the forests shall all have been levelled; and irresistible must be the conviction upon his mind, that here is a beautiful example of prospective benevolence on the part of the Deity."—[pp. 210-211.]

Atheism.—"We present ten thousand examples of exquisite design and adaptation in nature to the Atheist. He admits them all: but says, it was always so, and therefore requires no other deity but the power eternally inherent in nature. At your metaphysical replies to his objections, he laughs; but when you take him back in geological wings, and bid him gaze on man, just springing, with his lofty powers, from the plastic hands of his Creator, and then, still earlier, you point him to system after system of organic life starting up in glorious variety and beauty on the changing earth, and even still nearer the birth of time, you show him the globe, a glowing ocean of fire, swept of all organic life, he is forced to exclaim: 'A God!—an infinitely wise and powerful God!' Compare such a world with that now teeming with life, and beauty, and glory, which we inhabit, and say, must not the transition to its present condition have demanded the exercise of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite benevolence?"—[p 175-176, 164.]

THE SWORD AND THE PRESS.

The following beautiful extract, illustrating in a powerful manner the advantages of printing to mankind, is from an essay by Thomas Carlyle, in the British Review, published nearly two years ago, when that some what noted writer clothed his ideas in plain English, and his works could be read without the aid of a Glossary, and understood without an insight into the mysteries of Transcendentalism:

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till his fierce horse fled out to new victories and new courage, to pale look-on might have fancied that nature was in her death-throes! for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth; the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, that a little boy was playing nine-pins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important than that of twenty Tamerlans. The Kham with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and the German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself; and will continue to expand itself through all countries and through all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Pennyless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with those movable types of Faust? Truly it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal with which he hammers with such violence, how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot-prints, and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together, will be but like his own canvas city of a camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished—"a few earth piles and heaps of straw." For here, as always, it continues that the deepest force is the stillest; that as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain asayed. Above all, it is ever to keep in the mind that *not by material, but by moral power*, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought!—No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage wagons attend its movements. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants, it will rule not over, but in all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas and with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than his battles, and the of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

Learn to improve every moment,

[Far the Classic Union.]

MARY B.—OR THE DANCING SCHOOL.

In the beautiful valley of the C. is a quiet rural village, surrounded by the most romantic scenery that ever captivated the imagination of Painter or Poet.—In this lovely retreat stood the dwelling of a lady whom we shall call Mrs. B.—She was a widow, in affluent circumstances, and the mother of three children. Mrs. B. was a member of the Church, and a woman of decided piety; but she had not that firmness of christian principle and independence of character, which are requisite to bring the current maxims and opinions of the world to the test of divine revelation, before allowing them to influence her conduct. Her eldest daughter, Mary, was, at the time of my first acquaintance with the family, about fifteen years of age, and a more lovely human being I have never seen. "Too beautiful for earth," was the involuntary exclamation of all who beheld her, and yet she seemed wholly unconscious of her personal advantages; amiable and unselfish in her disposition, she was entirely devoted to the happiness of those around her, and especially of her mother, for whose sake she was ever ready to sacrifice any childish gratification. She also gave indications of superiority of intellect.—She was a persevering and indefatigable student, and her attainments in knowledge were such as to excite in her friends higher expectations for her mental than her personal endowments. It is not strange that the heart of the widowed mother was bound up in such a child as this. About this time a dancing school was opened in the village by a French master of considerable celebrity, and Mrs. B. was advised by some of her worldly acquaintances to send Mary to the school, as a means of improving her manners. Mrs. B. had some hesitation on the subject. She sincerely desired the salvation of her child, and she feared the consequences of cultivating a taste for a worldly amusement of so fascinating a character. And besides, as she looked upon the movements of her daughter, exhibiting as they did the perfection of natural grace and ease, she could hardly understand how they could be improved by dancing. Still others thought dancing necessary in order to give polish to the manners, and of course it must be so; and as she did not wish her daughter to be deprived of any advantages for improvement, she sent her to the dancing school. She wished her to learn to dance for the sake of her manners, but

she would on no account permit her to attend balls or promiscuous assemblies. A marked change was soon perceptible in the manners of Mary B., but that change was any thing but an improvement. She had excited unbounded admiration as she moved through the mazes of the dance.—The poisonous breath of flattery had reached her ear, and already began to wither every thing that was lovely in her character. From this time her progress in knowledge was at an end; for though she still continued to con over the pages of Bourdon and Virgil, yet it was with a mind preoccupied by the fascinations of the dance. As months rolled on, the change in her character became more decided. That artless simplicity, that forgetfulness of self, which had formerly won all hearts by its irresistible charm, was supplanted by self-consciousness, constraint and affectation. The effect upon her character was still more obvious: she was no longer the sweet tempered, docile and affectionate daughter, prompt to do her mother's bidding, and ever watchful to render her some service or relieve her of some care. The poison of flattery had done its fatal work. The desire of admiration had taken complete possession of her heart. She became impatient of restraint. She craved excitement, and was no longer happy in the society of her once loved home. About a year after she entered the dancing school, she was invited to a public ball, and though her mother besought her with tears in her eyes to remain at home, she went, and from that time her place in the ball room was never vacant. The mother was now deeply sensible of her error, and most bitterly did she regret it. She would have given the world to have seen her daughter again the same sensible, affectionate and rational being she was at fifteen.

Mary R. had just entered her nineteenth year when a revival of religion commenced in her native town. As the seriousness became very general, Mary declared she could not exist where it was so dull, and accordingly she visited a neighboring city in search of gayety. It was in vain that her mother, who was now deeply anxious for the salvation of her child, strove to detain her at home.—She must have the excitement and the flattery she found in gay assemblies, and go she would. Meanwhile the work of grace progressed in the valley of the C. Many of the young people of the town, and among them the younger brother and sister of Mary, were the subjects of the

work. Mrs. B. thought if Mary could only be prevailed on to return home, that she too would be induced to forsake her vanities and seek the salvation of her soul. She accordingly wrote to her, urging her to return, and requested those of her friends who she thought would have the most influence, to do the same, but all to no purpose. She could not think of exchanging the sound of the violin and the fascination of the dance for the solemn meeting and the anxious seat. She replied to her mother's entreaties that a grand military ball was to be given in the city on the 22d of February, and she *must* remain till that was over. At length the expected day arrived, and Mary B. made her appearance at the ball in a dress of exquisite taste but unsuited to the rigor of the season. She was the belle of the occasion. All eyes followed her with admiration as she moved through the gorgeous saloon, and her vanity was fully satisfied with the incense of flattery that was offered at the shrine of her beauty. In the flush of excitement she emerged from the heated atmosphere of the ball room into the cold air of a winter's night. The next morning she awoke with a cold. She wrote to her mother that day, that she was unwell from a cold which she had taken the previous night, but she thought it would soon wear off, and she was not yet quite ready to return home, as there were some other parties in contemplation which she wished to attend. But this communication was soon followed by another, in which she said she was too much indisposed to enjoy the society of the city, and desired that her brother might be sent for her. She accordingly returned to her native village, but not as she had left it.—The sunken eye, the sallow complexion, and the distressing cough, told too plainly that death had marked her as his victim. Her health continued to decline, and her mother, fully aware of her approaching dissolution, was intensely anxious that she should give her attention to the subject of preparation for the change that awaited her. Ministers of the gospel, and pious friends, were invited to call and converse with her, but she seemed angry whenever the subject of religion was introduced.—She was displeased if all who approached her did not assure her she was looking better and would soon be well. was distressing to witness the rebellion of her heart against that providence by which she was laid aside from the gayety she so much loved.

As autumn approached, the physician

informed her mother that she might possibly live through another winter if she were removed to a warmer climate; and, in the hope of prolonging the life of her child, she immediately made arrangements to carry her to Florida. In a few days Mary B., accompanied by her mother and brother, was traveling South by such stages as her strength would admit. About the middle of October they stopped for the night in a small town in the southern part of Virginia. Here Mary B. grew suddenly worse. Her mother, greatly alarmed, sent for a physician. The physician came, but as soon as he entered the room he said, "Madame, your daughter is dying." "Dying!" shrieked Mary. "No, I cannot die,—I will not die—I am not prepared to die!—Doctor, you must not let me die,—die unprepared!—Oh! it is awful! Why did I not seek religion last winter!—Oh, mother, all this comes of dancing. If you had not sent me to the dancing school I might now have been a christian, but dancing has ruined me soul and body.—I am lost! lost forever!—Oh! mother!—doctor!—dost, *dont* let me die!—*I will not die!*" And these were the last words she uttered. Soon the ghostliness of death, mingled with the horror of despair, overspread her once beautiful features. They laid her in a stranger's grave, and returned weeping to their home.

Reader, if you could look, as I have done, into the sorrow-stricken face of that heart-broken mother, you would read a comment on dancing you could never forget; and you would wish no further answer to the question, "ought christian parents to send their children to the dancing school?"

MRS. E. M. E.

[For the Classic Union.]

BRO. HILLSMAN: I found the subjoined hymn, a day or two past, in the Memphis Christian (?) Advocate. Will you give it a niche in your museum? The sweet tone of meek pathos and devotion has haunted me like the echo of an angel's voice. I would that more of the lofty spirit of sanctified and submissive suffering, pervaded the religious writings of the present day; for this it is that brings ever again into remembrance and attests the power of the Cross.

I know not whether this amiable effusion by from a distinguished writer or otherwise; but I know that it has a merit (if the word may be applied to any thing human,) far from inferior. The allusion to the night in the desert, of the outcast and desolate Jacob, what could be more

touching, more beautiful? How delicately suggested, how well supported, too, through the three versés, the parallel by which she places herself in the circumstances of the solitary wanderer. The last verse is an admirable climax to the pervading sentiment.

"O, how much better would it be for our suffering world, if every "pen of a ready writer" were withdrawn from the venal service of pride and vanity and vainglory, to grave enduringly the hallowed praise of Christ!"

NEARER TO THEE.

BY SARAH ADAMS.

Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my soul shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes o'er me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly—
Still all my soul shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

[For the Classic Union.]

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A FATHER AND SON.

Father.—Come here, my son, what has been the matter? what makes your eyes so red?

Son.—My teacher whipped me: he did, and for nothing, too.

Fath.—Well, he had no business to do it; I will teach him better than that; I will let him know that he is not to whip my boy. What did he correct you for?

Son.—Just because I would't mind him, that is all.

Fath.—That is no reason why he should whip you; your father does not correct you for that, and I will see the teacher and let him know he is not to repeat it, and if he does I will take you away and send you to another school. I do not be-

lieve a man is fit to be teacher who cannot manage his pupils without correcting them. He ought to persuade and coax them to do right.

Son.—He did try coaxing me, but I spit in his face.

Fath.—What did he do then?

Son.—He slapped me on the side of my head till I have not been able to hear any thing since.

Fath.—How can you hear me, then?

Son.—He—he—he.—It come almost.

Fath.—That was outrageous. I will not bear it to have my child treated in that way. All the teachers I ever sent to are partial. I know my children are no worse than others. Son, you may bring your books home to-morrow, I will send you to some other school.

[For the Classic Union.]

REMOVE, IF POSSIBLE, YOUR OWN DIFFICULTIES.

This advice is directed more particularly to students than to persons of a different vocation, for their sole object is to learn how to overcome difficulties, and if they allow themselves to be stopped by every little impediment there will be no good accomplished. Therefore they should put forth all their powers, and concentrate their minds on one thing only, until they accomplish it. There are a great many things I admit, that we cannot do within ourselves, but for the most part we might do them, if we would use the necessary labor. We have noticed that some of our most learned men, have labored day after day, without an instructor. It is impossible for us to do any thing without difficulties, and it is by overcoming these difficulties that intellectual strength is gained. Furthermore, you may set it down as an established fact; that where there is labor, there is sure to be success. In conclusion, I would advise every student to look out her own questions, solve her own problems and abandon this untimely expression, "I can't" and adopt the expression "I will" and she will be sure of an education. Ever keeping in mind that perseverance conquers all things.

A wag says that Barnum has recently enriched his museum with a lock of hair from the head of steamboat navigation; also, a blush from the face of the earth, and ten yards of the equinoctial line.

CC—Father Mathew administered the temperance pledge to upwards of twelve thousand persons during his last visit to the city of New York.

THE FOREST TREES.—BY ELIZA COOK

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze;
For our cradle bands and coffin boards
Must come from the trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor's band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine
That sprung on the quiet land?

When the ribs and the masts of the good ship
Live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page;
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way
With footsteps short and slow,
But without he stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are plucked from the forest trees.

THE BIBLE.

A nation must be truly happy, if it is governed by no other laws than those of this blessed Book. It is a complete system, that nothing can be added to it or taken from it; it contains every thing needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction to a senate, and direction to a magistrate. It cautions a witness, and requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes a judge with a sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the tells her how to rule and how to manage. It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience upon children. It prescribes and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master: commands the subject to honor, and the servant to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its Author to all that wald by its rules. It gives directions for weddings and for burials, and promises food and raiment; and limits the use of both. It point out a faithful and an eternal guardian to the departing husband and father, tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how he ought to set his house in order; and how to make his will. It appoints dowry for the wife, and entails the right of the first born, and shows how the younger branches shall be left; it defends the rights of all, and reveals

vengeance to the defrauder, over-reacher, and oppressor.

It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instructions, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that every was revealed. It contains the best laws, and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned; it brings the best of tidings, and affords the best comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come, it settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only true God and shows the only way to him, through the Lord Jesus Christ, and sets aside all other Gods, and describes the vanity of them. In short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong, a book of wisdom that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise, a book of truth that detects all lies, and confutes all error, and a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.—It is the most compendious book in the world, the most authentic and interesting history that ever was published; it contains the most early antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars. It describes the celestial, terrestrial, and infernal worlds, human tribes and infernal legions. It will instruct the most skillful mechanic and the finest artist. It teaches the rhetorician and exercises the every power of the most expert arithmetician, puzzles the wisest anatomist, and exercises the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and guides the wise astronomer; it exposes the subtle sophist, and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of divinity, an unequalled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that ever was agreed upon, the best deed that ever was sealed, the best evidence that ever was produced, the best will that ever was made, and the best Testament that ever was signed. To understand it, is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it, is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrates best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the school-boy's spelling book, and the learned man's master piece. It contains the best grammar for the novice,

and a profound treatise for the sage. It is the ignorant man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the ingenious, and dark sayings for the grave; and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the racer, and the overcomer, and promises an eternal reward to the conqueror, and that which crowns all, is that the author "is the God of truth, in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning."—*True Union.*

THE CLOCK OF DESTINY.

"To everything there is a reason, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." As if he had said, Mortality is a huge time-piece wound up by the Almighty Maker; and after he has set it agoing, nothing can stop it till the angel swears that time shall be no longer. But here it ever vibrates and ever advances—ticking one child of Adam into existence, and ticking another out. Now it gives the whirl of warning, and the world may look out for some great event; and presently it fulfills its warning, and rings in a noisy revolution. But there! as its index travels on so resolute and tranquil, what tears and raptures attend its progress! It was only another wag of the sleepless pendulum; but it was fraught with destiny, and a fortune was made—a heart was broken—an empire fell. We cannot read the writing on the mystic eogs as they are coming slowly up; but each of them is coming on God's errand, and carries in graven brass a divine decree. Now, however—now that the moment is past, we know; and in the fulfillment we can read the fiat. This instant was to say to Solomon, "Be born!" this other was to say to Solomon in all his glory, "Die!" That instant was to "plant" Israel in Palestine; that other was to "pluck him up." And thus, inevitable, inexorable, the great clock of human destiny moves on, till a mighty hand shall grasp its heart and hush for ever its pulse of iron.

See how fixed, how fated is each vicissitude! how independent of human control! There is "a time to be born," and however much a man may dislike the era on which his existence is cast, he cannot help himself: that time is his, and he must make the most of it. Milton need not complain that his lot is fallen on evil days for those are his days, and he can have no other. Roger Bacon and Galileo need not grudge their precious being, that they have been prematurely launched into the age of inquisitors and knowledge-quench-

ing monks—for this age was made to make them. And so with the time to die,—Voltaire need not offer half his fortune to buy six weeks' reprieve; for if the appointed moment has arrived, it cannot pass into eternity without taking the sceptic with it. And even good Hezekiah—his tears and prayers would not have turned the shadow backward, had that moment of threatened death been the moment of God's intention. Yes, there is a time to die; and though we speak of an untimely end, no one ever died a moment sooner than God designed, nor lived a moment longer. And so there is a time to plant. That impulse comes on the man of fortune, and he lays out his spacious lawn, and studs it with massive trees: and he plants his garden, and in sod it imbeds the rarest and richest flowers, or he piles up little mounds of blossomed shrubbery, till the place is dazzled with bright tints and dizzy with perfume. And that impulse fades away, and in the fickleness of sated opulence the whole is rooted up and converted into wilderness again. Or by his own or a successor's fall, the region is doomed to destruction; and when strangling nettles have choked the geraniums and the lilies, and, crowded into atrophy, the lean plantations grow tall and branchless, the axe of an enterprising purchaser clears the dark thickets away, and his ploughshare turns up the weedy parterre. There is a time when to interfere with disease is to destroy; when to touch the patient is to take his life; and there is a time when the simplest medicine will effect a marvelous cure. There is a time when the invader is too happy to dismantle the fortress which so long kept him at bay; but by-and-by, when he needs it as a bulwark to his own frontiers, with might and main he seeks to build it up again. Nor can any one fix a day and say, I shall spend that day merrily, or I must spend it mournfully. The day fixed for the wedding may prove the day for the funeral; and the ship which was to bring back the absent brother, may only bring his coffin. On the other hand, the day we had destined for mourning, God may turn to dancing, and may gird it with irresistible gladness.—*Dr. Hamilton.*

Leigh Hunt, in his reminiscences, relates that Coleridge, upon the death of the master of a school he had attended when a boy, remarked: "It was lucky that the cherubims who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them on the way."

[From New-York Tribune.]

THE SEAMSTRESS.

She walked along, with figure slightly bent,
And something in her hand;
I know not where she went,
But a little grain of sand,
Brought a tear into my eye;

Passing by.

Here eyes were blue, but tinted with a white,
Or rather with a gray.
That banished all delight,
All their brilliancy away—
Showing plainly that the wept,
When she slept.

Her bonnet, with its faded silk, was old;
Her shawl was slightly torn
She never handled gold,
But like others, forlorn.
Earned and paid her wealth in pence—
Dimes and cents,

Her features were so pitifully sad,
That any one could see
Her brain was almost mad
With the curse of poverty—
That there dwelt a little ghoul
In her soul!

Perhaps she did not see me when I passed—
I would not have her know
That a stranger's eye had cast
Such a look upon her woe;
But I never can forget

When we met.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 1, 1851.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Correspondence of the Senior Editor of the Fayetteville Observer to his partner.

A day or two ago, whilst in New York, I visited Greenwood, the beautiful cemetery, situated some two or three miles from the city; and was astonished to see how rapidly that great city of the dead had extended its mansions, and of course its tenants. There have probably been fifty thousand bodies deposited there within the ten or twelve years since it was laid out, and in fifty years more the dead of Greenwood will be more than the present living population of New York! It is not possible to describe, and hardly to conceive, the beauty, natural and artificial—especially natural—of the place. Its never-ending variety of hill and vale, of tree and shrub and flower and grass, of fountain and lake, of grove and garden, of winding walks and broad avenues, of views of river and ocean, of city and village, are beyond my powers of description. And then the graves. Side by side the rich and poor, the former, with massive marble vaults, or towering columns, the latter unadorned, or only with a few flowers or green grass. There are single tombs there upon which thousands of dollars have been expended. One especially, which I am sure could not have cost less than ten thousand dollars, records the death of a beautiful young lady, on her seventeenth birth day, by a fall from a carriage. It has white marble statues, of a female figure and of two kneeling angels, themselves superb works of art, and every other imaginable adornment of carved marble, with a small garden of the rarest roses and shrubbery. Altogether there are few such spots in this country as Greenwood—few in which love and affection, wealth and pride, and a desire for display have more clearly man-

ifested themselves; few in which one can find a better sermon on the vanity of all this earth contains. But I will not repeat the sermon as it was silently preached to me.

FAST EATING.—A writer in a late number of the *Phrenological Journal*, upon the application of epicurean philosophy, concludes as follows:

Sometimes, when I see men bolting down their food in such hot haste, I feel like exclaiming, What a pity, that man, who ought to be the wisest of God's creatures, should thus violate every dictate of wisdom and organic law, and poison his system by suffering, until he becomes a poor broken-hearted dyspeptic.

Let your present sufferings teach you how to eat in future; or if you are too idiotic learn, sin and suffer on, and be miserable still; and let it be forever remembered that no man does or can suffer, until or unless he has sinned.

"But," it is objected, "I have tried my utmost to refrain from fast eating, and find myself unable to do so." Then try the rule involved in this article. You mistake, by supposing that you are to restrain this gormandizing propensity by force of will. You take the wrong means. This so desirable an end is to be attained, first, by dismissing all thoughts of business from your mind, when you sit down to table, sitting down just to enjoy the luxury of the present hour; dismissing everything else, put yourself into a calm state, and, stopping short, eat not a mouthful until your hurried fever has cooled down.

You do not feed your horses when in a period of excitement; then why feed yourself when over excited either by business or muscular labor? Cool off first, if it takes you an hour; then begin by taking small mouthfuls, the size only of a bean or chesnut, and smacking your lips over the flavor, and tasting how good it is, and stopping to enjoy each mouthful; and this rich taste of your food will, of itself, draw off your mind from your business haste; whereas, if you sit down in your hurried state of mind, and do not direct your attention to flavor, no earthly power can prevent your eating too fast.

This rule inadvertently, but effectually, contains another, to prevent over-eating, namely:—Stop eating as soon as your food has lost its rich, fine, luscious flavor; that is, as soon as you have to coax an appetite, by putting on rich gravies, condiments, &c.; a rule directly in the teeth of that very bad dietetic habit of eating pastries, pies, and rich puddings, &c.—Lastly, always begin your meals on the daintiest article; partly because, after appetite has been once sated, to re-kindle it by rich food is doubly bad; first, on account of the food, and secondly, because of its being eaten when the stomach is already overloaded; a remark which must strike the common sense of every one who has this scarce article, at least an article seldom brought to the table.

Never tell your secrets to a friend.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.—BY W. C. BENNETT.

Oh, don't go to-night, John!
Now husband don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would he a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John;
There's not a coal you know;
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow:
Then don't go to to-night!

Ah, John you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John;
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane.
Than I, dear John, and you:
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not get John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few,
Had arms as strong, or step as firm,
Or crack as red as you.
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your once firm tread,
And bowed your manly height;
You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in? think on the day
That made me, John, your wife:
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room:
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dressed,
So tidy, clean and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbors then,
And we as little thought,
That ever John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought!
You won't go in to-night!

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay?
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on.
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come John,
Come home with us to-night!

DU TREMBLE'S COMBINED VAPOR ENGINE.—An engine of this kind is now at the Novelty Works. It consists of two ordinary steam engines, one of them acted upon by steam and the second by vapor of perchloride of lime, which heated by steam escaping from the first, gives a power which costs nothing. After the steam has worked in the first engine it goes to a tubular condenser, in which, in condensing itself, it vaporizes the perchloride, which after working the second, is itself condensed by water in another tubular condenser. The two principles which serve as a basis in this operation are: 1st. The perchloride is vaporized at a temperature much lower than that necessary to transform water into steam. 2d. The heat contained in steam is absorbed by the perchloride with a rapidity considerably greater than it would be by water. We believe that no opinions of any worth have yet been expressed on the subject of this invention, but when the decisive experiments shall have taken place, they will not be wanting.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—In Nashville, on the 5th of September in her 29th year, Miss ELIZA JANE STEVENS, second daughter of the late Mr. Jas. G. Stevens formerly of N. C.

Life is not to be measured by the few or the many fleeting hours, which may compose the time of our mortal existence, but by the use to which it is applied; and that young person, (as was the case with Eliza Jane) who has given the morning of her days to God, and whose sun has gone down at noon day, has indeed lived longer than the man who has arrived at the most protracted period of human existence, without attending to the concerns of the soul. Accordingly an individual may be said to have arrived at a full age, without reference to actual duration who shall rightly conceive and rightly follow the grand object and end of the present life. Thus died our young friend, whose late departure we have noticed above.

For her age, few have ever given more undoubted evidence of early piety, and of devoted zeal in the service of the divine Lord and Saviour. She possessed in an eminent degree that ornament, pronounced of such great price "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." She was not forward, but meekly conspicuous in every christian grace and virtue, thus affording more by her example, than by her words.

Her endowments of mind, both natural, and acquired, were of far more than ordinary comprehension, and yet like "he rose born to blush unseen," but few persons comparatively speaking owing to her retiring modesty had learned to appreciate either her mental cultivation, or her moral worth. To this favored few, however, she was an object of interest and affection; with them dearly-remembered claspings, her true value was not only known, but most fondly appreciated. Memory with me, will often dwell on the name and virtues of the deceased Eliza, nor will that name or virtues ever be forgotten by them. But most of all, do we sympathize with her widowed mother, in a brave man's soul of sadness, to her deeply smitten heart. Nor is it less full of sadness, to these sisters and two brothers, of whom it may be said, that the sisters or brothers, were more fondly attached to a sister, than were they to her whose loss they now mourn. But they all weep for themselves, and not for her. They know she is not dead, but sleepeth, and their consolation is that though she cannot come back to them, they may be permitted to go to her. The church of her communion (the Presbyterian) by her death, has lost one of its brightest ornaments, but she has gone to join the swelling anthems of the church triumphant.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZA J. STEVENS.

She sleeps in maiden purity,
Like some sweet blighted flower,
That breathed its fragrance at the dawn,
Yet died ere noon-tide's hour:
Or like some star, that softly fades
Amid the azure sky.—
How could we deem that one so dear,
So beautiful could die!
For she was loved as few are loved.
Fond hearts with hers were bound,
Her gentle words and winning smiles
Shed peace on all around,
But never more, like some bright dream
Of loveliness she'll come.
And with her songs of love and hope,
Make glad her childhood's home.
Yet oh, how oft at dewy eve,
The hour she loved so well,
We'll vainly listen for her voice,
Whose silvery sweetness fell
Upon our hearts like spirit tones,
From one so young and dear—
But death has touched those rosy lips,
Their music now is o'er.

And thus she calmly died, whilst light
From heaven shone on her brow.
And with Seraphic hosts above,
Her harp is sounding now,
And though around her lowly tomb
Affliction fondly weeps,
We will look up in faith—for here,
Eliza only sleeps!
Nashville, Sept. 1851.

CLARA.

Advertisements.

HOUSE FURNISHING STORE,

Corner of Denderick St. and the Square,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

R. E. ULRICI would respectfully inform the citizens of Murfreesborough and Rutherford County that he has opened and is constantly receiving, a general assortment of

House Keeping Articles,

consisting part in every description of Table and Kitchen Furniture, Chaffin Dishes, Tea and Coffee Urns, Tea and Coffee Pots, Trays and Waiters, Brass Andirons, Shovels and Tongs; Wooden and Willow Ware; Looking Glasses; Clocks, Lamps; Brushes, and a great many other useful articles too numerous to mention.

The subscriber solicits an examination of his Stock when visiting Nashville, feeling confident that he can fill demands in his line. All orders promptly executed.

novl-1f

R. E. ULRICI.

FINE WATCHES & JEWELRY.

A. O. H. P. SEHORN,
PUBLIC SQUARE, NASHVILLE, TENN.,



RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers in Rutherford that he has now on hand a splendid stock of

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.,

to which he would invite particular attention. He has fine Gold and Silver Watches at almost any price.

He invites his old friends in Rutherford to call and see him when they visit Nashville.

Orders punctually filled. All kinds of Repairing, Jobbing, and Manufacturing in his line done at the shortest notice.

cc25

JORDAN & WRIGHT,

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

South Side Public Square,

4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

D. W. TAYLOR,

Book and Job Printer,

South-west Corner Public Square,

4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Removal and Fresh Drugs.

JOS. W. NELSON



Has removed his DRUG STORE from the North side of the square to the room lately occupied by Moore & Carrin, which has recently been fitted up expressly for his business, where he would be pleased to see his old friends and the public generally.

He has just received a large lot of fresh Drugs and Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye-stuffs, &c., which makes his stock the largest and most complete ever offered in the market. Also, a great variety of fancy articles, perfumery, hair oils, brushes, soaps, &c., which he is offering low.

Physicians and others wishing to purchase will please examine his stock, as it embraces nearly every thing in the medical line.

Thankful to the people of Murfreesborough and Rutherford county for the very liberal patronage he has received, he solicits a continuance of the same, promising that every care and attention shall be given to accommodate them with the best and purest of medicines.

Orders from a distance, for Drugs, &c., put up with great care.

dce21-1f

TERMS:

The CLASSIC UNION will be published on the first and fifteenth of each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address M. HILMAN, post paid.

Printed by D. W. TAYLOR, at the office of the Rutherford Telegraph, South-west Corner of the Square.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, DECEMBER 1, 1851.

NO. 6.

[For the Classic Union.]
FEMALE EDUCATION, No. 3.

A few evenings since I had the pleasure of conversing with a highly intelligent and talented physician, who had just returned from a party. Some remarks of his on the subject of female attire, suggested by what he had seen at the party, made a deep impression on my mind and I regretted that every mother, and every mother's daughter in our land could not have heard them. He said he had seen delicate looking females with dresses thin as gossamer and so made as to leave the arms and neck without even a covering of gossamer to protect them, standing before open doors, while an exceedingly cold and damp wind blew directly upon them. And those very ladies had probably passed the day at home, by warm fires, in thick worsted dresses with high necks and long sleeves, and very likely with the addition of a sack or cape. He said it was perfectly astonishing to him that mothers should permit their daughters to risk their health and lives by such needless and reckless exposure. He then went on to speak of the exceedingly small number of healthy females in our country, which number is rapidly diminishing. He said that foreigners are prophesying that our nation will become extinct in a few generations, in consequence of the physical deterioration of its females.—Such a result we have indeed reason to apprehend unless a change is effected in the habits of our young women.

Young ladies seem to fancy that they are somehow rendered more attractive by going into company in a state of partial nudity, but this is a great mistake, for though the vicious may be the more eager to gaze upon them, yet with right minded and reflecting persons all admiration is lost in pity for their extreme weakness and folly. How many young and lovely females, who, with proper attention to the physical laws under which they were created, might have lived long to swell the sum of

human happiness, are annually borne to their graves as victims at the shrine of fashionable folly. And the number is still greater of those who by repeated exposures and violations of physical law, lay the foundation of chronic disease and that general feebleness of constitution by which life is rendered little more than a lingering death. Where is the grave yard which does not contain the monuments of many whose death cold was contracted at the fashionable evening party? What community does not contain within its bosom many a female, condemned to a living entombment, shut out from all the enjoyments of life, by the accumulated effects of fashionable dressing? There can be no doubt that in our country alone, much as we boast of our independence, and enlightenment and christian as we claim to be, more victims fall annually at the shrine of fashion than are sacrificed to all the idols in the Heathen world.

But says one what has all this to do with the subject of female education, which stands at the head of this article? Much every way, since the above facts show beyond a question the necessity of a higher standard of female education. It is only by a higher degree of intellectual cultivation that females are to be rendered superior to a blind obedience to the senseless dictates of fashion. Let the powers of their minds be thoroughly cultivated and expanded, let them be taught to reason correctly and trace effects to their causes and they will no longer feel compelled to do precisely as others do. They will claim the liberty to judge for themselves as to what is most in accordance with the dictates of sound reason. It is of little avail that physicians and others tell young ladies that it is injurious to health to compress the chest. But let them be thoroughly instructed in the principles of Physiology, let them understand clearly the important office the lungs perform in the animal economy, and how it is that

through them, the blood is brought in contact with the vital principle of the atmosphere and thereby purified and rendered capable of imparting vitality to every part of the system. Let them learn from various sources the perfect adaptation of means to an end through all the works of nature and they will readily believe that the room assigned to the lungs by the Creator is no more than is actually needed for the proper performance of the life giving functions of that vital organ and they will be afraid to compress it within narrower limits.

Again let them be acquainted with the structure and uses of the skin and understand how the sudden closing of the pores upon the surface, throws back upon the internal organs those poisonous exhalations which were designed to be thrown off from the system by means of the skin and they will be afraid to expose any part of the surface which is ordinarily protected, to the direct action of a cold damp atmosphere. The laws of their being, if clearly understood by them, will be regarded as of higher authority than the laws of fashion.

No woman should be ignorant of the physical laws under which she is created since upon obedience to these laws depends the physical well-being and even the perpetuity of our race. But a considerable amount of mental cultivation is requisite before these laws can be fully comprehended. Place an approved work on Physiology in the hands of a young girl whose mind has never been disciplined by the study of Mathematics and Languages and she will tell you that she cannot see any sense in it, and such indeed will be the fact. For want of previous discipline her mind is incapable of grasping the principles, and the facts make but a slight impression, which is soon entirely erased. But let the minds of our young females be thoroughly trained by application to Mathematics and Languages, and in this man-

ner a foundation will be laid upon which a permanent and useful superstructure of knowledge may be reared. This is the true means of overthrowing the tyranny of fashion and rescuing our race from the extinction which threatens it.

Mrs. E. M. E.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

About three years ago I became acquainted with a young man who was then twenty-five years of age. He had been justly driven from all good society as one of the vilest of the vile, and that truly the "pebbles on which he walked might have reproached his meanness, and the dastard owl might have footed his degradation," for I do not remember ever to have seen a more blasphemously wicked and profane,—and, to all appearances, a more degraded and worthless man.

It so happened on a certain occasion that I, by chance fell in company with him, much against my own will too, for his profanity was quite disgusting to me. Perhaps for the first time during many months he happened that day to be sober. As I could not prudently avoid it, I entered into conversation with him, and soon discovered that he was an elegant scholar. Curiosity now led me to inquire into the history of his past life, for notwithstanding his deep degradation and shame, his free and easy, yet very elegant conversation, his great ability in the use of language, together with his massive Phrenological development, evinced superior intellectual powers, and upon his noble forehead were visibly marked the evidences of true greatness. My inquiries evidently caused disagreeable reflections in his own mind, for he instantly became serious and thoughtful, and his cheek grew pale. He readily consented, however, to gratify my curiosity, and commenced a narration of his history from childhood. He spoke with great fluency and elegance, and as I had requested him, and he had agreed, to use no profanity in this narration, I never heard anything more interesting. "My parents," said he, "were quite wealthy, and I was brought up in the most magnificent splendor. As I was their only child they were quite indulgent to me, and generally permitted me to have my own way in everything, and gave me almost anything I would ask of them. They manifested much anxiety about me, and nothing that wealth could purchase, or the most fond parents could devise to render me happy, was left without attention. Fortunately for me, from

my earliest recollection, I had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and my father determined to give me a good education. This was my greatest desire, and for this, much as I loved my mother, I was willing to forego all the pleasure her company afforded me, and continue year after year at college. Like Moses on the top of Mount Pisgah, looking out upon the promised land; when I was quite small I used to stand afar off and gaze with exquisite delight upon the lofty summit of the Hill of Science, and long to ascend its rugged heights that I might be the happy possessor of its exhaustless treasures. So great was my ardor for an education that I could, with pleasure, meet and combat every difficulty that opposed my onward march in its pursuit. When I was fifteen years of age my father died, and I was taken from school to stay with my mother. In a short time my name began to be spoken with praise, as a steady, moral young man. At that period of my life I thought much upon the subject of religion, but at length, like many other thoughtless boys, I endeavored to banish it from my mind until I should become older, and after a time it entirely ceased to occupy my thoughts. And eighteen months after the death of my father, my mother also died and left me alone. My father entertaining a high opinion of me, at his death, made no provision to have a guardian appointed for me until I should become of age, consequently at my mother's death all his property fell into my hands. At this age I stood as fair in society as any young man of my acquaintance, but unfortunately I fell into bad company that led me on step by step in forbidden paths, first into habits of intoxication, and then to the gaming table, where, in a few short months, I lost all my large patrimonial estate, and was thrown out at nineteen years of age upon the charities of a cold and selfish world—a bankrupt. When I awoke to reflection, I had lost my property, my character, my elevated position in society, and everything else that should have been held sacred and dear to me on earth. I felt that I was ruined, that I was undone forever, and in the depth of despair I gave myself up to habitual intoxication as the only hope of suppressing the deep pangs of remorse that raged in my bosom. From that time to this my life has been one continued scene of folly and dissipation, and now you know where I stand in society. Even my destroyers who led me on to ruin, now spurn me from them with the utmost

contempt. No one is willing to become my associate except those of the very lowest characters." Here he paused, and I saw the burning blush of shame dye his cheek as he turned away from me to conceal his emotion.

I never lose all hope of a young man's redemption, however deep may be his degradation, until the last blush has dyed his cheek and he can relate his own foul deeds with a countenance unchanged.

He was much affected, and I could not but sympathize with him, for I knew his last remarks to be true.

I knew that the history he had given me of himself, in which he had contrasted the past with the present, was enough to affect him, yet I could not but believe that his emotions were greatly heightened from some secret spring of which he had not told me. Rather suspecting their source, I endeavored to ascertain the fact and began by asking him if his mother was a professor of religion?

"Yes," said he, "and my father too, and a thousand times when I was a small boy, has my mother taken me into her own room in secret, and there, with all the fervency of her pious soul, has she prayed for me, while tears fell in showers upon my head as I knelt before her.—Likewise my father. Oh! how often have I heard him, during his devotional exercises in the family circle, most earnestly pray for me, that I should never forget his counsels and run into forbidden paths, and thus bring the reproaches of infamy upon my own head; and now where have I brought myself? How vainly, how foolishly, how madly, have I acted! and how have I requited the tenderness, the affection, and the unremitted anxiety of the best and fondest of parents; I have dishonored the dead."

He could proceed no further—his manly heart swelled with emotions that choked his utterance, and he gave vent to his feelings by convulsive sobs as if his heart would break, while the large tears traced each other in rapid succession down his cheeks. I was much affected, for his tears seemed to flow from his very heart. Waiting until his first bursts of grief had somewhat subsided, I urged him in the name of her whose prayers had so often been sent up to the Throne of Grace in his behalf, that the very evils which had then overtaken him might be averted, to abandon the intoxicating draught, and return to the paths of rectitude and duty. I assured him that society would again receive him as soon as his reformation was perceived.

"I am willing," said he, "to do anything consistent with the honor of my departed mother, to be again admitted into good society, but I fear it is impossible to me ever again to be respected as I have been."

I told him it was not at all impossible, and only suggested to him the way—that night I saw him become a *Son of Temperance*, and in a few weeks I saw him a *HAPPY CHRISTIAN*! In a short time he became an ornament to the church, and he is now an able and distinguished minister of the Gospel! He has since told me that it was partly the recollection of his father's prayers, but particularly his mother's tears, that brought him to his sober senses, and effected his reformation. These circumstances I am permitted to publish, but not the name.

W. C. G.

Marfreeborough, Nov. 1851.

THE REPLY OF A RUM-SELLER.—Not long since a man made this proposition to a doggerly keeper: "Suppose my boy had contracted this habit of drinking. In all other respects he is all I could desire; but by this habit he has destroyed my comfort, and his mother looks heart-broken. There, look at him, he is staggering at the steps. My God! can that bloated, blossomed thing be my son? He staggers in where his mother is! Can you measure her anguish, as she sees her first-born a *sol*? Well, now, let me suppose that some kind friend has reached his heart, and he gives up his cups. All is gladness in our house. He is once more all that we could desire in our son; but some companion excites his lust for drink. The appetite craves them with the power of an untamed demon. They come to your counter and ask for brandy. You know the consequence—that my son will become two fold more the child of held than before, and that my family will again be plunged into the deepest grief. Would you sell him brandy under these circumstances?" The keeper of the Doggerly replied, "YES, I WOULD, IF HE HAD MONEY TO PAY FOR IT." "Then you are a scoundal of the first water, and deserve a halter," was the reply of the individual, and there is an instinctive feeling of the heart which says "AMEN" the apparently severe words.

In Chaucer's work, there are at least thirty thousand verses, which may be said to be dedicated to love.

The dead exceed five fold the minutes since the creation.

For the Classic Union.
A PRETTY STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Messrs. Editors: The following beautiful little story I find without credit. It teaches a valuable lesson to the young.—Would that every little boy and girl were like *True Duncan*!—how oft would the mother's heart swell with pride as she beholds the tender buds blossoming into manhood and usefulness. And yet it is within the gift of every mother to learn her children the ways of truth—to inspire them with feelings of the most lofty character. The example must be given at home—around her own fire-side must the mother teach her jewels the great necessity for truth in all things, and more especially must her own conduct be honest and upright before her children.

MARY.

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.—Once there was a little boy named Duncan.—The boys used to call him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie.

One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along.

Duncan let the axe fall right on poor Tabby's head and killed her.

What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master's, and used to sit on a cushion at his side, while he was hearing his lessons.

Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature. His face grew red, and the tears stood in his eyes.

All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to the others—

"Now, fellows, we shall see whether Duncan can make up a fib as well as the rest of us."

"Not he," said Thomas Peofey, who was Duncan's friend. "Not he, I'll warrant you, Duncan will be as true as gold."

John Jones stepped up, and taking the cat by the tail, said—

"Here, boys, I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her; you know that he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would be very well. But Duncan looked quite angry. His face swelled, and his cheeks grew redder than before.

"No," said he, "no! Do you suppose I would lie for such a creature as that? It would be a lie, a LIE."

And each time he said the word his voice grew louder.

Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried it into the school room; and the boys followed to see what would happen.

The master looked up and said—

"What is this? My faithful mouser dead? Who could have done me such an injury."

All were silent for a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said—

"Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here is the truth. I can't lie, sir—I killed Tabby. But I am very sorry for it. I ought to have been careful, for I saw her rubbing her side against the leg. I am very sorry, indeed, sir."

Every one expected to see Mr. Cole take down his long rattan. But he put on a pleasant smile and said—

"Duncan, you are a brave boy! I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I had rather lose a hundred cats, than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school."

"Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this handsome penknife, as a token of my approbation.

Duncan took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

The boys could no longer refrain themselves; and when Thomas Peofey cried.—"Three cheers for True Duncan!" all joined in a hearty hurra.

The teacher then said—

"My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve it; though I am afraid some of you could not have done it."

Learn from this that nothing can make a falsehood necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and come to me with a lie, it would have been instantly detected; for I was a witness of what passed.

"I trust that he has been governed in this by a sense of right, and exhort you to follow his example."

At the head of the list of the Knights of the Legion of Honor lately created by the President of the French Republic, is a widow by the name of Brulon, who was born in 1771, and is now an officer in the Hotel des Invalides, where she has lived for the last 52 years, enjoying the esteem and veneration of the old companions in arms.

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee; Rachael, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

THE IMPROPER USE OF THE TONGUE

A Sermon, preached before Muscle-Shoal Association, by D. BRADENTHAL. Published by request.

"Keep thy Tongue from evil." Psalm 24: 13.

3. Profanity is another flagrant abuse of the tongue, against which we should be admonished by the text to guard.—Than this, no sin is more inexcusable, more unreasonable and more wanton. It is the most irrational and superfluous of all sins that mortals can commit; and Satan prompting men to their commission, operates by second causes, man's selfishness, the gratification of appetite and passion. But the sin of profanity is motiveless; and in committing this, men are instigated immediately and directly by Satan. He who steals is influenced by the value of the article, his own or the wants of his family. He who defrauds has the motive of gaining temporary advantage. The incendiary himself, as black as is his crime, is influenced by the motive of private revenge or plunder. But the profane swearer, without motive, without cause, without reason, commits the most heaven-daring offence, ever recorded in the book of God's remembrance. Madness! A child of the dust, a creature of a moment, to imprecate the vengeance, and bid defiance to the power, of that God whose glance is perdition, whose frown destruction. Recklessness appalling! A mortal to challenge God to doom him to everlasting torment—to assay to measure arms with the Almighty,—to grapple with Omnipotence. Let the diminutive insect that skims over the surface of the water, wage war with Leviathan; let the puny biped raise its tiny creeper against the crushing and violence of the whirlwind; let the helpless and unsheltered infant breathe defiance to the thunders' bolt: but let not man call his Maker to battle!

It argues well for the progress of christian sentiment, that profanity is considered highly impolite, incompatible with decorum and refinement. The man who has the native recklessness and unblushing impudence, to intrude his lips of foulness and profanity into a refined circle, will quickly feel that he is in an atmosphere above him, and one not to be tainted by the unhallowed oath which is wont to hang upon his lips. He may, if he will, soliloquize his profanity in dark and mouldy cellars, muddy lanes and back streets; but he may not thus pollute the atmosphere of refinement. Profanity is the dialect of rudeness, and the tribe to which a man belongs is known by the dialect which he speaks.

No sin is so Heaven-daring, is marked with so much of the darkness of ingratitude. The profane swearer should fear to see a cloud gather in the sky, lest it should be surcharged with a bolt of retribution, and commissioned to break and burn him to blackness and ashes. He should fear to look down, lest the earth should open to engulf him,—and fear to look up, lest every ray of the sun should meet in his face is a focus, and shed blindness and searing scintillations in his eyes. He should fear to breathe, lest the very atmosphere around him should be impregnated with the elements of fatal disease and death. Profanity! It is profaning goodness; it is abusing kindness; it is trifling with mercy; it is insulting love, and mocking forbearance. The mouth which should be vocal with blessing, is full of cursing. The bird that knows her appointed springtime, sits upon her favorite tree in your garden, and merrily and gratefully chants the gladsome choruses, at early dawn and rising day, to Him who gave her wing and plumage. But man endowed with reason and understanding, the object of the rarest affection and blessings that Heaven or earth knows, ungrateful man awakes to salute with profanity the Being who protected his nightly slumbers. "Keep thy tongue from the evil of profane swearing."

Nor should we omit to mention falsehood as an improper use of the tongue.—We are created with a disposition to speak truth and give credence to that which is spoken. We are created with a moral constitution, by which we suffer pain whenever the law of veracity is violated. A universal violation of the law of veracity, would result in universal degeneracy and misery. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." It is then the will of God, as taught both by nature and Revelation, that we should observe veracity under all circumstances.—Veracity is violated whenever we utter as truth, that which we have not known to be truth,—whenever we intentionally make a wrong impression. That mother violates the law of veracity, as well as sound policy, who to keep her child within doors at night, points to its credulous imagination, outdoor frightful pictures, when she knows that no such things exist. That other mother does violence to veracity as well as sound policy, who, to gain the assent of the child to take an unpleasant potion of medicine, assures it that the drop is sweet, when she knows that it is bitter and nau-

ceous. That lady infringes upon veracity, as well as wholesome discipline, who, because she is otherwise engaged for the hour, sends word to the visitor that she is not at home, when she knows that every word of that message is untrue. That young man and that young woman do violence to the law of veracity, who, in their sallies of gallantry in a devoted pursuit, declare, for the sake of success or secrecy, what they know is not true. That lawyer violates veracity, who, by exaggeration or extenuation, seeks to make an impression upon the minds of jurors which he knows is unwarranted by the facts in the case.—Let it never be forgotten, that neither for the sake of a small or a great gain, are we in any wise justifiable, in the least departure from truth. Gehazi, on account of falsehood with respect to gain was smitten with all the loathing and noisomeness of perpetual leprosy. Ananias and Saphira, "within the space of three hours," fell dead at the Apostles' feet, for uttering falsehood for the sake of gain. God has not given men the prerogative of violating veracity, at any time, under any circumstances, or for any purpose. Veracity is the law of the universe. God governs all worlds and all intelligences upon the strictest principles of eternal veracity. Our present and everlasting happiness is founded upon truth; and he who conforms his life to the law of truth is God-like, for God is truth. However we may attempt to extenuate and excuse here, however we may essay to mystify in this world of darkness and imperfection, God dwells in light unclouded; and the judgement of God is according to truth. "Who can compute the amount of evil resulting from the utterance of a single falsehood. It is only one of a nest of vipers which will also in time utter their poisonous hiss, to envenom the heart and to charm into slumber the whisperings of the inward monitor.—And woe betides the man who has dregs which can stupefy the powers of conscience. It is a law of eternal justice and retribution, a law immutable and irrevocable, a law attested by all time and all observation, a law written by the finger of God on the inner tablets of our nature, that that young man will never come to a worthy end, who runs a career of falsehood. To nobleness of purpose, high-toned sentiment, decision of character and virtuous aim, his bosom is a total stranger. The statesman of South Carolina, over whose death the nation has only ceased weeping, as unique and bold as were his public opinions, owed his world-wide fame

to his unbending uprightness and unwavering veracity. Already had the Father of his country demonstrated his future greatness, when a boy with hatchet in hand which hacked the gardeners favorite tree, he frankly confessed that he had done the deed. Washington, our country's, the world's Washington did then utter the confession which, like that of Peter, was the rock upon which was founded our country's deliverance. The star which hovered over Bethlehem did not more definitely point to a world's divine and eternal Savior, than did the light of that confession point to our country's temporal savior. Let him then who would rear an ever during monument of honorable and commendable fame; him who would be useful to his country and a benefactor to his race; him especially who would gain the smiles of Heaven and shun the frowns of God, be careful to add to every other virtue undeviating correctness and unflinching veracity. "Keep thy tongue from the evil of falsehood."

Finally, the tongue is abused in slander detraction and tale-bearing. What an amount of evil is produced by an abuse of the tongue in this respect? How often does friendship mourn, or a community bleed and religion wail, under the merciless and remorseless inflictions of a tongue which "is a world of iniquity and set on fire of hell." The slanderer and tale-bearer seem to forget, if indeed they have any conscience at all, that a man's reputation, the esteem in which he is held is as much his own property, as the houses and lands in his possession. He who has built a mansion, in his own time and out of his own material, owns that mansion; but, at the same time, he may have displayed such taste and skill in the construction of the edifice, as to have acquired a reputation as truly his own property as the structure itself, and more valuable than that. And by despoiling him of that reputation, you would be doing him a greater injury than by hurling the fire-brand into his costly mansion, and reducing it to ashes. There is not a title secured, in the rights of property more exclusive and equitable than the title to one's own reputation.—There is not an element of crime in fraud, stealth and robbery, which does not live big and black in the breath of slander.

Sometimes are so illy shapen, so darkly colored, of such vicious taste, that they have no relish for those high and dignified traits of character which, in spite of the Fall, exist in the humblest man who bears the image of God; they must ever, like

the dog, lap in the ugly dish of faults, frailties and imperfections. They have no relish for the manna which came pure and untainted from the skies, but roll eagerly to their palates the manna which has become decayed, fetid and corrupt by contact with sin and earth. They have no taste for angel's food, for aught in human character that is elevated and heavenly, but must delve in the vices and foibles of the man earthly—"dead in trespasses and in sin." Such persons have no relish for the pure, wholesome and living elements of devoted character; they must evermore, like the dark flock which troop in your woodlands and wastefields, bury their filthy bills in the putrid meal of sin and death. Like the phosphorous which in a dark and foggy night rises flickering from the graves in your churchyards, such tongues are brilliant only when they come in contact with the remains of spiritual death, corruption and decay. "It is a strange, unphilanthropic and unchristian taste that is never glutted, save when feeding upon the faults, and foibles and imperfections of a fellow mortal. Let the slanderer pursue his trade of crime and woe, let him rejoice in the atmosphere of turpitude and sin, let him vomit his rancorous poison into the life-blood of society and peace, let him roll his iron car over the necks of unprotected virtue and defenceless innocence, let him revel in the sighs and wails and tears running from the eyes and lips and broken hearts of orphanage and widowhood, but O God, give us hearts to weep for others woes! Rather than causelessly expose erring frailty, let it be ours to cast the mantle of charity over it, and hide it from public gaze forever.—Causelessly "speak evil of no man."

Often is slander, detraction and tale-bearing carried on under covert of secrecy, and, like the stream running under ground, noiselessly and as if by magic it winds through the whole community, till it dashes its polluted waters against the man who is its object; and when the injured citizen rises up, in the consciousness of his innocence, and traces back that stream, as usual and evermore it grows less and less, until it terminates in a croaking pond of reptiles as its fountainhead. The slander is prefaced by an injunction to secrecy, as if another would keep a secret for us which we will not keep for ourselves.—"I would not have you repeat it, but—" "do not say anything about it, but—" "you know I am not accustomed to speak of it, but—" "I do not mean any harm, but—" "you know I would not say any-

thing to injure him, but—" O that cold hearted, cantradieting, flood-gate little word "but!" "Would not say anything to injure him,"—O no, not you, kind loving and precious souls; yet summoning all the bitterness and ire of a tempest-tossed spirit, to scatter thorns and thistles and fire-brands and death into the bosom of quietude and friendship!

I fear, however, I have already, my brethren, taxed your patience too long.—Let us conclude our present reflections, by considering in a few words the cause of slander and detraction and, what is more important, an effectual cure. Detraction originates in envy. That man is wealthier than I am, though I am as happy as he; he has a greater reputation than I have, though I have as much as I deserve; he has more friends than I have, though I have also friends good and true. And because he has more wealth, more reputation, or more friends than I have; because he is in some respects taller than I am, I will convert my tongue into an axe of destruction, and try what virtue there is in hewing down and lopping off! The little-eyed mole cannot endure that the beautiful Gazelle has a more brilliant eye than her; and therefore will she destroy the grass upon which the Gazelle feeds. The rank ivy, because it cannot unaided tower aloft as the majestic oak, will not do as does the beautiful jasmine, tenderly embrace that stately trunk, and give it decoration by its fragrance and flowers, it must fasten its ugly and poisonous creepers deep in the rind, to effect decay and crumbling, and to bring that towering oak down to the earth, to which its unassisted windings must be confined. The noble Eagle with his wing on the wind and his eye on the sun, careers "onward and upward, onward right on;" but the mean little Spider, because it is not a sun, because its little self is not the centre of attraction, the centre of the universe, will raise its ugly little head, eject its noisome saliva, to spit out the sun which warned it into being, and clothed with living green all around it. From how mean a principle proceeds how mean a practice! I should be afraid, if I knew it, to have a tongue of detraction, lest the angel of wrath should be sent to burn it to its root, or write palsy upon it.

But what is the remedy? Turn no ear to the tale-bearer, and his lips will be as mute as the angel of death. If you listen to his tale of slander, you encourage his miserable traffic, and are a partaker of his sin; and if you will yet listen, remember that this is a world of partial retribution, and you will be the slanderer's next victim. "Keep thy tongue" from the evil of destruction and tale-bearing. "Keep thy tongue" from talkativeness, jesting, ridicule, profanity and falsehood. O "keep thy tongue from evil."

DEATH OF C. C. TRABUE.

We regret to hear that this most estimable man died at his residence in Nashville on 24th ult. Mr. Trabue was an old citizen of Nashville, and though lost to the business world for several years preceding his death by a lingering and prostrating disease, that city has had but few more beloved and enterprising citizens; and the Baptist Church has lost in him one of her brightest ornaments. Mr. T. was one of the projectors of Union University, an original Trustee, and one of its most devoted friends. Such was his devotion to the Institution which he had been instrumental in founding, that after several years absence from the meetings of the Board of Trustees, in consequence of disease, at the last two meetings he had himself conveyed to Murfreesborough, and lay in his bed, and gave his council and assisted in the transaction of the business of the Board. In the death of Mr. Trabue the University has lost one of its best friends. We subjoin the following just tribute from the Daily Gazette.

H.

But we owe him a tribute, as a citizen, who stood high in the affection and esteem of all who knew him. Until disease prostrated his system, and rendered him unfit for action, there was no one readier or more efficient than he in every high and noble enterprise. His conceptions of the duties of a citizen rose high above every personal consideration; and took their impulse from the most expansive view of the social relation. In his transactions with men, he was prudent, liberal and scrupulously honest. When prosperity enriched him from her prolific lap, he was neither unduly elated nor exorbitant in his demands. When adversity settled upon him, it wrung a spirit alive to every sense of honor, but the bitterness of the disappointment was in the fact, that others might suffer by his misfortunes. In his intercourse with the world, he was cheerful, courteous and affable. He uniformly had a smile and a kind word for every one who arrested his attention. He was ambitious of the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and yet he sought it not by flattery and adulation, but by a calm and dignified deportment, a generous hospitality and a faithful observance of all the personal and relative duties of life. The parent of a large and interesting family, he gave them the greater portion of his affection, and by his gentle discipline and unremitted attention, made himself the centre of all their hearts. For many years before his death, a member of the Baptist Church in this city, he exemplified the precepts of the great Head of the Church, by an humble life, a constant hope, and an exalted and active charity. His whole life present for our admiration a picture of public and private virtue, of moderation in prosperity, and patience under misfortune, which the history of few individuals will furnish.

Mr. Trabue was born in Woodford county, Ky., Aug. 27th, 1778, and was descended from Edward Trabue, a Huguenot, who fled to this country from religious persecution, at an early period. At the age of seventeen, he served a campaign under Gen. Jackson, in his Indian wars in the Southern States, as a sergeant in the company of Capt. Crittenden's Kentucky Volunteers, from which position, however, he was evacuated afterwards to the Life Guard of the General-in-chief. In 1818, having previously removed to this place, he was appointed to a clerkship in the U. S. Bank, which he filled with integrity and efficiency. Soon afterwards he was married to Miss Agnes, the sister of our deceased fellow-citizen Joseph and James

Woods, Esqs. Having, shortly after his marriage, removed to the State of Missouri, he was there elected to the lower branch of the Legislature, and served one session with the confidence and esteem of all. Having returned to this city, he was elected Mayor in 1839, and again in the following year. We well remember the enthusiasm with which he was twice called to this important station. In 1840, he was attacked by a lingering and prostrating fever, which was quickly followed by rheumatism and consumption, of which diseases he continued the patient but almost helpless victim till his death, which occurred on the 24th instant. Throughout this long and painful illness, he manifested the most undeniable Christian fortitude and resignation. Thus has passed away a good man, and such is our monument to his memory. We could not have said less, in compliment of the dead, or in justice to the living.

A SUMMER SABBATH NOON

It is a most delicious calm
That resteth everywhere,
The holiness of soul-sung psalm,
Of felt but voiceless prayer;
With hearts too full to speak their bliss,
God's silent creatures are.
They silent are; but not the less
In this most tranquil hour
Of deep unbroken dreaminess,
They own that love and power,
Which, like the softest sunshine, rests
On every leaf and flower.

CURIOS FACT.—No President of the United States who had sons, was ever re-elected. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, had no sons, and were re-elected; John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler had sons, and not re-elected.

A HEATHEN LANGUAGE.—It is said that in the Chinese language there is not a word that expresses the true idea of *sin*, and the only word which comes near it is one signifying a breach of politeness.

The men who returned to New York city from the late Arctic Expedition were ignorant on their arrival of the existence of Collins' line of steamers; or that there had been any such thing as a great Industrial Exhibition in England.

DEATH.—He that is well prepared for the great journey, cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep for his departure.

WHEN the candle of prosperity shines upon us, we may light our neighbors who are in the dark, and have none the less light ourselves.

REMEMBER IT!—all your labor in this world must be done to-day—to man there is no to-morrow.

THE DEAD.

O, weep not for the dead!
Rather, O rather give the tear,
To those that darkly linger here,
When all beside has fled;
Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly reveals on;
But never be a tear-dropt shed
For them, the pure, enfranchised dead.

Tennessee is the fifth State of the Union in point of population: The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, are New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia.

[From the Christian Index.]

"A BAPTIST PREACHER BURIED ALIVE."

Brother Dagg.—I read the above caption in a late number of the Index, with sentiments of horror. But upon running over the articles which followed, was somewhat relieved upon finding, that the unfortunate brother was not actually covered up in the ground, whilst the lamp of life was not extinct, but that he was entombed in cotton. The fact itself, though appalling, is not without its mitigations, and perhaps, not without some shadow of apology founded in reason and good sense. There is such a thing as sympathy in this world. It is said that the Moravian Missionaries in the days of Count Zinzendorf, were willing to go into the civil circumstances of the West Indian slaves, provided they might be permitted to preach the gospel to them. This was certainly Christ-like. And perhaps our buried brother, found a majority of his church members within the dreary precincts of a cotton death ground, and to relieve them obtained his consent to bear them company.

One thing must be apparent to us all.—It requires some strength of nerve to bear up under a lengthened isolation whatever may be the cause of its existence.—He must be firm indeed, who stands up for for God, whilst all around declare themselves on the side of Mammon. "Better be out of the world than out of the fashion," is a proverb of every day exemplification. If it be proper to observe, "like priest, like people," may we not sometimes reverse the picture, and say, like people, like priest? Upon the principle of conformity to circumstances and influences, we may expect to find this the case.

Our public men are what we make them. If we expect the services of intelligent and faithful Lawyers and Physicians, we must be willing to allow them such a reward as will place them in that position assigned them by public consent. Force them into the corners of poverty, by a niggardly withholding of what is due to talents and virtue, and you make them tricksters and hypocrites. And may not the same be true of ministers? Are they not expected to be intelligent, upright men—models to the rest of society? Now withhold the means necessary to secure the end, and this high office will be held by unworthy incumbents. The man who devotes his days and nights, his whole energies, to study, to prayer, to the ministry of the Word, if he have no means of his own, and attempt to keep up with his flock, with respect to his clothing, his style of living and moving, must either plunge himself into debt, and hereby hazard the imputation of dishonesty, or substitute the Leger or Blackstone for the Bible—have his defunct ministry inscribed with a cotton epitaph, and 'groan' back his sad regrets to the demands of his impoverished neighbors.

The balances of supply and demand are miserably out of point. The adjustments of New Testament devising, seem

to have been set aside. In this age of "Progress," religion stands far down in the list of human necessities. Fine clothes, fine equipage, fine every thing—a little, brief, shining life—to be looked at and talked of—these things form the *summum bonum* of the present day. The ministry—O what an old fashioned thing! To talk of Divine Revelation, of Human Depravity, of Regeneration, of Repentance, Faith Justification and Holiness, in a sober, sensible style, O what prosing! "Give us men of talents for the ministry," says the man with the long beard as he puffs off by means of a tobacco tube, the excesses of his genius. No solid reasoning is admissible. There must be no "abstractions." The man of fringe is the favorite. Let him come with his jinglings and tinklings culled from "the current literature of the day"—let him for the amusement of his auditors, step into the balcony of his towering fancy—let him fly on the outward verge of God's vast creation, and as he stands upon the last star, signal the lightning's wing to bear him to realms beyond—he may get the promise of support—he may have the full benefit of *subscription*, but whether the more substantial ever comes to hand, ask the deacon.

The above remarks apply to certain localities. In other places anything will do for the ministry. Here the good old song has its magic still. Ah, the old wine, the old corn! By the way, there is much of good sense, in this. And old fashioned, good thing, in my judgment, is worth more than a modern, pompous nothing.—But what I have in view is this: Old brother Hardface has "served his chunches" a long time—has hoed his corn, and fed his cows, through many a dreary year—and his brethren have sometimes, taken a "collection" for his benefit, amounting in the aggregate, to the full amount of twenty five cents apiece, for all the members—and now they are very much afraid of innovation, to do more, were to open the gate for a flood-tide of errors. How accommodating is conscience, when memory is in question! Should the old gentleman need a new coat, the old lady's loom and needle have performed this kind office many a time, and, as for books, why they may lead to new ideas and new things, and therefore should be set aside. It is true, Deacon Oldpath sometimes complains, and says that brother Hardface ought to have more time to read and rest; but he is opposed in conference by brother Guardwell who always urges that "a man of brother H's experience can study enough o' nights."

Brother Editor, when I sat down to write, I did not expect to spin out so long a yarn—but this buying business; O the thought is terrible! Why my dear sir, it behooves us all to hunt up old Watts, and sing,

"Hark from the tombs, a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry:
Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you shall shortly lie."

Many of our brethren are buried—ministers and people, all buried; not like the ancient Pharaohs, beneath the proud sum-

mits of the Pyramids, but amid a shapeless accumulation of cotton-bags. Paul! thou man of God, of sufferings and labors, write to us as thou didst to the Romans, "be not conformed to this world." John! thou beloved deceiver, let us hear thee, when thou sayest, If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The disease which leads to this dire result is contagious. We may all be smitten. The signs of the times are ominous, it becomes us to think, to be cautious, to pray. APPREHENSION.

LIFE IS SWEET.

"O, life is sweet!" said a merry child,
"And I love, I love to roam
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene;
Of the world is a fairy home."
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And dowers gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sunlit day
Of the world is a world of light!"

"O! life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,
As he conned the storied page,
And he pondered on the days by gone
And the tangle of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eyes,
And he longed for riper years;
He clung to life—he dared its strife—
He felt no dread nor fears.

"O! life is sweet!" came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happy smile she gave the while,
To the dear one by her side.
"O! life is sweet! for we will live
Our constancy to prove—
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine—
Our solace in our love."

"O! life is sweet!" said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child,
And closer pressed to her gladdened breast
Her babe, who unconscious smiled,
"My life shall be for thee, my child,
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear
From the tie that forms a part?"

"O! life is sweet!" said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim,
His form was bent, his strength was spent,
Could life be sweet to him?
O, yes! for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung,
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

Thus life is sweet, from early youth
To weak, enfeebled age,
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied stage,
And though, perchance, the path is rough,
And dark the sky above,
In every state there's something yet,
To live for and to love.

HINT TO BLACKSMITHS.—The cutting of bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a tardy and laborious process. By the following mode the same end is attained more speedily and neatly: Bring the iron to a white heat, and then fix it in a vice and apply the common saw, which, without being turned in the edge, or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily as if it were a carrot.

SIGN OF CHARACTER.—A man who habitually speaks disparagingly of the female character gives conclusive evidence that there is something wrong in his own, and also shows the class of females with whom he has been in the habit of associating. A true man always has a high ideal of female excellence, and cherishes it with a respect bordering on worship. We must perhaps make some allowance for old bachelors who cannot get wives.

CURIOSITY.—The curiosity of an elevated mind is directed towards things—that of a mind one towards persons.

THOMAS PAINE.

I devote this communication to a notice of one entitled to the "bad eminence" of being among the worst enemies of our country. I refer to the once honored and celebrated, but now, and to all future time, justly infamous, Thomas Paine.—Surely I may congratulate myself on having seen the two extremes in human character, George Washington and Thomas Paine; the remembrance of both is equally distinct and vivid in my recollection.—I saw Paine but twice; and had I a dear friend in danger of receiving injurious impressions from his writings, one of the best, most effectual, and most rapid antidotes would be, to show him the MAN.—Let him see the object that I saw, and hear what I heard; and the conviction would be everlasting that the tree could not be good which produced such fruit.—The first time I saw him was in what might be esteemed his palmiest days; it was when he was invited back to the United States by Mr. Jefferson, in 1802. The invitation was placed by the friends of the President solely on patriotic grounds; in consideration of the early and eminent services rendered to the cause of the Revolution by the distinguished author of "Common Sense;" but those who know Mr. Jefferson better, could not be brought to believe such an account of the matter. True, Mr. Paine, coming to America at the great crisis of our affairs, when the minds of men were like a magazine ready to explode on the first touch of a match, did render a most acceptable and very efficient service, by writing a clear, brief, and cogent statement of our case with England; but had not that service, beside the ample revenue of fame it brought him, been rewarded by a substantial recompense in money? Had he not, too, by way of public testimonial to his merits, been placed in a public situation of honor and trust, from which he had to be disgracefully expelled? Had he not been guilty of a similar act in France? to say nothing of his disgraces in England, on the self-same ground before he came here, and was this a man be publicly honored? Was not the woman who accompanied him here the first time an abased heart-broken wife, and the woman who came with him the last time, the wife of another man? Was not Paine's moral character perfectly well known in England, in France and in the United States? Would Washington have asked such a man to visit us? Ah no! At the time of his arrival politics ran very high; the minds of men were in all the fervid excitement of a great party contest, elated and insolent from victory, or exasperated and embittered by defeat. Rooms were taken for Paine at the "New York Hotel," as it was called, then the most eminent public house in the city, (though only two stories high, by the by) and he was visited there by floods of company, consisting, for the most part, of the friends of France, and of Mr. Jefferson, most of them young and prominent men or such as were in hot chase of popularity and political elevation. The room seemed open to all comers, and though I was but

a lad, I entered with the rest, prompted by an intense curiosity to behold a man who had attracted himself a world-wide notoriety. He was seated near the fire, while a large circle of interested admirers were gazing and listening, Mr. Paine taking the lead in the conversation, and, in fact, supporting it almost alone; for he spoke with great readiness and fluency, and with pungent humor that frequently threw his audience into explosions of laughter. I have forgotten the particulars, but I remember the general topics were vituperations of England; prophecies of her speedy downfall; the progress of French victories and French sentiments in Europe; a joyful anticipation of a like progress in America; and, especially, of the utter prostitution of Christianity. He there confidently prophesied that *in five years more the Bible would become an obsolete book*, and would scarcely be in circulation in New York. All these sentiments were eagerly listened to by those around him and seemed to be cordially assented to; and as I left the apartment, I heard a distinguished politician say to his friend, that England was bankrupt, and that there would be a revolution there before another year. Paine was then well dressed, and though florid, wearing the general expression of a worn libertine. I think his feet were swelled as with gout. Madame Bonneville and her two children were with him.

How different was his appearance when I last beheld him! It was in the morning, about eleven o'clock, in a narrow, obscure street, running in the rear of the City Hall, at the corner of which and Thames street, stood Carver's blacksmith shop. I need scarce remind your readers that Thomas Carver was one of Paine's intimates, a disciple in the infidel school, a man of strong mind, and very much disposed to avow and argue for his principles. He and his infidel friend and master had not then quarrelled; (as they afterwards did; in consequence of Paine's infamous behavior when boarding in Carver's house.) It was immediately opposite Carver's blacksmith shop; and while Carver, (far the better man of the two,) was hard at work over his anvil, hammer in hand, Paine, without his hat, and in a loose sort of great coat, or wrap-rascal, (as they were then called,) his hands behind him, his clothes shabby, and his flesh disgustingly dirty, was pacing the pavement backward and forward, for a short space, keeping up a conversation with his disciple and host. The instant I set my eyes upon him, I recognized the man I had seen at the City Hall, the loadstar of admiring eyes. "Alas, how changed! but there was the same never-to-be-forgotten countenance, which, once seen, (like Jeffrey's) stamped itself forever on the memory. His huge nose was much increased in size, and covered with carbuncles and blotches of a fiery red. His cavernous eye-sockets, dark and sunken, were overhung by shaggy grey brows, from beneath which his two restless, eager, angry, piercing eyes, glowed like living coals of charcoal. I never saw such eyes, before or

since. They seemed like inlets to the hell within. His head shook violently with the palsy. His whole frame moved stiffly, and his feet seemed too heavy for him.—And O, if his eyes seemed like the inlets of hell, what shall I compare his mouth to, but its open gate? Such torrents of oaths and blasphemy, I never listened to. He was angry, much excited, under some supposed abuse or injurious treatment, and he was pouring out, to Carver, his resentful feelings. It was the resentment of a fiend. Every word was a curse. I stood, gazed, listened, and was instructed. And I well remember the wish that rose within me, that every man, woman or child, that had ever read his *Age of Reason*, could stand where I stood, and contemplate its author. They would never have forgotten the sight to their dying day.

I did not witness the death bed of this man, but my brother did. My brother was a minister, and occasionally preached at New Rochelle on the Sound, not far out of New York, near which Paine lay sick.

The first thing that struck one on visiting his room and bed, was the nauseous filthiness of both. Nor could it be prevented. Such was his utter aversion to water, that he would never, if he could prevent it, suffer his person to be washed. Stretched across his apartment were lines, on which he hung, unwashed, his pocket-handkerchiefs, when in such a state that they could no longer be used. From a fact like this; it is easy to imagine what must have been the condition of his outer man. The woman received him as a boarder, with the utmost repugnance, her husband being one of Paine's disciples, and begged, for a long time in vain, that he might be removed. His conduct, at length, became so outrageous, that she succeeded. He died at the house of a Mrs. Hedden, a good and kind-hearted woman, whose disgust was vanquished by pity, and who often read to him for hours together.

Paine had been a daring blasphemer; but in those solemn, silent hours which precede dissolution, his coward soul began to tremble. With no fear of God, in any sense other than belongs to devils, he had a horrid fear of death, and seems to have had some very alarming apprehensions of what was to follow. He was restless, sighed heavily, groaned fearfully, and when alone, and supposing himself unheard, he would attempt to pray. The servant once found him on his knees on the bed, crying "God, help me, help me! Christ, Jesus Christ, help me!" My brother had learned these facts, and approaching his bed side, gently enquired of him whether he now believed in Jesus Christ? His countenance assumed a look of fury, he jerked himself over in the bed, turning his face towards the wall, and thundered out, "No!" "But you pray to Jesus Christ, and ask him to help you; do you believe him to be a divine being?" "No!" "Do you wish me to pray for you?" "No!" He similar answers to all Christian enquirers, who would have gladly striven to do him good; and yet tho

moment they were gone his fear so mastered him, that he commenced groaning again and crying for help. And thus, in a horrible strife between stubborn dogged pride and dastard fear, he wrung out the last miserable hours of his existence in this world.

Probably no man ever did more extensive injury to his race than this most wretched being. Voltaire and his associates made, it is true, far more splendid, certainly more able and perhaps more malicious assaults on Christianity; but they did not, like Paine, write for the million. They addressed themselves to scholars, to men of wit and taste and cultivation; but Tom Paine put his book into the hands of the artisan, the sailor, the apprentice the school boy; it was found behind the milliner's counter, and under the pillow the boarding-school miss. Edition after edition went off with rapidity; it was reduced to the very cheapest and coarsest form, so as to be in reach of the poorest of those who read at all. Refutation after refutation appeared, but the infection spread with the rapidity of a plague, while the antidote lay unheeded on the shelf.—For a time infidelity was rife throughout our land; and I regret to say that the well known sentiments of the most pious and the most popular man in England, a fearful sanction to all who loved it.

But let us rejoice that that dark day is past; let us thank God that our greatest men do not blush to avow, in the highest places, their firm belief in the truth of the revelation. While John Marshall, Joseph Story, and Henry Clay, find the evidence of the Bible's truth impregnable verity, let no youthful socialist swell with the consoling conviction that he owns a mind too discriminating and too strong to be galled by old wives' fables.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

THE POOR.—A very large meeting of the Shirt Sewers was recently held in New York city for the purpose of devising means to remedy their present oppressed condition. It was there stated that there are in the city, 6000 of this poor and defenceless class of females, who under the extortion of modern Shylocks, are scarce enabled to keep soul and body together, by their incessant toil. The price for making cheap shirts for the shops, was there reported to be from 8 to 10 cents each; for making collars, 1, 2, and 3 cents each. Well may they exclaim with mournful truth—

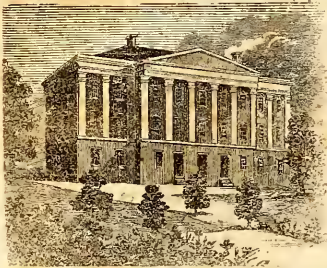
"Oh men, with sisters dear;
Oh men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
It's human creature's lives."

George the Second being informed that an imprudent printer was to be punished for publishing a spurious royal speech, he answered that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he read both; and, so far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.



DECEMBER 1, 1851.

OUR PAPER.

The success with which the experiment of starting the publication of the Classic Union has met, encourages us to believe that we were not mistaken in the opinion that such a paper would meet with public favor, and supply a vacuum in our Periodical Literature. With scarcely any effort to push it into circulation we have received a respectable subscription list, extending into five or six states; and from the number of voluntary subscribers sending in their names, we feel confident that we will soon be established on a permanent basis.

It has been our object to furnish a useful and attractive *family paper*, and from the number of communications which we have received, we flatter ourselves that we have not been altogether unsuccessful. We have fallen short however, of what we desired to make it, and design to add such improvement as will greatly increase its interest and usefulness.

We think we do not say too much when we claim to furnish one of the cheapest papers in the south west, furnishing as much reading matter for as little cash. Will not our friends in various directions do us the favor to procure additional subscribers? We are sure that a great many persons are ready to subscribe if only asked to do so. We will take it as a great favor for any so far to interest themselves as to send us one or more subscribers. Who will do it? H.

We take the opportunity of returning our thanks to the press generally, to whom we have sent copies of our paper, for the many flattering notices we have received, and for the favor of exchanges. H.

CORRECT ORTHOGRAPHY.

It is no credit to spell well but not to do so, is very disreputable. We may peruse the private communication of a friend and have our respect for him much enhanced by his generous feelings and noble sentiments, yet we do esteem him the more because he has committed no orthographical mistakes. But if he misspell, though his ideas are clothed in the finest terms, the only emotion that arises in our mind is one of surprise, that a person whose conversation is so intelligent and instructive, should be deficient in the first rudiments of an education. An individual may by his pleasing manner, glowing language and sublime strains in oratory win the admiration of an audience, but if it is ascertained that he cannot spell the words he uses so fluently an unfavorable reaction takes place and his hearers consider him a learned fool. Hence, good spelling is essential to attain any degree of literary eminence and without it the finest talents will receive but little commendation.

The importance of correct orthography is universally admitted but it is not duly appreciated. This is evident from the great deficiency of many persons in this respect. Men of considerable information who have excellent ideas and use fine language in expressing them cannot spell their words. Numerous manuscripts containing good matter that are intended for publication, are so replete with misspelled words that if published without correction the authors themselves would be astonished. And if we read the written advertisements and notices of substantial citizens that are posted at the court-house, and other places we are amused at their orthographical blunders. Now all these persons *acknowledge* the importance of good spelling, but they do not *appreciate* it or they would turn their attention to acquiring a knowledge of it. They assent to the proposition, but do not feel its truth sufficiently to act and secure to themselves the qualification they admit to be valuable.

This deficiency in the education of many persons results from a superficial manner of passing over the primary studies. It is thought that a knowledge of orthography can be acquired in a short time and if an instructor, who is desirous that his pupils should be thorough in this branch, has them continue long at it, the parents become dissatisfied and withdraw their patronage, because their neighbors' sons who are neither older nor brighter but who attend a different school, are apparently the farthest advanced. This opinion is

erroneous. For to comprehend the orthography of our language it must be the study of the child, the youth and the young man. And the course some parents have pursued has been the cause of placing young men even in the College classes who cannot *spell* and until the existing anxiety to pass over the primary department ceases we will have miserable spellers. T.

CABINET OF U. UNIVERSITY.

Rare and valuable contributions have recently been made to our Cabinet; but not so many as might have been made. Almost every person has it in his power to contribute something to a knowledge of the mineral and agricultural wealth of our country.

The great distinguishing geological features of the Mississippi valley are here presented in a compass small enough and full enough, for every one to become familiar with, and this is and ought to be, to us, of the first importance in studying the science. These, can, in a great measure be illustrated with specimens, and *in situ*, from our vicinity, but there are objects of curiosity and scientific interest which many cannot buy, but which are cheerfully presented by the friends of education, of science, and we may say, of their country. We hope our friends will continue to swell the list we give below. We begin with the ladies.

Mrs. JAMES, Charlotte, Ten. Specimens of Tennessee Iron ore.

Mrs. BECTON, Murfreesborough, Ten. A number of beautiful shells.

Mrs. W. L. MURFEE, Murfreesborough, Ten. Some rare and very perfect shells from Cuba.

DR. BASKETTE, Murfreesborough, Ten. A blind Cray fish (from the Mammoth Cave.) *Crustacea Deapoda Macroura*.

Mrs. W. MANEY, Franklin, Ten. Lead ores from Arkansas.

JNO. BELL, JR. ESQ. Fine specimens of Coal.—Jet Bath Springs.

DR. G. W. BURTON, Specimens from Athens, Pompeii, Vera Cruz, and many other places—50 in all.

HON. TURNER VAUGHN. Mammoth bones. Basalt &c. (About 230 specimens.) Rock Crystal, (Quartz) Hot Springs, Ark.

We will give more in our next number. D.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of Union University are requested to meet on the 24th inst., in the Chapel of the University, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

By order of the President,
Dec. 1, 1851. J. H. EATON.

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

There seems to us something peculiarly appropriate in the calling together of the people of the different States, by their respective Governors, to offer up solemn thanksgiving and praise to the great Author of all our blessings. This movement indicates the increasing religious feelings of the people, and points to the religion of the country as the true source of our liberties and prosperity as a Nation, and develops traces of divine guidance for which our special praises are due the great Disposer of men and nations. Politicians and others are wont to deal in rhapsody and towering eloquence when speaking of the wisdom of our fathers and the glory of the Republic which they projected, defended, and handed down to their children; but the true source of their wisdom, and that which constitutes the excellency of our institutions is rarely understood or appreciated. It seems to us that the prophecies of the Scriptures point with remarkable clearness to this country as the asylum of the church—the place prepared in the wilderness as a refuge from the Apocalyptic Dragon; and that the Divine Hand is as clearly seen in the religious developments of the country, as formerly in the Israelitish nation. If New England had been colonized when first discovered, old English institutions would have been planted and maintained under strong Papal influence and power—had it been in the reign of Elizabeth, it would have been before the activity of the public mind in religion had conducted to a corresponding activity in politics. The first settlers were Englishmen and Protestants, exiled for religion; they had groaned under the oppression of ecclesiastical hierarchies of Europe; and sighing for the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, were willing to hazard their lives in the wilds of the new world to obtain it.

But the Puritan settlers of New England, with their rugged experience, and panting after liberty of conscience, did not understand the true idea of religious liberty. They wished to be free themselves, and sought to establish a government that would secure it, but in protecting themselves from oppression, and securing a sufficient safe guard to their religious tenets, they fell into the error of their persecutors, united the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and giving the civil magistrate jurisdiction over the con-

science, in turn became themselves the oppressors of others. Such had been their education and early theological training; and so long had all Europe practiced such a union it is not marvelous that they should not at once hit upon the true Scriptural idea. But it was not the purpose of the God of his people that religion in this nation should be bound, or that they should persecute their brethren.

At last the true idea was discovered, as if the result of the genius of a single individual, and announced by Roger Williams in the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The application of this new principle—"that the civil magistrate has no jurisdiction over the conscience," was properly regarded as subversive of the government of the country, and consequently met with strong and for a time overpowering opposition, but finally it triumphed and became a corner stone in the great temple of American liberty.—Mr. Bancroft says—"Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a State upon that principle and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions in characters so deep that the impress remains until the present day, and can never be erased without the destruction of the whole work.—The principles which he first sustained amidst the bickerings of a colonial parish, he soon found occasion to publish to the world and defend as the basis of religious freedom to mankind. So that we may compare him to the lark, the pleasant bird of the peaceful summer that affecting to soar aloft springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pale to tree, and at last, surmounting the highest hill, utters his clear carols through the skies of morning.

He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience—the equality of opinions before the law, and in its defense he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and superior of JEREMY TAYLOR. Taylor limited his toleration to a few Christian sects—Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, of no religion, leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodox unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes." These principles being developed, and infused into the minds of the people, they were carefully guarded by the provisions of the constitution of these States; and religion being once more left free to work out its own results, without the aid of human legislation, has in turn by its sacred influence on the moral sentiment of the people, become a safe-guard

to our civil and political institutions. But for the religious sentiments of the masses of this nation, the Union would no more remain amidst the storms of political and sectional strife, that often rise, than the weakest vessel would withstand the dashing surges of a tempest driven ocean, or the mighty crushings of huge mountains of ice. But our people are a religious people, and though divided into sects and parties the government protects each alike, is a friend of each, and draws to its support the combined influence of all. The people being religious regard scrupulously the obligations of an oath, and the sanctity of the laws. And thus does the religious sentiment of the people sustain and perpetuate the liberties of the people, by upholding civil government, while it spreads its own sacred principles abroad, working out the redemption of the soul from sin, and giving to the captive true and eternal liberty. The following view of the subject is from the thirteenth edition of De Tocqueville's work on Democracy published in France, as given by Mr. Chevalier in his review. "It is easy to show how much the Democratic Republic of the United States is due to the religious feeling of the people. In Europe most of the disorder to society has its origin in the domestic circle, and not far from the nuptial couch.—Frequently the European finds it difficult to submit to the powers of the State only because tumultuous passions agitate his own dwelling, and that he is there a prey to the uneasiness of the heart or the instability of desire. In the United States the residence of the citizen is the image of order and peace. North America according to the unanimous opinion of all who have visited it, is the country where the conjugal tie is most respected, and where conjugal happiness is the most appreciated.

This good state of morals in America had its origin in religious faith. Religion would probably be powerless to restrain man in the presence of temptation with which he is assailed by fortune; but it reigns supreme over the mind of woman, and it is woman who forms public morals. As long as Americans shall preserve the severity of their moral conduct, they will preserve the Democratic Republic. If their morals become relaxed, if they become vicious, it will be because religion has been deprived of its authority. Instead of a free nation there will be a degraded mass, governed by the corrupt rich. Republican institutions may exist in name, but the name will be a deception.

It will be like the Roman Republic which existed in name under the Cæsars, but the reality of which had completely disappeared. In the United States religion also governs the mind, restrains it in its aberrations, and thus becomes a guarantee of the duration of the Republic.—Everybody in the United States professes religious dogmas. The small number who are not sincere christians expect to be so, lest they should be suspected of having no religion. Christianity, therefore, has an external adhesion which is unanimous.

The result of this is that in the moral world every thing is fixed, although the political world may appear to be given up to discussion and rash experiments. The human mind in the United States has not before it an unlimited space; however bold it may be, it feels that there are insurmountable barriers before which it must stop. Hence it happens that in all classes there is a certain restraint, either voluntary or the result of force. In this manner men of revolutionary tendencies are constantly compelled to profess if they do not feel a respect for christian morality, and consequently for equity which is the substance of christianity. If they could rise above this scruple, or if they had no scruple they would be restrained by those of their partisans. Thus in the United States there is no person who will dare to put forward the maxim that every thing may be permitted in the interest of the state and of society—a tyrannical maxim which prevailed to our misfortune in the first French Revolution, and which the second has hitherto, notwithstanding its faults imperatively rejected.

Those who wish to promote the best interest of the country may be assisted by these observations and views to the proper point of effort, and learn the true source from whence their blessings are derived the *BELLION of the country.* H

DANCING.

That dancing in the popular sense is an evil and incompatible with the religion of Christ is as demonstrable as any other proposition in morals or religion. To support this affirmation it is not requisite that we should produce any specific Scriptural prohibition. The Bible is a book of principles and practices, as well as of laws and doctrines, and moral duties deduced from its principles are as obligatory as those more clearly defined by a specific law.—The obligation or duty of benevolence, the performance of acts of kindness and

good to our fellow-men, is enjoined in general terms, yet it involves every variety of action by which we can contribute to the happiness of our fellow-men. It was impossible to specify every condition in which men would be entitled to the assistance of others, or in which it should be rendered, it was enough to teach it as a general principle of Christianity from which every individual may clearly infer his duty in every case that may arise before him. It was also impossible to specify every particular action which was forbidden by the Gospel, but it lays down general principles from which the enlightened conscience may deduce its proper course of action in relation to all moral subjects that may arise before it. This method is recognised by men in other departments of human responsibility as being proper and sufficient to limit their actions. The constitution of our government while it defines specifically some of its doctrines and practices, teaches, many things in general principles, and as clearly prohibits many things not specified by name, as it does others that are.

"Be not conformed to this world but be ye transformed by the running of your minds" is an injunction of the sacred Scriptures, binding on all the disciples of Christ. By "this world" is described the irreligious as distinguished from the Kingdom of God. Of the "dead in trespasses and sins" it is said they walked, "according to the course of this world," but of believers, "ye are not of this world" but "fellow-citizens of the saints, and of the household of God." This injunction as clearly covers every act of conformity to the world, as "to do good unto all men" implies every act of good which is performed by Christians to their fellow-men. Dancing is most assuredly a worldly practice, invented for the gratification of the flesh and its carnal desires. No person, perhaps, can assign truthfully any other reason for engaging in the exercise. The best reason that can in fairness be given by most professed Christians who approve of dancing, for their course, is that it is right to conform to the social habits and customs of society. But this is the very thing forbidden by the Scriptures. Society is made up of the most part by the irreligious, and it is the duty of Christians to seek to mould society after the teachings of Christ, instead of themselves conforming to the fashions of the world.

That fashionable dancing is deleterious to religion is the deliberate opinion of all the wisest and most devoted Christians; is

obvious from the deterioration of Godliness and Christian zeal in all who practice it; and the usually defective piety of those who advocate it. Add to this the low estimate placed upon the Christian character of the dancer: by the irreligious, and the consequent prostration of Christian influence before the world; and the judgement of every candid mind must decide the unlawfulness of the practice to the professed disciples of the Son of God.

To make out a prohibition to the Christian, it is not necessary that the testimony against dancing be placed beyond doubt, it is only necessary that it raise a doubt in the mind as to its lawfulness. It is a well defined moral principle laid down in the Bible, that a doubt as to the correctness of an action possesses the force of a prohibition. "He that doubteth is damned; if he eateth," said the Apostle when speaking of meat offered to idols, when at the same time he admitted the thing to be in itself indifferent. To act against a doubt, when there is no doubt of the innocence of not acting, shows a recklessness of moral principle that would not hesitate to violate a specific command, for the sake of gratifying the desires of the flesh. If then the moral and religious aspect of dancing is such as to bring the mind to doubt its propriety, that doubt may no more be trampled under foot, than an express precept uttered by the law of God.

There are many professors of religion who are too conscientious themselves to visit the Ball Room and dancing party, but do not hesitate to sanction and encourage it in their children and others—parents who acknowledge their obligation to bring up their children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord" do not hesitate to spend money and time in teaching their children a practice which may lead them down to the chambers of death.—If such parents thought a potion prescribed to their children, would multiply the probabilities of their dying, and could not possibly promote health, no inducement would be sufficient to cause them to administer it. But in religion they minister to the depraved appetite of their offspring, principles the tendency of which, is to foster pride, worldly pleasure and alienation from piety, and fearfully increase the probabilities of their reaping "shame and everlasting contempt," in the charnel house of eternal death. How great the risk, and how fearful the responsibility! H.

TEA.—The annual consumption of tea in the United States is about 18,000,000 pounds.

EXTRACTS

From Mr. J. H. B's speech, delivered to the Junior order of the Sons of Temperance.

Appetites, if in a beastly manner are carried to excess, blunt the apprehension, the judgment and reasoning faculty.—Without apprehension we could have no conception of any mental act, or operation of the mind, and if the judgment be disordered there could be no comparing of the ideas of apprehension, pronouncing whether they agree, or disagree, and unassisted by the reasoning faculty, we could have no correct knowledge of the ideas compared; we could not proceed from one judgment to another; and bereft of these, we want wisdom to stay us and like a ship out upon the trackless deep in the midst of a howling storm, without a helm to guide her, is sent to a sad and dreadful destruction, by the too strong gale.—What will become of our physical organization? It cannot long encounter the tide; the alimentary and secretive organs lose their power of giving animation to the system, and like yonder plant upon a sandy plain for want of soil soon sickens and dies.—You must be aware, that, when you have taken to excess the luxuries of a good dinner, the perceptive organs are in a great measure rendered inactive, that they lose a part of their brilliancy, and that a kind of torpidity or sluggishness is produced in the system, nor is the mind alone inactive, but the body also; and thus daily feeding your alimentativeness, mind and body must decay as a natural consequence.—So it is with any other appetite.—It will not do to gratify occasionally the natural appetite, for this process goes on in virtue of a great law of humanity; something which is essential and ultimate is formed and this is habit. As I remarked in the outset, originally the gratification of these appetites were intended for pleasure, and the more we gratify them, the more numerous they become; they also become more obtuse and dull, that is, the pleasure we receive, and ere we are aware a great law has seized hold of us, and that which was at first pleasing and cheerful, now presses like a coat of iron and galls like fetters of steel; and every indulgence is a new weight to that, which was previously placed upon us, thus lessening the probability of escape and accelerating us to a gloomy, fearful and interminable sinking. Remember there is no sin so small, but what may produce great and vile effects, and transgressing in this little sin again and again, you little by little will begin to fall and falling you will sink into the gulf

despairing. "The ocean vast, dark heaving, boundless, endless, sublime,"—with ten thousand fleets sweeping over its bosoms, was made of drops. "The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand," and the shoal that hath wrecked navies, is but the work of a colony of ephemeral insects: "For atoms must crowd upon atoms ere crime groweth to be a giant." If you nourish in your hearts the reveries of passion, how soon will you grieve, if the voice of conscience be not hushed, that these buds have ripened into passion. I would ask—where is the gain in the gratification of these beastly propensities? What honors are heaped upon you? What good do communities derive from your membership? Is there not rather a loss than a gain in such a mode of conduct? Are not all grades of society connected by a link somewhere, and will not your influence be indirectly felt by the best of people?—Honestly and candidly answer these questions. What does that young man gain whose sole and chief object is the gratification of his alimentativeness? Where is the honor, where is the gain? When is the happy influence upon his fellows? He cares not for the world; he turns a deaf ear to consciousness and soon all is lost in gluttony, and in return for his indulgence, the faculties of the mind are rendered dull and inactive, nature with all of her beauties animates him not, music charms him not, all refined feelings are entombed in sensual grossness, fame's clarion toned trumpet awakes him not, reputation's self-approving comes to his ears, and he is unmoved, poetry with its enrapturing and vivifying influences fails to arouse his sluggishness, he mopes about in restlessness,—he is burden to himself—perhaps the gout with its piercing pains, or dyspepsia seizes hold of him, and he finally falls a victim to his appetite "unwept, unhonored and unsung." What does that young man in his midnight reveries, when "old earth" is wrapt in somber shades! Ah! fair Cynthia may smile her placid beams upon him to detract his attention from midnight vitiations; the twinkling stars may shoot their lovely rays about him, or the floating clouds may frown angrily upon him and thus drive him home ashamed, but excess drags him on, soon blooming health begins to fade—honor flees, and wealth is squandered, and finally he falls with his haggard features dishonored, discountenanced into the whirlpool of destruction, and soon is forgotten among men, or is only remembered

by the discordant notes, his name produces when perchance it is mentioned.

"A night of fretful passion may consume,
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom."

What honor accrues to that young man who often is seen at the card table with its hellish influences! If he wins millions, it does not bring with it honor or respect, nor does it secure happiness. He may think he will reform, but ere he is aware he is enticed by his wicked associates into crime. I see him approaching the sink of perdition—his eyes are red and swollen—his features pale and emaciated,—he is loth to enter,—perhaps the warning voice of his solicitous parents is ringing in his ears,—conscience and stormy, vehement passion have come in collision—he stops—he ponders—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be dreaded, needs but to be seen
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Ah! conscience is lost in the whirlwind of passion—he enters, and if stripped of his money all is gone—an outcast upon society—a curse to his friends and relations, disgraced, abashed he fails to rise no more. More than this, other vices attend the gambler. His passions are excited by inhaling the damning atmosphere around, he is led to commit deeds of robbery and murder, and ere he is aware, he is summoned to appear before the tribunal seat of his country, there to await the decisions of justice. Perhaps he will be safely lodged in the penitentiary, or be compelled to take his exit to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." Where does the gambler stand in the estimation of the world? He is regarded by the respectable and honorable as a loathesome, detestable nuisance to society. All decent men shun him. How many families are brought to misery and want by indulging in this sin?—how many gray hairs are fallen into the grave with sorrow—how many widows and orphan children are brought to suffer even in one night's dissipation. Oh! that the tears and rending agonies of orphan children and disconsolate wives could be turned into hot streams of melted lava that it might be continually poured out upon the guilty souls of those who keep these houses of his satanic majesty, to entice and allure the young and old from the paths of rectitude and virtue.

"Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismembered, mortgag'd, sold;—
Their owners now to jails confined
Show equal poverty of mind."

What does that young man gain, who visits the grog shop to spend his money for an article which is in its very nature a strong

virulent poison? Stop! think! one moment where that money goes. Do you know who suffers from the interchanging of that mite? Look out and behold yonder cabin almost roofless. Wretched looking abode. The liquor vender has been able to supply his shop with the fiery, sparkling, insinuating poison, by means of the money you gave him. Now approach that almost deserted hut and look at the wreck. I see a mother—poor mother! who when a girl was lovely, gentle, meek. She was the bloom of health—the picture of innocence and mirth, perhaps often in her imaginary dreams, she painted out the pleasure and happiness that would be hers. The pride of her parents and the joy of her brotherhood. Cheerfully she spent her youthful days in bright and sunny skies, but now behold her in misery and want. The rosy glow of her cheek has faded—her once sparkling eyes have become dim—her smiling countenance has become furrowed with grief,—her joyful heart has been chilled,—her vivacity has been turned into pensive musings,—her light and gay steps into reeling. No warm clothing covers her suffering frame.—There she sits—an altered, miserable being, not as in days of old in a warm and close room, but over a few coals and almost houseless. No bed save a few hard puncheons to lie upon. 'Tis a dark and dreary night, and piercing cold; the clock strikes twelve,—icicles have protruded from the eaves of the house,—the snow falls fast. I hear a northern blast whistle, it fails not to visit that watcher, 'pale and tearful,' through the unchinked cracks—she shudders and draws her stool closer to the live coals—her children, objects of commiseration, lie at her feet unconscious of her maternal care as often she bends her form over them, to feel their breath upon her to know whether they live or not, and as she regains her sitting posture—she lifts a bundle of tattered clothes—Ah it is her babe, poor little innocent babe.—She presses it to her bosom. I see tears trickle down her faded cheek, but hark! she startles as a noise without she hears. Who wishes her harm? There is nothing there to bid her to disturb her melancholy meditations, no midnight assassin desires to drink her heart's blood, ah! no, she fears not these—her patrimony is gone, her innocent hands never did harm, still she trembles—draws back in fear—she presses her babe closer to her bosom and then cast a fearful glance at her feet and then a look of horror at the door. Methinks the voice of him who promised to love

her and protect her, but he was bared by the sly voice of the tempter, under the mask of kindness to follow the road of eternal destruction. Perhaps he too was a gay and happy young man, ere vice persuaded from the path of sobriety, and of years to come he had the promises of fondest hope, bright anticipations of the future. Fancy's dreams delighted his young and enthusiastic heart, but alas! for him, his days were cut short and all too by the gratification of his appetite and passions. Oh! young man! old grey heads! where! oh where! is the honor the gain you have made? where are those, who will rise up and call you blessed for spending your money for an article for which you receive no equivalent, and thus establishing an enemy to break up our wide spread plains of social and domestic happiness, "the only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall," and to make wretched men, 'disconsolate wives,' orphan children, all too by the gratification of your beastly appetites. You place in the hands of the company of the devil the means to buy souls not only for temporal misery, but souls for the eternal "groanings and gnashing of teeth." 'Tis enough: But what else do you accomplish? You form a habit, and this habit finally fastens you to her wheels and drags you on with unerring aim down to degradation and at last to fill a drunkard's grave. It makes you victim of an implacable destiny. Instead of that healthy and manly appearance, swollen eyes, bloated and distorted features, bloodless lips.—Enthusiasm of your boyhood departs,—poverty seizes hold of you, degradation encircles you, want stares you in the face, disapprobation lays her hands upon your feelings,—misery throws her arms around you, honor "takes wings and flies away," tattered garments and rags cover your person,—a gnawing and restless appetite feeds upon your vitals—death approaches,—the grave opens and you into its bosom a loathsome, degraded and dishonored man, nay—a drunken vagabond.

What a singular medley a newspaper must be. In one column you will find a labored and swelling eulogy of departed greatness, apparently written with tears and inspired by sorrow; in the next appears the history of the crops; anon occur a vituicism; next comes a circus puff, or a recommendation of ice-cream, then follows the deaths and marriages.—All tastes (and no tastes at all) must be consulted. Sorrows and fun, business and nonsense, must all find a place in the folio of our pages, or the people will "stop the paper."

MATHEMATICS.

Mathematical Analysis constitutes the first and the most perfect of all the fundamental sciences. The ideas with which it occupies itself are the most universal, the most abstract, and the most simple which it is possible for us to conceive.

This peculiar nature of mathematical analysis enables us easily to explain why, when it is properly employed, it is such a powerful instrument, not only to give more precision to our real knowledge, which is self-evident, but especially to establish an infinitely more perfect co-ordination in the study of the phenomena which admit of that application; for, our conceptions having been so generalized, and simplified that a single analytical question abstractly resolved, contains the *implicit* solution of a great number of divers physical questions, the human mind must necessarily acquire by these means a greater facility in perceiving relations between phenomena which at first appeared entirely distinct from one another.

We thus naturally see arise, through the medium of analysis, the most frequent and the most unexpected approximations between problems which at first offered no apparent connection, and which we often end in viewing as identical.

Could we, for example, without the aid of analysis, perceive the least resemblance between the determination of the direction of a curve at each of its points and that of the velocity acquired by a body at every instant of its variable motion? and yet these questions, however different they may be, compose but one in the eyes of the geometer.

The high relative perfection of mathematical analysis is as easily perceptible. This perfection is not due, as some have thought, to the nature of the signs which are employed as instruments of reasoning, eminently concise and general as they are. In reality, all great analytical ideas have been formed without the algebraic signs having been of any essential aid, except for working them out after the mind conceived them.

The superior conception of the science of the calculus is due principally to the extreme simplicity of the ideas which it considers, by whatever signs they may be expressed; so that there is not the least hope, by any artifice of scientific language, of perfecting to the same degree theories which refer to more complex subjects, and which are necessarily condemned by their nature to a greater or less logical inferiority.

AUGUSTE COMTE.

WRITING SERMONS.

Nov. 17, 1851.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to ask you a question I would be glad to see discussed in your paper: Ought ministers of the gospel to write their sermons? If you will give your views on this question you will much oblige. Your Brother —

We would answer the question proposed by our brother in the affirmative, as a general rule; but we would not insist upon it in every case. We think young ministers ought to write out all their sermons in full, and we will give a few of our reasons for thus thinking. This practice enables one to think consecutively, clearly and definitely. His discourses will have a beginning, middle and end, and not consist of a rambling train of exhortation, each sentence of which may be good in itself, but possessing no fellowship with each other. The practice of writing out one's sermons will enable him to give some point and to unfold the meaning of the sacred text more fully than he possibly could by an extemporaneous harangue. We believe the opinion has nearly passed away, that the Holy Spirit speaks directly through the lips of the minister. Sometimes, it is true, we hear an old Father as he raises in the pulpit tell the people that he is going to give them just what the Holy Spirit should dictate, but in his closing prayer he asks the Lord to forgive all that has been said amiss, which evidently implies that he has some doubt whether the Holy Spirit really dictated all that he had said.

It is morally impossible for a Pastor to edify, and build up a church, and instruct them thoroughly in the doctrines of the gospel, without deep and protracted study. He must read and reflect much; or his preaching will soon cease to instruct or be useful. If, then, he must study, what objection can there be to his arresting his fleeting thoughts and putting them in a permanent form on paper? By this means many striking illustrations and brilliant conceptions have been preserved which otherwise would have been lost. A minister, by writing his thoughts, forms a correct style, and is not so liable to make grammatical mistakes. He has time to ponder and select the best expressions, and in this way bring out his views in a clear and perspicuous manner.

By writing, a minister can condense his thoughts, by using the shortest and most pointed expressions, and this is a most valuable acquisition in a public speaker. We have listened to discourses

from the pulpit of more than an hour's length, every idea of which might have been expressed in twenty minutes; and still have been more clearly and easily comprehended. Many, we fear, conscious that they have but little to communicate, endeavor to conceal the paucity of their ideas beneath a great multitude of words, and their sermons consist chiefly in "winding" and "unwinding."

There is another question intimately connected with the above; and that is, ought ministers to read their sermons in their public ministrations? We answer emphatically NO. The people require the living eye and the living voice in order to be instructed. The command of the Savior is, not "go read my gospel," but "go preach," proclaim it, and we do not believe a minister can be as successful in winning souls by reading the truth as he can by preaching it. Who can feel a sympathy with a minister who, with eyes cast down upon the desk, is reading a production, no matter how fine; and unless he can awaken the sympathies of his hearers, the truth he delivers will have no more effect than the moon beams upon a bank of ice. The audience wish to see the glowing countenance, the soul beaming with intense interest, and the movements of the divinity within, or else they will be profited but little. Let him write out his sermons in full, and read them over till he has the thoughts impressed upon the tablets of his memory, and then let him go into the pulpit, feeling anxious to impress upon the minds of his hearers the truths which are struggling for utterance. Under such circumstances he feels more at home; he is not solicitous lest "thirdly" should fly out at the window and leave him minus the last and most important division of his discourse. He may, in order to aid his memory, take the heads of his sermon into the desk with him, but beyond this he should not go. Who ever heard a lawyer read his speech to the jury? and yet we know that many lawyers write their speeches, and why cannot ministers discipline themselves to speak as nature requires, as well as lawyers? Is not the object for which they plead as important? Let them study and write as much as they please, but when they come before the people let them talk as other people talk. Men of God, don't chain your eyes to an old manuscript and not be able to look honest people in the face when you are directing them to the Savior of the world. Let your eyes be free to look up and your hands at liberty to point to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." E.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

That was a wise saying of an ancient politician, that he cared not who made law for a nation if he could be allowed to make their songs. Macauley states that the overthrow of King James, was more attributable to the ballads sung in the streets of London, than all the political intrigues of his enemies. And can we not trace the most prominent characteristics that distinguish us as a nation to the Lyric poetry which first greeted our ears in the nursery. The first poetry that was ever composed upon the shores of America so far as we have any records contained in the following lines.

"Rock a bye baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down goes rock-a-bye baby and all."

These truly pathetic and thrilling lines were, probably suggested, by a practice common among the puritan women of that early period, that of suspending their infants in basket cradles from limbs of trees, that the blowing of the wind might rock and lull them into quietness. Whether the awful catastrophe alluded to by the Poet, that of breaking the limb and the consequent downfall of cradle, infant and all, ever actually occurred, or whether it was wholly the creation of his poetical fancy, history does not inform us. But the lines themselves as they stand before us, are well calculated to arouse the mind and produce a lofty and energetic character. Here the imagination is carried upward to contemplate the tree, waving its proud branches in the breeze as if in happy consciousness of its independence and its strength, and there hangs the helpless infant, bourn to and fro in its frail bark liable at every instant to the fearful catastrophe to which the fact alludes. What scene could be presented to the human mind better calculated to arouse its sympathies and produce that eager desire to rescue those exposed to suffering and danger, for which our countrymen are distinguished. Another Lyric, which doubtless, has had much influence in the formation of our national character is this

"Little Jack Horner,
Sat in the corner,
Eating a piece of Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said what a brave boy am I."

The name of the author of this production and the poetic circumstances which gave rise to the effusion, have, we are sorry to say, not descended to our times. But we see in the production itself the marks of

superior genius and its influence can easily be traced in moulding the character of succeeding generations. Here we are presented with the boy "Jack", to whose possession has been committed "a piece of Christmas pie." With a moral courage truly heroic he represses the eager demands of appetite and proceeds to gratify his curiosity in regard to the internal structure of the pie, "He puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum," he has now made himself acquainted with the component elements of the object before him and he triumphantly claims what all will be willing to award to him the meed of bravery. What could he better calculate to foster that spirit of inquiry—that active curiosity for which we are distinguished as a people and which has led to so many important discoveries and useful inventions. What youth in our land after having the example of "little Jack Horner" impressed upon his memory, would be willing to eat his pie without first exploring its hidden recesses and knowing the ingredients of which it was composed; and having commenced a career of successful experiment, he is induced to go forward until the secrets of nature and the mysteries of art are all open to his view.

It is well known we are a money-loving nation.—that pecuniary profits occupy, by far, to large a share of our thoughts and affections. We are ready to sacrifice at the Shrine of Mammon, the higher pleasures of intellect and moral beings. And may not this trait of our national character be traced to the influence of the following lines

"Sing a song a sixpence
A pocket full of rye
Four and twenty black birds
Made up in a pie:
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
What a dainty dish is this?
To set before the King."

The allusion which is here made to the King, proves very clearly that this effusion is not a native of our own country. It was probably brought across the Atlantic in connection with those errors of government and religion which the war of the Revolution and the riper experience of the Colonies threw aside. But the influence of these stanzas still lives and is felt among us at the present day. Observe how prominent a place the "Sixpence" occupies in these lines and you can account for the attachment to the "Almighty dollar" which is manifested by our people; and the conception of "a pocket full of rye" is calculated to cultivate acquaintances and suggest a desire to secure and

appropriate the productions of the earth. And as the image is immediately followed by a description of the luxury and extravagance which coarsen the board of the King, so we find in our countrymen a disposition, just as soon as they have the means to ape the luxurious manners and habits of foreign Kings and Princes. Had it not been for the influence of these lines, we might, as a people, have been more consistent in adhering to the simplicity of our Republican principles. If time would admit, we might trace the influence of many other Lyrics upon our national character—we may, at some future time, pursue the subject further. E.

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

Three fourths of the Word of God has been revealed to man through the Hebrew Language; and no one can arrive at a certain knowledge of that Word without understanding the languages in which it was written. Every student of the Bible ought therefore to be a Hebrew scholar. Ministers of the Gospel and others engaged in the study of the Bible frequently flatter themselves with the idea that they can gain a knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures from translations and commentaries without a personal acquaintance with the language in which they are written.

Though much knowledge can be gained from these sources, yet we have no hesitancy in saying that, without understanding the Original, certain and satisfactory knowledge cannot be gained in regard to many parts of the Word of God. A student of the Bible, and especially a minister, ought to know for himself, without relying on the opinions of another, the true interpretation of every part of the Divine Word. He cannot do this while ignorant of the language in which it was originally written, but on the contrary, is compelled to rely on the opinions of others. And expounders of the Bible are so diverse in their opinions, that it is impossible for the student ever to satisfy his own mind unless he is able to repair to the Divine Original, and there read for himself the words of the Spirit.

It is true also of the Scriptures, as of other writings, that in the original they contain a thousand colorings of thought which it is impossible for the best translation to give, and which are entirely lost to him who reads only the translation. No one can fully appreciate the varied excellencies of the Hebrew Scriptures without a knowledge of the Hebrew Language.

The great objection that is urged against its being studied by ministers is that it requires too much of their time, which might otherwise be devoted to more useful purposes. But the time required to study it is really shorter than most persons imagine. For one who is accustomed to the study of languages, and who possesses common aptness for learning them, six months of close study is amply sufficient to acquire such a knowledge of the Hebrew language, as will enable him, by the aid of his Lexicon, to read any passage in the Word of God. The Hebrew Language is one of the simplest in the world,—containing few irregularities, and when the grammar is once mastered, much more easily learned than either the Greek or Latin. But if to master it requires long years of intense application, it would still be worthy of the study of every man, since God has made it the medium of communicating his will to man. God has established the law in reference to every thing else, that nothing valuable can be acquired without labor; and, if to understand his own revealed will be required to spend a few days in hard study, we ought by no means to complain, but cheerfully to engage in the task as a pleasing study. S.

THOUGHTS AND CLIPPINGS.

THE POOR HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT.—While the City Marshal of one of the towns of Maine was pouring out a quantity of liquor upon the ground, one in the crowd inquired, "Why not give it to the poor?" A voice was heard at some distance—"The poor have had enough of it—let it go."

RAPPING SPIRITS.—It appears the spirits have been writing some passable poetry. In a certain town "down East," the company sat around a table with joined hands. A sheet of paper and a pencil were placed under the table and remained there several minutes and when taken up the following lines were found upon it—"The one you love, whose absence you deplore, Is with you, near you, in your hours of sorrow, Waiting to elasp you when your task is o'er, And you, too, hail the everlasting morrow. Then never be thy brow in sadness shaded, When friends put off their worn-out robes of clay, But with the eye of faith and hope be aided To see them, newly clad, in robes of day."

WHAT MAKES THE MAN?—The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory. That quality will do any thing that can be done in the world; and no talents; no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two legged creature without it."

THE SOUTH.—BY R. H. STODDARD.

Fall! thickly fall! thou winter snow!
And keenly blow, thou winter wind!
The North is yours, but far below
The South doth suit a summer mind;
So fall and blow,
Both wind and snow,
My fancy to the South doth go!

Half-way between the frozen zones,
Where winter rules in sullen mirth,
The Summer binds a golden belt
About the middle of the Earth,
The sky is soft and blue, and bright,
With purple dyes at morn and night;
And bright and sue the seas which lie
In perfect rest, and glass the sky;
And sunny bays with inland curves,
Round all along the quiet shore,
And stately palms, in pillared ranks,
Grow down the borders of the banks.

And juts of land, where billows roar;
The inland woods are full of spice,
With golden fruits, and crimson flowers;
And vines do creep from bough to bough,
And shed their grapes in purple showers;
The emerald meadows roll away,
And back in soft and mellow light;
The vales are full of silver mist,
And all the folded hills are bright!—
But far along the welkin's rim
The purple crags and peaks are dim;
And dim the gulfs, and gorges blue,
With all the wooded passes dew,
And steeped in haze, and washed in dew,
And bathed in atmospheres of sleep!

Sometimes the dusky islanders
Lie all day long beneath the trees,
And watch the white clouds in the sky,
And birds upon the azure seas;
Sometimes they wrestle on the turf,
And chase each other down the grass;
And sometimes climb the gloomy groves,
And pluck the fruit with idle hands?
And dark-eyed maids do braid their hair
With starry shells, and buds and leaves;
And sing wild songs in dreamy bowers,
And dance on dewy eves—
When daylight melts, and stars are few,
And west winds frame a drowsy tune,
While all the charmed waters lie
Beneath a yellow moon!—

Here men may dwell, and mock at toil,
And all the dull mechanic arts;
No need to till the teeming soil
With weary hands and aching hearts;
No want can follow folded palms,
For Nature will supply their alms,
With sweets, purveyors cannot bring
To trace the table of a King;
And Summer broods o'er land and sea,
And breathe in all the winds,
Until her presence fill their hearts
And moulds their happy minds!

MILITARY STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The statistics of the military forces and resources of the several nations of Europe, which have lately appeared, present a formidable warlike aggregate, but for all the purposes of defensive and offensive warfare they exhibit nothing equal to the internal military strength of the United States. In the city of New York alone there are one hundred and sixty-eight volunteer companies, numbering on an average sixty men each; which give a total of ten thousand and eight fighting men, equipped and almost fully disciplined. This large body of men are subject to no military rules or regulations, except those they frame for their own individual benefit. A proportionate force of artillery and dragoons also exist, and which, when added to the former, give the nucleus of the military power of the city, but if necessity required it, the city of New York in one week could raise and

equip an army of one hundred thousand men. Such are the resources of one single city in the Union! On referring to the Army Register (official) of 1860, we find the actual organized militia force of the United States set down in the aggregate at one million nine hundred and sixty thousand two hundred and sixty-five men, with no report from Iowa, California, or the Territories. The total militia force of the Union may, therefore, be safely set down at two millions of men. There is an inherent military spirit in the American, and love of military glory as strong as in the Frenchman, combined with the most practical character in the world.—His average height is two or three inches taller, and he is vigorous and athletic, and in every sense more of the man on the average than the European. He is from his youth accustomed to the use of arms, in field sports and target practice; in fact, a detachment of our military infantry is a detachment of sharpshooters.—N. Y. Express.

ELOQUENT PHILANTHROPY.—Judge Niles recently made a most eloquent speech in the Connecticut Convention in favor of exempting the Homestead, from which we make the following extract:

I am not ashamed to own that my understanding is convinced. I go for it because it is right in itself; right against all forms of sophistry; right against all appeals to prejudice and passion, and the love of gain; right against the world. The home where the ivy and the woodbine have been taught to twine by tender hands and loving hearts—where the children were born and some of them have died—where the aged parents still remain, and where the sons and daughters return from their distant emigrations to pay their tribute of filial love—the home where all that is sacred in life, in death, and in religion centers—that home I would protect, not by the unstable laws enacted to-morrow and repealed the day after, but by constitutional provisions immutable as truth and justice, and enduring as the everlasting hills.

☆The forty-ninth annual convention of the Baptist of Massachusetts was held at Fall River on the 29th and 30th ult. the Rev. Dr. Bellows presiding. He presented some interesting statistics, showing the growth of the Baptist denomination in Massachusetts within the last twenty years. The membership in 1830 was 15,824, in 1850, 31,344, being a gain of nearly one hundred per cent. greater than that of any evangelical body in the State. In the city of Boston, of the three denominations, the Congregationalist, the Baptist and the Methodist, the congregationalist has made the greatest gain, and the Baptist next.

Lady Franklin has made a very urgent appeal to the Admiralty to send out a Penny steamer to explore the passage which Cape Penny thinkers exists, and this appeal is strongly sustained by some of the press and many persons of influence.

The London Times calls Chartists and Socialists "political Bloomers."

Advertisements.

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side Public Square,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
Jail-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
Murfreesborough Tenn.
Rooms—In the New Building adjoining the Methodist Church.
N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of his profession for the last eleven years. Charges moderate. July 26

Dr. John M. Watson
HAS settled permanently in Nashville. He will attend to calls both in the city and country. Office on Cherry street. an2—tf

Dr. WM. T. BASKETTE,
HAVING permanently settled in Murfreesborough, offers his Professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country, in the practice of the various branches of his profession.
His office is on the East side of the square. His residence, the one formerly owned by Major Ellis. July 11—tf

GREAT BARGAINS.
The undersigned are now ready to make any kind of CARRIAGE WORK at the shortest notice and in the latest style at the lowest prices. Having selected with great care, a most experienced and steady band in the business, who will at all times endeavor to give general satisfaction in work, our stock of materials will be of the best to be had in this country.
We would invite the farmers and our friends generally, who wish to buy Carriages, Buggies, Barouches, &c., to call and see their work, at CHERRY FLAT, 5 miles from Murfreesborough, 25 from Nashville, immediately on the turnpike. Great Bargains will be given.
feb15—tf WADE & WATKINS.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.
THE subscriber would most respectfully inform the citizens of Murfreesborough, that he has removed his Shop to the Building on the South-west corner of the Square, adjoining the Odd Fellow's Hall, where he is prepared to execute in the neatest and most fashionable style all orders for fine BOOTS and SHOES.—He uses none but the best materials, and warrants his work to give satisfaction. His terms are CASH.
Thankful to the public for the very liberal patronage extended to him since he commenced business, he hopes by close attention and moderate charges, to merit a continuance of the same.
JUL 5—tf F. GLASE.

D. W. TAYLOR,
Book and Job Printer,
South-west Corner Public Square,
Jail-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

TERMS:
The Classic Union will be published on the first and fifteenth of each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address MR. HILLSMAN, post paid.
Printed by D. W. TAYLOR, at the office of the Rutherford Telegraph, South-west Corner of the Square.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, DECEMBER 15, 1851.

NO. 7.

[For the Classic Union.]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

This subject seems to have excited much discussion of late in some sections of our country, and eloquent orators, both male and female, have come forward to define and defend the rights of woman. We too would give an exposition of woman's rights, and though we may fail to enumerate all the rights for which other champions contend, yet we will venture the assertion that those women who have been fortunate enough to secure those which we shall mention, will not be likely to trouble themselves about any others.

Woman has a right, in the first place, to that amount of mental cultivation which will render her an intellectual companion for man. She has a right to be an intelligent observer of the works of her Creator, and to read his word with the ability to understand it. She has a right to that sweetness of disposition, that delicacy of taste, and that refinement of manners, which will render her the center of attraction in the domestic circle. And when she has attained to a suitable age, and acquired the amount of knowledge necessary to enable her to discharge successfully the duties of her appropriate sphere, she has a right to a good husband, one who is capable of appreciating her merits, and who will be to her a kindred spirit. She has a right to trust, and to look to him for support and protection, and to be enshrined within his heart, and cherished as his dearest Earthly treasure.

She has a right to expect the continuance of those polite attentions by which he strove to render himself agreeable to her before marriage, and to receive from him daily, those little courtesies which are essential to happiness in civilized life.—She has a right to know that he prefers her society to that of any other human being, by his never leaving her, longer than the proper discharge of his duties require,

but always choosing to be with her, whenever a choice is left him. She has a right to share in all his joys and sorrows, and consequently she has a right to expect that his recreations and enjoyments will be selected with a view to her participating in them. She has a right to his sympathy and tenderness in all the cares and sufferings peculiar to her lot.

She has a right to be his ministering angel in the hour of sickness, to smooth his pillow, to bathe his throbbing temples, and soothe his restless spirit by words of hope and love, and when her hour of suffering comes, she has a right to expect from him the like attention. She has the right to watch by the couch of helpless infancy. She has a right to the anguish that thrills the heart of a fond mother, when the plaintive moan of her suffering babe falls upon her ear, and also to the joy that swells her bosom, when the glow of returning health overspreads the pallid features, and the wail of woe is exchanged for the merry peal of childish mirth.—She has a right to sleepless nights and anxious days, and all those alternations of hope and fear, which the early years of childhood never fail to excite in the maternal breast.

She has a right to watch over and direct the unfolding intellect. When the creeping tendrils of the infant mind put forth, in search of light and support, it is her privilege to twine them around the pillars of truth and virtue. She has a right to gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive little stranger in this world of wonders, by explaining to him the mysteries that every where meet his gaze, and answering the multitude of questions his active mind suggests. She has a right to teach the young immortal his accountability to the God who made him, and to turn his lisping accents into the form of prayer and praise. She has a right to exert an influence that shall determine the character and destiny of those who are soon to

constitute the world of mankind. In short she has the right to preside over the empire of home, and find her purest joy in promoting the intellectual and moral perfection of her subjects, and watching over all the interests of her little realm, shielded alike from the praises and the censures of the world.

Now suppose you prove to a woman who is in the actual possession and enjoyment of all these rights, that she has also the right to preach from the pulpit, to plead at the bar, to enter upon the practice of medicine, to vote at the polls, or to become a candidate for office; think you that she will value such rights as these, or care to exercise them? But let those unfortunate woman, who have failed to secure those sacred rights which every female heart instinctively craves, let them, we say, go in search of others. Let them hold their conventions, and contend for such privileges as public sentiment has hitherto denied them. Who can blame them?
Mrs. E. M. E.

A DISCOVERY IN SURGERY.—A Prussian named Aran, is said to have recently made a discovery in surgery that is exciting considerable interest in the scientific circles of Berlin. It is the application of Chlorine to relieve pain. Unlike Chloroform, it can be used without the least danger to the patient, and is very effectual in its operation. From the account, a small quantity of the fluid, (from ten to twenty drops,) is dropped on the part affected, or on a lint bandage slightly moistened with water, and then applied; and all bound up in oil silk, and a linen band. After from two to ten minutes the part becomes insensible, and the pain is no longer felt, whether it be from rheumatism, nervous, or other disorders. After a time it returns again, but usually weaker, and with several applications it is often entirely relieved. The discoverer has presented a memorial on the subject to the Academy at Paris.

ANNUAL ELECTION OF PASTORS.

The spirit of the Bible authorizes no repetition of a pastoral election by the church, without an absolute necessity.—So long as the minister in charge, is competent to his task, as a preacher, and an overseer, the church has no scriptural right to remove him, and if she has no right to replace him by another, there is no necessity or virtue in any pastoral election. But if the minister in charge, is not supported by the church, if his reputation is not legally defended, and if he has not the affections of his congregation, and the church will not obey him according to truth, in a sound and correct mode of discipline, then the pastor should forthwith, resign his charge. The pastoral relation is sometimes retained by ministers, after they have demonstrated, long and painfully, that the church would not be governed by the word of God. In such cases, they should by all means, tender their resignation, and thus show to the church and world, their disapprobation of church corruption. If a church knowing, doing, and suffering, according to the will of God, is "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," what sort of society is that which is composed of a little beauty, and much deformity? of particles of light, and clouds that are murky and portentous of moral evil? of trained soldiers of Christ, and a multitude of those who cannot say "Shibboleth?"

Should the pastor of a church be inadequate to the fulfillment of clerical obligations, or should he prefer laboring elsewhere, even while he and his church have mutually discharged their duty to God and men, the church may hold an election.

That election, however, should be preceded by prayer, fasting and humiliation. Some churches act as though ministers of Christ must serve them whether their services be reasonable or unreasonable, scriptural or unscriptural. With them, it is merely, Who shall be our minister?—Who will be our pastor on cheap terms? The question is not, have we done our duty towards our recent pastor? Has he left us without our fault? Are we now prayerful that God may give us a man after his own heart, to feed us with knowledge and understanding? On the day of Pentecost, when the church must have a preacher in place of the traitor Judas, the brethren prayed thus "thou Lord which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and

apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell; that he might go to his own place."

In the Antioch church there were many ministers, from among whom, two must be sent on their mission of love. This being the case, "they ministered to the Lord and fasted, and the Holy Ghost said, separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. The Almighty informed the devout and devoted Cornelius of Cesarea, that Simon Peter, who lodged with one Simon a tanner, by the sea side in Joppa, was the apostle designated to preach at Cesarea. Evidently, the visit and preaching of Peter, were the result of that good man's humiliation and prayers. A devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always. The blessed Savior previous to sending forth his disciples to preach the Gospel, spent the whole night in prayer. And continued all night in prayer unto God.

Is any among you afflicted let him pray. When a church has no pastor, it becomes her to be afflicted. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep, let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness.

Among the evils traceable to annual elections, are the following:

1st. They induce partyism. Now this I say: that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and of Cephas; and I of Christ. Partiality and prejudice commence their work of flattery, adulation and electioneering, on the one hand, and on the other. Censoriousness of different nominees, has its thousand stings. The former incumbent is the target of a hundred arrows; there is none like the novel, new-mown aspirant; his voice is angelic, his exterior gentlemanly, his doctrine pure, his actions are in accordance with the strictest rules of Rhetorical declamation. Or, peradventure he is plain in dress and manner, slow of speech and now and then a little heterodox, yet he is the man; he suits the people because he is like themselves. Torment has befallen the people of God. The good old pastor, who bore the burden and heat of the day, is gone unpaid for his services; and lo! one stands up in his place, to minister in holy things, elected in strife and animosity.

2d. The new pastor begins the work of reconciliation. A brother offended is

harder to be won than a strong city. The judicious minister, moral chemist though he may be, cannot mingle oil and water, cannot reconcile the offended party to his own election. His friends have been arrogant and impetuous; now they have power, and the intelligent, disinterested, who advocated their former pastor's support, and no election under contradictory and indevident circumstances, being disgusted, propose withdrawal from the church.

3. The year has expired. The pastor in charge, expects his salary. The laborer is worthy of his hire. Poor man! He has been afraid to preach from that text. But, something must be raised for his services. Some of his church are gone to Texas, others so Alabama, and others have been excommunicated, or they are dead. Contributions are like those sparks of fire, which, in cold weather, fall from the upper regions. "Two mites" become the liberality of the rich, and nothing is the pittance of the poor. Poor deluded minister! He ought to have demanded his subsistence at the beginning. His texts are forgotten; his sermons are among the things that were. He returns to his log cabin. His bread is scarce, his family are almost husbandless and fatherless, his debts are unpaid; his heart is grieved, he would be an infidel, were it not for persevering grace.

Let pastors be honest, sagacious, manly, honorable, dignified, and independent.—Our ministers are sometimes effeminate, tremulous, and loth to reprove the churches. Read the reproofs of Paul to the Roman, Corinthian, and Galatian churches, and see if some of our Baptist ministers in this day are not in the rear of the battle, conferring with flesh and blood.—If church pastors did their duty without fear, if there were less of truckling to avarice and admiration among them, the churches would arise and shine, and the shyllocks of false religion would retreat before them like clouds of the bottomless pit.

The churches hold the keys of government. Let them aggrandize themselves by the exaction of evil men and seducers, who wax worse and worse. Let them demand in the name of Christ, strict obedience to the laws of his militant kingdom. Reclaim the backslidden, comfort the afflicted, supply the table of the poor, and see well to it, that their worthy pastor be well supplied with the comforts of life, and the means of educating his children. Then shall the minister of Jesus rejoice in his work and labor of love. They that be

righteous shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever. Amen and amen.—*Chris. Index.*

FULFILLING AGREEMENTS.

This remark has been made by observing men, that while regard to strict veracity has never been excessive in the community, or even among Christians, there has been, for a number of years past, a growing looseness in the fulfillment of promises. Less than formerly is the word of individuals considered binding, causing them, without evasion or subterfuge, to do, so far as possible, exactly as they have agreed. Increased commercial activity and great pecuniary revulsions, doubtless have worked as temptations to lead men astray from an abiding reference to truth in all the relations and transactions of life. But no cause in this matter amounts to a justification of wrong—of a wrong so enormous as that of disregarding the claims of veracity. For the moment a man feels at liberty to neglect a business agreement by forgetfulness or sheer indifference to it, he may, on the same ground, fail of truth in other things, and thus the most endearing relations in life, the most exalted reputation in others, and the dearest interests in society, are all put in jeopardy. The safeguards of society are, in fact, taken away, if it be pervaded by the heaven of faithlessness in its members.

We have often heard it remarked that membership in the Christian Church is no pledge of commercial honesty or conscientious regard to truth. How far this charge holds true, it may not be possible to say. It is certain that not a few feel that at this very point, the cause of religion is now laboring and suffering. While prayer, and zeal, and faith, and charity, and effort, have been preached and insisted on, they have come to be viewed by many as the sum of what a Christian profession requires. We all know that the age calls for the active and the forth-putting. You must not pause too long to think of obligations which cover the whole tract of life in all the minutiae of its varied and every day relations. The consequence of this, too often, is failure in meeting the claims of moral honesty.

Let the pulpit and the Church of Christ direct attention to this subject. The claims of truth in every thing, and the fearful fruits of setting it aside, never needed to be more strongly urged. Such preaching as that of the following para-

graph in Dr. Wayland's Chapter on Veracity, will suit more than one meridian:

"Let it be always borne in mind, that he who knowingly utters what is false, tells a lie; and a lie, whether white or of any other color, is a violation of the command of that God by whom we must be judged. And let us remember that there is no vice which more easily than this stupifies a man's conscience: He who tells lies frequently, will soon become an habitual liar; and an habitual liar will soon lose the power of readily distinguishing between the conceptions of his imagination, and the recollections of his memory. I have known a few persons who seemed to have arrived at this most deplorable moral condition. Let every one, therefore, beware of the most distant approaches to this detestable vice. A volume might easily be written on the misery and loss of character which have grown out of a single lie; and another volume of illustrations of the moral power which men have gained by means of no other prominent attribute than that of bold unshrinking veracity.

[For the Classic Union.]

A DREAM.

"I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls."

"I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls"
And a beauty strange and bright
As beauty as of spirit gleamed
Around me day and night.

The flowers were light, the waters song
Cloudless and blue the skies
And a mystic charm was in all the air
That breathed in melodies,

And forms of marchless grace were there
And their flowing robes were white
Their voices were like the echoes sweet
And their brows were bathed in light.

One wreathed herself with the breathing flower
One bent o'er the magic lyre
And some the spacious marble paced
With eye of pensive fire.

But O, 'twas a frigid beauty all
Even at the radiant noon!
And their brows were cold and passionless
Like the crescent of the moon.

And the breath as of an ivy sea
Still kissed the living flowers
And swept along the proud arcades
And around the marble towers!

It pierced me to the very soul
My heart was chilled to stone,
But each brow was set in noble pride
Its suffering to disown!

At length I woke—O, God be praised!
But still I feel the chain,
Away I hastened to the Cross
To warn my heart again!

O, thou who hast for aken life
For the marble halls of Fame
Where the genial bliss of Loves unknown
Say canst thou solve my Dream?

THE BOY'S DREAM.

Once as a child sat, on a summer's evening, under a shady tree, he fell asleep, and he dreamed that three bright and beautiful angels stood before him.—And while he wondered at the sight, one of them spoke to the other and said:

"I have brought this garment of pure white, and this white lily that will never fade, to bestow upon him that is spotless and good." And the boy saw that on the angel's forehead was written its name. It was "Innocence." Then the other angel spoke in reply: "Look in this glass which I hold in my hand, and you will see the picture of this sleeping child's life to-day. See how he has been disobedient, and thoughtless, and passionate; and has forgotten God and his prayers. I too would have given him this golden crown if he had been true and good." And her name the child read—it was "Hope." Then the sleeper trembled, when he remembered how he had spent a wicked and thoughtless day. And the angels bent their bright eyes upon him, and Hope said, "We will meet here again in a year from this night." Then they suddenly vanished, and the sleeping boy awoke.

Very sadly he thought of his dream.—But he resolved to live from that time a better life. And every night he went and sat on the same green bank, and called up all he had done during the day, and repented when he remembered he had done wrong. Winter came, and he could no longer go to the shady bank. But as soon as the ground was bare, and the violet blossomed, he would go again at evening and sit under the tree. And so the year came round, and he again fell asleep there on a summer's night. And in dream the three angels came again and smiled on him.

"Now," said Memory, "I can give him the box of jewels—the precious gems of virtue, and the recollection of good deeds, of kind and pure words and happy thoughts, better than all the wealth in the world." "And I," said Innocence, "will give him now the lily that never fades—the spirit of cheerful gladness, and the white robe of purity, such as the angels wear." "And I," said Hope, "have brought for him now the golden crown."

Then the sleeping child thought he beheld himself lying there, with a golden crown on his head and the lily in his hand, and he was clad in the white robe of Innocence, and the jewels of Memory, and in the sky above him he heard the sound of music; and, looking up, he saw many bright ones with harps in their hands.—The stars rose in the sky, and the moon shed its light on the child's face, and he slept on. And they found him in the morning, a sweet smile on his lips, as though he were in a pleasant dream. But his eyes never opened in this world again. His spirit was not there. That had gone up with the angels.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNION UNIVERSITY, Nov. 29, 1851.

Mr. SCOTT COLMERY:—Dear Sir: As a committee of "Union Chapter" the undersigned would in behalf of said Chapter, respectfully tender to you their sincere thanks for the rich literary repast with which you favored them on the 15th inst.; and earnestly solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Yours Fraternally,

G. EAGLETON,

L. P. COOPER,

C. J. HARRIS,

D. H. SELPH,

Committee.

STEWARTSBORO' Dec. 8th 1851.

GENTLEMEN:—I am honored with your requesting a copy of my address, delivered on the 15th of Nov. Though I did not intend the paper for publication, yet I do not feel at liberty to refuse a request so kindly and flatteringly conveyed.

I am very truly yours, &c.,

J. SCOTT COLMERY.

To Messrs. Eagleton, Selph, Cooper and Harris,
Committee.

ADDRESS.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN:—If the circumstances under which we act, have a tendency to control our actions and emotions in all stations of life, surely, then, in attempting to address you at this time, my feelings must be "tinged with a thousand different hues." I confess it an honor, to be invited to address the members of this association; and there are several considerations, which have a tendency to render the scene presented this evening peculiarly interesting. You are assembled at this time as the representatives of our order, and at an Institution the infancy of which, appears like manhood in its prime.

A Pictorian fountain has broken forth in our midst, and you have all had the privilege of tasting its pure and exhilarating waters. The rich viands that are spread out on the table of knowledge have been placed before you, and you have been invited to partake of the invigorating nourishment. The path that conducts you up the hill of science has been pointed out, and a friendly hand offered to direct you in the way. The doors, of the temple of fame, that stands on its summit, have been thrown open, and its inmates are holding out prizes, to those who are ascending the eminence, that riches are too poor to buy.

And to encourage you, and render the toils of your journey sweet, your country throws her protecting arms around you; the golden Eagle of independence overshadows you with his wings; the star of liberty shines upon your path; you can rest securely under the wide spread branches of the tree of peace, and regale

yourselves with the odors that rise from the altar of freedom.

Then, gentlemen, let your destined port be the acme of honest fame. But in attempting to reach this point, be sure you start aright. Trust not appearances.—A thousand beacons may tend to draw you from your path, but they are the *ignes fatui* of vice, that shine to dazzle and glitter to allure. Act not with presumptuous confidence. One inadvertent step may baffle all your sanguine hopes, and lay your brightest prospects in the dust. Be certain that the foundation on which you are building is firm; that the principles from which you are acting are correct; and your labors may be a blessing to the world—your endeavors will be blessed, and ultimately crowned with entire success. In order to assist you in determining what course of conduct, will best enable you to fulfill the design of your creation; you will permit me to assume the position, that, *Enlightened virtue is the basis of true greatness*. The world is a field and in it we should all be laborers: and our actions will either be beneficial or deleterious to those with whom we have intercourse in a direct proportion as the motives by which we are actuated are correct or erroneous. That we were created for noble purposes, the approval that virtuous actions receive from all intelligent persons, and the lashes inflicted upon vicious conduct by "the God within the mind" clearly demonstrate.—Hence, to live for no purpose is useless, and to live for an evil purpose is far worse.—How, then, can we obtain those means, the exercise of which will enable us to accomplish the great ends of our existence.

I answer, negatively, they are not found in rank and station. These while they elevate you in the estimation of the vulgar crowd, may deaden every germ of latent worth. Neither are they secured to you by the favorable circumstances with which you are surrounded. For these, unless properly attended to, may one day be a weighty curse, to all, who come within the sphere of their operations. Nor are they to be found in the inducements that are held out to you to engage in active, noble pursuits; if your efforts be not seasoned with proper incentives, they will eventually produce nothing but utter disappointment and chagrin. Nor do they dwell with supine remissness. Greatness never rests on the lap of indolence, nor real worth in the bowers of listless ease. But they are stored in the granaries of ennobled zeal—determined, persevering exertions bring them within your reach—

intelligence points out the manner in which they should be employed—and the effect,

"Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy.—
The Soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

Every nation, and tribe, and sect, that has existed during the different periods of the world's history, made a distinction between virtue and vice. And though their distinctions were often founded on erroneous principles, they acted according to the light they had, and were far more zealous in defending and promoting their views, than we are, who pretend to be guided by a surer beacon, than the faint glimmerings of the light of nature. So deeply impressed was the pretending Dido with the charms that virtue should have upon her actions, that she exclaimed—

"Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dhiscent,
Vel pater omnipotens adijat me fulmine ad umbras,

Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvō."

More than twenty one hundred years ago, the celebrated Zeno declared that, things are only good as they are becoming and virtuous; and virtue is itself happiness." And though there are many absurdities connected with the Stoic philosophy, though their fundamental doctrine in Ethics is, that fulfilling the dictates of nature, is performing all the duties we owe to God. Yet, so firmly were they persuaded, that their views were correct and so willing were they to submit to the dictates of the celestial fire which they supposed animated them; that upon the slightest intimation, that existence here was not in accordance with the Fates, the very founder of the sect striking the earth exclaims "ΕΓΧΟΡΑΙ ΝΙ ΜΕ, ΑΥΕΙΣ!"—and immediately strangled himself.

Plato, the wisest of the ancient philosophers, so strenuously urged his disciples to practice virtue, that even christians have declared, "that whoever studies Plato, stands on holy ground" and that his works abound with dim religious form, all leading up to God." And he, who was the mind of the Platonic School, made a virtuous restraint, from the gross irregularities which prevailed during the age, and in the country in which he lived—the source of all domestic happiness and the *summum bonum* of active life. The abstemious Cynics, with a zeal to promote the cause of virtue far surpassing their knowledge, neglected many things that were laudable, and thus perhaps, in their eagerness to advance a noble cause, employed ignoble means.

*I am coming, why callest thou me.

The instructions of the immortal Socrates, embrace a system of moral virtues, many of which would, even at this day, ennoble and dignify the rules of ethical propriety, by which enlightened and refined society is governed. Hence, we may conclude, that the reason why the principles embraced in the instructions of the Socratic School—the tenets promulgated in the shades of the Academia—the dogmas proclaimed during the Peripatetic lectures have withstood the ravages of so many ages, and descended (almost unimpaired) to us, is, because their systems contained so many of the heathen virtues of the days in which they lived, and the brief period of an obedience to their maxims, *must be* attributed to the fact, that those virtues were not based upon enlightened truth.

Although Sparta once considered it a virtue to steal, yet Lycurgus, by banishing those things that promoted confusion and vice, raised the Spartans to be the arbiters of Greece.

And though, during many ages, Rome has been the fountain head of many corruptions, yet upon the eve of her decline Cornelia could point to her virtuous sons and say, "These are my jewels." Thus, gentlemen, you may see that all nations whose history has reached us, made a marked distinction between virtuous actions and vicious conduct. Though many of their rites and ceremonies, which were interwoven with their professions were often defended by a bigoted and blinded zeal though noble actions were almost shrouded by the veil of obscurity, and unworthiness sometimes deafened by public applause; though real worth was often left to live and die unhonored and unsung, while mushroom arrogance was extolled to the skies; yet all their actions, which we consider as worthy of imitation were based upon the virtues, which were enlightened by the knowledge of those times.

And who of you does not admire the austereness of Cato, whose rigid virtues prompted him to thrust a dagger into his own bosom; after he had saved the lives of thousands of his fellow citizens; rather than the recklessness of Tiberias, who caused vast numbers to be tortured, merely to gratify a spirit of revenge?

And do we not all observe a charm in the actions of Aristides, which we seek for in vain through the whole course of an Antiochus Epiphane's life? We are forced, by the silent monitor, that judges concerning the moral qualities of actions, to condemn every scheme that is calcula-

ted to destroy happiness, and people the abodes of wretchedness, though it is enforced by the edict of a King; while we must give at least a tacit approval to those things that are intended to succor the needy, relieve the indigent, and diffuse joy and gladness through the realms of despair, though they are performed by the humblest peasant. Because,

"No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorns,
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks,
For others' woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks."

And so elevating are the feelings, attendant upon a consciousness of having governed all our actions, passions and desires by a virtuous restraint, that, with a mind free from the goadings of a neglect of duty, and knowing that he had often relieved and benefitted his fellow-citizens,

"Far more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Caesar with a Senate at his heels."

Actuated by the same heaven-born principles, Socrates, after he had been the light of Athens, and all Greece had reaped invaluable benefits from his wisdom, his precepts, and his examples, drank the fatal draught with a firm composure; and thus became a martyr for the virtues he had taught.

And can we ever sufficiently admire that magnanimous spirit, which must have pervaded the breast of Phocion, who, being condemned to death, by his own countrymen because he inveighed against the vices in which they indulged, entreated his son, as his last request "to forget how ill the Athenians had treated his father." So strong were the ties of virtuous friendship, by which the hearts of Damon and Pythias were united, that neither the horrors of incarceration within the walls of a murky cell, nor the possibility of having to suffer the pains of an excruciating torture, could sever the bands that bound their affections together. The reign of Cyrus abounds with so many instances of disinterested care for the welfare of his subjects; of unbounded benevolence in alleviating the wants of the distressed; of parental tenderness in providing for their comfort and convenience; and of fatherly kindness, in securing them in peace and safety, that the period of his administration has always been referred to as the brightest epoch in the history of ages that are gone. And his worthy deeds have been penegyrized by historians of ancient and modern times. But on the other hand, the odiousness of the crimes that are emblazoned on every page of a

Herod's life—his injustice, his unquenchable thirst for revenge, his inhumanity—his scenes of groveling baseness—his torturing cruelties—all growing out of a vicious recklessness, render him an object of opprobriousness, and sinks him beneath the dignity of man. Unborn generations shall extol in accents of grateful reverence the virtues of generosity, liberality, gentleness, magnanimity and justice that were exhibited in the actions of a Scipio;—but the historian must blush, while he records the unexampled debaucheries, the incredulous barbarity—the malignant conduct of a Belshazzar, a Felix and a Maximinus.

Thus gentlemen, let a rigid virtue, though of heathen origin, be an ingredient in the constituent principles of any sect, and its name will till the billows of time have ceased to roll—Let it be the umpire in the decisions of a monarch, and his subjects will bless the day the regal scepter was placed within his hands. Let it enter the councils of the great, and their determinations will be the law of the civilized world, and Senates in admiration will rise to do them honor. Let it be the goal to which the aims of a Peasant tend—the focus in which the desires of a Plebeian concentrate; and posterity shall delight to do honor to their names—and kings and tyrants shall stand in their presence with awe. From this we may learn, that virtue though different in kind is an undying principle, and must continue so long as the source from which it emanates is unchangeable and eternal. And just in proportion as it draws its support from that fountain of infinite and unmingled perfections, will its continuance be. And, though much of the greatness based upon the wisdom and virtues of those countries in which Christianity was unknown, is posthumous; though their fundamental doctrines are generally discarded, and their systems of philosophy pointed to, to prove the inefficiency of unassisted reason; yet, virtue still lives the same and will exist

"Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds."
But all things, that were worthy or noble among the ancients who had not the light of the Gospel shining among them, were but a type—a shadow or a prelude of a brighter and a better day in which we are privileged to live.

By the radiant splendor that is reflected from the Revelation of divine truth, you may be enabled to see the origin of unblemished excellence—the foundation of unvarnished worth—the source of invigo-

ring zeal in the cause of that which is right and just and good. And seeing you must confess that enlightened virtue is the basis of all true greatness, that is *truly great*.

And as an able writer says, "bad as the world is respect is always paid to virtue." It is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation in every branch of fair and honorable or useful business; with distinction in every public station. The vigor which it gives the mind—the weight which it adds to character: the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardor of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonorable avocations, are the foundation of all that is highly honorable, or greatly successful among men. Or as the poet justly remarks—

"Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul.
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great natures favorites; a wreath
That ne'er encumbers; nor to baser hands
Can be transferred."

If, then in the outset of the enterprise in which you have engaged, your aim is, to answer the great and responsible purposes of your destination; virtue must be the propelling principle to every thing in which you engage; it must be the supporting beam of every fabric that you rear; it must be the great axis of every movement you make in the moral machinery of the world; it must be the radiating point, from which emanate all those exertions whose tendency shall be to bless mankind; it must be the center of that system of operations which is characterized by beneficial results, and of which the world reaps innumerable blessings; and it must by all means be the palladium to guard you against those snares and allurements—those ever cheating vanities, and enticing enchantments with which the path of youth is beset, and under whose pressure the greatest constancy has often sunk—But

"Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day."

True greatness consists in a coincidence of the actions of finite intelligences, with the example and obedience to the precepts of the Infinite cause of all things; so far as limited faculties are capable of comprehending unlimited perfections. And that virtue must be its basis, is evident from the fact; that it is the only principle which prompts to the performance of deeds that have a tendency to ameliorate the

condition of mankind, and become a blessing to the world. And that *this virtue* must be enlightened by divine truth, is equally manifest, when we consider that it is the only medium through which we can discover any thing definite concerning the will or character of the *Eternal source* of wisdom and greatness.

Again; the influence that the labors, of those exert, who make "*faith* the anchor to their soul," is so different from that attendant upon the exertions of all who lean upon an arm of flesh, that the honest carnal observer must confess that only virtue's paths conduct to eminence.

Let but the simple appearance of unknown characters be impressed upon the wall, and the convictions of the reveling Belshazzar are awakened, his pleasures are immediately pallid, his festive joys are turned to pallid fear, his carousing is changed to consternation, dismay is depicted upon his brow, hopeless despair is exhibited by all his actions—the girdle of his loins is loosed, and his knees smite each other.

But the *same* circumstances raised the devoted Daniel from an humble station to be the chief arbiter in the affairs of the nation. Though the bigoted Sennacherib could boast that his fathers had conquered the kings of Hamath and Arphad, Sepharvaim, Henah and Ivah, yet in consequence of his iniquities *one hundred and eighty-five thousand* of his deluded followers are destroyed in one night by a messenger of vengeance, and *he* becomes a victim of the most aggravated parricide.—While Hezekiah, trusting to the righteousness of his cause, is delivered, with his armor unstained by the blood of an enemy. Let a virtuous Paul reason concerning the grounds on which he places his hopes and an emperor trembles, as he sits in his judgement seat.

Where then, I ask can we find those, whose labors have been a blessing to the world—whose memories are now cherished, because their efforts were directed to the promotion of philanthropic objects; whose example is worthy of imitation; whose character is based upon actions that had an extensive influence in forwarding the best interests of their fellow-men—and in whose lives we see the virtues of benevolence, love, charity, temperance, humility, meekness, compassion, veracity, justice, and a host of others eminently displayed? Shall I present before you, as a model worthy of imitation, the name and conduct of a Voltaire, Mirabeau, Diderot, Helvetius, Condorcet, Rousseau, Hobbes, Buffon, Gibbon, Hume, Paine,

Allen or Owen? A voice that has echoed through different parts of Europe, since the reign of Terror, in France, answers in the negative. The enlightened historian, with *emphasis* replies, *no*—and ten thousand misled souls who have sunk to the regions of despair, with a volume of their garbled inconsistencies in their right hand, would *wail an eternal no*. As well, may you expect to rest upon the passing breeze, as to find *true greatness*, erected upon the course of life pursued, by those to whom I have referred.

And if *any* of you expect to climb to the pinnacle of fame, and there inscribe your names in characters, that shall be read and honored by succeeding generations, yet intend to discard the principles of virtue, enlightened by Revelation—you act far more inconsistent than he does; who attempts to feast upon the wind or who—

"Seeks mellow grapes beneath the ivy pole;
Seeks blooming roses on the cheek of death;
Seeks substance in a world of feeling shades."

But we should rejoice, that, amid the gloom and darkness with which the moral world has been surrounded during every age, there has been a bright galaxy of illustrious personages, who will always shine as stars of the first magnitude, and whose rays, whenever they are felt, dispel the mental night in which the people wander.

The philosophical world must confess its indebtedness to the wisdom of a Euler, Pascal, Boyle, Bacon, Locke and Newton, who bowed in reverence to the supremacy of revealed truth; and were able advocates of the doctrines it teaches. The names of Beattie, Addison, Johnson and Dick, will live while virtue has a friend or pure morality an advocate. Let the harp be touched by a Prior, Gray, Thompson, Young, Milton, Cowper, or Pollok, and its notes will flow in harmonious accents down the tide of time, and its living numbers will sound in unison with the blast of Gabriel's trumpet.

The physician confesses the superior skill of a virtuous Brown, Hartly, Mead, and Rush; while Luther, Calvin, Clarke and Scott, have written their names in characters as indelible as time itself upon the destinies of nations.

Nor should we forget the names of Littleton, Mason, George Washington, Hale, Blackstone, Russel and Erskine, who rendered the different stations they occupied, truly honorable, by associating with them a noble zeal, in promoting the cause of virtue and of God. Then, gentlemen, if you *desire to live retired from the cares of*

busy life, and enjoy the tranquil pleasures connected with private meditations, virtue is necessary in order to banish the despondency that is wont to haunt the shades of retirement; and keep you from becoming a burden to yourself. 'Tis this that makes the rustic cot a palace—'tis this that renders the lonely rural walk a source of pure delight; 'tis this that causes the "family hearth" to be the second Eden in this lower world. Because

"Peace, O Virine! peace is all thy own."

Is it your wish to mingle with the busy crowd, and share the trials, troubles and turmoils of those who are engaged in the arena of public life? *Virtue* is requisite to preserve you from the contaminations of the promiscuous rabble with which you will have to deal; and enable you to elude the baits that vice strews along the road which conducts to the stations of active usefulness. Or Howard like, do you long to visit the mansions of misery; to penetrate the cells and prisons where wretchedness and want conjointly reign; where despair and anguish dwell, and open up an avenue of hope to those drear abodes—let in a ray of cheering comfort upon the captive souls, and cause the prisoner, though bound in heavy, festering chains, to leap for joy? virtue must characterize all your efforts and give to every act a grace. Or do you intend to work upon the "mighty deep" of human depravity, and bring "order out of confusion," by enlightening the darkened understanding of those who set in the valley of the shadow of death; by dispelling the clouds of darkness that hang over a large portion of the benighted world; by breaking up the strong holds of superstition, that have been fortified by ignorance during many ages; by diffusing general information among all classes and conditions of mankind? *Virtue* must be your guiding star—its beams must illumine the gloomy regions of pagan hopelessness, and cause a brighter day to dawn upon the wastes of heathen idolatry. It must be the power that moves the lever of the universe, and raises the mass of corruption from the depraved mind; it must be the inscription upon your labarum, if you wish to march against the strong holds of vice with a full assurance of success; it must be the essence of all your instructions; it must be engraved upon the chief corner stone of every edifice you erect; it must be inscribed upon the lintels of the door; it must be indelibly stamped upon its turrets; it must be so plainly written upon your whole course of life, that the most illiterate shall read it

and admire. Hence, let enlightened virtue be the basis, on which you found your aspirations after greatness, and the world shall look upon you as its benefactor; the distressed shall rejoice at your presence; at your approach the streams of sorrow shall be dried up, and the dejected countenance resume its wonted smile; you shall be gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe; the grave will be your portal to eternal day; and from the tree of life, you shall gather immortality.

DULL SCHOLARS.—It is related of one of the earlier French Princes, that being either too indolent to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him each with a large letter marked upon his person. The young prince not being informed of the true names of these attendants, was obliged to call them by their particular letters; and in this way he soon learned the first rudiments of an education. A similar mode was used by Herodes, in overcoming the dullness of his son Atticus. He had him associated with twenty-four little slaves, each designated by a letter of the Greek Alphabet, so that in his daily sports and associations he became familiar with this alphabet; and thus learned it without the acquisition being made a task.

CRITERIA OF A BEAUTIFUL COW.

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat, without cake or corn;
She's clear in her jaws, and fell in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, with never a lump;
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes;
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a Grazier's without, and a Butcher's within.

All the influence which women enjoy in society,—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power protecting us when young, and cheering us when old,—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and that which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests with all its benefits and all its honor.

FASHION MAKERS.—Whether tailors and milliners actually invent new styles of dress or only record the changes made by certain leaders of fashion, is more than we in our ignorance of such matters are able to say. We only know that in too many cases, they sadly disfigure the human forms. Speaking of fashion makers, and the absurdities of fashion, Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal* says:

Milliners and tailors appear to be the most brainless of all professions. We scarcely remember to have ever seen a new fashion proceed from them which accorded with true elegance, and which did not tend to deform rather than adorn the human person. At present they make a woman into a bell-shaped object, painful from the sense of its incompleteness—feet being wanting. Always some absurdity reigns conspicuous in their models of form. Each of them will tell you: We cannot help it—it is the fashion. But whence comes the fashion, if not from some of their own empty heads? And how is it that no one of them can help it, that no one of them has the sense or spirit to devise, set forth, and promote anything better? The tailors are better than the milliners, and do not in general misdirect mankind to such an extent as to call for a particular effort of resistance; but the women are treated by their dressmakers in a way which would call for and justify a rebellion. A friend of ours goes so far as to say that the one thing above all which convinces him of the inferiority of the female mind generally to the male, is the submission which women show to every foolish fashion which is dictated to them, and that helplessness which they profess under its most torturing and tyrannical rules. We would at least say that, if there is folly in a fantastic dissent—such as that of Mrs. Bloomer and her friends—there is a far greater self-condemnation of the judgment in adherence to an absurdity which involves filthiness as well as inelegance, like the present long skirts.

Mrs. Fry's Rule.—1. I never lose any time; I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation sometime every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 3. Never err the least in truth. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to any body. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.

There are, in certain heads, a kind of established errors, against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these mere assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to non-sense.

[For the Classic Union:]
THE INCONSIDERATE VOW.

BY AGRICOLA.

Elated with success, the victorious Gileadite drew near to Mizpah. The warlike hosts of Ammon had fallen victims to the rage of his avenging sword, or fled to the secluded caverns of Zoar, that could but remind them of the deep disgrace of their ancestry. The streaming blood of slaughtered warriors had marked the deviating by-way from Arreor to Minnith, and both the treasures and ashes of a full score of hostile cities, with their unnumbered, flaming altars and magnificent temples, to Astarte and Chemosh, rendered more glorious the fame of that victory which freed Israel from the galling and oppressive yoke of an eighteen years servitude. Thus triumphant Jephtha turned his wearied footsteps from the ensanguined plains to bear the welcome news over the terraced hills of Gilead and listen to the joyful paeans of freemen.

To him all creation bore an aspect of unusual beauty and cheerfulness. The brilliant sun in a cloudless sky, was declining toward the Western horizon—the gentle Zephyrs—the musical rippling of the placid waters of the Jabbok—the unmetred lays of the forest Chorister and the ceaseless applause of his armed followers operated upon him with the magic influence of a Siren, and bathed his enraptured soul in the ineffable ecstasies of a waking dream.

But soon the familiar sound of the timbrel is heard, and that wild tumultuous throng becomes an orderly array of soldiers awaiting the commands of their gallant leader.

"While lo! from far their came a female band,
With one that midst them walk'd with timbrel in hand.

With the musical skill of an Orpheus she displayed more beauty of countenance and unaffected ease and grace than is often seen or even heard of by mortals.

Truly she was an object worthy of admiration—she was indeed a lovely creature, and well might Jephtha have been proud to claim her as his daughter, his only daughter, for beside her he had neither son nor daughter.

He was returning from the dreaded uncertainties of battle, alive, unhurt, and victorious. They drew near and nearer—and as the veteran Gileadite clasped his long absent child in his swarthy arms, from a thousand stentorian lungs there arose a continued shout rendered thrice deafening by a blast from three score bugles of war, till the reverberating echo

from the neighboring hills repeats their sacred watchword—"The sword of God and the sword of Jephtha."

Happy joyful meeting! But soon how changed! This same spot was once called to witness a vow—a too lately regretted vow—"Whoever of my house shall come forth to meet me returning a conqueror, shall be the Lords."

But sudden as the flash of electric fire, as this rushed upon his memory, he rent his clothes and cried "Alas my daughter! thou art one of them that trouble me. I have opened my mouth and cannot go back." His dark eye glared, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went, till

Through all his bones a shak'tremor stole,
And a dark cloud of grief o're spread his soul.
That fainting there stood ready winged for flight!
While near his eyeballs swam the shades of night.

But relenting fate decreed that his time had not come, for he yet remained to march his sulist band over the hills of Gilead and hear the ill-fated Ephraimite lisp the condemning *Siboleth*. While she lived long to hear the woodland steepes and sequestered glens resound to the melancholy wail of the maidens of Israel lamenting the virginity of Japhtha's only child—lived a reproof, a breathing monument of the rashness of an inconsiderate vow.

THE REPLY OF A RUM-SELLER.—Not long since a man made this proposition to a doggery keeper: "Suppose my boy had contracted this habit of drinking. In all other respects he is all I could desire; but by this habit he has destroyed my comfort, and his mother looks heart-broken. There, look at him, he is staggering at the steps. My God! can that bloated, blossomed thing be my son? He staggers in where his mother is! Can you measure her anguish, as she sees her first-born a sot? Well, now, let me suppose that some kind friend has reached his heart, and he gives up his cups. All is gladness in our house. He is once more all that we could desire in our son; but some companion excites his lust for drink. The appetite craves them with the power of an untamed demon. They come to your counter and ask for brandy. You know the consequence—that my son will become two fold more the child of Hell than before; and that my family will again be plunged into the deepest grief. Would you sell him brandy under these circumstances?" The keeper of the Doggery replied, "Yes, I would, if he had money to pay for it." "Then you are a scoundrel of the first water, and deserve a halter," was the reply of the individual. And there is an instinctive feeling of the heart which says "AMEN" the apparently severe words.

MARK OF GENTILITY.

There are a variety of ways by which certain frail specimens of humanity endeavor to exhibit their superiority to the rest of mankind, and prove that they are not allied to the vulgar crowd, but belongs to the first class of society. One, in conscious poverty of intellect, who happens to have a little of "the shining dust" endeavors to cover up deficiencies and attract attention by putting on a showy exterior, and dizzling the eyes of the multitude by the glitter of wealth. Another is constantly reminding you of his illustrious ancestry. He wishes to have it distinctly understood that no vulgar blood courses through his veins, and he never fails to express his contempt for the mush-iron aristocracy which the commercial prosperity of our country has caused to spring up around him. Another, who has neither wealth or ancestry to boast of, contrives to place himself above the vulgar, by obtaining, no body knows how, a gold beaded cane, a gold watch, and a few pins and rings, which he never fails to display on all possible occasions. But after all, the cheapest way of showing off superiority is the habit of being always late at every place they attend and especially at the Sanctuary. To pass into the church at the appointed hour, would blend them with the vulgar throng. Their actions as they come sweeping in after the services have commenced, say as clear as actions can speak, we are of some importance—we are not so vulgar as to come to church at the appointed hour—we intend to be noticed and have all eyes turned upon us when we enter the house of worship—a fair uninterrupted view of us, will amply compensate for the loss of an idea or two which may fall from the Speaker while we are taking our seats.

There is no denying the fact that there are those who regard the practice of coming late to any assembly as a mark of gentility and the opposite practice as rustic and unrefined. It is not down right laziness which makes some people *always* late at public gatherings, but the notion which they entertain that such conduct indicates one's noble extractions. If they knew, however, the feelings which such behavior always enacted in the minds of every sensible person, they would endeavor to exhibit their dignity of birth and polite manners in some more appropriate way.

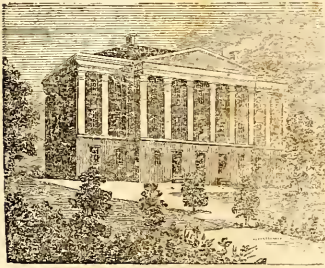
E.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective; some must be seen at a distance.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.



DECEMBER 15, 1851.

REVISION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A meeting of the friends of Revision will be held in Memphis on the 26th of the present month. A call is made upon all Christians of all Denominations who are in favor of a new translation of the Scriptures to meet and consult on the subject.

If we believed that American Christians could be induced to unite upon a new translation of the Scriptures we would heartily approve of the objects of this meeting. It is true that we have great respect and love for our present Version. Considering the age when it was made, and the few facilities for gaining a correct knowledge of the originals which then existed, it is most excellent. But still it is confessedly very imperfect. Since our present Translation was made, great changes have been produced in our own language, and, owing to these changes, many passages which were translated correctly, and which, at that time, conveyed the true sense of the original, now either convey no meaning at all, or a meaning different from their true interpretation.—It is true also that the knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages was much less extensive and accurate than it now is, and that the principles of Biblical interpretation were much less clearly defined. Owing to these causes, errors are now detected in our Version which in that age escaped unnoticed. It is true again that the Translators of our Scriptures were forbidden by king James I. to translate many words, and were requested to use certain ecclesiastical words familiar to the people in their stead. In consequence of these various causes our present English Version is very imperfect, and, as we said,

we would heartily approve of a new translation if American Christians could be induced to unite upon it.

The question now arises, can this be done? We answer that, in our opinion, it cannot at present be done. There is so much of Sectarianism among the different denominations that they would never be brought to unite on a new translation.—Each party endeavoring to interpret the Bible to suit its own views, none would be willing to accept the translation of another. Not until Christians are willing to throw away their Creeds and submit to the simple teachings of God's Word, can they be influenced to unite on a new Translation. While party spirit is so strong that even good men, unconsciously to themselves, bend and distort the Word of God to make it conform to the "form of sound words" written in their Creeds, it is impossible to induce the great body of Christians to be willing to receive a new and more excellent Translation.

We are therefore opposed to the adoption of a new translation by any one denomination, while the great body of Christians are unwilling to receive it. The ground of our opposition is simply that such a course would not be *expedient*. Every denomination, except the one adopting it, would call it a *Sectarian Bible*, and men generally would not believe that it was a true translation of the Word of God.—Even supposing it as near perfect as man could make it; still the mere fact of its being adopted as the translation of one denomination would cause all others to look upon it with suspicion, and would prevent their receiving it as the Word of God. In addition therefore to its adding another cause of contention to the already accumulated differences between Christians, it would add no new light to the world, simply because the world would believe it to be the Bible of a party, and would really prevent the denomination adopting it from effecting, by turning others to what they believed the truth, as great an amount of good, as they would have done if the new translation had never been adopted.

We have thus given our humble sentiments in regard to this question which is now engaging much of the public attention. Abstract the question from the circumstances which surround it, and we would heartily approve of a new translation. But under the present circumstances we think it inexpedient for any denomination of Christians to adopt any other translation than the one in common use.

We would be willing however, (and indeed would greatly rejoice at it) for a new and more excellent translation to be made. Nothing would give us more pleasure than to know that some man or company of men, thoroughly qualified for the work, were engaged either in a new translation, or in such a revision of the Scriptures as would free our Version from its acknowledged errors. Let no denomination however adopt it as its own peculiar translation, for that, through party prejudice, would defeat its object—to enlighten the world. But let it be given to the world as a book of reference and to be read by all who are willing to use it.

S.

THE REPUTATION OF MINISTERS.

The office of a Christian Minister demands respect and he who faithfully discharges its duties, has a claim on the kind regards of his fellow-men. To detract from the reputation of a minister is to destroy his usefulness and blast his hopes. Men in other professions may have spots on their moral character and still be successful in life. The lawyer and physician may plead your cause or heal your disease without being a man of irreproachable moral character. But the minister must be "without reproach." If his reputation is gone—his *all* is gone. No learning nor eloquence, nor accomplishments, can compensate for the want of this.

Let no man speak evil of ministers. If to traduce the character of other men is wrong, how much worse to speak evil of those messengers of heaven whose good repute is the only basis of their usefulness and success in life. They may have faults:—let them not be borne trumpet-tongued through the world. There are people enough who will take pleasure in publishing their faults, without christians putting themselves to the trouble of doing it. Men in general are sufficiently sharp-sighted in regard to the faults of others, and especially is this true respecting the faults of ministers. Most men regard them as public targets set up in the sight of the world, which every one may shoot at with impunity. Let every Christian therefore guard, with the most assiduous care, the reputation of ministers.

S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Having adopted the course pursued by all publishers, not to publish any communication unaccompanied with a responsible name, those forwarding us anonymous articles will understand why they do not appear.

OUR PAPER AGAIN.

Desirous at once to place our paper on a firm basis, by running up our subscription list a few hundred more names, we take the privilege of asking the aid of our friends in procuring subscribers. Will not each subscriber send us one more name? This would double our list, and it can be done. Who will send us the largest list by our next issue?

We propose to any friend sending us five new subscribers and the money, the sixth copy free of cost for one year.

To any one sending us ten paying subscribers we will send him for one year either of the following papers: Tennessee Baptist, Christian Index, South-western Baptist, or any other paper he may select of the same price. By a little effort, through this arrangement, any one may procure the Classic Union, and another good Religious or Literary paper for one year for only One Dollar.

To any one sending us twenty new paying subscribers we will send him either of the above papers, and the Western Recorder, edited by Jno. L. Waller, Louisville, Ky.—or any other paper of the same cost, at the option of the individual sending the names.

Here is a rare chance to increase one's newspaper reading without actual cost. Who will be the first to respond with a list of names? II.

UNION UNIVERSITY.

This institution will commence the second term of the Collegiate year on Monday, the 5th of January next. The present term has been one of unparalleled prosperity. Students are already arriving to enter the next term.

In the commencement of the present term so many students came in that there was considerable difficulty in procuring boarding places for all. But that difficulty is now obviated. Ample provisions have since been made for the accommodation of a large number, so that none need apprehend any difficulty in this respect for the future.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.—It will be seen by a reference to our advertising columns that the second session of this rising Institution will commence on the 7th of January next. The success which has attended the enterprise thus far has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its friends. The prospects are fair for a considerable accession of pupils at the commencement of the ap-

proaching session. It is expected the present Faculty will be reinforced by the arrival of two accomplished Teachers from New York in the month of January.

Board can be obtained in private families on reasonable terms. We anticipate for this school a high degree of prosperity and usefulness.

AM I PREPARED FOR DEATH?

Reader, can you answer this question in the affirmative? If you were informed that you must die within one week, would you consider that time sufficient for you to arrange your earthly affairs and prepare for the solemn change? You admit that you must die, and that life is uncertain—that you may be cut off at any moment, and it may be without a day's warning; and yet you make no preparation.—Do you act wisely? God has spared the unprofitable fig tree another year, but has it brought forth fruit? Are you better prepared for eternity now than you were one year ago? What right have you to expect that God will spare you another year? Can you give one reason why the order, "Cut down the unprofitable fig tree, why 'umbereth it the ground," should not now be given in reference to you? Why should God continue, a life which is one of determined enmity and persevering rebellion against his government, when the slightest withdrawal of his protecting care would prostrate his enemy in the dust? Do you recollect the time when you were prostrate by disease? And do you not remember the alarm you felt at the prospect of entering eternity unreconciled to God? And have you forgotten the promises you then made, that if God would spare your life, and raise you from that bed of sickness, that you would seek him without delay and devote the remainder of your days to his service? How have those promises been redeemed? and if God should again bring you to the brink of the grave, could you expect him to listen to your entreaties, or again accept of promises which you have once so wontonly violated? Would it not be an insult to the majesty of Heaven for you again to entreat him to restore you to health and prolong your days? Let me entreat you to fix your attention upon the position you occupy as an immortal and accountable being and withdraw it not until you perceive and feel the solemn realities connected with it, and then adopt such resolutions as your judgment and conscience shall dictate, and act upon them without delay. God the Spirit will enable you to enter the path of holiness, and God the Saviour will reward you for coming unto Him. E.

[For the Classic Union.]

Mr. ENRON:—Being a man of leisure I have concluded to note down some of the observations of my daily peregrinations, and submit them to your inspection and if you think they are worthy of a place in your paper, they are at your disposal. I belong to that ancient and time-honored fraternity, riddled loafers—a class of human beings, which in my opinion, has never received that attention and honor which justly belong to it. My time I spend chiefly in sitting about the streets and shops when the sun is sufficiently warm; when the weather is not convenient for out door observation, I loiter on the counters of the merchants or sit around their warm stores and fires. I am not, however, an idle spectator of passing events. My ears and eyes are always opened to what is passing around me, and though I am seldom guilty of reflection myself, yet if I chronicle my observations they may perhaps lead to some useful reflections in others. Not long since I was seated near a store in the back part of one of our mercantile establishments, when a lady entered and the following dialogue ensued:

Clerk.—Good morning, madam, what shall I have the pleasure of showing you?

Lady.—I wish to look at some of your Mousseline de Laines.

C.—We have a great variety of patterns, and here is one which I selected in Philadelphia on purpose for you. I understood your taste so well that I knew exactly what would please you. Is not that superb—it is decidedly rich; (throwing it down on the counter.)

L.—That is indeed beautiful. But do you think the colors are sufficiently bright?

C.—Oh yes—That is the latest fashion—all the go now—no person of taste would have a dress of any brighter colors.—How well that would become you—just examine it—see what a fine piece it is.

L.—It is very good, but what is the price?

C.—It is very cheap—dirt cheap. I bought it at a great bargain. And as it is *you*, madame, I will let *you* have it for one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard.

L.—Oh, I can't think of giving so high as that.

C.—Indeed madame, believe me, that is remarkably cheap—just examine it—you have not observed how fine it is. Is it not nice? You cannot purchase as good an article at any place in this town for one cent less than a dollar and a half—you see the marked price is one dollar and seventy-five cents.

L.—I think it is very pretty; but can you not afford it for a little less?

C.—We are making but very little profit on it at the price I offered it; but seeing it is *you*, you may have it for one dollar and ten cents a yard, and that is about cost. I think it would become you most admirably. Hold it up to the light—you have not seen half its beauties.

L.—But you ask too much for it—you can take less—you know I trade a great deal with you.

C.—I know that, madam, and for that very reason I am willing to sell it to you for less than I would to any other person; you may have it for one dollar a yard; and surely you cannot object to that.

L.—I can buy just as good at Mr. Job's for seventy-five cents; I saw a piece there to-day.

C.—Ah! we have some at that price, too, but it is far inferior to this pattern; and allow me to tell you, those of Mr. Job's are some which he has had on hand for several years, and he purchased them at first, at auction. I know about these things.

L.—Now, can't you sell this for seventy-five cents? I am certain you can—I will give you that.

C.—Well, really madam, that would be making too great a sacrifice. I must have a dollar—could not afford to sell it for one cent less—it cost me more than that.

L.—Then I can't take it. Good day, [starts for the door.]

C.—Stop, madam, seeing that is *you*, you may take it for seventy-five cents.

L.—And will you throw in the trimmings?

C.—I could not, indeed, do that.

L.—Mr. Jobs' always throws in the trimmings.

C.—I will throw in one half.

L.—No, you must give all, or I will not take it.

C.—Well, I will do so, as it is *you*.

The lady takes it up and as she turns to leave, she remarks, "Please charge it, will you?"

C.—Yes madam, with pleasure. [Exit lady.] Well, I am thankful I have got rid of that old piece that has been on hands so long. I was determined to sell it if I did not get thirty cents for it.

Second Clerk.—You need not rejoice so much; I think it exceedingly doubtful whether you ever get a cent for it.

Clerk.—It was half-worn out, any how, by being knocked about the counter these three or four years.

At this stage I left.

OMEGA.

SCRAFS BY A PASTOR.

YOUNG MEN.

Every patriot, philanthropist, and christian, feels a deep interest in this class of society.—Upon our young men must soon rest the vast interest of our nation. They must direct the noble ship of state to her desired haven, or in their hands she must be dashed, with the hopes of millions upon the rocks of despotism, or lost amidst the quick-sands of corruption. Let our young men be distinguished for integrity of character, and purity of life, and all will be well. Then they will unfold the mysteries of science, and increase the wonders of art for the purpose of elevating higher and higher the human race. In their hands our literature would be shorn of its present evils, and become the teacher of a sound morality and world-wide benevolence. Then could they go forth on their noble mission, carrying the character of liberty and religion to every nation and people on earth.

But to meet the high demands of the age and the expectations of their friends, they must shun the evils which surround them. Some of them may be mentioned.

IDLENESS.

It is the law of God that we should labor, either mentally or physically or *both*. Idleness is, therefore, a crime, or a sin. And how very general is this sin with the young men of this age! The youth and even the young man has no employment.

In many cases the parent provides none, or so little that it results in nothing useful. The young man is thus made an engine of evil, fitted up with all the instruments of destruction, which the devil is invited to possess and direct for his own dark purposes. Parnets! as you value your own happiness, and the souls of your children, never allow them to grow up in idleness. Young men! scorn to be *loafers*. Have something to do, and do it well.

BAD COMPANY.

There are thousands of young men, who are now disgraced and ruined, who would have made ornaments to society and blessings to the world, had they never been the companions of the abandoned. A man is known by the company he keeps because the very fact of keeping it, transforms him into its likeness. Heaven's truth declares "evil communications corrupt good manners." Young men! you cannot have bad associations without being injured. You may as well fill your bosom with coals of fire, and not be burned; or come in contact with the small pox and not be infected, as to enter vile company on terms of equality and not be contaminated.

INTEMPERANCE.

To obtund consciences which sting them, and to increase the hilarity of their wicked employments, young men look upon the wine when it is red and giveth its color in the cups, forgetting that at last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. The intoxicating bowl is pressed to the lips with its slow, subtle, but sure poison. Then the march is generally onward to a drunkard's doom. And O how sad is that doom, "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

GAMBLING.

By gambling is meant betting in every form, encouraging lotteries, and foolish practice of playing at games of chance. It is only for amusement at first, but if there was no playing for amusement, there would be no gambling. The lowest, and most disgusting passions rule in the hearts of those who give themselves up to this. It is a sin which breaks all the tender ties which bind a man to his family and society. It renders him an outcast from all holy influences, and companion of those he despises, and a prey to the cruel. "Touch not, handle not," should be the motto of every young man who would escape this whirlpool of iniquity, the centre of which is the road to hell.

LEWDNESS.

To describe the extensive and damning power of this is impossible. It is, perhaps the greatest of all obstacles to the salvation of many young men. God's word is fearfully descriptive here. The strange woman's "feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell—her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." "No whoremonger or unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God." Let the licentious remember that each shall stand with his partner in guilt, before the Judge of quick and dead. Young men cannot mingle with the vile, let the vileness be dressed in ever so tasteful a garb, without becoming polluted. Hence it is that a licentious theatre, immodest dancing, and all amusements, which tend to inflame the passions, are terribly, horribly pernicious.

These are some of those evils which pollute the young man's heart and life, and prevent his fulfilling his noble destiny which otherwise awaits him. There are others which will naturally suggest themselves.

Now, how shall our young men avoid these evils? They must believe the declarations of the Bible as *certain facts*, and act accordingly. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word."—Index.

From the Rutherford Telegraph.
The Sabbath.

Is the Sabbath an institution of man? or has it the sanction of God's authority? The beneficial tendency of the Sabbath appears to be admitted by all discerning men; and especially by all men, who have any becoming respect for christianity.

But is it the will of God, that one day in seven should be devoted to religious purposes? In other words, is there any Sabbath under the New Testament dispensation, having, the sanction of God's Authority?

This question has been suggested by some remarks, that were published in the Nashville Daily Gazette, bearing date Nov. 30th, under the caption—"THE QUESTION OF THE DAY."

The benign influence of the Sabbath, and the sad consequences attendant on its desecration are admitted in the following appropriate and beautiful language:—

"The wisdom and experience of ages, have uniformly decided in its favor. There is a propriety in it, as shown by its influence upon individual character and national prosperity. Without a Sabbath, no one can tell how soon men would cease to acknowledge allegiance to a superior power. Without it, a decent reverence for religion would too soon give way to forgetfulness of God, to the hazard of national glory and private virtue. France tested its abolition, and the history of that act is written in the blood of whole hecatombs of victims.—France and Italy and Mexico are now solving the question, whether it may be despised and rejected with impunity. The unsettled and revolutionary condition of those countries bears awful testimony to the truth, that national stability and glory are inseparable, to a great extent, from national piety. Wild and progressive as our people may become, we hope and believe that they will never cease to cherish and observe the Sabbath."

These sentiments are not only true, but they are expressed with great force and beauty. And can it be, that an institution, that is so beneficial to man, and so necessary to the perpetuity of the Christian religion on the earth, is without the sanction of God's authority? Does the Bible contain an expression of the good will of God to man; and are its laws intended to govern him both as a citizen of earth, and as a probationer for eternity; and yet is the benign and indispensable institution of the Sabbath not to be found among its laws? Is such a supposition honorable to the wisdom and goodness of the Author of the Christian religion? And yet this is the opinion, that is expressed in the Daily Gazette, as will be manifest from the following extract:—

"We have long thought, that the argu-

ments in defense of the Sabbath, which we so often hear from the pulpit, proceed upon a too narrow, and sometimes untenable view of the subject. We have heard, read, and thought much upon it, but have never been able to connect any divine command with the religious observance of the first day of the week. Very many good people rest their faith upon the fourth clause of the decalogue, which may have no more application than the verse in Genesis, in which we are told, that God "rested" on the seventh day from all his work, which he had made." It would seem to us wonderful and unaccountable, that their should be no direct command to the point in the New Testament, if it were intended to be made one of the intrinsic and essential doctrines of the Christian religion. It would hardly have been allowed, upon this supposition, to rest upon argument and inference and usage.

We believe there is no passage, in which either before or after his resurrection, he directly enjoined the observance of the first day. The propriety of a general Sabbath, therefore, in our view, rests rather in the history and experience of the Church and of all good men and of all nations, than in any specific and direct command. To our minds, it loses nothing of its attractiveness in being a free will offering from man. It is not less beautiful, from being a weekly sacrifice from the creature to the merciful and benevolent Creator."

I have quoted largely, that the views of the writer may be fairly and correctly seen. The Sabbath, viewed in the light of a "free will offering from man," may have attractiveness and beauty, but it ceases to be an institution of religion. It is the prerogative of God alone to appoint a religious institution. There is a very palpable difference in the two cases; and the difference is fundamental. In one case we have the mind of man; in the other we have the mind of God. In one case we have the authority of man; in the other we have the authority of God. If the Sabbath is a divine institution, it binds the conscience, and, in the proper observance of it, we may feel assured, that we are rendering a service, that is acceptable to God. But if it be merely an appointment of man, no sin can arise from the neglect of it; and all that good citizenship can require, is, to avoid that course of conduct, that would violate the laws of the land. Where, in that case, would be the Christian Sabbath? Its sacred character would be gone, and in its place would appear "the image and superscription" of man. Moreover how different must be the feelings of the intelligent and devout worshipper in the two cases? In one case the obedience is rendered to man, in the other, it is rendered to God.

It then becomes a matter of unspeakable importance to ascertain, whether what is

called the Christian Sabbath has the sanction of God; or whether it has only the sanction of man. It is a sacred institution, if it has the sanction of God's authority; otherwise it is not. It is certain that the appointment of man cannot make any thing sacred.

The institution, called the Sabbath, is one thing, and the day appointed for its observance is another. An institution may be perpetual and unchangeable; but the time appointed for its celebration may be changed from the first day of the week to the seventh, and afterwards from the seventh back to the first. When the question is asked,—Is the Sabbath intended to be a perpetual ordinance? it is virtually and to all practical purposes the same as the enquiry—Is the Church of God intended to be perpetual? Jesus Christ has affirmed, that "the gates of hell" shall not prevail against his Church.—But if it be true, that "men would soon cease to acknowledge allegiance to a superior power, without the Sabbath." If "without it, a decent reverence for religion would too soon give way to forgetfulness of God;" then, the perpetuity of the Church involves the perpetuity of the Sabbath. But nothing can insure the perpetuity of the Sabbath but the impress of divinity and the shield of the Almighty. Everything that is human is given to change. God alone can truly say—"My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

It is my purpose, with your permission, Mr. Editor, to present some thoughts on this truly interesting subject in a few consecutive essays.

W. E.

A person can scarcely be put into a more dangerous position than when external circumstances have produced some striking change in his condition, without his manner of feeling and of thinking having undergone any preparation for it.

"They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink."

The first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the height of misfortune is to, be able to indulge such affections.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.

NATIONAL CHASTISEMENT.

Afflictions are designed by the Almighty for the good of Nations and communities, as well as of churches and individuals. How often it is the case that nations go so far astray and so sinfully rebel against the great God of the whole earth, that they need some heavy chastisement to make them recognize God as their Lord and King. Witness the sore punishments which God sent upon the land of Egypt because Pharaoh refused to let the people of Israel go. And how was it for that relentless monarch to yield notwithstanding the numerous dire plagues which were showered upon the land of the Nile. Witness too, the afflictions which oppressed the children of Israel, the grievous calamities which they encountered at every step of their progress through the fiery Desert, on account of their murmurings, and their sinful disobedience to the commands of God.—And when they had conquered their enemies, endured their hardships, and passed safely over the Jordan, and secured for themselves the Land of Promise, behold the punishments they were doomed to suffer on account of their sinful idolatry, their base ingratitude to God, their great Benefactor; the numerous scathings which they received by fire and sword; their frequent captivities and long imprisonment “by the rivers of Babylon;” their great Temple, the pride of the Jewish heart and the glory of the world, twice razed to the ground, and they themselves driven forth from their home and country as fugitives and vagabonds upon the face of the earth; a great national affliction sent upon that sinful people to make them confess their sins, and acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ whom they hung upon the cross, as their Savior and Redeemer of the entire human race.

At various times God has sent national scourges upon an entire nation or community to make them confess their sins and repent of national offences. Witness the calamities which were sent upon Rome, once acknowledge as the Mistress of the world. All over her streets and upon her hills, lie scattered the broken columns of her once splendid mansions whose pavements once rung with the princely tread of her haughty nobles. There stands, it is true, almost unimpaired by the beating rains of more than two thousand years, the Parthenon, that mighty monument of Roman glory, graced with its statues, while the bronze still blazes upon its dome.—There stands still that most gigantic monument of the Roman world, the Coliseum, within whose spacious area, the Gladiator died, and the criminal was rent by the famished lion of the forest. But where are the fifty thousands who sat spectators of the bloody conflict? Where are the thousands who throng those seas? They have all passed away with the scourge of death! She who was proud and arrogant has been humbled, and the Roman Eagle which once gloated upon the earcasses of Kings and chieftains now droops her wings in death!

It was at Rome the Martyrs of the cross

suffered the most excruciating tortures under the bloody-minded Prince, Nero, because they nobly dared to confess their attachment to the cross of Christ. Here they martyred those noble advocates of their master's cause, Peter, and Paul, and the numerous body of Christians who perished by the most refined cruelty imaginable, on account of the conflagration of the city of Rome;—a most diabolical act done by the officers and servants of the tyrant Nero, by his own command, and then shift the odium of his mad act from his own shoulders, charged most foully the unfortunate followers of Jesus with the perpetration of the horrible crime! Nor less severe were the persecutions under the other Roman Emperors, Domitian, and Trajan; for under these fell Timothy and Polycarp and Justin and numerous others.

But if these cruelties have been practiced or dictated alone by the Emperors, then God might have spared Rome the degradation she has suffered. But these cruelties were often suggested and urged by the people themselves. For we are told that under the reign of Marcus Aurelius, (A. D. 161—180) “the popular fury was continually excited against them (Christians) and before the persecutions of Asia Minor, to which Polycarp fell a sacrifice.” And again—“In the reign of Hadrian the populace began to demand that the Christians should be put to death at the great festival.”

But while persecution rained like fiery hail upon the primitive disciples of Jesus, it only caused them to cling closer to the cross. Affliction served to purify them, while the various scourges of disease, fire and sword, and the grinding oppression of the tyrant's heel, have all served to harden Rome, Pagan, and wicked adulterous Roman Christian.

See too how God punishes! The very despised sect who had been trampled upon—who had been burned at the stake, and suffered the most cruel tortures, grew in numbers and in strength through the very persecutions they endured; and by and by, the persecuted turned upon their persecutors, and planting their heel (grown hard as iron by the fires to which it had been subjected) upon the neck of their cruel oppressors they, in their turn, gave law to the Pagan Rome and held in bondage centenniers of the Lord Jesus Christ; But when Rome lost the true faith, and becoming again idolatrous, persecuted the true followers of Jesus who bowed not to her idols, and she “had become drunk with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, then did “the Lamb against whom they had made war, overcome them.” And “ten Kings” who were once her subjects, “have made war against the beast; they have made her desolate and naked; they have eaten her flesh and burned her with fire.” § England, France, Germany, &c., have successively thrown off their allegiance to the Pope and every cord that was thus severed, served to weaken her power over the nations of the earth, and still more to humble and abase Rome, “that mother of Harlots, and abominations of the Earth.”

Thus has God for sins conceived and executed by this wicked city, destroyed her power and almost blotted her name from the catalogue of Nations.

All the afflictions that ever befel a nation were intended either as punishment for some great national sin, or else they were designed ultimately to render that nation or community more efficient in the cause of humanity or religion; to humble their pride, to unite them in the bonds of friendship and brotherhood, and thus by common sympathy to promote their general welfare by showing to them their mutual dependence.

We see this fact exemplified in the history of the American colonies. Driven from their fatherland by persecution; they crossed the broad waters of the Atlantic, and settled upon an unfriendly shore in constant danger of being massacred by the relentless savages of the West. Scarcely had they placed themselves in a position of comparative security and independence, when their growing prosperity attracted the attention of the mother country, who cast an evil eye upon their broad lands and productive fields. Then began a series of unjust oppressions on the part of Great Britain who resolved by exorbitant taxations to fill up her exhausted Treasury. This tyrannical usurpation of power on the part of England awoke a spirit of resistance which finally led to the memorable war of the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. What was then considered as a deplorable calamity by the ablest statesmen and the most devoted christians, in the end proved to be the most salutary good to themselves and the world at large. Christians and philanthropists prayed daily, that God would avert the storm gathering over their heads, and many good and true Patriots preferred to suffer wrong rather than to draw the sword against their King. Indeed there were those who regarded the act of resistance as high treason and contrary to the laws of God, and would receive his angry frown forever; for had He not commanded them in his Holy Word “to honor and obey the King? But not so. God had intended that the Revolution should occur and that good should grow out of evil. For the hardships which the Americans endured, the calamities of war and famine served to link them yet closer to each other until from one end of the Union to the other the American States became as the heart of one man, galled by the sacred ties of brotherhood. Doubtless the remembrance of these hardships, of the hard fought battles has served thus far to keep these States united. But the memory of Bunker Hill and Eutaw, the plains of Carolina and the hills of Vermont and Massachusetts, perhaps this glorious confederacy might ere this have dissolved and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Thus far God has caused the remembrance of our past afflictions endured in the memorable war of the Independence, and in the war of 1812, to keep us in the bonds of peace and fellowship; and God grant that the hallowed recollections of the past shall allay all cause of disturbance and

long continue to cement this glorious Union of ours!

As before remarked, the result of our national afflictions has been to benefit ourselves and the world at large. For the freedom and comparative happiness which we have enjoyed at home engendered the desire to extend these blessings to others, until the entire world should become as free and as happy as ourselves. Hence, the freedom of our Government being derived from the Bible, the United States may emphatically be styled the "Land of Bibles;" and aided by England, many countries, and many islands of the ocean, have been released from the night of barbarism, and made to behold the glorious Sun of Righteousness dawning upon their shore.

Thus far, therefore, the afflictions the American people have endured, instead of blotting them out from the catalogue of nations, or rendering them cruel and vindictive, have served rather to make them humane and religious, wise and intelligent, prosperous and happy, and ever desirous to ameliorate the condition of mankind in general. It has been good for them that they were afflicted, because in all their hard trials they forgot not to bow to their God, and He has brought them out of all their troubles and "set them in a large place." But should they forget these afflictions and cease to regard God as their Benefactor, then shall the sword of civil war or some other dire national evil befall them, and God will punish in his wrath as unsparingly as He has hitherto lavished his bounties upon us.

*Tacitus, Lib. xv. † Mosheim, Waddington.
‡Gieseler's Ec. History §Rev. 17th chapter.

[From the Tennessee Baptist.]
CHARLES C TRABUE.

A good man has departed from the midst of us. While his virtues are still fresh in our recollection, it is well to pause and contemplate them. Such a review may be profitable to us who knew him. To others this very slight sketch can only give an imperfect impression of his character. Yet even they may derive some advantage from it. Whatever arouses in the Christian's heart increased desires after holiness, and urges him to greater activity in the work of the Lord cannot be in vain.

Our brother CHARLES C. TRABUE, was baptized in July 1841, by Rev. R. B. C. Howell, pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city. Of this church he continued a worthy member unto the day of his departure. He loved his church, he loved the house of prayer. Hence, in the midst of infirmity, with a frame shattered by disease, which shut him up from the busy walks of life, he would still resort to the sanctuary to hear the Gospel, and to join with his brethren in solemn prayer and praise to the Most High.

But his devotions were not confined to the house of the Lord. Notwithstanding his great and long protracted feebleness, and the depressing influence of disease on his feelings, he regularly maintained, year after year, family worship. His prayers,

when I have heard him on these and other occasions, were marked by fervor, plainness, directness, a beautiful simplicity and a deep humility. One of these occasions I shall probably never forget.

Humility was perhaps the most distinguishing trait of his character;—a grace which, like a precious gem despised by those who know not its nature or its value, is, "in the sight of God, of great price."

Our departed brother loved the Bible. He gave a portion of every day to the perusal of its sacred pages. He read it, not desultorily, a chapter here or a psalm there, as his eye might happen to light on it, but in course, with interest, with his understanding occupied in the work, and the affections of his heart in exercise.

There are some professors of religion who it is feared, take no interest in the word of God; who seldom open the divine volume; who really do not love it, or its Author. Not so our brother. How pleasant it is to possess so much evidence as we do enjoy, that he was a real Christian.

Brother Trabue was eminently social in his disposition. This, combined with his knowledge of the Bible, of his own heart, and of the world, rendered him an interesting companion to those who loved religious conversation. He was always ready to engage in such conversation.

His afflictions and pains did not concentrate all his thoughts and feelings upon himself. He loved his country. He loved the world of mankind. He loved the brethren of his own church. He loved good men of every denomination. He was especially a friend of the poor. I might here present some striking illustrations of this. One of the last acts of his life was making a special effort in behalf of a poor widow and her fatherless children. His was not that meagre, empty charity which exhausts itself in words; which says to the hungry and shivering poor—Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;—yet giveth them not those things that are needful to the body. Thus, too, his love to the church manifested itself not in loud professions, but in actual deeds, in *really doing* with alacrity and cheerfulness such services as were in his power in behalf of the church.

Our brother was one of the original Trustees of Union University. Nor was it his name only that stood connected with this Institution. Invalid as he was, he went to Murfreesboro' in the stage to attend the Annual Meeting of the Board in 1850. He was present also at the Session of the Board last July, and no member there, evinced a higher interest in behalf of the University than did brother Trabue.

His death was sudden, and to his family—perhaps not to himself—unexpected.

He had been more than usually unwell for about four weeks. But he had lived so long since his health was prostrated, that we naturally expected he would continue perhaps years longer. I saw him on Saturday, November 22. How entirely absent was it from my thoughts that I should see him no more in this world.

On Monday morning, November 24, he departed; and so gently, that none of his family knew the precise time of his depart-

ure. He had before suffered all that God had appointed for him; and his heavenly Father granted him a most quiet and easy dismissal. He bore no dying testimony to the truth and power of the Gospel; his testimony he had borne months and years before his death. So quietly did he expire, that the coverlet upon his bed, which he was accustomed to have carefully gathered up around his neck, was not at all discomposed, and his arms lay extended by his side, and his head in its peculiar wonted position, as if he were enjoying a peaceful slumber. "He fell asleep." How quick, and to him glorious, the transition from this vale of death to the Pa.adise of God!

"Let me die the death of the righteous." His funeral, which occurred on Tuesday, November 25, was attended by his family and kindred, the members of his Church, and others who knew him, and by his brethren of the Order of Odd Fellows, of whose Institution he was a beloved and highly respected member. The funeral discourse, appropriate and interesting, was delivered by his pastor, Rev. Samuel Barber. Text: Philippians 1: 21-24.

After the sermon, a short address was given by Dr. Hall, a brother Odd Fellow, respectfully adverting to the deceased brother—and the closing prayer was offered by Rev. R. A. Lapsley of this city.

Our deceased brother was born in Woodford county, Kentucky, August 1798. He survived his pious consort two years and eight months. May their surviving sons and daughters, children "of parents passed into the skies," be followers of their parents' Redeemer; and be all prepared to meet them in the world of light and love and joy. In the City of God, "there shall be no more death—neither shall there be any more pain." Thanks be to God for the Gospel of salvation. T. B. R.

Nashville, Dec. 5. 1851.

DEATH OF MONTGOMERY THE POET.—A recent arrival brings us intelligence of the death of James Montgomery, at the advanced age of four score. A contemporary in referring to the poet's decease, says:—"Montgomery will be chiefly remembered in British Literature for his devotional poetry. His productions in this kind are tinged with a slight coloring of mysticism; they breathe the spirit of the simple and fervent Moravian piety in which he was nurtured; at the same time, they are truly lyrical; not didactic statements in verse, but gushing from a deep religious fountain: blending enthusiasm with sweetness, and a certain Oriental unction with modern refinement; they will continue to be regarded among the choicest specimens of choral melodies, while men speaking the English tongue shall meet in solemn assemblies for social worship."

To yield the passions is to give up the struggle and to acknowledge ourselves better; but to contend to the last is to earn the reward of the faithful.

The most profitable resistance to evil is that of obedience to Divine Laws, as contained in the word.

[From the Rutherford Telegraph.]

The Sabbath, a Remembrance of the Work of Creation.

The Sabbath is indisputably an ancient Institution; and it is one of high and sacred authority. There is not, perhaps, any person, who is in the habit of reading the Bible attentively and intelligently, but will readily admit, that "this time-honored and sacred Institution takes its name from God's resting on the Seventh day from the work of creation. The inspired history of this transaction is definite and pointed. Gen. 2: 2, 3. "And on the Seventh day God ended his work, which he had made. And God blessed the Seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work, which God created and made." With this compare Exo. 20: 8-10 "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the Seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle; nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the Seventh day: Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

Now, according to this inspired history, when was the Sabbath appointed, and why was the appointment made? Doubtless the appointment was made when God finished the work of creation, and it was made at that time, because he had then finished his work.

But God never acts without having an end in view; and that end is always worthy of himself. No person of common intelligence will suppose, that God was employed six days, because he could not finish the work in a shorter period—The conduct of God in spending six days in the work of creation and resting on the Seventh, is the only reason that can be assigned for the division of time into weeks. The division of time into day and night, into months, and into the different seasons of the year is natural and easily accounted for. But it is not so in regard to weeks. The plain, simple, brief statement of the Bible, that in six days God created the heavens and the earth, and rested on the Seventh day, is the only reason, it is presumed, that can be assigned for the existence of weeks. It appears to be entirely arbitrary, and it bears manifestly the impress of divine sovereignty. But it was an act of sovereignty under the direction of unerring wisdom and goodness. God rested on the Seventh day, not because he was exhausted with the greatness of his work, but because man would need a day of rest from labor and of intercourse with his Creator. What means the language, "The Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it?" To bless and to hallow, if not strictly synonymous, are terms of nearly similar import. According to Webster, "To bless is to set apart or consecrate to holy purposes; to make and pronounce holy; as, He blessed the Seventh day." "To hallow is to make holy; to consecrate; to set apart for holy or religious use."

But if this be so; then God set apart the seventh day to holy and religious purposes; and he did so, because on that day he rested from the work of creation. Consequently the Sabbath was appointed to be a remembrance of the work of creation.

God, who saw the end from the beginning,

knew, that fallen man would be prone to forget his Creator: and to counteract this proneness he appointed a weekly Sabbath as a striking memorial of the work of creation: so that man might shun the Charybdis of Atheism on the one hand, and on the other the Scylla of pantheism.

The intelligent and devout observer of the Sabbath sees in the Institution, which he hallow, evidence, clear and satisfactory, not only that there is a God, but also that he is a divine person, and distinguished from the work of his own hands.

But if this be the design of the Sabbath; if it be unquestionable, that it was appointed to commemorate the work of creation;—then, on whom does the obligation fasten to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy?" Can it be that this law of Heaven was intended to be binding on the Jew only, and not on the Gentile? Or was it intended to be obligatory under the Old Testament dispensation only? What! Shall the Jew remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy, because in six days God created the heavens and the earth; and shall the Gentile be exempt from this obligation?! Do not the Jew and the Gentile sustain the same relation to God as their Creator? Or shall the generations of Adam, preceding the advent of the Son of God, be under obligation to observe sacredly the remembrance of the work of creation; and shall succeeding generations to the end of time be exempt? Is it possible for a reason to be assigned for the observance of any institution, that is of a more general, indefinite and perpetual nature, than the reason that is assigned for the observance of the Sabbath day? Will it not be true, while the world stands, that God made the heavens and the earth in six days and rested on the seventh? Was this fact worthy of a memorial of God's own appointment, when the work of creation was finished; but has either the work, or the divine Architect ceased to be worthy of a memorial?! It will not do to classify the Sabbath with the types and shadows of the Mosaic ritual; and then to infer that it has vanished with them. The Apostle Paul does say—"Let no man therefore, judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." Col. 2: 16, 17. Does this embrace the Creation-Sabbath? Was that appointed to prefigure the Messiah? It is a symbol as well as a memorial. But of what is it a symbol? Most assuredly of the "rest that remaineth for the people of God" in the heavenly Canaan.

The Sabbath days, referred to by the Apostle, are the sacred festivities that God appointed for the annual observance of the people of Israel, during which they were not allowed to engage in any servile work.

It is enough that God appointed the weekly Sabbath, and assigned a specific reason for the appointment. That sacred institution has not passed away with the shadows of the Mosaic ritual. It was not a part of that typical dispensation, but was appointed at least two thousand and five hundred years before it. It was essential with the existence of man; and, as it was appointed to be a memorial of the work of Creation, it will stand while this earth and these heavens shall stand.

W. E.

Remember, an hour lost, is never regained.—Study to improve your leisure moments.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those which serve the body.

Every time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

One should take care not to grow too wise, for so great a pleasure of life as laughter.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds for it.

Those who speak without reflection often remember their own words afterwards with sorrow.

Truth cannot be found without some labor and attention of the mind, and the thoughts dwelling a considerable time upon the survey and discussion of each particular.

He that lends an easy and credulous ear to calumny is either a man of very ill morals, or has no more sense and understanding than a child.

As in a letter, if the paper is small and we have much to write, we write the closer, so let us learn to economise and improve the remaining moments of life.

A great man generally disappoints those who visit him. They are on the lookout for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday evening last, in M' Minnville, Mr. E. H. WILLIAMS to Miss NANCY J. McDANIELL.

On Sunday evening last, by James M. Haynes, Esq., Col. WM. T. VERNON, to Mrs. MARTHA L. FLOYD—all of this county.

DIED.—At the Gold Regions in California, on the 14th August, Mr. DAVID M. SMITH, son of Col. Rob't Smith of this city.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of Union University are requested to meet on the 24th inst., in the Chapel of the University, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

By order of the President,
Dec. 1, 1851. J. H. EATON.

The Tennessee Baptist Female Institute.

THE SECOND SESSION of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, January 7, 1852, under the superintendence of Mrs. E. M. EATON and Mrs. V. SHELTON, who will be assisted by as many competent Teachers as the wants of the Institute may require.

Instruction will be given in all the ordinary English branches, together with the higher, Mathematics, and the French, Latin, and Greek Languages, Scientific Lectures, with Experiments in Philosophy and Chemistry, for the benefit of the Young Ladies of the Institute, by the Faculty of Union University.

MUSIC LESSONS will be given by an accomplished Teacher. Terms as heretofore.
Dec. 15, 1851.

A CLEAN HEART.

BY G. A. LINTNEE, D. D.

A clean heart is a heart that has been cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh.—The works of the flesh are wicked works, such as adultery, fornication, uncleanness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditious, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, &c. From this moral pollution of the heart, this natural propensity for the works of the flesh, this filthiness of the flesh, the heart of the true Christian has been delivered. Although he has yet a corrupt and deceitful heart, apt to stray and wander from God, still, by the power of divine grace, he has been delivered from the ruling propensity, from the spirit which worketh in the children of disobedience: "They that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts."

A clean heart has been freed from the dominion of the Adversary. This adversary is Satan, the God of this world, who blinds sinners and keeps them in darkness, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine upon them. He suggests unclean thoughts, excites wicked imaginations, and leads men into impurity and vice—tempts and fascinates his victims, spreads his net for them; draws them into his snare, and destroys them by multitudes. But Christ has destroyed the power of Satan, and those who go to him, and give up their hearts to the influence of his Spirit, shall have clean hearts.

A clean heart is purified by the Holy Spirit. They may have passed through a variety of changes and experiences—had strong convictions and deep impressions, and even supposed that they have been converted, and flattered themselves with the idea that they have found an interest in Christ, when their hearts have never been purified by the Holy Spirit. When the Holy Spirit converts sinners, He makes thorough work—He goes to the bottom of the heart—purges out the old leaven—expels the evil spirit, and sweeps and garnishes the house, so as to make it a fit temple for Him to dwell in—a clean heart.

A clean heart is a heart devoted and dedicated to God. Pure religion leads man near to God, and promotes love to men. A man of a clean heart finds no comfort in the company of the ungodly.—He lives above the world. He neglects not his worldly business. He pays due attention to it, but he does not suffer it to take away his heart from God. His conversation is in heaven. His treasure is there—his heart is there, and his chief business is, that he may be prepared to go there. He rests not in a mere profession of religion. He serves God in his heart—it is a holy temple dedicated to God, and in it God is honored and glorified.

All Christians have clean hearts. We do not say that their hearts are perfectly pure from sin. But we say, every true Christian has a clean heart. Such a heart as David had, when he appealed to the great Searcher of hearts, and said

"Search me, O God, and try my heart." Such a heart as Paul had, when he said, "God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son."

God looks upon the heart. He says, "My son, give me thine heart." He requires the heart, the homage of the heart, the affections of the heart, the devotion of the heart, the whole heart, and will never accept of a religion that has no heart in it. The heart must first be rectified; and if the heart be right, the walk and conversation will regulate itself. "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit." "A good man out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things." The only service that God approves, is that which proceeds from a clean heart.—Every substitute is a false religion, and God will detect and expose it.

FASHIONABLE DANCING.—Time was when the dance was *decent* if it was worldly and foolish. That time has passed away. The modern, imported dances, such as the "Polka," Redowa," "Scottish," and "German Cotillion," are redolent with the lasciviousness of Paris and Vienna. And the drawing-rooms of Saratoga, Newport, and Cape May, furnish exhibitions too shamefully indelicate for description. Perhaps a counterpart may be found in the splendid parlors of Fifth Avenue or Chestnut street. Fashion has placed its *imprimatur* on this outrage; and what has native modesty, or purity, or the deaologue itself, to do with the diversions of the families of millionaires?

The gloomiest aspect of fashionable society is furnished in this readiness to sacrifice the proprieties and even decencies of life to the Moloch of the day. Bitter repentings are at hand. Paternal indulgence and ambition thus directed cannot but result in disgrace and ruin. That beloved daughter, whirling in the arms of that bewhiskered villain, is on the brink of perdition. O, save her before virtue shrieks over the shrine she has left, and you curse the hour when you destroyed a soul to win a smile.—*Am. Messenger.*

JOHN LEIPER, WM. A. RANSOM, E. P. MENIFEE.
LEIPER, RANSOM & CO.,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

WILL attend to receiving and forwarding Goods, Wares and Merchandise consigned to their care, without any charge for drayage, as they have in a state of completion a large and commodious brick Warehouse 150 ft long, within fifty yards of the Railroad Depot—and by the last of September will have large and commodious Sheds, for storing Cotton and Tobacco. 55

JNO. C. SPENCE, JACOB B. SLACK.
JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.
Prompt attention given to all goods consigned to their care. * jcl4

DAGUERRETYPE STOCK.
PETER SMITH, Importer and Dealer in American and French Plates, Frames, Chemicals, and Glasses; German and American Instruments, General Agent for the supply of Daguerreotype Apparatus, and Materials of every description, No. 36 Fifth Street, second door East of Walnut, Cincinnati. nyl10-12m*

Advertisements.

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
jal-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
Murfreesborough Tenn.

 Rooms—In the New Building adjoining the Methodist Church.
Mr. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of his profession for the last eleven years. Charges moderate. july26

CHURCH BELLS.

 CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND LOCOMOTIVE BELLS constantly on hand, and Bells or Chimes (of any number) cast to order. Improved Cast-Iron Yokes, with moveable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly, and Springs also, which prevent the clapper from resting on the Bell; thereby prolonging its sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke, Frame and Wheel) furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business by their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best form for Bells, the combination of metals, and degree of heat requisite for securing in them the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious tones; which improvements, together with his very extensive assortment of patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who have grown up in the business, and who will use every endeavor to sustain reputation which the establishment has heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign countries; the bells from which have repeatedly received the highest awards of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society and American Institute, and at which were completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which they will have constantly on hand an assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Compasses, (plain, nonious and improved,) &c. &c. All so Brass or Composition of any size cast to order.

All communications promptly attended to.
ANDREW MENEELY'S SONS.
West Troy, Alb. Co. N. Y. 1851.

B. D. REED,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
—ALSO—

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c. &c.

AGENT FOR PERIODICALS, EAST SIDE THE SQUARE,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

WILSON Y. JONES. JAMES M. PEAK.
JONES & PEAK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Flour,
SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance. Address M. HILLSMAN, post paid.

[For the Classic Union.]

MEN'S RIGHTS.

MR. EDITOR:—I see in your last issue an article on "Woman's Rights," in which the authoress attempts to enumerate what she regards as the inalienable rights of women. I have no decided objection to yield all the rights she claims for her sex as she appears quite modest in her demands and asks nothing but what sensible men in every age of the world have been willing to grant. But there are others of her sex who hold very different language and prefer claims to which we never *can* yield. I have of late read much upon this subject. Indeed it is becoming *the* question of the day and it is high time that men were aroused to a sense of their perilous condition. The ladies are rising in their majesty, holding convention after convention for the avowed object of wresting from us the last semblance of power and the few remaining privileges which have heretofore been allowed us. Some have even gone so far as to arrogate to themselves the right to wear those timed honored garments which have been the pride and glory of our sex ever since Father Adam first looked down the two dark vistas of fig leaves.

It is high time that we should put forth a declaration of our rights, and concert measures for maintaining them. The first right on which we shall insist, is the right to wear the pants. This right we consider inalienable and for its maintenance we are ready to pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. Whatever else we may be willing to yield for the sake of peace we never, *never* can yield this.

Again, every man has the right to a good wife but in this, many of us, poor fellows, have been, and are still likely to be woefully defrauded of our just dues. Many a poor wight marries what he, in the simplicity of his heart believes to be a true woman but finds to his sorrow that he has only a parlor ornament consisting mainly

of whale-bone and cotton nicely adjusted in the proportions of a human figure by the skill of the mantua maker. We have the right to expect that our wives shall be rational beings, capable of thought and reflection, and of conversation upon subjects that will interest us. We have also the right to expect that they will have hands that can darn a stocking or sew on a button or cook a beef-steak, as well as play on musical instruments. We have the right to expect our wives will furnish us promptly with good meals whether we provide anything for the table or not. Another right we should insist upon very strenuously as it would save us from a world of trouble and vexation; and that is, that our wives should never ask us for any change unless it happens to be perfectly convenient for us to furnish it; and if we give them two or three dollars, out of which they are expected to supply all the family, and if in the course of a few weeks they venture to request a little more, we have the right to ask them what they have done with *all that money*. And when we go to settle our wives bills at the dry good stores, we have the right to find them not more than double what we expected. We have the right to protest against all white-washing—all tearing up of carpets and turning a man's house up side down for the purpose of cleaning up; and we have the right to scold if our protestations are disregarded. When our wives insist upon purchasing a fifty dollar dress, or a hundred dollar shawl, and when we have clearly demonstrated to them that we cannot afford it, we have the right to expect that they will refrain from presenting the unanswerable and irresistible arguments of tears.

Finally, it is our right to demand that they should be discreet, sober, keepers at home, (at least on rainy days) cheerful, industrious, benevolent, intelligent, pious and in short, since we are perfect ourselves we have the right to look for *perfection*

in others. These are only a few of the rights which should be insisted on by our sex if we would maintain the dignity and supremacy of the masculine gender.
Homo.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

The following is a translation of the inscription upon Cleopatra's Needle: "The glorious hero—the mighty warrior—whose actions are great on the banner—the king of an obedient people—a man just and virtuous, beloved by the Almighty Director of the universe—he who conquered all his enemies—who created happiness throughout his dominions—who subdued his adversaries under his sandals. During his life he established meetings of wise and virtuous men, in order to introduce happiness and prosperity throughout his empire. His descendants, equal to him in glory and power, followed his example. He was, therefore, exalted by the Almighty-seeing Director of the world.—He was the lord of the Upper and Lower Egypt. A man, most righteous and virtuous, beloved by the All-seeing Director of the world. Rhamsis, the third king, for his glorious actions here below, was sordid to immortality.

LIBERALITY.—At the late meeting of the South Carolina Baptist Convention, it was announced that \$15,000 were lacking to complete the endowment of Furman University, whereupon twelve gentlemen immediately came forward and pledged each \$1000, the remainder being immediately assumed by the thirteenth.

H.

Kossuth is evidently weak in health, being affected with either debility or disease of the chest. He stated to a recent deputa-tion, that he had organic disease of the lungs, and that spitting of blood was, with him, a frequent occurrence. His strength is overtaken.

[For the Classic Union.]
RELIGION IN COLLEGES.

Young men at College are peculiar objects of sympathy and solicitude. Away from home, isolated in a great measure from society, and among comparative strangers, they are exposed to many temptations, which, at their excitable age, are difficult to resist.

They have a reputation *sui generis*, the world over. In the minds of many good persons, there is a kind of undefined terror, a sort of ghostly reverence, inseparably connected with them. Their position constitutes them a distinct order with a strongly marked individuality.

Every one knows a College boy at sight. There is something peculiar in his walk, his look, and his whole bearing, difficult to describe, but easily recognized by every one. That they always act prudently and wisely is not pretended. This would be demanding more of inexperienced youth than age and experience are equal to.

Still, notwithstanding their notoriety, they have many noble traits of character. With true Highland fidelity, they cling to each other with a tenacity often unknown in after life.

"Honor," frequently false and mistaken to be sure, is a word of as magical import among students as among the Knights Errant of chivalry. When friends, they are generally true to the last, not always in the most exalted sense of the term, but in quite as high a one as is usually acted upon in the world. Liberal, generous, frequently of the best families, they throw their whole soul with perfect abandon into every enterprise, whether of good or of evil.

Nor would we diminish these feelings. They give tone and elevation to their daily intercourse, and diffuse a warmth and cordiality that well forth from their depths many of the sweetest pleasures of life,—and these days of youth will never return! Let them be enjoyed, then, to the utmost extent consistent with safety. Their abuse is, however, the fountain-head of most, if not all, College difficulties.

While some bring bad habits with them, concealed, it is true, but none the less dangerous, others come as innocent and guileless as a child, ready to fall into the snare. Nor are there wanting other sources of danger. It is the interest of merchants to sell fine clothes. Dress diverts attention from study; for what is the use of having fine clothes unless they can be seen? and how can they be seen if the wearer stays in his room and studies?

The vanity that gets, is pretty certain to show them. Street loafing, and lounging around book and other stores, is the immediate result. Thus dress induces idleness, which is only another name for vice.

Memory, not fancy, pictures a youth of high hopes and determined will, on the eve of departing for College, receiving the blessing of his father, and the last, sweetest token of affection from a mother. Solitary traveling gives ample scope for reflection. Grieved at leaving home and weeping friends, though too proud to weep himself, he firmly resolves that he will not prove unworthy of their affection and confidence.

Wearied with a journey of some hundred miles, and sad in spirit, he reaches his destination. Warm hearts and willing hands welcome him. The term has commenced, and with it a struggle for intellectual superiority, an enthusiasm, frankness, and attachment to friends, worthy of all imitation. His study hours are well provided for. The walks of learning and science breathe such a pure, bracing, healthy atmosphere, that we feel assured of his safety here. But are his leisure hours as well guarded? Are his companions, his books, his friends, what they should be? Is he prepared for the hour of temptation? Is he prepared for the contest with evil? Is there ballast in the hold and wisdom at the helm in this storm of the passions?

Would it be strange, if amidst so much excitement and all absorbing occupation, he should forget his first resolve, his friends, his teachers, his duty? What teacher has not witnessed with painful anxiety the progress of such a young man? And this young man is, perhaps, kind reader, your son!

A desire to have a fair name among men will, no doubt, restrain many; a prudent friend, ambition, pride, the example, advice, and influence of teachers may save others; but will they save all? Are Colleges guiltless of the price of blood? Would to God they were!

What, then, is to be done? Shall we do evil that good may result, or shall we cease to rear and sustain Colleges? Shall the many noble edifices in our country, built at the expense of so much toil and treasure, be abandoned? For the same reason should we abandon traveling by railroad and steamboat, for heretofore they are yearly cut off in the prime of life.—The printing press has poured forth its streams of moral death; law has shielded the rich villain and defrauded the poor;

religion itself has been a "savor of death unto death." Shall we, therefore, lay them aside?

Many think that by keeping their sons at home, out of the reach of vice, they can be raised up free from contamination.—Such, indeed, might be the case. But it is well known, that when brought in contact with vice, as they necessarily must be in subsequent life, they fall sooner and more irretrievably than any others.

This world is our place of probation; we are on trial, and if we bear the cross we may expect the crown. Gold is valuable only when tested; virtue or courage, merit, talent, genius, every thing, to be valuable must be tried. To avoid consumption we must exercise much in the open air, although we know a sudden exposure to this same element has been the death of thousands. A hot house plant will live only in a hot house; in the free mountain air it would perish. Such is the will of the Allwise Creator, it undoubtedly is all for the best.

The day has passed when ignorance was omnipotent. Young men will be educated. The country, the age, religion demand it, and the only problem to be solved is, *how it may be accomplished in the best manner, and with the least risk.*

Colleges unquestionably afford the greatest facilities, and if the danger can be removed, our object is attained. This, we think, can be done. Something is wrong somewhere; if it can be ascertained and remedied, every lover of religion and his country would rejoice in an increased assurance of the safety of the morals of young men and the success of Colleges.

Who, then, are to blame? We answer:

1. *The Faculty.* They should feel that, for the time, they stand in the stead of parents, and should, therefore, kindly but firmly discharge every obligation resting on them, to furnish moral as well as intellectual instruction. It is not in human nature to disregard and dislike, for any length of time, what is known and felt to be right in itself, kindly intended, and unflinchingly insisted on.

2. *Students.* Is it strange that out of the hundreds who come up from different parts of the country, and from various classes of society, some should have the leprosy of vice? That the amount of vice is greatly exaggerated, there is no doubt; that there is some, admits as little. The Faculty cannot be too cautious in admitting new students, for a little leaven of evil here exerts an influence over a wide territory. Insinuating manners, a pol-

ished exterior, and even exalted talents, in Colleges, as elsewhere, often conceal a son of perdition. By these adepts, their victim is led on gently but steadily. A "little fun," a "bit of bye-word," "a game of amusement," a "temperance drink," have frequently led the unwary youth from the path of duty.

Happily for society and the cause of learning, such Catalines are of rare occurrence; but should such a one appear, immediate banishment is the only alternative.

The only safe rule for a student, is to do nothing he is not willing for his teachers, his parents, and the world to know and see; and especially to avoid not only what is wrong in itself, but that, also, which has any TENDENCY to evil.

3. *Parents.* Have your children been raised properly? If so, there is little or no danger, for the Wise Man says, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he *will* not depart from it." Has your son been wholly uncontrolled at home? He is now impatient of restraint. Have you given him money, and expected that an inexperienced youth would spend it wisely? Have you brought him up in luxury, and hoped he would shun its temptations? When encouraging your children to study and learn, when sending them from under your eye, to the care of strangers, did you tell them, among all their "gettings," "to get wisdom?" *first* to "seek the pearl of great price, and all these things should be added unto them?" In your letters to them, in your conversations, in your never ceasing anxiety, is their happiness and salvation above all earthly considerations? "What a man soweth, that shall he reap," and, alas! "he that soweth the *wind*, shall reap the *whirlwind*!"

4. *Citizens.* Nor are citizens generally disinterested, nor should they be unconcerned in the prosperity of a College in their midst. Two hundred students bring, at the lowest calculation, from thirty to forty thousand dollars to be distributed annually in the community. Should the number of students diminish, so will this source of wealth and intellectual culture.

But the moral bearing of the subject is of far greater weight. Your sons, and even your families are not unaffected by the character and conduct of students.—One says, "it is very bad, but it is none of my business." You are very much mistaken, sir, as will be painfully demonstrated to you some day. Were our flag insulted on the high seas, or a single

American deprived of life or limb, your blood would boil with indignation, and you would march hundreds of miles to avenge the insult, but here is one of your countrymen wronged, defrauded, per-chance, of more than life, and yet—"it's none of your business!"

This poisoning the social fountain at its source cannot be done with impunity.—Were your son among strangers, how thankful you would be for any little advice, caution, or kindness! Just change places, for a moment, with the parent whose son is with you, and we fear not the result. This is especially applicable to those who keep boarders.

We saw a letter recently from a mother to a friend—a lady—who had reformed her son, as only woman can. Would that every eolli, "none of my business" person, could see it!

Again: the Bible says, "speak no evil of thy neighbor." If John Jones does wrong, must John Smith, because he has nothing else to do, go and tell it, (keeping carefully in the bounds of truth, of course!) on all the streets and at all the taverns? God says "speak no evil of thy neighbor," yet some consider it a sacred duty to do precisely the opposite. The wisdom of private advice and remonstrance is shown alike by revelation and constant experience. These are the locks that give power to the moral Sampson to pull down the pillars of the temple of vice.

Having briefly considered some of the dangers to which young men at College are exposed, and some of the sources of these dangers, the question comes up with great force, "how shall they be removed?"

We hesitate not to say that the only effectual remedy is *religion*. It is this alone will arouse a young man to the full appreciation of his moral capabilities and worth. Religion alone can consecrate learning and make it truly valuable. Under its holy influence the relation between teacher and pupil becomes a pleasant and profitable one; no unholy secrets that cannot be told, no concealments, no subterfuges; what is too bad to tell, religion always makes too bad to hear or know, and this compromise with Satan cannot bear the light of Sinai and Calvary.

Even if young men are not professors of religion, its power may be exerted and felt. Live service in chapel, daily family worship at home and in boarding houses, attending church, reading the Scriptures, Sabbath schools, and Bible classes, the

example of pious associates and teachers, and finally the prayers and interest of parents cannot fail to have a happy influence.

Fully convinced of this fact, a number of Professors in Colleges in the Eastern, Southern, and Western States have regularly observed a day of prayer for Colleges. Will not every parent join them? Will not every lover of his country and his kind send up a petition in their behalf?

Could I call around me, in one vast assemblage, the young men from every Institution in the land, I would say, *first* seek that knowledge which cometh from above, strive, *first*, to know Him "whom to know aright, is life eternal." You are, or may be, the bride of the Lord of Heaven, and will you devote your youth, your beauty, and your freshness to another, and hope to please at last, with your age and infirmities? "The day has but one morning, the year but one spring, and life but one youth to plant flowers that bloom forever."

In the distance, learning and science offer an invitation to their lofty height, cold and ungenial to the heart of youth, yet lifting to the skies; while pleasure comes and builds her bowers unbidden, in the enchanting vale below. Pause! young man, before you enter. A parent's agonizing heart is wrestling in your behalf. Teachers, friends, posterity, are anxiously beholding you. Angels are poised their wings to carry your decision to Heaven, and the eye of the Great God himself is fixed upon you—that eye from which you cannot hide—that eye which you must meet in that day for which all other days were made.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to remark, that we believed that it is wisely ordained that there should be difficulties and dangers in obtaining a good education as well as any other great and good object. It is not the battlefield so much as security and luxurious ease that ensures defeat. When up, and at our post, the storm that would wreck but wafts us into port.

Again, we say, let it come. It but lifts the ship of knowledge from its moorings to earth, and speeds it on its way. How beautiful as it fades away in the distance! May it safely reach haven, laden, as it is, with the best interests of our common country. DELTA.

PS Southey said to a low spirited friend, "Translate Tristram Shandy into Hebrew, and you will be a happy man."

[For the Classic Union.]

WHAT SEEN, WHAT UNSEEN.

"Find tongues in trees, books in the babbling brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

"Why do you say I am strange, uncle Sampson?" "Well, really, because you talk about such curious things as tongues in trees. I know very well that trees have limbs and leaves, but do tell me which part of them you call their tongues?" "Why, uncle Sampson, you know we frequently designate things from the offices they perform and not from any actual resemblance to other objects of the same name. Now, the office of the tongue, is, to tell things, is it not?—then, with much propriety, we may say there are tongues in trees, since their early budding on the approach of Spring, speaks of newness of life, of youthful, hope and joy; the bloom and print of summer, tell of the satisfied pleasure and plenty of meridian life; their faded and frosted leaves in autumn, show the changes that old age and failing health must bring; and their bare and bleak limbs in winter, remind us forcibly of the nakedness of the soul, when stripped of its earthly clothing and launched into eternity. Trees tell of creative wisdom and providence in furnishing our world, with what is so well adapted to our comfort, and so truly calculated to increase our enjoyment. What stories of their curious construction, their habits and uses, do trees pour into the enraptured ear of the philosopher and botanist!" Why, some naturalists are so enthusiastic, they would prefer conversing with a tree, to holding a long confab with the finest city gentleman!"

"And, what can you make of your books in babbling brooks? Surely the water of the brook would wash out all your printing."—"Ah, no, here we have a wide range, since books are of so diversified a character. For instance, we can read from their watery pages, a scientific treatise on the nature of that element, and the laws by which it is governed; we can peruse volumes on the natural history of its inhabitants, whether visible or unseen; and enjoy a moral essay on the benefits this refreshing and fertilizing stream bestows on man and beast. Then loosing the reins of imagination, we can witness the scenes that have occurred on its margin, for ages past; while poetry and song must rival each other in its pastoral and sylvan praises. What do we not read in the little streamlet as we lift our thoughts to loftier themes, and recognize in it, the emblem of the streams of refreshment and

happiness ever pure and delightful, which flow fast by the celestial city."

"Now that you are sermonizing, you can tell me what the stones say?"—"Why, uncle Sampson, I thought by this time you could say yourself, that rocks are the firm pillars of the earth and speak aloud of its wondrous structure and thence of that Hand Divine which fashioned its frame and gave it, its existence! and, that they are His symbols of that very Divinity, whose durability and duration are represented, as the Rock of Ages; whose unfailing mercy, as the Rock of Salvation, and whose defence for his followers, as the munition of Rocks. Who can look on a pebble and not think of the successful valor of the faithful champion of truth, against the infidel Philistine? Who can touch against a stone and not fear to become a cause of stumbling or a rock of offence? Who can gaze on broken masses of earth's strongest fabric without being admonished of the potency of that evil, which caused the spotless One to give himself to death, and whose expiring groans made nature rebel and rocks to burst asunder?"

"Verily, verily," said uncle Sampson, "there must be good in every thing, for if pebbles and stones can preach; surely the clods of the valley, will not keep silence." GENIA.

A zealous minister, once harangued his attentive audience on the cause of missions, until his own soul was really enflamed with his theme. At the conclusion of his sermon, looking down at two devout old deacons, who had been listening with great earnestness, he said, "the heathens (instead of the deacons) will please take up a collection for this cause." You would have laughed, had you seen uncle Joshua rising with his hat in hand and scratching his head as if to say, "I wonder what *I've done* that he thinks me a heathen?"

ANECDOTE OF DAGUERRE.—M. Dumas, a short time since, related the following interesting anecdote of Daguerre:—

"In 1823, he was lecturing in the Sorbonne, on chemistry. At the close of his lecture, a lady came up to him, and said—'Monsieur Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to use to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For sometime he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix images of the camera—do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it; I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?' 'In the present state of knowledge,' said Dumas, 'it cannot be done; but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it.' This was twelve years before Daguerre worked his idea out, and fixed the images; but many a man, so haunted by a possibility, has been tormented into a mad-house."

[Form the Rutherford Telegraph.]

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH,
ENJOINED IN THE DECALOGUE.

In the last essay it was shown, that the Sabbath was appointed, when God finished the work of creation, and that it was designed to be a memorial of that work; consequently, that it was intended to be of perpetual obligation.

But this is not the only evidence in favor of the perpetual obligation of that institution. The same truth may be satisfactorily ascertained from the manner in which this precept was given, and from the place that God assigned it in the Decalogue, or *ten commandments*. The Decalogue is a summary, or *brief*, of the moral law. But these commandments were distinguished in a very peculiar manner from the numerous precepts, that were intended to regulate the typical service of the Old Testament dispensation. The Mosaic ritual was confessedly temporary, because it was merely typical of gospel times. Hence the precepts, connected with that ritual, are said to be "a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ."

This, however, is not the character of the Decalogue, the sum and substance of which, according to the exposition of an infallible Teacher, is this—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, strength, and mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Is there any thing shadowy or evanescent in this? How long will man be under obligation to love God supremely, and his fellow man impartially? for, as long as this obligation lasts, the spirit, if not the precise form, of the Decalogue must endure. But surely that will be, while God himself shall live, and immortality endure.

When God was about to give the precepts, that were intended to control the rites and ceremonies of the Old Testament dispensation, he called Moses to the top of Mount Sinai, and made them known to him, commanding, that, after the crossing of the Jordan, they should be written on plastered stones. See Deut. 5: 24-31, and 27: 1-3.

But the Decalogue was given under circumstances of imposing grandeur and awful sublimity. Two days were spent in making preparations for the solemn event. On the morning of the third day there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the Mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trem-

bled. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke, of a furnace, and the whole Mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder," God himself spake in the hearing of all Israel the words of the ten commandments.—Exo. 19: 16-19, and 20: 1-17.—Deut. 5: 4-22.

But the words of the Decalogue were not only published in this impressive manner; but they were also written twice with the finger of God on tablets of stone. Why this remarkable difference in the giving of the Decalogue, and the Mosaic ritual.—Shall God himself descend, and with his own voice utter every word of the Decalogue amid the thunders and lightnings of quaking Sinai? and yet is there nothing in these solemn words of deeper import, and of more lasting obligation, than in the precepts of the typical service of that dispensation, which were made known to the people by the mouth of Moses? Were the ten commandments written twice with the finger of God on tablet of stone? and yet is the obligation to observe them to pass away with the shadowy ritual, which was written with the hand of man on yielding plaster? O, it is impossible!—The ways of God are more equal than this, and more strikingly marked with attributes of wisdom.

Shall it be said, that a part of the Decalogue is still in force, and will be, while the world shall stand; but that the precept to remember the Sabbath-day does not belong to that part? But was it not published, and written as the other precepts of the Decalogue were? Is this consistent with the supposition, that the 4th commandment is of transient obligation, while the obligation of the others is permanent? Is it safe for man in this arbitrary and capricious manner to separate what God has so solemnly joined together? Will any man of an enlightened conscience alledge that there is nothing in the institution of the Sabbath, that entitles it to a place in the moral law? Has not God judged differently, as appears from the fact, that he has given it a place in the moral code? Is it not a dictate of conscience and of common sense, that the creature should worship the Creator? But how long would the worship of the Creator be kept up in this God-forgetting world, without the weekly Sabbath?—Blot out the sun of the Sabbath from the moral heavens, and a darkness, more

dreadful than that, which encurtained Egypt would soon settle down on the human mind, and the reign of idolatry and of Atheism would ensue. What is the state of morals in professedly christian lands, where the Sabbath is disregarded and desecrated?

In what respects are they distinguished from pagan lands, except in the names and character of their idols? It may be fearlessly affirmed, that the most conscientious and God-fearing communities and nations under heaven are those, that most scrupulously observe the Sabbath. They may be flippantly styled *puritanical and weak-minded*, and behind the spirit of this age of *progress*. But in God's account they may be accounted "the salt of the earth and the light of the world."

Was not the Sabbath necessary for man, and was it not appointed for his benefit?—Surely God was not in need of the Sabbath on his own account. But in the judgment of unerring wisdom this sacred institution was needful for man. Has that necessity ceased? Has God become less worthy of worship? Or does man stand in less need of his favor and protection now, than formerly? Or has man become so conscientious and devotional, that he is disposed to regard and spend every day as a Sabbath, and no longer stand in need of a *weekly* Sabbath? None of these suppositions can be true. It must follow, then, either that the law of the Sabbath is still in force, or that God is less mindful of man's welfare now, than he formerly was. But surely no man can be at a loss to see which of these inferences is the most honoring to God.

It has been suggested, that if God had intended the law of the Sabbath to be obligatory under the Gospel dispensation, something specific would have been authoritatively uttered by Christ, or his apostles. But, as the commandment to remember the Sabbath-day is not repeated in the New Testament, it has ceased to be obligatory. In answer to this it may be asked, Do laws cease to be binding, unless they are repealed from time to time?—Are the Old and New Testament dispensations so unlike in their moral tone and spirit, that no precept of the former is binding, if it is not specified in the latter? Is not the object of worship the same, and is not the spirit of devotion the same? If a statute or law is intended to be repealed, is it not common to mention it with that express intent? But is the Sabbath so mentioned in the New Testament?

It is worthy of remark, that when the young man came to Jesus with the question, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" Jesus answered, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." "He saith unto him, *which*."

Christ in replying to this question repeated all the precepts of the 2nd table of the Decalogue, except the last. Will any person infer from this, that Christ intended hereby to abrogate the last precept of the 2nd table, and all the precepts of the first table? If so, covetousness has ceased to be a sin, and God has no longer any claims on man's adoration. But is it true, that the Gospel has by one stroke swept away the 1st table of the law?—And did Jesus actually come "to be the minister of sin?" And was Paul mistaken in the answer he gave to the question, "Do we make void the law through faith?" when he said, "God forbid! yea we establish the law."

Now, every reader of the Bible knows, that the first table of the law, which points out our duty to God, contains four precepts.

But Christ, in answering the question of the young man, neither repeated, nor referred directly to either of these precepts. And yet no intelligent man would pretend to infer from this, that idolatry and profanity have ceased to be sinful.—Why then should he infer, that Sabbath-breaking has ceased to be sinful? But it has ceased to be sinful, if the law of the Sabbath is no longer binding. But the law of the Sabbath is still binding, for it is one of the precepts of the Decalogue.

W. E.

THE PASSION FLOWER.—The following interpretation of this justly celebrated and much admired flower will not be found uninteresting, especially to the fair devotees of Flora. The leaves resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils—the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre—the cross or tree; the stamina—the hammer; the styles—the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance—the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue, the type of heaven. On one species, the *pasiflora alba*, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree.—This flower continues three days open; and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection.—*New Haven Herald*.

MRS. MARGARET TODD,

The following article from our correspondent was written in reference to Mrs. MARGARET TODD, who died in this place on the 17th Dec. Mrs. T. was long a member of the Baptist Church in this city, and from her unfeigned humility and unaffected piety was esteemed an ornament to the christian religion.

H.

[For the Classic Union.]

THE DYING MOTHER.

Not many days since, it was my privilege to witness a scene which very forcibly illustrated the words of the Poet—

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of Heaven."

It was at the bed-side of a lady who had reached the last extremity of bodily weakness and suffering, and who knew that in a very few days she must be borne from her present home, and laid in the cold and silent grave. She was about to be separated from an affectionate husband who was tenderly attached to her, and to leave motherless her young and helpless children, whom she loved with that intensity of affection which none but a mother's heart can feel. But was she sad and dejected? Or did she speak of the severe struggles it had cost her to be, in any degree submissive to the will of her Heavenly Father? No! But she spoke of joy, joy inexpressible; and not only did she speak of it, but by the radiant expression of her countenance showed plainly to every beholder, that it was actually there. I have seen the smile of youth and beauty, when the brightest hopes and most lively anticipations were presented to an ardent imagination—I have gazed upon the joy-lit features of happy childhood, when the highest summit of gratification had been attained,—I have marked the deep thrill of heart-felt joys depicted in the countenance, when beloved friends meet, after long years of separation, but never before did I see a face so bright, so radiant with happiness as hers.

And what could have imparted such joy under such circumstances?

What mother, who looks around upon her little group, so much needing her care and tenderness, does not feel that the pain of separation from the objects of her fondest affection, added to the sufferings of a body on the very brink of dissolution, would be so great that human nature, unassisted, could scarcely attain to the virtue of patient resignation?—Then why does this mother speak of acquiescence? Why does she say that

language cannot express the delight which fills her soul at this solemn hour? Why that angelic smile, that smile of superhuman brilliancy? Say not it is the dream of enthusiasm or the delusion of hope!—Such dreams never visit the death-beds of the ungodly. It is the triumph of Faith. It is that victory over death and the grave, which Christ has promised to his faithful followers. She had led a life of consistent and devoted purity, and when the hour of death drew near, she proved the faithfulness of Him who has said He will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him. She could say, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. It was indeed a privilege to see one so ripe for Heaven, and so near Eternity that its glorious light was already reflected from her joy-beaming countenance.—None could look upon her without feeling something of the value of the Christian's hope.

Worthless indeed do the riches, the honors, and the pleasures of earth appear when compared with a hope that can sustain the soul, and impart such consolation in the hour of its greatest need. Let me be poor and friendless and afflicted in this world, if such be the will of my Heavenly Father, but Oh! let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

Mrs. E. M. E.

LETTER FROM DR. BURTON.

The following letter from Dr. Burton to his mother, written on the eve of his departure for his Missionary station in China, though not intended for publication, will, we doubt not, be read with deep interest, not only by his personal friends but by all who are interested in the Missionary cause.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16th 1851.

My Dear Mother:—Your very welcome letter of the 7th inst. was received yesterday. Your letters are always gladly and thankfully received, but this one was particularly so, as I was only a short time before calculating the chances of hearing again from you before I embarked and I greatly feared that I would be obliged to leave without this gratification.—Now, dear Mother, do I feel that I can go forth with a firm reliance upon our dear Saviour. He has been kind in restoring to health those loved ones in the District whose illness you mentioned in your previous letter and allowed me to remain here till I was informed of this,

thus removing one cause of anxiety. I am glad to learn that you are all enjoying good health. * * *

I believe I wrote you that the Captain's wife would go out with us. I have seen her once. She seems to be quite a pleasant lady and so far as we have been enabled to judge. We think she will be an agreeable companion for sister Crawford. Brother Taylor came on here on Wednesday to see us off, and to see that our wants were all supplied. We expected to go on board yesterday but we have been allowed to spend another Sabbath in our own native land and to go up to the house of God and join in praises and supplication to Him who is worthy to receive the homage of all. Now that we are about to be deprived of this privilege for a season, we appreciate it much more highly than ever before. We expect to embark to-morrow at 10 o'clock. We have a long voyage before us and one that hath its dangers.—But He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb will be with us. He ruleth the mighty waters and I shall not fear.—It is written, "Fear thou not for I am with thee. Be not dismayed for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." Again, "Fear not therefore ye are of more value than many sparrows." Relying upon His many precious promises I go forth with the full assurance that I shall be sustained in the trials which may await me.

Oh pray that I may have that faith which enableeth one to lay hold of the promises continually. It may be several months before I shall have another opportunity of writing.

"Do not become uneasy. I will have a Father and an elder brother with me unto whom I may look with confidence at all times and under all circumstances, and even should it be his pleasure to take me hence I feel that my hopes are well founded. The Lord is my helper, I shall not want. It is late, my candle is almost out, I am therefore forced to close. Give a great deal of love to each and all of my dear brothers and sisters. Urge them to live near our Saviour. I feel a heavy burden of guilt resting upon me for not having more frequently warned them to flee the wrath to come and seek the pearl of great price. But I earnestly pray that though I may have been a hindrance or stumbling stone, they may yet see the error of their ways and flee to the rock of ages. Kiss each for me and say kind words to all the servants and now good bye,

my dear Mother. May the richest blessings of Heaven ever rest upon you is the prayer of your devoted son.

G. W. BURTON.

P. S.

MONDAY MORNING.

Dear Mother—We have a bright morning for sailing. We are on board the ship and already we hear the song of the sailors weighing anchor. We leave cheerfully. I feel that the struggle is over long since. Friends stand around to bid us adieu. Fear not, dear Mother, for your son. The Lord is omnipotent and I go under the full assurance that he will be with and protect me. Again farewell, dear Mother. Good bye to all. Pray for me. Our united prayers will accomplish much. May our Father in Heaven be with you and bless and protect you from all evil is the constant prayer of your devoted son.

G. W. B.

[For the Classic Union.]

Mrs. E. M. E.—*My Dear Lady*:—Will you, for the admiration with which she has followed your recent papers on the subject of Female Education, excuse the boldness of a stranger in addressing you on the same great topic? Perhaps it would appear in due course of your consideration of the prevailing Errors of our public systems of Female Instructions, without any foreign suggestion, but there is a matter which she considers as lying at the foundation of so much evil, that she is impatient you should proceed at once to its examination. It is an evil which presents an appearance so very specious and plausible, that many of the wise, and also, of the truly Christian too, I doubt not, have for long lent it their deliberate sanction. But it is, I dare to assert in behalf of all those just and true principles which it has unavoidably displaced,—an appliance of the most pernicious tendency. I dare to lay my finger on that principle of *Ambitious Emulation* which is fostered, and cherished and stimulated to its highest possible development in many, in almost all our systems of Public Education, as almost the only efficient means of inducing application and improvement—and denounce it as the utter foe of all true elevation and refinement!

This position I assume on the broad ground that it is wholly and irreconcilably at variance with the Christian religion.

But I leave it in your abler hands, if you think proper to honor this humble appeal, to investigate and to expose its nature and its evils.

Deferentially, &c.

A.

[For the Classic Union.]
THE LIVING FOUNTAIN.

"They have hewed out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."—Jer. ii. 13.

O, come to this fountain,
Thou wearied one,
The sweet, soothing draughts,
Of this fountain alone,
Can still the wild fever
Unrest of thy heart,
Can bid all its yearning
Disquiet depart!

Deeply thou'st drunk,
Of an earthly bliss,
But now 'tis the Marah
Of a wilderness!
Ne'er hast thou dreamed,
Of a fountain like this,
Ne'er hast thou tasted,
Such blessedness!

Come O, thou stricken one,
Come to thy rest,
Lean thy sad head,
On thy Savior's breast,
Take thou the cup
That thy Father gives,
"Whoso drinketh,
"Forever lives!"

They tell thee, 'tis bitter,
Heed not their voice,
Or bid them tell thee,
In what to rejoice!
Heed Him whose truth,
Hath been tested well,
Gladness and peace,
In its fulness dwell!

"O, my dove,
"In the clefts of the rocks!"
Thy wound, thy mourning,
No stranger mocks—
"Though thou hast lien
"In dust obscure,
"Thy wings shall be
"As the silver pure!"

Tho' thy plumes
Are all defiled,
Deep in the fount
Of His mercy mild,
Bathe and drink,
And the blessed day,
Thou shalt wash all thy stain
And grief away!

Dec. 29, 1851.

A.

A CHAPTER OF ABSURDITIES,

1. To desire to have men sober, and vote a license to make them drink.
2. To mourn over drunkards, and vote a license to make more.
3. To pity a drunkard's family, and vote for the chief means of their misery.
4. To expect to restrain men from evil by telling some of them they may do it.
5. To think that authorizing a business will discourage it.
6. To suppose that making the sale of intoxicating drinks legal will not make it respectable in the estimation of most people.

7. To suppose that making the sale of them respectable, will not encourage the use of them.

8. To regret the growth of the upas, and keep watering the main root.

9. To believe that we should not do evil that good may come, and license men to sell poison for the sake of having orderly (?) houses to drink it in.

10. To think that drinking intoxicating liquors in orderly houses will not promote intemperance.

11. To profess benevolence to our fellow men, and vote for a chief cause of idleness, quarreling, poverty, and misery among them.

12. To pray for a blessing on our neighbors with our lips, and seek a curse with our voices.

13. A government instituted and sustained for the good of the people, licensing a trade that brings evil upon them.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveler gives the following statistics of twenty-seven of the principal Universities in Germany, for the summer of 1851:

Universities.	Students.	Foreigners.
1. Berlin, - -	2199 - -	315
2. Munich, - -	1817 - -	196
3. Prague, - -	1204 - -	31
4. Bonn, - -	1026 - -	129
5. Leipsic, - -	846 - -	233
6. Breslaw, - -	831 - -	19
7. Tübingen, - -	768 - -	116
8. Göttingen, - -	691 - -	322
9. Würzburg, - -	648 - -	173
10. Halle, - -	646 - -	86
11. Heidelberg, - -	624 - -	433
12. Gratz, - -	611 - -	1
13. Jena, - -	634 - -	176
14. Gießen, - -	409 - -	77
15. Freiburg, - -	403 - -	83
16. Erlangen, - -	402 - -	51
17. Olmitz, - -	396 - -	—
18. Königsberg, - -	332 - -	5
19. Münster, - -	323 - -	47
20. Marburg, - -	272 - -	27
21. Innsbruck, - -	257 - -	2
22. Griefswald, - -	208 - -	9
23. Zürich, - -	201 - -	26
24. Berne, - -	184 - -	11
25. Rostock, - -	122 - -	12
26. Kiel, - -	119 - -	—
27. Basel, - -	65 - -	—

Total amount of Students, 16,074

" " Professors, 1,566

Or an average of little over 10 students to each Professor.

The students are pursuing the following professions:

In 26 Universities, Philosophy, (Humanities,)	2449
" 25 " Medicine, - -	3154
" 25 " Law, - -	5993
" 13 " Protest't Theology, 1697	
" 11 " Catholic Theology, 1735	

A man who is so far ennobled of himself as to neglect all others, is very apt to be left by others with the single object of his regard.

We publish the following with pleasure, together with the accompanying note to the Editors, hoping to receive many such pieces from the fair contributor:

MESSRS. EDITORS: Will you permit an unpretending girl to find space in some spare corner of your paper, for the insertion of some lines which she hopes the critic will pass by without censuring too severely.

She put them on paper because they lived in her heart; and now, with your permission, she publishes them, though she fears for the world to know her as having any other name than that of

GENIA.

THE HOME OF POETRY.

Where is the dwelling place of Poetry?

I once beheld her sitting silent near
A mountain water-fall; and, as its streams
Did flow along, so sweetly singing, they
Appeared to say—" 'Tis here the lovely harp
Of Poetry is never still, and here
Her home is fixed. I asked the spirit fair
If truly spoke the running brook. She smiled
And said—" 'No, child! not here's my dwelling
place.

I only sometimes rest beside the brook
To lave my tresses and cool my brow.
While yet she spoke, she flew away, and I
Was sad and wept. My tears did fall into
The stream, and with the murmuring waters
flowed
Adown the mountain side.

One time I spied
Her riding on the clouds. Her road,—it was
The lightning's track. Her burning chariot
wheels
Did thunder o'er the pathway of the skies,
And shook the pillars of the earth. She rode
So swiftly that I could not speak to her,
And asked not if the thunder's home was hers.

Again I saw her walking on the stars.
They seemed to pour their myriad gleams upon
Her brow. Her evening walk it seemed; and
when

'Twas done, she rode upon a stream of light
To earth. I knelt and asked—was Heaven her
home?

She shook her head, and from her lips fell—
'No.'

And, pointing up, she said—"My pleasure
grounds,
And not my home, is the bright world above."

Then I was sad and wept, and, kneeling, said—
'O Spirit fair! thy beauty fills the world.

But wilt thou tell me of thy dwelling place?
Where is the spot of light and love which thou
Call'st Home? I've seen thee blushing on the
rose,

And heard thee whispering in the breeze. I've
known

Thy presence in the song of birds, and felt
Thy footsteps in the fall of leaves. I've seen
Thee wandering with the young May moon along
Her silvery tracks of light, and sleeping with
The morning dew upon the smiling flower.
But I am sad; for I have sought thy home
Throughout the world and found it not. Oh!
tell

Me where thou dwellest, that I may worship at
Thy shrine!

She looked at me and smiled. Her lips
Did part. She spoke. Her voice was sweeter
than

Aeolian chords, and yet her eyes did speak
More sweetly than her lips, as, kneeling at
Her feet, and looking in her face, she said:—
"Fair child of earth! Thy wanderings I have
watched

To find my home. Into the *outer* world
Thou hast been looking. But another world
There is, enshrined in the heart of hearts,
Of which the outer is an image faint.

The world *within the heart*—that is my home.
'Tis there I dwell. My spirit *violin* on
Its chords and breathes sweets music, like the
harp

Which murmurs back the tone another breathes."

She ceased. I seemed to hear still, her words
So sweetly tell upon my ear. And then
I turned my eyes within and wept for joy,
And clapped my hands, and laughed, and said,
"Thy Home, O Goddess! I have found—
THE
HEART."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following beautiful extract, says the
Western Recorder, we copy from an Agri-
cultural Address recently delivered be-
fore the Lewis county (N. Y.) Agricultural
Society, by Caleb Lyon, the poet:—

"Permit me," said the speaker, "to call
your attention to a subject intimately con-
nected with the comfort of your own home.
I would ask in what manner an acre of
ground in the common course of cultiva-
tion, can so well be employed as in a gar-
den, or who deserves to have life's path
strewn with fruits and flowers more than
the farmer? All our vegetables were o-
riginally acclimated here, and Homer who
composed his great poem, the *Iliad*, five
hundred years before Cadmus brought let-
ters into Greece; makes *Laertes* describe,
in glowing colours, the bright associations
that are clustered about this truest cradle
of agriculture. Here it was that *Palto*
discussed, Eve sinned, and Jesus prayed.
The Chinese have floating gardens, the
Persians hanging gardens, the Arabian
fountain gardens; but ours Household
Gardens—and often life's happiest mo-
ments may be in the memory of the flow-
ers plucked from thence to adorn a bridal,
or to grace a bier."

* * Adam was a farmer while
yet in paradise, and after his fall was com-
manded to earn his bread by the sweat
of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and
patient, was a farmer, and his stern edu-
cation has passed into a proverb. Socrates
was a farmer, and he wedded to his
calling the glory of his immortal philoso-
phy. St. Luke was a farmer, and divides
with Prometheus the honor of subjecting
the ox for the use of man. Cincinnatus
was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of

them all. Burns was a farmer, and the
muse found him at his plow and filled his
soul with poetry. Washington was a far-
mer, and retired from the highest earthly
station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and
present to the world its sublimest specta-
cle of human greatness.—To these names
may be added a host of others who sought
peace and repose in the cultivation of their
mother earth. The enthusiastic Lafayette,
the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jef-
ferson, the fiery Randolph—all found an
Eldorado of consolations from life's cares
and troubles in the green fields and verd-
ant lawns that surrounded their home-
steads."

I OUGHT TO PRAY MORE.

For one I am convinced that I do not
pray enough. I feel this conviction daily.
As a half-fed man is conscious that he
needs more food, so my half-famished
soul tells me that I need more prayer. I
need it to give me strength, to quicken my
affections, to vitalise my relations to the
church, and spiritualise all my conversa-
tion.

I MUST PRAY MORE. I am in a world of
sin; unholy influences are pressing me
on every side. The spirit of the world
assails me at every step; in all the do-
mestic, social, and business relations of
life, I meet it and feel it, and without
more prayer, I shall yield to it. Alas, I
have yielded; am still yielding, and there
is no alternative but *more prayer!* I must
pray more, or be swept down by the tide.
Lord save, or I perish!

I WILL PRAY MORE. A good resolution!
May I have grace to keep it. How many
such have been broken! Let me, then,
first of all, pray for grace to do what I
see needs to be done. And let me remem-
ber that it is *prayer* that I need; com-
munion with God, intercourse with heaven,
fellowship with the Holy Spirit. I need
the *penitence*, humility, self-abasement,
and self-renunciation which prayer alone
can secure. I need the faith, and hope,
and love which prayer alone can awaken.

I will pray more, then, because it is my
duty to do so. I am morally and spiritu-
ally unfit to engage in God's service as I
am. I have reason to fear that my offer-
ings may be an abomination unto the
Lord. But my obligation to serve God
remains. I ought to do christian duty,
and bring my gifts to the altar. And God
is waiting to be gracious! willing to give
his Spirit to them that ask him.

Then I ought, and must, and *will* pray
more for others, for my family, friends,
the church, the world, and especially for
my pastor! Alas, how have I forgotten
him of late. Lord, take not from me
thine Holy Spirit! Restore unto me the
joys of thy salvation, and uphold me by
thy free Spirit. Then will I teach trans-
gressors thy ways, and sinners shall be
converted unto thee. O, teach me and
help me to pray. My fainting and in-
consistent heart turns to thee. O,
strengthen me with strength in my soul!

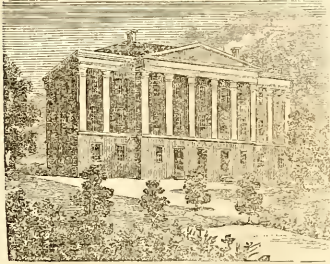
The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



JANUARY 1, 1852.

NASHVILLE POST OFFICE.

There is a most shameful neglect in the delivery of papers to country subscribers, at the Nashville Post Office. We have mailed our paper regularly to that office to quite a number of subscribers who live in the country, yet not one half in some instances, and in others none at all have been delivered to the subscribers, though often called for. We are assured that it is sheer neglect, or laziness on the part of the clerks of the office. Some of our subscribers have told us that after being told repeatedly that there were no papers, they have succeeded by urging some other clerk to examine, in getting their paper after laying weeks in the office. Our city subscribers who have boxes in the post office get their papers regularly.—Will not our subscribers call the attention of the Post Master to this neglect?

H.

THE SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

This editor of this excellent paper, in an editorial on "A call to the Ministry," puts forth the following sentiments:

"We believe that ordination, by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, is the most Scriptural form; yet we are far from maintaining that it is the only form. If any prefer receiving ordination from the hands of a diocesan and bishop, we have no objections to make.—All that we ask is that we be allowed the same liberty that we are willing to concede to others."

Now we have several objections to the statements of the above paragraph, and although the editor says "this is not the place to discuss the much agitated question 'what is the most proper form of ordination?'" we would, nevertheless, ask

him to make plain to us what he has avowed. That he may understand what we mean, we propound the following interrogatories: If there are two Scriptural forms of ordination, how can one of these forms be more Scriptural than another? Is "the hands of a diocesan and bishop" the other Scriptural form? If this be answered in the affirmative, and we suppose it will, for it is implied in the above passage, then we would ask, where is the Scriptural proof for such a form?

We have not noticed this subject for the purpose of controverting the position assumed by the editor of the South Western Baptist; but, regarding them as singular positions to be assumed by the editor of that paper, we are desirous the editor shall develop his views.

H.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.

The following notice of our paper is from the Presbyterian Witness, and from the ability with which that paper is conducted and the capacity of the editors to judge of the merits of a paper we feel assured that the Classic Union "is a good paper."

THE CLASSIC UNION.—We have before us No. 6 of this new paper, well filled and well printed. It is published at Murfreesboro', Tenn., by Rev. M. Hillsman, and the Faculty of Union University. The terms are not mentioned. If we are to regard this number a fair sample, we can say truly that the Classic Union is a good paper.

"THE SCHOOL GIRLS OFFERING."—The above is the title of a neatly printed and well filled sheet, published at Winchester, Tenn., edited by Mrs. Graves and Miss Mary Allen. The paper is connected with the Female Institute of that place, and has for its contributors principally the Girls of the school. The sixth number is before us, in which the editor expresses the fear that the paper must stop for the want of patronage. Two hundred and fifty subscribers are necessary to pay the expenses of publication and the greater part of that number are wanting. We wish the enterprise success, and hope the friends of the School, and of female education generally will rally to its support and perpetuate its existence. The price is one dollar per annum in advance. We will take pleasure in transmitting the subscription of any who may desire it.

H.

Rev. J. S. Reynolds, D. D., President of Georgetown College has been elected to a Professorship in the South Carolina College. We presume he will not accept.

H.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS TO EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

Few parents, we fear, feel, as they should, the responsibility resting upon them in regard to the education of their children. Every child that is born into this world is possessed of a mind which is susceptible of endless improvement. It needs an education in order to develop its faculties and call into exercise its powers.—If directed into the paths of virtue and learning, it may prove a blessing to the world; but, if suffered to lie dormant and inactive, it will exert no influence for good on human society, and most probably will scatter abroad the seeds of evil wherever its influence may extend.

The mind of youth instinctively thirsts for knowledge; and upon parents rests the responsibility of satisfying this desire.—Unless they do all in their power to secure this object, they prove themselves false to the best interest of their own children. The parent who labors night and day to hoard up a fortune for his child and pays little or no regard to the cultivation of his mind, is robbing him of that which alone can make him a man, and giving, in its place, that which will have the strongest tendency to ruin his character and corrupt his influence in the world. Better educate a child and send him into the world with not a dollar in his pocket, than to make him the heir of thousands, while his mind is wrapped in the clouds of ignorance.

Let every parent know there is a solemn duty imposed upon him, which he cannot neglect without proving himself unworthy to be a parent;—and that duty is to educate his child. If its accomplishment requires the sacrifice of every luxury in life and constant and unwearying toil by day and by night, still the sacrifice must be made, the toil must be endured. If God has made you a parent he requires you to educate your child, and if you fail to do it he will not hold you guiltless. S.

Our correspondent Mrs. E. M. E. will find in this number a pretty question proposed for investigation, by another of our fair correspondents, Miss A. We know not what view Mrs. E. M. E. will take of the subject, whether she will coincide with Miss A. or take adverse ground. If the latter, we suppose, Miss A. from the position assumed, and the statement of the ground of its defence, will herself attempt to make it good. We feel interested in the subject, for if Miss A. is correct she has struck at an evil that lies at the foundation of the formation of character. H.

THE OLD YEAR.

Another volume of time has been completed and laid up in the archives of eternity to be opened and read at the great day of final Judgment. Three hundred and sixty five closely written pages; and what do they contain? They contain doubtless many noble resolutions, but is the record of their fulfillment also recorded there? What page in this volume would you desire to blot out were it in your power to do so? But alas you cannot have this privilege. What is written must remain forever. Even though the page contain a dark catalogue of crime, there it must stand. The long cycle of weary ages would not dim the characters upon that page. When marble monuments have crumbled into dust and the loftiest structures raised by human ambition have mouldered beneath the corrosion of time and the earth itself with its granite mountains and everlasting hills have tottered to its fall, that record will be as bright as legible as when the finger of the Almighty first traced it there. And you must read its every page and every word of it. Did you think of this while the days of '51 were gliding over your heads and carrying their report to eternity? Though you may have been unconscious of the fact, yet this unconsciousness of yours has not retarded the filling up of the volume. There you will find every promise broken or fulfilled, every profane expression, every impure thought, every unholy desire, every secret sin, and every violation of Divine law. How will you meet this record? Ask yourselves solemnly *how!*

And you professing Christians, what does your record contain? Does it speak of growth in grace, of advancement in spiritual life; of more holiness of heart, of greater devotion to the cause of Christ? What is there recorded of your closets—have your visits to them been frequent and your prayers earnest and prevailing or have your visits there been irregular and unfrequent and your devotion heartless and formal? How many spaces in that volume are now filled with the record of worldly thoughts and trifling conversation which might have been occupied with exhortations to the impenitent and offered to glorify God and extend the kingdom of the Redeemer?

Sins of omission are all recorded in the Book of Jehovah as well as actual transgressions. And these sins weigh as heavily upon the conscience of every enlightened Christian and oppress him as deeply

with the sense of guilt as those of commission. The state of feeling of a truly pious heart in view of duties neglected and opportunities for good unimproved is beautifully expressed in the following words of the poet

It is not what my hands have done
That weighs my spirits down;
That casts a shadow o'er the sun
And over earth a frown;
It is not my heinous guilt
Or vice by men abhorred;
For fair the fame that I have built
A fair life's just reward;
And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.

Alas! they only see a part
When thus they judge the whole;
They do not look upon the heart,
They cannot read the soul.
But I survey myself within;
And mournfully I feel
How deeply the principle of sin
Its roots may there conceal.
And spread its poison through the frame,
Without a dread that men would blame.

They judge by actions which they see
Brought out by the sun;
But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I've left undone;
For opportunities of good
In folly, thrown away;
For time misused in solitude;
Forgetfulness to pray;
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

And therefore is my heart oppress,
With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest
Till I escape the doom,
Help me, the Merciful and Just!
This fearful doom to fly;
Thou art my strength, my peace, my trust;
Oh help me lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love.

PROFANE SWEARING.

Standing on the street a few days since, we were shocked at the unprovoked and open profanity of a well looking young man who happened to be passing. We did not know him, but could but feel the most profound pity and anxiety for one so young standing, or rather running headlong into the path of abandoned guilt and ruin. Many young men are secretly profane, but have so much self-respect, that they would not dare to go cursing and swearing along the streets. For such there is hope, because there is evidence of reflection and self-respect. But the young man who is openly profane, who dares in the streets, without cause, and merely to be seen and heard, to take the name of God in vain, shows a want of self respect and recklessness of character, that

renders his ruin more than probable and dissipates the hope of his usefulness or future piety and salvation. Young men are frequently mistaken as to the impression of such conduct on those who may happen to hear them. They are apt to think that others regard it as manly, or as an evidence of shrewdness, and will be amused at it. This may be the impression on the minds of the low and vulgar, and thoughtless boys and negroes, but to all in whose estimation a young man should desire to be respected, they become objects of pity and disgust.

Profanity is apt to be the first step in the downward course of most young men. They leave the paternal roof probably without having stained their lips with an oath, they have always been taught to regard as sacred the name of God and perhaps to kiss it in prayer, but having gone forth to prepare for or to enter upon the business of life, and parental restraints and examples at a distance, they feel as though something must be done on their part to show that they are free and independent—that they are men. From the use of by words they soon find it convenient, and think that their object is partly accomplished, by the use of an oath. This leads to such associations as open the way to intemperance, lewdness, abandonment, and perdition!

Oh, Young man, if thou hast not entered this path, we beseech you avoid it! If thou hast been ensnared and hast taken the name of thy maker in vain, retrace thy steps and seek forgiveness of thy offended maker!

H.

"LORD LAY NOT THIS SIN TO THEIR CHARGE."

Those were the dying words of Stephen, uttered in behalf of his murderers while they were in the act of taking his life. In this he manifested the spirit of Christ who on the cross prayed "Father forgive them they know not what they do." To be able to forgive our enemies and pray for them is the strongest evidence of genuine piety. It is directly opposed to the inclinations of the carnal heart. The language of the unrenewed heart is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But the injunction of the Saviour is "Love your enemies, to do good to them that hate you, and pray for those who despitefully use you." How different is this spirit from that manifested by many professing christians, who are ever ready to resent the slightest insult or what they may conceive to be such. It is a fact, that the idea prevails to a lamentable ex-

tent among members of the christian church that they are not only justifiable in retaliating an injury but that it would actually be disgraceful not to do so. How persons can entertain such an idea, and at the same time profess to take the Bible as their only rule of faith and practice, it is impossible for us to conceive. Nothing could be more at variance with the teachings of Christ and the precepts of his word. We are taught in revelation that those who have not the spirit of Christ have no part in him. He always manifested a forgiving spirit towards his enemies. There is not a command within the lids of the Bible more explicit or more frequently repeated, than the command to forgive and love our enemies and strive to do them good. To forgive others is made an explicit condition of our own forgiveness by that God whom we have all offended. God alone can forgive sins. He has said "if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you." Reader, do you believe that? And yet can you harbor resentment or illwill against a fellow mortal.—"God is not man that he should lie." If we feel conscious that we cannot from the heart forgive our enemies, it is the extreme of folly to presume that we are born again. We have been mistaken in supposing that the spirit of God has renewed our hearts. We have embraced a false hope that will forsake us when most needed. We are on the road that leads to endless perdition. Let us instantly pause, cast away our hope which has no semblance of a foundation in the word of God on which to rest and seek to know the wickedness of our hearts, humble ourselves before God and implore the sanctifying influence of his spirit to change our hearts to love Him and forgive those who injure us. E.

PRESENT TO UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

Rev. SAM. BAKER, D. D., has made a handsome New Year gift of the following volumes to the Library of Union University. We trust that other friends of science will follow the example of Dr. BAKER, and that the Library will be rapidly augmented. Many persons have books of no use to themselves, but which would be valued by the University, and which they would give if they only knew they would be received. We are thankful for every book, no matter how old, that may be presented;

Morse's Universal Geography; Horace; Virgil; Cicero's Orations; Sallust; Lucian's Dialogues; Xenophon; Gospel Restored;

Gale's Reflections on Wall; French and English Grammar; Livy; Schrevelii Lexicon; Græca Majora; Græca Minora; Gazetteer of United States.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

A few days since there stood behind the counter in a store a young man in all the freshness of youth and hope, in the very day-spring of life, and about to consummate a long cherished attachment to a young lady, whose preparations were almost complete.

The wedding dresses were ordered, the journey that was to follow, arranged, and expected guests in happy anticipation of crowning with rose buds and flowers the youthful pair.

But the young man sickened.—Medical aid was instantly summoned—but no relief! Friends grew pale and trembled with anxious foreboding. Soon a consultation with the best physicians—then a decision. Two or three steps only from life and health to death and the grave! It takes but a few days, or hours, or even moment, to pass off the dearest beloved to the land of darkness and silence. The decision was made, that our young friend must die, and with praise worthy candor, he was informed by his attending physician.

But what a scene of agony was here!

In the dead of night, the minister of Jesus was called to the abode of anguish and tears, for now the soul, the priceless soul, came on all its worth to claim instant attention.—Praying unceasing was called for. The time was short. Every thing was to be done.

The dying youth had thought of his priceless soul before. He had resolved to be a Christian. Perhaps, at the consummation of his best earthly hopes, he had listened, it is hoped not vainly, to the suggestions of conscience.

But he did not expect to be so crowded for time. Who does? He did not surely expect to be hurried to the feet of his forgiving Saviour, when every chord of life was breaking. But it was so. In the intensity of that hour, it was, "Save, Lord or I perish."

The light flashing from the other world, not only revealed to the dying youth the worth of his own soul, but it revealed the worth of other souls.

He looked upon his father, and clung around his neck. and with the eloquence of a dying man, besought him to attend to his soul without a moments delay. "Father," said he, "listen to your dying son. Do not stop to hear what this man says or that, but hasten at once to the Saviour."

"I will my son, I will," was the earnest reply.

Then to his mother, his sister and brother, his friends around were equally importunate entreaties. But this was not all. Every careless friend had a message from the death bed—all embraced in this sentence, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Tell every one that, said he, prepare to die! old and young. And so this little mes-

sage is going the round in every ear, in every heart, in every customer; to every play-fellow, to every inhabitant of the town, "Prepare to die!" Going not from the pulpit only, but from the death bed, "Prepare to die!"

The sentence is written down by the recording angel. The promise too, "I will my son," is also there.

The last word was said, and the spirit returned to God who gave it.

The shroud arrayed the limbs instead of the bridal attire. The corpse was conveyed to the church.

Every one in our town seemed a mourner. Every eye wept. Every one of the hundreds who thronged the aisles, the gallery, the stairs, the windows, who stood outside of the church, heard the sentence, "Prepare to die!" just as it came from the death bed, and the coffin seemed to echo it, and every time we pass the grave, the voice seems again to utter, "Prepare to die!"

Oh Alvan! who shall lay to heart thy dying sermon? Who shall be saved by it? And she! the lonely—the desolate one! who can number her tears, or count her sorrows? Remember her grief all ye who fold your bridal dresses, and in bright anticipations look forward to to-morrow! And oh, forget not Alvan's dying words, "PREPARE TO DIE!"—Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.

LOSS OF THE FIRST BORN.

We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first born. Her pastor went to visit her, and on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she attained such resignation? She replied "I used to think of my boy continually—whether sleeping or waking; to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes or his curls, or the robes I wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night in my dreams, I thought an angel stood beside me, and said, 'Where is the little bud thou nursest in thy bosom? I am sent to take it away. Where is the little harp? Give it to me! It is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.' I awoke in tears; my beautiful babe drooped like a bud which the worm pierced; his last wailing was like the shattered harp-strings; all my world seemed gone; still in my agony I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who warned me, saying: 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I laid my mouth in the dust, and said, let thy will be mine; and as I rose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also.—Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day—methinks it says continually, 'The cheerful giver.'"

There are seventy-five Protestant Missionaries in China at the present time, and fifteen Missionary Stations. Forty-eight are Americans.

THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. JAMES HAMILTON,
Minister of the Scotch Church, Regent Square,
London.

Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association,

EXETER HALL, NOVEMBER 27, 1849.

The Address published below on the Literary Attractions of the Bible, by the Rev. James Hamilton, of London, will be found to be a gem—nay more, a string of precious jewels, which no one, having the least taste for literature, can fail to read again and again.

What will render it of more interest perhaps to the American reader, is the following incident connected with its introduction into the United States. The American Minister, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, soon after his arrival in London, called on the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, and not finding him in, left his card, expecting, of course, that the Rev. gentleman would return the call. He did not, and again the Minister called and left his card, but with no better success. Soon after this, one Sabbath morning, he and his lady, went to the Scotch Church to hear Mr. Hamilton preach; and after service lingered to introduce himself, and stated that he had called at his residence several times, but not receiving a visit from him supposed he might not have seen his cards.—The Rev. gentleman acknowledged he had received the cards, but remarked that his constitutional diffidence was so great that he could not find nerve sufficient to return his politeness and visit so distinguished an individual as the American Minister.—Shortly afterwards he sent Mr. Lawrence a copy of the address below, with which the Minister was so pleased that he sent it to his brother in Boston, requesting him to have a large number printed at his own expense and circulated:

“God made the present earth as the home of man; but had he meant it as a mere lodging, a world less beautiful would have served the purpose. There was no need for the carpet of verdure or the ceiling of blue—no need for the mountains and cataracts and forests—no need for the rainbow, no need for the flowers. A big, round island, half of it arable, and half of it pasture, with a clump of trees in one corner, and a magazine of fuel in another, might have held and fed ten millions of people; and a hundred islands, all made on the same pattern, big and round, might have held and fed the population of the globe. But man is something more than the animal which wants lodging and food. He has a spiritual nature, full of keen perceptions and deep sympathies. He has an eye for the sublime and the beautiful, and his kind Creator has provided man's abode with affluent materials for

these nobler tastes. He has built Mont Blanc, and mol on the lakes in which its shadow sleep. He has intoned Niagara's thunder, and has breathed the zephyr which sweeps its spray. He has shagged the steep with its cedars, and spread the meadow with its kingcups and daisies.—He has made it a world of fragrance and music—a world of brightness and symmetry—a world where the grand and the graceful, the awful and the lovely, rejoice together. In fashioning the home of man, the Creator had an eye to something more than convenience, and built not a barrack, but a palace—not a work-house, but an Alhambra; something which should not only be very comfortable, but very splendid and very fair—something which should inspire the soul of its inhabitant, and even draw forth the “very good” of complacent Deity.

“God also made the Bible as the guide and oracle of man; but had he meant it as a mere lesson-book of duty, a volume less various and less attractive would have answered every end. A few plain paragraphs, announcing God's own character and his disposition towards us sinners here on earth, mentioning the provision which he has made for our future happiness, and indicating the different duties which he would have us perform—a few simple sentences would have sufficed to tell what God is, and what he would have us do. There was no need for the picturesque narrative and the majestic poem—no need for the proverb, the story, and the psalm. A chapter of theology, and another of morals—a short account of the incarnation and the great atonement, and a few pages of rules and directions for the Christian life, might have contained the main truths of Scripture, and have supplied us with a Bible of simplest meaning and smallest size. And in that case the Bible would have been consulted only by those rare and wistful spirits to whom the great hereafter is a subject of anxiety, who are really anxious to know what God is, and how themselves may please him. But in giving that Bible, its divine Author had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity; and that more persons are anxious to hear some new, or read some beautiful thing, than to read or hear about God and the great salvation. He knew that few would ask, What must I do to be saved? till they came in contact with the Bible itself; and therefore he made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one—not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvellous incidents and engaging history; with sunny pictures from the old-world scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the patriarch times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images—a book of heavenly doctrine; but withal of earthly adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, infinite Wisdom gave not a dictionary nor a grammar, but a Bible—a book which, in trying to catch the heart of

man, should captivate his taste; and which, in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, and fine tracery on the scabbard.—The shekels are of the purest ore; but even the scrip which contains them is of a texture more curious than that the artists of earth could fashion it. The apples are gold; but even the basket is silver.

“In speaking of the literary excellence of the holy Scriptures, I am aware of a twofold disadvantage. Some have never looked on the Bible as a readable book.—They remember how they got long tasks from it at school, and spelled their arduous way through polysyllabic chapters and joyless genealogies. And in later life they have only heard it sounded forth monotonously from the drowsy desk, or freezing in the atmosphere of some sparse and wintry sanctuary. So irksome and insipid has every association made the book, that were they shut up in a parlor with an old directory, and an old almanac, and an old Bible, they would spend the first hour on the almanac, and the next on the directory, and die of ennui before they opened the Bible. They have got at home a set of their favorite classics, and on a quiet evening they will take down a volume of Chaucer or Milton, or even Thomas Fuller or Jeremy Taylor, or an Elzevir Virgil, or a Foulis' Homer, and read at it till long beyond their time of rests; but to them the Bible is no classic. They don't care to keep it in some taking or tasteful edition, and they would never dream of sitting down to read it as a recreation or an intellectual treat. And then there are others in a happier case to whom that Bible is so sacred, who have found it so full of solemn import, and to whom its every sentence is so fraught with divine significance, that they feel it wrong or revolting to read it with the critic's eye. They would rather peruse on their bended knees, praying God to show them the wonders of his word, than, with the scholar's pencil in their hand, ready to pounce on each happy phrase and exquisite figure. They would rather peruse it in the company of Luther or Leighton, than along with Erasmus or Scaliger. And with such persons we own a decided sympathy. But we trust that both will bear with us a little while we endeavor to show, that if no book be so important as the Bible, so none is more interesting, and that the book which contains most of the beautiful is the one which must ever remain the standard of the good and the true.

“And here we would only add one remark which it is important to bear in memory. The rhetorical and poetical beauties of Scripture are merely incidental. Its authors wrote, not for glory nor display—not to astonish or amaze their brethren, but to instruct them and make them better. They wrote for God's glory, not their own; they wrote for the world's advantage, not to aggrandize themselves.—Demosthenes composed his most splendid

oration in order to win the crown of eloquence; and the most elaborate effort of ancient oratory—the panegyric to which Isocrates devoted fifteen years—was just an essay written for a prize. How different the circumstances in which the speech on Mar's Hill was spoken; and the farewell sermon in the upper chamber at Troas. Herodotus and Thucydides composed their histories with a view to popular applause; and Pindar's fiery pulse beat faster in prospect of the great Olympic gathering and the praises of assembled Greece. How opposite the circumstances in which the seer of Horeb penned his faithful story, and Isaiah and Jeremiah poured forth their fearless denunciations of popular sins. The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that perhaps his fame was established. A more important history concludes,—“These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his name.” And some of you will remember the proud finale in which the Roman lyrist predicts for himself immortal celebrity.* Alongside his eloquent but egotistic vaticination, you cannot do better than read the last words of Israel's sweet singer: “His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen. The prayers of David the Son of Jesse are ended.”

“Remembering then that the Bible contains no ornamental pages, nothing written for mere display, that its steadfast purposes is “Glory to God in the highest,” and the truest blessedness of man—I repeat, that that Bible abounds in passages of the purest beauty and stateliest grandeur, all the grandeur and all the more beautiful because they are casual and unsought. The fire which flashes from the iron hoof of the Tartar steed as he scours the midnight path, is grander than the artificial firework, for it is the casual effect of speed and power. The clang of ocean, as he booms his billows on the rock, and the echoing caves give chorus, is more soul-filling and sublime than the music of the orchestra; for it is the music of that main so mighty that there is a grandeur in all it does, in its sleep a melody, and in its march a stately psalm. And in the bow which paints the melting cloud, there is a beauty which the stained glass or gorgeous drapery emulates in vain; for it is the glory which gilds beneficence, the brightness which bespeaks a double boon, the flush which cannot but come forth when both the sun and the shower are there. The style of Scripture has all this glory. It has the gracefulness of a high

utility; it has the majesty of intrinsic power; it has the charm of its own sanctity; it never labors, never strives, but instinct with great realities, and bent on blessed ends, has all the translucent beauty and unstudied power which you might expect from its lofty object and allwise Author.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOT'S WIFE.

“Arise, take thy wife,” said the Angels to Lot, as they urged him from the city devoted to destruction. Her relation only is noticed, and neither her name nor those of her daughters appear upon the inspired page. Of her origin, also, we have no information, and the angelic announcement, quoted above, is the first allusion to her in the sacred Scriptures. It appears quite probable that she was a native of Sodom, and became united to Lot after his commencing to reside in that wicked and ill-fated city. When the hour of judgment had come, and while Lot still lingered, the angel men are represented as laying hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife and upon the hand of his two daughters, the Lord being merciful to him, and they brought him forth and set him without the city, and said, “Escape for thy life! Look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain. Escape to the mountain, lest you be consumed.” But as they fled from the city, his wife looked behind her and became a pillar of salt.

A single melancholly allusion is made to her in the New Testament; and by the lips of Christ. As he instructs his disciples touching their flight from the impending ruin of Jerusalem and warns them as their flight commences, against returning to their houses for the purpose of taking any of their effects with them, he very naturally refers back to the destruction of Sodom, and to the conduct of her, who as she fled from the city, looked behind her. “Remember Lot's wife,” is the concise and warning, and such is the only use to which her name is adduced. She is not recalled, like Sarah, as an example of faith, but is pointed to as a beacon of warning. She is not like Anna, produced as an illustration of looking to God always, but rather as a representative to those who, at times at least, look another way. She had not the promptness of Deborah, as she assures Barak, “I will arise and go with thee;” but she lingers, and hesitates, and pauses. She did not, as did the apostle, press toward the mark; but as she did not, she remembered the things behind. Nor did she like Mary, have respect to angel voices; but rather like Saphira, she listened to the suggestions of covetousness. It was not sufficient that a divine messenger should assure of the destruction behind, she must look if it certainly be so.

Yet was it not natural? That city has been her home, perhaps, from infancy. Hers was doubtless, no mean residence there; for her husband was princely in possession. There, too, were some of her dear children, whom, as she fled, she had been combated to leave behind her. Must they, also be lost in the threatened destruction. Then, again, what would she

do in the future? Whither was she flying? Would she find another home, or would she be cast forth, a forlorn exile, to pass herremnant of life in poverty, suffering, and weeping.

We marvel not that she looked behind her. All the natural sentiments of her heart prompted her to such an act. Yet should she not have consented? There are times when the soul must rein itself up to a desperate effort; when a momentary yielding to natural impulses, or a slight wandering of the eye, or a single word or act of indiscretion, leads on to consequences affecting the destiny and happiness of life. Especially is disregard of express injunction of divine authority pregnant with the most imminent danger. If a heavenly voice whisper, “Look not,” then is the time to beware. No not whether the interdicted vision of the wine sparkling in the cup, or seductive forms stealing away the heart from God, or terrestrial bowers of beauty, too often preferred to heaven, or golden wedges and garments of magnificence, captivating the affections, or even home, dear home, where linger those we love better than life—look on them—one or all of them—if such be God's bidding. Restraining thine eye may be as if it should be plucked from its socket, thy right hand pointing forever heavenward, may be to thee as cut off and cast from thee; pressing always, and to the last, after God's leadings, may be as if one should “die daily;” and let thine eye look right on, and thy eye-lids straight before thee; tarry not in all the plain; but fly for thy life toward the city and mount of everlasting safety.—*Adams' Women of the Bible.*

A VISIT TO THE MEXICAN CATHEDRAL.

A correspondent of the Union, writing from the city of Mexico, says:

“One day last week I spent a whole morning (six hours) in examining the Cathedral and its treasures. By special favor they showed us everything; among others the custodian, in which the consecrated host is exposed on certain occasions. It cost \$200,000, and is worth \$500,000; and you will not wonder at this when I inform you that it is full four feet high, made of solid gold, studded with precious stones. The pedestal is a foot and a half square, inlaid with diamonds and rubies. At each corner is the golden figure of an angel, exquisitely carved. Around his waist and neck are strings of the finest pearls.—His wings are inlaid or covered with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. In his right hand he holds sheaves of wheat, made of topaz, in his left, bunches of grapes made of amethysts. The shaft is also studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.—The upper parts, containing the host, is made to represent the sun, and is a foot and a half in circumference: the rays that emanate on one side are made entirely of diamonds, beginning with some of large size, and gradually tapering off. The cross that surmounts the top is also on this side made of diamonds, and is superb. On the other side both the cross and the rays are a beautiful emerald, perhaps larger than the diamonds.”

* *Exegi monumentum aëre perennius.*

* *U-que ego postera*

Crescam laude, necans, etc. Hor. lib. 3, od. 30.

The following beautiful lines have never been published, we believe. Their gifted author wrote them in the Album of a friend from which this has kindly been furnished. D.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

—
BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.
—

Of human life, from youth to age,
This book an apt, sad emblem seems;
Hope promises to fill each page,
With pleasure, love, or friendship' dreams.

Time wears apace: but day by day,
Hope's promises are all forgot;
Some pleasures are gathered by the way,
But here's a blank, and there's a blot.

At last it fills—revolving years,
Add memorials sad or kind;
But some are sullied by our tears,
And some have left a sting behind.

The heart that traced some lines is old,
The spirit that flashed here is fled;
And those recall warm hearts now cold,
The changed, the absent, or the dead.

Then why should we embalm the past,
Since the fond record only tells,
That love, and hope, and life, at best,
Are broken charms and baffled spells!

I do not know—they say that Eve
Some flowers of Eden chose to keep,
O'er all the prized and lost to grieve,
O'er all the loved and left to weep.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BLUE LAWS.

FROM PETER'S HISTORY OF THE CONNECTICUT COLONY.

1. The Governor and the magistrates, convened in General Assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

2. From the determination of the Assembly no appeal shall be made.

3. The Government is amenable to the vote of the people.

4. The Governor shall have only a single vote in determining any question, except a casting vote when the Assembly may be equally divided.

5. The Assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the Governor, but shall dismiss itself.

6. Conspiracy against this dominion shall be punished with death.

7. Whoever says there is jurisdiction over and above this, power and jurisdiction, shall suffer death and loss of property.

8. Whoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death.

9. The Judges shall determine controversies without a jury.

10. No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote unless he is converted and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

11. No man shall hold an office in this dominion who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to this dominion; and whoever

gives a vote to such person shall pay a fine of £1; for a second offence he shall disfranchised.

12. Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

13. No Quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any other officers.

14. No food or lodging shall be afforded to Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

15. If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return upon pain of death.

No priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

17. No one to cross a river but with the authorized ferryman.

18. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

Here is the law—Laws of Connecticut, 1750; "Nor shall any person go from his or her place of abode on the Lord's day, unless to from the public worship of God, unless it be on some work or business of necessity or mercy."

19. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

20. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

This was the law: "If any man shall kiss wife, or wife kiss her husband, on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at discretion of the court."

"Tradition relates that this was put into execution upon a man, who having been absent sometime, and arriving home on Sunday morning presumed to kiss his wife."

21. The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

22. To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

23. A person accused of trespass in the night, shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath.

24. When in appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

25. No one shall buy or sell land without permission of the selectmen.

26. A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who shall debar him from the liberty of buying or selling.

27. Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.

28. No minister shall keep a school.

29. Every ratable person who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the ministry of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court £2, and £4 every quarter, till he or she pay the rate to the minister.

30. Man-stealers shall suffer death.

31. Whoever wears clothes trimmed with Gold, silver, or bone lace, above two

shilling per yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

32. A debtor in prison swearing that he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

33. Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this offense shall be imprisoned, without the benefit of bail.

34. Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion, shall pay a fine of £5.

35. No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas, or saints' day, make mince pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

36. No Gospel minister shall join in marriage: the magistrates shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

37. When parents refuse their children convenient marriage, the magistrates shall determine the point.

38. The selectmen, in finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands, at the expense of their parents.

39. Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court may think proper.

40. Adultery shall be punished with death.

41. A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10, and a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

42. A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

43. No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense, £10 for the second, and imprisonment during the pleasure of the court for the third.

44. Married persons shall live together or be imprisoned.

45. Every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap.

Yours, truly,

E. S. LIPPITT.

Webster, Mass.

AN AMERICAN CARDINAL.—A Correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, writing from Rome, says that after all, Archbishop Hughes is a cardinal, and that the fact was announced to the "congregation, Oct. 10. It is further stated that the promotion was in the face of a protest by all the United States Roman Catholic bishops, save one, and contrary to the views of Chief Justice Taney, who is a Catholic.

BYRDONE, the traveller, in his old age, heard his own adventures in Sicily read aloud by his family, and quite unconscious that these were the scenes which his own eyes had seen, and his own lively pen described, declared "that it was all very amazing, but he wondered if it was true!"

23 Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and edit a newspaper.

[From the Rutherford Telegraph.]

"THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN."
(MARK, 2: 27.)

This is the doctrine of a most competent Teacher. Man may be mistaken in his opinions: but this cannot be supposed in reference to him, who is the Father's *equal*, "The fellow of Jehovah." It is a dictate of common sense, that the Sabbath was not appointed for the Creator's benefit.—It would certainly be difficult to add any thing to *infi nitely*—just as difficult as it would be to add to the *ages of eternity*. It is then manifest, that the Sabbath must have been intended for man. But there is an indefiniteness, and a comprehensiveness in the language of Christ, that tends directly to settle the question of the *perpetuity* of the Sabbath. If this Institution was made for *man*, it was made for the human family, without regard to nation, or age, or dispensation. It is immaterial whether we understand the language as meaning, that it was for man's observance, or for his benefit, or for both these ends; the indefiniteness and comprehensiveness of the sentiment is the same. We know from other portions of Scripture, that God appointed the Sabbath for man's religious observance; and the command, to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is as pointed, and as solemn, and as authoritative as that which protects any other precept of the Decalogue. But the connexion in which the text stands shows clearly, that the Sabbath was intended for man's benefit. What else can the language mean? "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Man is of more importance in God's account than the Sabbath. If it was for man's interest that the Sabbath was appointed, it follows, that this Institution is to be regarded as a means to an end. But the end must be greater than the means;—as the building is of more importance than the scaffolding; and as the family are of more importance than the building, that shelters them. But it does not follow from this, that a man may innocently trample the Sabbath under foot, and despise the authority that shields it. A man may not innocently set on fire the house that shelters himself and family, though that house were reared with *his own hands*. Much less may he set on fire his dwelling when it is contiguous to the dwellings of other families, and the burning of it may spread desolation all around. Such a man is justly called an *incendiary*! It would be still worse, if a man would plunge the deadly dagger to his own heart, and to that of his family. Who can admire the character of a murderer or a suicide, or who can sympathize with it? Such a man may plead, that it is his own life, or the life of his family, with which he takes such liberties, and that he will do as he pleases with his own. But such a plea is not deemed satisfactory. The slanderer may plead—"My tongue is my own, and I will use it as I please." The miser may plead, "My money is my own, and I will use it as I please." The idle vagabond may plead, "My time is my

own, and I will spend it as I please."—But an orderly and useful citizen will not set up any such plea.

But did God consult the best interests of man in the appointment of the Sabbath? If so, to trample the Sabbath under foot is not only an act of resistance to God's authority, it is also adding ingratitude to rebellion. The law of the Lord will bear the most rigid investigation; and, in the end, it will be found to be "holy and just and good." As far as trial has been made, the law of the Sabbath has been found to be of this character. The testimony of men of the most enlightened minds, and who have enjoyed the most favorable opportunities of testing the bearing of this law on man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature, is decidedly in favor of the Sabbath. It has been satisfactorily ascertained, that either man or beast can undergo a greater amount of labor by resting every seventh day. It has also been ascertained, that man can safely undergo a greater amount of intellectual labor by observing the weekly Sabbath. Many men of gigantic intellects have wrecked their minds, and become hopeless maniacs, by disregarding this benign law of our Creator. And it is certainly a fact, well established by the history of every nation, that the religious observance of the Sabbath is indispensable to the existence of a pure morality.—That nation cannot be found on this earth, the morality of which is not low and polluted, where the law of the Sabbath is trodden in the dust. Would you then promote the true interest of man as a physical, intellectual, and accountable being, you must uphold the authority and the sacredness of the Sabbath. You must not lay a ruthless hand on that sacred Institution, but permit it to retain the place in the moral code, that the God of infinite wisdom and goodness has assigned it. If God knows what is best for man, we may rest assured, that the Sabbath is a needful, yes, an indispensable appointment. If it was needful for man, when he first came from the hand of his Creator, much more must it be needful now, when he is fallen and benighted, estranged from God, and prone to seek his happiness and lay up his treasures on the earth. The great design of the Sabbath in connexion with the Sanctuary is to afford man an opportunity to reflect on his immortality and accountability; to become acquainted with the character, and the claims of his Creator and Redeemer, and to learn the way to everlasting purity and blessedness. Can higher ends be contemplated or pursued? Are they worthy of the legislation of benign and intelligent Heaven?—And can they be unworthy of the attention, and the devout consideration of man! Does man become degraded by seeking communion and fellowship with God! Is it more becoming the lofty powers of the human soul to disbelieve the earth in search of shining dust, than to climb the skies, and seek the fellowship of angels, and the smile of the God of angels! It is to be feared, that there are persons, who would feel ashamed to be known as having a

conscientious regard for the Sabbath day! Would to God, that no such characters were to be found in the Church. Depend upon it, the man that tramples the Sabbath under foot, does hereby ask with Pharaoh of unblest memory, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" It is practically joining with the wicked that lived in the days of the distinguished patriarch of Uz, and said unto God, "Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?" W. E.

A FOX'S REVENGE.—The Rev. J. Murray, in his work on Creation, tells the following story:

"An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river in order to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese.—At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss, in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewn leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was gone the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to wait the issue.

"In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth.—The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both."

MARRIED.—On the 17th ult., by Rev. B. Kimbrough, Rev. A. D. TRIMBLE, of Winchester, to Miss — WHITMAN, of Lincoln co.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)

Nashville, Tennessee,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. ja 3

[For the Classic Union.]
THE CHANGING WORLD.

By E. M. F. *****.

How the world's aspect changes—doth it change?
Or are those changes in the eye that gazes?
Mark the light-hearted boy! all earth is strange
And new, but lovely, and he laughs and praises
And makes his life a holiday, nor dreams
His bounding foot will ever, press the thorn.
The World he treads as fair and softened seems
As far off mountains robed in hues of morn.

There comes a change when youth with burning
thought

Roams o'er the sunny fields in search of roses—
And he may pluck them, but they're dearly
bought;

For every step some blasted scene discovers,
And the flowers wither ere the wreath is twined.
Hast seized another? 'twill be all the same:
His flowers he scatters to the passing wind,
Sighs and confesses, "Pleasure's but a name."

There comes a change when manhood walks
abroad.

He seeks no roses,—let the frail things wither.
The path he chooses mighty men have trod,
And on he rushes, scarcely heeding whither;
But shining dust is scattered o'er the ground,
He stoops to grasp it, and is bowed forever,
Though Heaven's transcendent glories beam
around,
The mind intent on gold regards them never.

There comes a change when age with sunken
eye,
Hath lost his vision and the mists have gath-
ered.

Then life's dark shadows o'er the cold world
lie;
No spring can blossom when the heart is with-
ered,

And all is worthless, even gold grows dim.
But, dying mortal, turn and look *aboe* thee!
There see Hope's star still burns to guide to
Him,
Who from the throne of Heaven hath stooped to
love thee,
Murfreesborough, Dec. 1851.

A DOMESTIC NECESSITY.—Every house should
have as an inmate a good natured, sensible tidy
old lady. This important fixture should always
be, if possible, a Grand Mother, or, as next best,
an Aunt; yet, so indispensable to the respectabil-
ity, comfort and convenience of a well regulated
household is the old lady, that if this system of
housekeeping become general, it will become
quite natural to find under the head of "Wants"
in newspapers, inquiries for proper old ladies to
supply the lack of dear old folks gone to the bet-
ter home. Judged, old ladies discovering them-
selves in demand, would keep in preservation
much longer, nor begin to make winding sheets
and grave caps full ten years before the great
reaper came to gather in the shocks of corn fully
ripe. Old ladies are needed. Providence de-
signed such to fill a large space in the domestic
circle—a class remarkable as living not for
themselves but for others—the most beautiful
specimens of disinterested love on this side
Heaven!

PROGRESS OF A REFORMER.—The Boston Re-
corder states that Daniel Foster who has been
notorious as an abolition reformer, preacher, and
politician, has recently published a sermon in
"The Liberator," in which he attempts to show
that the Bible is not an inspired book.

CALENDAR FOR 1852.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JANUARY,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
FEBRUARY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29						
MARCH,		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
APRIL,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
JUNE,			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
JULY,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
AUGUST,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
SEPTEMBER,				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
OCTOBER,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
NOVEMBER,		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
DECEMBER,				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
Murfreesborough Tenn.



Rooms—in the New Building adjoining
the Methodist Church.

N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of
his profession for the last eleven years. Charges
moderate. July 26

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.
Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
Jal-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.
CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

R. D. REED,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
ALSO—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c. &c.
AGENT FOR PERIODICALS, EAST SIDE THE SQUARE,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

WILSON Y. JONES. JAMES M. PEAK.
JONES & PEAK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Flour,
SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

NEW FALL GOODS
AT THE
CHEAP CASH STORE.

R. G. SMITH & CO. have just received a
large assortment of Fall and Winter
Goods, consisting of every variety of Dress
Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Those wishing to purchase Goods lower than
they can be had elsewhere in this market, are
requested to give them a call. They sell for
CASH exclusively, and is thus enabled to sell
goods greatly below the usual credit rates.

They have also a great variety of Goods for
family use, which they offers very low.
All kinds of country Barter taken in exchange
for goods at cash rates. oct18

Benjamin Smith & Sons,
GRATEFUL for past favors, and
solicitors for a continuance of pa-
tronage, would respectfully announce

to the public generally, that they are prepared
to carry on, in a more extensive way than hereto-
fore, the manufacture and repairing of Car-
riages, Rockaways, Phaetons, Barouches, Double
Seat Buggies, Single Seat do, Prince Alberts,
and Cabs; having received a splendid and ex-
tensive stock of materials direct from the East,
and secured the labor of some of the best work-
men to be found here, or elsewhere. They con-
fidently assure the public that they will use
none but the best materials, and will furnish any
thing in their line on as good terms for cash, or
to punctual men on time, as any other establish-
ment of the kind in the State. They have on
hand, in addition to their splendid stock New
Woods, a number of second handed Barouches
and Buggies, which they will sell very low.

Citizens of Rutherford and adjoining coun-
ties are respectfully advised to call and examine
their stock and learn their prices and test the
truth of the above, before purchasing elsewhere.

Good cash notes received for any work.

Jan 3-6m Shop opposite Sublett's Inn.

DAGUERRETYPE STOCK.

PETER SMITH, Importer and Dealer in A-
merican and French Plates, Frames, Chemi-
cals, and Glasses; German and American Instru-
ments, General Agent for the supply of Daguer-
reotype Apparatus, and Materials of every de-
scription, No. 26 Fifth Street, second door East
of Walnut, Cincinnati. my10-12m*

Dr. John M. Watson
HAS settled permanently in Nashville. He
will attend to evils both in the city and
country. Office on Cherry street. au2-5f

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, JANUARY 15, 1852.

NO. 9.

[For the Classic Union.]

FEMALE EDUCATION.—No. 4.

In a previous number we urged the importance of mental cultivation in woman, by endeavoring to show the necessity of such cultivation in order to a proper understanding of the physical laws under which we are created. Viewed in this light only, the subject of Female Education is entitled to more consideration than it has been accustomed to receive. If the females of the present generation inflict injury upon themselves, in consequence of ignorance of their own organization, and of the laws of health, that injury, in the next generation, must be extended to all. Both males and females will enter upon life with unsound bodily functions, with constitutions predisposed to disease. In the early history of a nation, the stern hand of necessity keeps most in the path of obedience to physical law. They are compelled to exercise regularly, to live temperately; and, in dress, they have little temptation to sacrifice comfort to display. But as wealth increases, unless knowledge keeps pace with luxury and refinement, so much suffering is introduced from neglect of nature's laws, that the balance of happiness is greatly in favor of the hardy sons of privation and toil.

But if the education of woman is important to secure the physical well-being of our race, it is much more so when viewed in relation to its influence on intellectual and moral progress. If advantages for education could be afforded to only one class of our youth, we doubt not that society would consult its true interest by conferring those advantages upon its females.

The testimony of an Indian Chief upon this subject is in point. His tribe had come under the influence of Christian Missionaries, and he was trying to advance them in civilization. He says, "We committed at the first, a great error. We established schools for our boys only, and

left our girls to pursue their feminine occupations at home, without any mental training. When our educated young men married these ignorant wives, the children were all like the mother, and the result was, the father either lost all interest in both wife and children, or else relapsed into his former savage habits. Now if we could educate but one class, it should be the girls, for then the mothers would educate their sons, and all would move on together towards civilization and refinement."

We believe that, almost universally, in their intellectual and moral character, children more resemble the mother than the father. This is in part owing to the transmission of faculties, but still more, perhaps, to the direct influence exerted over the formation of mind and character, in the early years of childhood. It has been often asserted, and we have never seen a fact adduced to prove the statement untrue, that there never was a truly great man who had not a superior woman for his mother. Who can read the history of the mother of Washington and not feel that she is entitled to the gratitude of the world for the blessings conferred through her illustrious son?

A very pleasing anecdote, illustrative of a mother's influence, is related by Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts. He had just been reading the published letters of Mrs. Adams, the mother of John Quincy Adams, who was then, with himself, a member of Congress. He entered the Senate chamber, one day, and seating himself beside the venerable Ex-President, said to him, "Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you." Mr. Adams looked at him enquiringly, not comprehending what he meant. He added, "I have just been reading the letters of your mother." Immediately his countenance brightened with unwonted animation, and with a lip quivering with emotion, he replied, "You are right, Mr. Briggs; all that is good in me,

I owe to my mother." What female heart could crave a higher meed of praise, than such a testimony from such a son? Mrs. Adams was a woman of highly cultivated mind. Had it been otherwise, her son would, in all probability, never have been the man he was. It was she that inspired him with that ardent thirst for knowledge, and fixed in his character those principles of unbending integrity, for which he was distinguished through life, and which will cause his name to be pronounced with reverence by the latest posterity. If we had more such mothers as Mrs. Adams, we should have more such men as John Quincy Adams.

But, says one, have not the facilities for female education greatly multiplied since the days of Mrs. Adams? And why has not the number of superior women multiplied in the same ratio? It is true that facilities for the acquisition of fashionable and showy accomplishments have increased, and a far greater number of females can now flourish diplomats. But after all, we are compelled to believe that those, in the days of our grand mothers, who enjoyed the best advantages our country then afforded, had more real mental cultivation, and a higher appreciation of intellectual treasures, than those of the same class at the present day.

But why has not an increase of advantages brought a corresponding increase of actual knowledge? Several causes might be named, such as the increased prevalence of light literature, by which the minds of young females are enteebled, and time wasted; that might be devoted to profitable study. But we choose to confine ourselves, at this time, to two reasons; which seem prominent in our own section of country, though by no means peculiar to it. And first, the domestic habits of most families are not calculated to develop mental energy in children, and especially in girls.

From infancy they are accustomed to

have every thing done for them. If a straw is to be removed out of their path, a servant must be called to remove it. If a shoe string is in a hard knot, they are not allowed to bring their own energy and perseverance to bear in removing the difficulty. If any thing which they want happens to be misplaced, they must sit and wait till somebody else finds it. If any change is to be effected, they look to another to effect it, and never think of depending on themselves. When a girl, who is accustomed at home to these listless, inactive habits, enters school, it is not strange that she should be found incapable of that firm resolve, and that persevering energy, which are requisite to meet and overcome the difficulties in the path of science.

When she finds any thing that requires a little exertion, she has no idea of putting forth that exertion herself, but immediately looks to a teacher or a more advanced school mate to assist her. If such assistance cannot be obtained, she passes over the difficult portion of her lesson, and sets about devising some means to conceal her ignorance at recitation. In this way, many a girl passes through a whole course of study, without any mental exertion, and consequently without any mental cultivation. The evil commences at home, and the remedy must be applied there. Begin in early childhood to cultivate the energies of girls, by accustoming them to overcome with their own hands the material obstacles that oppose themselves to their wishes, and never allowing any thing to be done for them, which it is possible and proper for them to do for themselves. This, combined with well-directed efforts, to arouse thought, and awaken the conscience, will cultivate such habits of mind that advantages for study will not be lost upon them.

The mental habits of children are to a great extent, established for life, long before they come under the influence of a teacher. If the work has been rightly commenced, it may be successfully carried forward, but if error has been committed at the start, it is impossible afterwards entirely to repair the injury. And hence the great importance of intelligence in mothers—of ability to understand the mental and moral organization of the beings committed to their care; for without such knowledge injury must unavoidably be inflicted, injury, the extent of which cannot be estimated, since it is impossible to know what those children might have been, had the best influences been brought

to bear upon the early formation of their characters. Who would think of allowing an expensive musical instrument to be tuned by one who was entirely ignorant of its construction and powers, who knew nothing of the science of music, and consequently had no conception either of the result to be effected, or of the proper means for effecting it? And yet how often is that most wonderfully complicated and most important of all instruments, the human soul, placed in the hands of those who know nothing of the science of mind, who are ignorant of its powers and capabilities, and the laws which govern its development, and who form no conception of the effects produced, by the causes which they set in motion. Who can wonder that discord, and not harmony, is the result.

Having dwelt longer than was anticipated on the first branch of our subject, the length of the present article compels us to reserve the second for a future number.

Mrs. E. M. E.

[For the Classic Union.]

MR. EDITOR:—In reply to a note addressed to me, through your columns, by your correspondent, Miss A., permit me to say, that the subject to which she calls my attention is one in which I have long felt a deep interest. With her I am inclined to believe that much injury is done to the characters of the young, by appealing to the principle of emulation, in such a manner as to excite envy and ill-will.—The desire to excel in that which is good, is in itself a virtue, and should be encouraged; but this desire should arise from a love of excellence for its own sake, and not from the wish to out-strip and out-shine others. Any application which is secured at the expense of the kindly feelings of the heart is, by far, too dearly purchased.

A system of marking in schools, provided it be merely a simple record of facts, in which each individual stands alone, upon her own merits, without comparison with others, may be useful in the hands of a judicious Teacher. Indeed our Creator appeals to the same principle in the government of his creatures when he intimates to them that He keeps a record on high, of all their words and actions, and that according to that record, he will reward or punish them. But whatever system may have been adopted, if it cannot be so managed as to avoid exciting in pupils, unamiable feelings towards each other, it should be at once abandoned.—Better, far better, that the intellect should

remain uncultivated, than that the seeds of envy and discontent should be sown in the heart. A great responsibility rests upon parents and teachers in reference to the motives which they present to the youthful mind, and the feelings which they cultivate. Though the desire to excel in that which is laudable, and also the desire for the approbation of the good, are in themselves right, and may very properly be appealed to as motives for improvement, yet they should always be regarded as subordinate to higher motives, and great care is requisite to prevent them from occupying too prominent a place in the mind. It is to be feared, that many who are responsible for the formation of character, do not realize as they ought, the importance of cultivating in children the habit of acting from a sense of *duty*, of doing right because it is *right*, and agreeable to the will of the Creator. This is a subject of deep interest, but time will not permit me to enter further upon it at present; I may recur to it hereafter. In the meantime it would give me great pleasure to find in your columns, a full expression of the views of Miss A., upon a topic in relation to which she seems to have thought much and felt deeply.

Mrs. E. M. E.

"It is only a dime" says the young man as he fills his hands with candy, and "five cents for peanuts is nothing"—"taking off the beard one's self is a troublesome business and it is only a dime at the barber's, and any body can afford that"—"five cents for a cigar is a mere trifle"—"No gentleman would stand for such trivial expenses." Stop young man, let us make a calculation—a dime a day for shaving will amount in a year to thirty-six dollars and fifty cents. Three cigars a day at five cents a piece for the same length of time, would amount to fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents. An average of fifteen cents a day for candy, apples, oranges, nuts, raisins, cakes, &c., will amount in a year to another fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, making in all *one hundred and forty-six dollars*, an amount sufficient to pay for the board, tuition and books of a young man at College for that time, and this amount of money all goes for what is entirely useless, if not positively injurious. He who pays it, receives no equivalent, except a confirmation of indolent habits, the contempt of all sensible persons, and the horrors of dissipation. E.

MUSCLE-SHOAL ASSOCIATION.

We have received the minutes of the thirty-second annual meeting of the Muscle-Shoal Association, held at Cane Creek, Franklin county, Alabama, and we are gratified by the evidence it contains of the increasing prosperity and efficiency of that body. Connected with this Association are many noble-hearted, self-denying and laborious brethren, zealously engaged in the cause of their Master. The Minutes show that the blessing of God has attended their labors during the past year—two hundred and eighteen communicants have been added to the Churches. We were a little surprised at the disparity between the number of Churches and the number of Pastors. There are thirty-nine Churches connected with this body and only eleven Pastors. The contemplation of this fact should cause fervent prayer to ascend that the "Lord would send forth more laborers into his harvest." We recently saw a statement by one who had taken much pains to ascertain the facts on the subject, that the number of Ministers in our country is actually decreasing in its ratio to the population—that fewer, in proportion to the whole number, now enter the sacred office than formerly, and he subjoined the remark, that some years since in almost every prayer, public or private, was heard a petition to the Lord to qualify and send forth more laborers into his vinyard, but that within the last few years that petition is scarcely heard. We ask is this really true? If so, the fact itself, and the reason assigned for it, are indeed lamentable. Churches and individual Christians should awake to the wants of the world, and pray earnestly that God would by his Spirit impress the men to devote their talents to the Ministry, and when in answer to their prayers such young men arise in their midst, they should afford them all necessary aid in preparation for the important work.

We subjoin from the Minutes the report of the Committee on Education. E.
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION.

Your committee on Education beg leave to submit the following report: That having taken the subject of education under thoughtful and prayerful consideration, beg leave to state, that we deem the cause of education one of very high importance, and that we naturally look to the Christian world, as having devolved upon it, its guardian care and promotion, and as a part of that great family, we, as a denomination, feel very deeply our responsibilities; and it becomes us to bear our part in the advancement of this great work. We have to regret our backward-

ness on the the subject heretofore; but are pleased to state, at the same time, that there is an increased and increasing interest on the subject of education in denomination. We believe that concentration and unity of effort are in all things necessary to success, and that the want of them heretofore by the unadvised diffusion of our efforts and means, in the multiplication of minor schools, has greatly retarded the interests of education. And, we would, especially recommend to the notice of our denomination the propriety of building up schools on liberal foundations and of high grades, and relying upon those emanating from such nurseries of learning to diffuse intelligence and refinement among us; and therefore, your committee report the following resolutions, for the adoption of the Association:

Resolved, 1. That we recommend to the favorable notice of our brethren, the Union University, and the Tennessee Baptist Female Institute, located at Murfreesborough; and also, we would recommend the Howard College, and the Judson Female Institute, located at Marion.

Resolved, 2. That we also recommend the building up sustaining liberally, our own Associational school, located at Moulton, as an object worthy of our highest aspirations as an Association.

Resolved, 3. That we recommend to our brethren, the Classic Union, a paper edited by brother HILLSMAN, and the Faculty of the Union University, for the diffusion of general intelligence, and the higher objects of Christian Theology.

J. W. MICHAUX,
Chairman.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE IN COLLEGES.

We see it stated that the University of Virginia has a pupilage numbering three hundred and eighty, and of this large number one-sixth of the whole are pious. There are daily prayer meetings at sunrise, religious meetings during the week, and regular Sabbath services. The attendance on these meetings is voluntary; no pupil being required to attend as in most other Colleges; and upon this voluntary principle this University can boast of more piety, it is thought, than either Yale or Harvard, where a different policy is pursued.

The history and present condition of the University of Virginia, shows a gratifying triumph of the principles of religion over that ill-advised scheme of its founders to exclude, in effect, religious influence from its walls.

But this gratifying result is the fruit of the labor of a self-sacrificing Faculty, who have regarded it as their duty to care for the moral as well as the intellectual training of their pupils, and to accomplish it, have not forgone the labor and temporary inconvenience of going before and leading the young men of their charge to

the prayer and other religious meetings. This is just the influence and means of exerting it, that should be brought to bear in every school in the land. A teacher may no more expect his pupils to be religious, or to imbibe correct moral principles, without active effort on his part, than that they will become masters of science without it. And if teachers have not the time or inclination to pay that attention to the religious interests of youth as will by their example, as well as precept, bring them within the range of religious influences, they are so far disqualified for the position they hold.

We believe there is a proneness with teachers in our Colleges and Academies to neglect the moral interests of their pupils, and even throw obstacles in the way of such influences by exalting in their own minds, and those of their pupils, intellectual above moral culture. We recollect once being invited to visit the school of influential and popular teachers, under denominational patronage, to witness the performances of the pupils, and did so with great satisfaction so far as their literary pursuits are concerned, but were mortified at what we regarded as the greatest inconsiderateness on the part of the President. Before the pupils were dismissed, he announced to the scholars that bro— would preach at candle-lighting, but unless they could get their usual lessons and go to Church too, they must stay at home and get their lessons, adding, that they came there to pursue their studies, and must not neglect them for going to hear preaching. Now such sentiments uttered to pupils are more injurious to the moral principle of youth than a direct assault from infidelity. The teacher is presumed to know, and he inculcates the sentiments that religion is secondary in its importance, so far as to be neglected if other duties require our attention. Now in our estimation no literary qualification can make up for so palpable a defect as this. If teachers would have their pupils moral and religious, they must teach them that religion is first and every thing else secondary, and that it is so always, every moment we live, and demands instant sacrifice of present enjoyments rather than neglect it. And this should be taught by example, and not merely precept, for if our example contradicts our professions, those professions are worthless.

H.

There are two sides to every thing except the religion of a hypocrite, and that is all outside.

[From the Rutland Telegraph.]

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." Heb. 4: 9.

The word that is translated *rest* in this text, is in the Greek *SABBATISMOS*. This means *rest*, as on the *Sabbath, Sabbatism*, or the *keeping of a Sabbath*. It is manifest that the design of the Apostle is to represent the weekly Sabbath as a type or symbol of *heavenly rest*. This will appear from the verses, with which the text stands connected. "For we which have believed do enter into *rest*, as he said, 'As I have sworn in my wrath, if they shall enter into my *rest*,' although the works were finished from the foundation of the world. For he spake in a certain place on this wise, 'And God *did rest the seventh day* from all his works.' And in this place again, 'If they shall enter into my *rest*.'—Seeing therefore it remaineth that some must enter therein, and they to whom it was first preached entered not in, because of unbelief. Again he limiteth a certain day, saying in David, (see Psalm 97: 7, 8.) 'To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' For if Jesus (Joshua) had given them *rest*, then would he not afterward have spoken of another day. There remaineth therefore a *rest* for the people of God.—Let us labor therefore to enter into that *rest*, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief." Heb. 4: 3, 11.

According to this inspired exposition and application of the weekly Sabbath it is evident beyond all contradiction, that one design of this sacred Institution was to symbolize the glorious Sabbath of heaven. But how long is a symbol to be used? Grant, that the weekly Sabbath is but a shadow, what is the substance, the body, that is intended to be shadowed forth? Ought not the shadow to be used till the substance comes? Certainly from the morning of creation till the coming of Christ, the weekly Sabbath was the symbol of heaven. Has this symbol been superseded by the appointment of another under the gospel dispensation? If so, what is that symbol? Christ and his Apostles make mention of none other.—Then is the weekly Sabbath abolished, and nothing appointed to take its place? Has the uninterrupted and soul-freshening and ennobling rest of heaven ceased to be worthy of a symbol? Or has earth become so much like heaven, that a symbol is not needed? It was needed in the garden of Eden; when man stood morally erect, and held high converse with God face to face. But in this age of progress

and spiritual illumination, and deadness to earthly attractions is every day so much like the high and sunny Sabbath of heaven, that the weekly Sabbath would be like a *mock-sun* in the heavens amid the splendors of noon-day? No, truly:—if there ever was a time, when the human family, and the Church itself, needed to be reminded, that there is a tranquil, pure, spiritual heaven to be hoped for, and labored and prayed for, that time is present. But the eye of man cannot discern; nor can the mind of man contemplate any thing on this earth, that is so well calculated to remind him of heaven, as the Sabbath-day, when it is *properly observed*. When worldly employments and pleasures are suspended, and the din of business is hushed, and solemn and delightful attention is given to the appropriate duties of the day, and the cares and anxieties of life are laid aside, and the soul rises to God in devout meditation and solemn prayer and grateful praises:—then is felt in the inmost heart the sweet dawn of heaven; and then the rejoicing spirit can truly and sweetly sing—

"Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blessed
From the low train of mortal joys,
I soar to reach immortal joys."

When the private and family duties of that sacred and blessed morning are performed, how delightful it is to see the tribes of God's spiritual Israel with thoughtful and solemn step going up to his holy court to behold his *beauty*, and to *enquire in his temple*! Surely a devout assembly convened on a calm and sunny Sabbath, and inspired with love and hope and joy, is the brightest image of heaven that earth can present. But when the Sabbath is despised and trodden under foot, and the word, and house, and worship of God are neglected, as though they were unworthy of the attention of man, and profanity takes the place of devotion, and feasting, and mirth, and revelry, are preferred to the favor of God and communion with heaven, and the wheels of worldly business are not only permitted, but positively required to run on, and *gain* is manifestly *preferred to godliness*:—how much is there in all this that is like heaven? That community, or nation, that professes godliness and pursues such a course, is bordering on perdition! What is the practical language of such conduct? Is it not this: "There is no God, nor final judgment, nor future state of righteous retribution;—or, if there be, they are unworthy the attention of man?"

Blot out the Sabbath, and where can you find on earth any symbol of heaven? But is it true, that God intended that the Sabbath should be a symbol of the sweet and refreshing rest of heaven? So thought the Apostle Paul, and he was taught by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Did man, in the most favored period of his history, even in the garden of Eden, need to be reminded of heaven by the regular return of the weekly Sabbath? and has that necessity actually ceased? Can it *cease*, until the whole family of the redeemed is made up, and each member of it has been admitted to that rest, of which it is so appropriate a symbol. Surely no person can desire exemption from the law of the Sabbath, while his heart sympathizes with the high and pure design of this Institution. Unquestionably it cannot be the spiritual, and the prayerful, and the heavenly-minded, that desire the demolition of that Institution, that was specially intended to be a sacred memento of God and heaven! This is a moral impossibility. If you love an object sincerely, you will take pleasure in contemplating the symbols and mementos of that object. If you love a friend, you cannot lightly esteem his likeness, which he gave you purposely as a remembrancer of him. They who disesteem, and profane God's holy day, tell a sad tale upon their own spiritual condition; a tale that will be published in the hearing of an assembled world! Depend upon it, persons who cannot enjoy the Sabbath, and who feel that its hours are long and wearisome, and its sacred duties grievous;—men and women of such a spirit could not possibly be happy in heaven, were they admitted to its high fellowship and its pure and solid entertainments. The unveiled presence of God, and the bright and all-pervading beams of his glory would be to such characters "devouring fire and everlasting burnings!" The heaven-born and the heaven-bound esteem "the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable." Such, and only such, can truly sing—

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
O, long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God."

There is as a question that may justly claim our attention before we close these brief essays:—"If it is the design of God that the law of the Sabbath should be binding on man till the end of time, what

evidence have we, that it is his will, that under the gospel dispensation, the *first day* of the week should be observed, and not the *seventh*?"

An answer to this question may be expected in the next essay, which may, perhaps, be the closing one. W. E.

[For the Classic Union.]

AN EXTRACT.

From the journal of the Pastor of the Baptist Church at L., Tenn.

The night was dark and dreary. The expiring breath of December was heaving the funeral dirge of the departing year, the gentle beams of the pale-faced were obscured by murky clouds, while old winter with his aged locks was sighing in mournful cadences. The quiet village of L. was wrapt in mid-night darkness save the flickering light that gleamed from a hundred windows, amid the surrounding gloom. Safely ensconced in his *studio*, sat a village pastor musing over the reminiscences of the past—His care-worn brow was bent over his thin pale hand, while his eye gleamed with some deep, sad, and earnest thought. He mused of his far-off home, his happy childhood's faded years, and of the beauty and glory that had passed away with them never to return again. He sadly thought of his own dear sister with her golden tresses streaming and waving in the morning zephyrs. He remembered his noble and generous hearted young brother sporting by his side with a joyous spirit. He thought of his dearest mother's gentle kiss, her sad sweet smile, her holy words of love. He remembered his gray-haired Father's fervent blessing, breathed with quivering lip at the last parting hour, when tears fell like rain drops from his own eyes. The thought of his own affliction, of his own approach to the gate of death, "away from his home and friends of his youth," where no fond mother was by to bathe his feverish brow or calm his throbbing bosom with her maternal love. He thought of disappointments, and vexatious cares of this mortal life—which were drinking up his hearts blood. The thoughts of the onerous responsibilities of the minister of Jesus Christ commissioned to bear the message of salvation to a dying world—Aye, he thought of all these; and ere he could wipe away the falling tear, or suppress the rising sigh, his thoughts strolled o'er beyond the clouds to the Christian's home, and as he contemplated the joys of heaven where the ransomed spirit—"soars untrodden heights and seems at home, where Angels bashful look," he

could but thank God that he was born for a higher destiny than that of earth,

"In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there."

There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the ravished eye may wander without a cloud to dim, or limit to obstruct the vision, there

"The soul secure in her existence, smiles

At dissolution, and defies its power,

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

His soul being inspired with the blessed hope of immortality, and filled with holy resignation to the will of God, he with a cheerful heart could sing—let me

"Suffer on my three-score years,

'Till my deliverers come,

And wipe away his servants tears

And take his exile home."

A. W. M.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—Much discussion has existed in regard to the origin of the American flag. It has been suggested that was it originally copied from a portion of Washington's coat of arms, and our readers, will, perhaps remember the illusion to this idea in one of Martin Farquhar Tupper's speeches, when that gentleman was in this country. This part of the subject will probably, however, remain always in conjecture, for no documentary evidence has yet been adduced respecting it, or is likely to be. But it is known that the flag, as it exists now was the growth of two different stages. At first only the stripes were used but afterwards the blue field, in one corner, studded with stars, was introduced. The striped, or Union Flag, as it was called then, was first hoisted in Washington's camp at Cambridge, on the 1st of January, 1776. It was some months later that the stars were added. In June, 1777, this flag thus perfected was adopted by vote of Congress as the national banner. Prior to the 1st of January, 1776, a plain crimson flag had been used in the army, for one of that description had been carried atunker Hill, it continued to be hoisted till the Union Flag was adopted. In other of the colonies, other flags were used according to the taste of the volunteers, or the coat of arms of the state. The first naval flag ever hoisted, was one with the device of a rattlesnake coiled at the foot of a pine tree, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." This was employed by Paul Jones in the waters of the Delaware. When the Union Flag came into use, however, it supplanted all others, both by sea and land.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly your elf.

POMPEII.

Forty years after the discovery of Herculaneum, another city, overwhelmed at the same time, was "destined to be the partner of its disinterment, as well as its burial." This was Pompeii, the very name of which had been almost forgotten. As it lay at a greater distance from Vesuvius than Herculaneum, the stream of lava never reached it. It was inlaid by showers of ashes, pumice, and stones which formed a bed of variable depth from twelve to twenty feet, and which is easily removed; whereas the former city was entombed in ashes and lava to the depth of from seventy to one hundred feet. With the exception of the upper stories of the houses, which were either consumed by red-hot stones ejected from the volcano, or crushed by the weight of the matter collected on the roofs, we behold in Pompeii a flourishing city, nearly in the state in which it existed eighteen centuries ago! The buildings unaltered by newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use; articles of even intrinsic value abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand which could not stop or pause for the most valuable possessions, and, in some instances the bones of the inhabitants bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them. In the prison, skeletons of unfortunate men were discovered, their leg bones enclosed in shackles, and are so preserved in the museum at Portici.

I noticed, said Mr. Simond, a striking memorial of this mighty eruption, in the Forum, opposite to the temple of Jupiter; a new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just from the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building around; the mortar just dashed against the wall was but half spread out; you saw the long slicing stroke of the trowel to obliterate its own touch—but never did return; the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested; and after the lapse of 1,809 years, the whole looked so fresh, that you would almost imagine the mason was "only gone to dinner, and about to come back immediately to finish the work! We can hardly conceive it possible for an event connected with the fine arts of former ages, ever to happen in future time, equal in interest to the resurrection of these Roman towns, unless it be the re-appearance of the Phœnician city of the Plain.—Ewbank's Hydraulics.

PREJUDICE.

An old Deacon, who had been among the foremost in the Church with which he was connected, to do liberal things, was strangely beset with prejudice at times, which no measure could remove. This Deacon's Pastor once preached a sermon on the words, "To you who believe, he is precious." The Deacon was, so much edified and comforted that he stopped at the Church door and said to his minister, "I am sorry you preached, that sermon this stormy day, I hope you will repeat it when there are more of the Church present, for it is a feast, 'a feast of fat things.'" A few months rolled away, and prejudice against the Pastor from some cause or other took possession of the Deacon's heart. Nothing that was done by the minister was right. "He was not edifying. He—the Deacon—was starving for Spiritual nourishment." The Pastor, after trying in vain to remove the prejudice, at last resolved to preach the sermon the Deacon had requested him to repeat. He merely changed the text, and took in its stead the passage, "Thou art chiefest amongst ten thousand and the one altogether lovely." After service, on approaching the Deacon, he found, to his astonishment, that he had failed to edify the soul of this starving disciple. "Then, Deacon, you were not instructed; you were not edified to-day?"

"Mr. R., you have not instructed me for months, and to-day, especially, I have been anything but pleased."

"Indeed, Deacon, it grieves me to hear it, especially as this is the same sermon you requested me to preach again some ten months ago, because it was then so good."

"No; no; you are mistaken."

"Not at all, my dear sir; I have only changed the text."

Reader, are you governed by prejudice?—*Washman and Reflector.*

HOW BOARDMAN, MISSIONARY AMONG THE KANSAS, GOT HIS LESSONS.—When 12 years old, he was put upon the study of the Latin Grammar. This he despatched in less time than his instructor had ever known it done before. Having gone through it the first time, he fondly hoped to be put immediately to the use of the Lexicon. He was told however, that previously to this, he must go through the grammar once or twice more. He was disappointed, but took his seat, and after an hour or two was asked if he had got a lesson, and being called, he recited, verbatim, sixteen pages. He was then asked if he had got more. He answered "yes," and on being asked how much, he replied, "I can recite the whole book, sir, if you wish."

From the Christian-Reflector.
STOLEN SERMONS.

The history of preaching in Europe and America would contain a very curious chapter relating to what have been really, or in reputation, stolen compositions delivered from the pulpit. Two or three cases of this kind now occur to our recollection.

Some twenty years ago, there lived at Bristol, England, a very able and popular preacher,—the Rev William Thorpe. Commanding in person and manner, with a voice blending the peal of the thunder with the softness of the zephyr, and with a pathos and unction, which in his best seasons were almost unrivalled, he was every where popular. No man, when he brought out his powers, could make a better sermon; but he was naturally indolent, and having a most extraordinary memory he never made a secret of the fact that not a few of his sermons were composed by others.—The practice placed him sometimes in an awkward position, which however, he occasionally turned to good account. His week evening sermons were generally extempore, and cost him but half an hour's thought in his vestry, which he usually reached so long before the commencement of the service. One Wednesday evening, on his arrival at church he found on the table some fifty copies of a printed sermon, sent by a poor neighboring minister for sale; Thorpe sat down, read and admired the sermon, and then went into the pulpit and delivered it. His hearers were delighted, and went into the vestry in crowds to express their gratification. The worthy pastor wishing perhaps to test the sincerity of these compliments, and no doubt desiring to benefit his neighbouring brother, said to his people. "O yes, the sermon you have heard to-night, was a good sermon, a very good sermon; but do not thank me for it, it is none of mine, there it lies printed on the table, pay your shillings and take home the copies and so refresh your memories, and send a few loaves of bread to the family of its author. We need not add the sermons were all sold."

When Mr Thorpe was settled in London, before he removed to Bristol, he preached from memory the whole six volumes of Saurin's sermons, on successive Sabbath evenings. When he had reached the end, the late Samuel Bagster, the Biblical publisher, a personal friend of Mr Thorpe's, sent him a handsomely bound copy of Saurin, with a note kindly hoping that his friend would accept a new copy of Saurin, as he thought the old copy must be nearly worn out. Thorpe most pleasantly accepted the present, and told Bagster that he hoped he had been greatly profited by the labors of the best preacher which France had ever produced.

There lived in Thorpe's days, and we hope yet lives, in a city ten or twelve miles from Bristol, one of the most popular preachers of the day. He and Thorpe had been engaged to preach on occasion of the dedication of a new Church, and traveled a great part of the journey on the day pre-

ceeding together. On the way, Thorpe acknowledged that he had made no preparation for the service, and indeed was not provided with a text. For this his companion severely blamed him, little thinking of what the result was to be. Arrived at the end of their journey, they were put to sleep in a double bedded room. In the night J——, who was at that time exceedingly careful of his delivery, awoke, and supposing Thorpe to be asleep he carefully repeated aloud the sermon he had to deliver in the morning. Thorpe lay and heard it, admired it, and formed his plan respecting it. When they arose, he entreated J—— to exchange services with him; chiefly pleading that he did not feel quite comfortable in the idea of following the finished sermon that, no doubt J—— would deliver in the morning, besides which by far the largest congregation would be in attendance in the evening. The bait took,—J——, the unsuspecting J——, gave up, and when he went to church it was to listen to his own sermon, prepared with so much care for the evening! And what added to his mortification, was, that whenever Thorpe had delivered one of the fire-t passages, he would pause for a moment to look into J——'s face to see how it took.

This was by no means the only sermon of J——'s that has been stolen from him; indeed we have heard him say, that in traveling he has sometimes gone into a strange church, and had an opportunity of listening to a stranger of another denomination, delivering and sometimes murdering one of his own printed sermons; and once introduced himself to one of these preaching thieves to reprove him for the manner in which he had spoiled his sermon.

On one occasion a living minister heard J—— in London, when he delivered a plain, practical sermon, which could not well be got rid of by any one that heard it. As the minister arrived at his home very late in the week, and had not time to prepare two sermons for the Sabbath, he delivered in the evening, entirely from memory, substantially the same sermon he had heard from J——. On going his round among his friends on the Monday morning, he found his people in a state of excitement such as he had never witnessed before. Every one contended that he had been *personal*, and every man contended that the preacher meant *him*. The pastor got through for the time as quietly as he could, expecting how the matter would end. In a few days his church met on their general business, and the pastor took an opportunity of stating the whole of the facts, and laid on the table a printed copy of the sermon as delivered by J—— "reported for the Pulpit," a London publication devoted to sermons.

One fact more, and we will relieve the attention of the reader. It relates to J—— himself. One Lord's day he was absent from his pulpit, which was occupied by a young man with whom he had recently become acquainted, and who had delivered a sermon which had

greatly charmed him. In the evening of the day, the young supply delivered the sermon he had before preached in the presence of their pastor. The people did not conceal their displeasure that he had stolen a sermon from their pastor, who preached it to them *verbatim* only on the preceding Lord's day evening. The young minister asserted his innocence, but no one believed him. He did not feel himself at liberty to state the facts of the case, but determined not to leave the city till J—— returned, and some explanation could be given. On the following Lord's day he adverted in his pulpit to the circumstance of the same sermon from the same pulpit on two successive Sabbath evenings, and added, very significantly, "it is quite true there was *stealing* in the case; but my friend did not steal it from me, but I *stole it from him*. I heard him preach it; it did me good; I thought it exactly adapted for you, and so I preached it; my brother thought that you needed it, and gave it to you again. If blame rests any where, it is with your pastor, and not with your visitor.

MENTOR.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

All the signs of the times clearly indicate that the great battle of religious liberty is to be fought over again, in the nineteenth century, and in the land consecrated to freedom by the principles of Grotius and De Witt, of Coligni and Luther, of John Milton and Roger Williams. If this battle is to be fought—if the disciples of Romanism whom she has beggared and brutified in the old world, whom we have received into our bosoms, to eat our bread and be protected by our laws, are to be marshalled into battalions to smite down the principles of civil and religious freedom—the sooner the issue is joined, the better. We shrink not from the contest, whether it is to be fought with the peaceful arms of learning and logic, or with the carnal weapons that Rome is always so anxious to call to her aid. Though all Ireland should come to the aid of darkness, led by a prelate as stern as Hildebrand or as politic as Leo X., we do not fear the result. There is not a principle of our glorious common law; not a drop of Dutch or Huguenot, or Puritan blood; not an idea with whose embodiment America has started the world, that is not insistent and quivering with the life of the Protestant faith. No shadows from hell can set back the line of light that marks the glorious movement of the world's progress. The English race are carrying the elements of constitutional and religious freedom to every land upon which the sun shines. The tidal energy that now marks the movements of Rome, is but the spasmodic convulsion induced upon an effete and dying body by an unnatural galvanism from without. We may not fear the final result of the conflict, but it becomes us to watch with solicitude the dying efforts even of such a gigantic energy for evil.—*New York Recorder*.

THE LATE JOHN M'DONOUGH, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Mr. M'Donogh was a very remarkable, and as we fully believe, a truly benevolent and religious man. He settled in New Orleans near the commencement of the present century, early showed great abilities for business, though until several years after his removal from his native city (Baltimore) to Louisiana, few, if any of his friends, predicted the immense acquisitions he was destined to make. Among his papers was found in his own handwriting, bearing date March 2, 1804, the following brief but comprehensive rules of conduct, which we have reason to conclude controlled in a good degree all his subsequent life.

RULES FOR MY OUTDANCE IN LIFE, 1804.

Remember, always, that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

Time is gold; throw not one moment away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done by.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

Never give out that which does not first come in.

Never spend but to produce.

Let the greatest order regulate all the transactions of your life.

Study in your course through life to do the greatest amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort in life, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.

Pursue strictly the above rules, and with the Divine blessing, riches of every kind will flow in upon you to your heart's content.

But first of all, remember that the chief and great study of your life should be, to live by all the means in your power to the honor and glory of your Divine Creator.

The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that without temperance, there is no health; without virtue, there is no order; without religion, no happiness; and that the sum of our being is, to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.

JOHN M'DONOUGH.

New Orleans, March 2d, 1804.

In New Orleans Mr. M'Donogh was known well for his intelligence, politeness, energy, enterprise, and punctuality; but to the high philanthropic and Christian motives that animated and governed his heart, and life, the community with which he held daily intercourse, and the world generally, were strangers.

But his will, written in his own hand, several years before his death, the ample notes and comments which he left to explain the principles of his conduct, and to guide his executors in the fulfilment of their trust, have cleared away all the mystery which had gathered around him, and given him an unquestionable title to the honors of an exalted philanthropy. He has demonstrated that unremitting industry, and bold and persevering enterprise in the acquisition of wealth may be reconciled with the purity and humility of true reli-

gion; and that among the best methods of benevolence, is the accumulation of property to be dedicated to the highest interests of mankind.

Should the will of Mr. M'Donogh be sustained and carried into effect, the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore will include the most ample and best endowed institutions for popular education, constantly enlarging the sphere of their beneficence, while Liberia will be enriched and adorned with blessings transmitted to her from the bountiful provision of one of her chief friends. And when Africa shall be redeemed from the bondage of ages, when her sons shall navigate their own ships to the mouth of the Mississippi, and bring her rich products into the proud commercial mart, where are exchanged the supplies of the great valley of this continent for the luxuries of all others, the children of Liberia will turn from all other sights, forget all other duties, until they hasten to place some humble offering, and to shed their tears of admiring love and veneration on the grave of M'Donogh.—*Ch. Statesman*.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.

In a late number of one of our periodicals, I observed a short article entitled, "A fact worth knowing." That article contained an account of an ingenious method adopted by "a very wicked man," by means of which he disposed of Cards and Bibles together, and unwittingly made gamblers a kind of co-partners to distribute the word of God. Now I have a fact in respect to Cards and the Bibles, of a somewhat different character, though equally "worth knowing," as the above.

A short time since, being in a large city, not far distant from the capitol of Massachusetts, I called at the store of a (Christian) bookseller, to buy a theological work. The bookseller referred to was standing at the end of the counter, busily engaged in conversation, while a young man was selling *playing cards*. I drew near enough to convince myself of the fact, waited to hear the buyer say he would take a number of packs, and then without asking for the book desired, turned and left the store, preferring rather to go without the book; than purchase it at such a store. I do not know, but all (Christian) booksellers do the same, but to me, there appeared in the transaction a gross inconsistency. In the same store, I saw some splendidly bound Bibles, and I think, some splendidly bound novels, from the shelves some beautifully printed *playing-cards*, and all in a (Christian?) bookseller's store. For my own part, I think it as consistent, that in that store should have been found the "yellow covered literature," or the articles of intoxication, as cards, one of the basest implements of gambling. Bibles, novels and cards; how can a Christian justify it to his conscience, to his God, to his church, and to a perishing world, that he should be the agent of introducing such a trio into the community; if in such an effort there is not an attempt to serve God and Mammon, and to unite Christ and Belial, then or logic is at fault.—*Washington B. Rector*.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

It is not, of course, given to mortals to penetrate the future. Events are every day transpiring which mock to scorn all human sagacity and foresight. It is, however, our duty to survey the aspect of the age, to question its tokens, and to explore the meaning of changes and revolutions in the moral and political condition of the world. Jesus reproved the Pharisees for not "discerning the signs of the times," and, in rebuking them, he instructs us.

No one can cast the most cursory glance across the water, without feeling that we are on the eve of stirring and absorbing national movements.

At the first view all seems dark, scarfed and shrouded in gloom. The entire continent of Europe lies prostrate. Germany presents only a scene of petty, contemptible, and diversified oppression. Glorious Italy groans under the vilest and most degrading bondage which ever crushed and stultified humanity. Hungary and Poland have been exterminated for daring to lift a voice in behalf of freedom. One hope had remained, France, beautiful France, seemed for a while true to herself, to truth, and to liberty. But that hope has been quenched in a moment, and the armed heel of an ambitious usurper tramples the degraded necks of a dishonored people.

Tyranny is in the ascendant. Everywhere, on the continent of Europe, liberty seems to be hopelessly trodden down, all appears to be lost.

But let not the Christian surrender his mind to this gloomy contemplation. Let him not reason thus superficially. All is not lost. The world, like the hour-glass, must be "turned upside down" before it will go right. Before the "Desire of all nations" come, there must be a "Shaking of all things." That mighty convulsions are at hand is manifest, but if these convulsions portend evil, they promise also that good which God works out of evil.—The present state of Europe will not, cannot, long continue. We are no prophets, but we venture to predict that ten years hence the face of the world will be greatly changed, the political and moral atmosphere will have been agitated and purged by storms and lightning now gathering in the horizon to scourge the stagnant element before them.

No lover of truth and liberty should be at all disheartened by the failures of Kosuth, and Kinkel, and the other apostles of suffering humanity. It is by failure that the pioneers in great undertakings advance their cause. In almost all glorious enterprises the first missionaries must be martyrs. But their blood has a voice which cries to heaven, and reverberates through the earth. What Paul said of his imprisonment and sufferings, is true of all the wrongs and injustice inflicted upon the cause of truth. They all "fall out for the furtherance of the Gospel."

Beneath the stormy tides and contending elements on the surface, there is a current which is propelling the grand enterprise of Jesus Christ.

Let any one reflect on the agencies by

which light is pervading every portion of the globe. Let him think on the wonderful vehicles of communication by which nations, once most distant, are now brought into the closest neighborhood. Let him consider the spirit of popular education, and contrast the intellectual condition of our humblest citizens with that of Charlemagne, and the kings of other days, who signed royal decrees by a mark. Above all, the Bible, and the resistless moral influence which Christianity has created over the face of the earth,—let any one estimate the power of all these forces, and he will discover, in the impending revolutions of the age, the ministers by which the inscrutable wisdom of God is to advance and consummate his adorable and far-reaching purpose.

As we cast our eye over Europe, and indeed over the world, and discern the signs of the future, the noble and glorious purposes, forming—struggling—one day to burst forth into vigor, take the name of action, and leap to their consummation—we are reminded of a fine passage in Milton. We allude to those lines in his noble Poem where, describing the forms of strength and beauty not yet developed, but just emerging from the teeming earth, he says:

"Half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free.
—then springs, as broke from bonds;
And, rampant, shakes his brinded mane."

Nothing can cause us to bate one jot of heart or hope for the cause of liberty and humanity. But if anything could quench our aspirations, or make us despair for our race, it would be the language and conduct of Christians at the present crisis; it would be to see men, with the Bible in their hands, acting as if *physical force* can ever regenerate the earth, as if war ever has done, or can do, any thing but throw nations back towards barbarism.

Oh when will the world, when will the churches of Christ, learn that, for this earth's woes, there is but one remedy, and that, a *specific*. When will we understand that there is but one voice which can call ruined humanity into life, and light, and liberty, and that this is the voice which cried, "Lazarus come forth?" When will we believe God, and acknowledge that, for this fallen plante, the only liberator, the only propagandist of freedom and happiness, is the truth, the Bible? that the only banner which can lead us on to victory over tyranny and slavery is the Cross—the "ensign of the people"—the royal oriflamme of heaven unto which "shall the gathering of the people be;" the lifting up of which shall "draw all men,"—shall rescue them from idolatry, from degradation, from the tyranny which not only bruises the body, but debases the mind and soul,—shall draw them from all this, and reclaim them to their true dignity and real happiness?—*True Union*.

It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that "a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

One day, during the ardour of the chase, the king was separated from all his companions; and having in vain sought to join them again through the thick masses of wood with which the forest abounded, he determined at length to extricate himself from his difficulties by proceeding to the nearest village, and inquiring his way from thence to Tutbury. It so happened that, for this purpose, he stepped at the house of a poor man named Taylor, in the village of Barton-under-Needwood, whose wife had, not long before, presented him with three sons at a birth. The father volunteered his services to conduct the king—who did not disclose his rank—to the place of his inquiry; and while he was making himself ready for that purpose, the mother introduced the three little babes to the stranger at the cottage-door. The king was much pleased with the adventure; and, in reward for the poor man's services, undertook to pay for the education of the three children, if they should live long enough to be put to school. Taylor expressed his grateful thanks, and the king did not forget his promise. When the three children attained man's estate, they had made such good use of the learning thus afforded them, that they all became doctors in divinity, and obtained good preferment. John Taylor, the eldest of them, became Archdeacon of Derby, Rector of Sutton-Coldfield, and Clerk of the Parliament that sat in the seventh year of the reign of Henry the eighth.—He was made Master of the Rolls in 1528, and died in 1534; but not before he had proved his gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of Events for the singular mercies extended to himself and his brothers by erecting the present church of Barton, near the site of the cottage in which they first saw the light.

"LUMP THEM."—A young Wesleyan student recently occupied, one Sunday morning, the pulpit of one of their chapels in Manchester; and, in his prayer, he prayed for the Queen, Prince Albert, and each of the royal babies by name; and bad got as far as the King of Hanover, when a blunt, honest countryman, who happened to be a worshipper, tired of the long catalogue, cried out aloud, "Lump 'em! lump 'em!" A hearty "Amen!" from the congregation testified how feelingly they entered into the countryman's request, to the surprise and confusion of the "man in black."—*North British Advertiser*.

Pope gives the secret of tattling, in this hint. He says that when the thoughts are not employed on things, it is usual to turn them on persons. A good man has not the inclination, and an industrious man has not the leisure to be censorious: so that censure or tattling is the property of idleness.

Those who have had the most forgiven them should be the least addicted to slander.

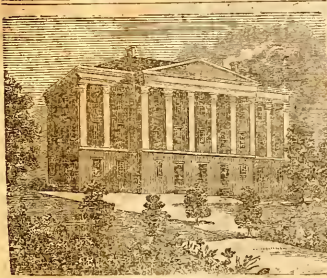
The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance.



JANUARY 15, 1852.

TIPPLING LAW.

A Bill reported to the House of Representatives, to regulate the sale of spirituous liquors was rejected by that body a few days since. We know not the chief ground of opposition to this Bill, whether it was opposition to the end proposed to be accomplished, or some defect in the plan by which it was to be effected. If it arose from opposition to the prohibition of tipping houses, it argues badly for the morals of that body or their knowledge of the wants of the people.—This result, however, has not disappointed us, nor shall we be disappointed at the rejection of every measure proposed for the suppression of dram shops. Not that we believe a majority of the Legislature are dram-drinkers or unconvinced of the polluting and damning influence of these establishments to the community. But past experience teaches that Legislators are candidates for re-election, and they feel called upon to legislate for the purpose of making votes instead of laws; and they have learned that opposition to any prohibitory laws on this subject, will give them the vote of that class of people who patronize tipping houses. And another fact of equal importance has unfortunately been learned: that their opposition to this salutary reform, will not loose them the votes of but comparatively few temperance men, provided there is a prospect of a party triumph—that even the advocates for this measure will, in many instances connive at the use of the temperance question to defeat a political opponent.

The difficulty on the subject does not lie in a want of a correct judgment either in the people or the law-makers, the judgment of all sober and thinking men is right on the question, and all attest the great evil of these liquor houses. The trouble is a lack of a high toned moral principle that will rise above party or self interest, and do right, even at a sacrifice. Until this point is gained nothing permanent can be effected by the Legislature, for what may be gained at one time will be lost at another.

The question naturally arises how this moral principle is to be diffused so as to attain the desired result. We do not believe it is to be through a Temperance Society, of whatever name it may be called. These to be sure have done much, and may still do much in arousing public attention to the evil of dram-drinking, and may combine much influence to oppose its progress, and should be encouraged to put forth all their strength. But after all, the true elements of moral strength to be found in these societies is in the christian principle in their membership. It is through the diffusion of Christianity, and the principles of the Gospel amongst the people, through the instrumentality of the Church, that all permanent reforms of a moral character are to be effected. It is then by strengthening the moral principle of the Churches of Christ, and their reflex-influence on society, that the evils of intemperance are to be removed. In proportion as christianity prevails, just in that ratio is the use of alcohol abandoned. The mere joining a society has but little effect when principle is wanting. Men will subscribe their names to a pledge not to buy, sell, or drink, and then honorably withdraw and do all, if appetite or interest shall prompt. This is not a question of State policy like other purely political questions, but a question of morality and social order. It is a question which should not be left in the hands of political empirics—should not be left as a bone of contention with aspirants for office. It is a question belonging to the Church, the Pulpit, the family circle, all are deeply interested, and never was there a time which called louder for a powerful influence to be exerted on the subject.—The co-partnership in the traffic in alcohol between dram-shops and the State has opened wide a flood-gate of pollution that is sweeping its contents over the face of society, and blasting the morals as well as hastening the perdition of thousands of the young men of the State.—

Decorated tipping-houses, fitted up with the attractions of the "nine pins," the "game of amusement," and other things to attract the young, are increasing to an awful extent the use of spirituous liquors. That these things are true, let any one visit our criminal courts, and the presence at the bar, of boys and young men in their tenderest youth, as criminals for affrays, assaults, and murder—all occurring at tipping-houses, and under the influence of liquor, and he will be convinced. There should go up to our Legislators the stern mandate of an unyielding and inflexible moral principle, demanding that the Statute Books of a christian community be relieved of that foul blot upon their pages, which makes them unwilling partners of crime.

We resisted the present tipping law to the last by remonstrative correspondence with Legislators who framed it and passed it, and have never knowingly deviated from a resolution then formed, to never support for a similar station, a man who voted the present law into being—and we stand ready to withhold our suffrage from him, who having an opportunity to wipe out the stain refuses to do so. We say this not as the exponent of any order or society of men, but on our individual responsibility. We belong to no society on earth but the Church of Christ, and would to God we could feel justifiable in speaking on behalf of all who profess to be governed by the Gospel. H.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The second session of this Institute has just opened with very flattering prospects. The present session will continue till the middle of July, and in future the sessions will coincide with those of the University. Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Shelton have associated with themselves Miss Goodrich, a highly accomplished and amiable lady, recently from New York. Miss G. is a graduate of one of the most celebrated female Colleges of her native State and has taught five years with great success.

The trustees of the Institute have purchased a beautiful site for their new buildings. The campus consists of five acres from the delightful grove lying adjacent to the residence of Mrs. Burton. The Trustees intend to proceed immediately in the erection of the building.

Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death. "So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without prayer."

CONTROVERSY.

Controversy is said to be useful when principles and not men are the subjects of discussion. By its truth is sometimes elicited, which, otherwise would have remained concealed. There ever has been, and there ever will be, a warfare between truth and error. No cessation of hostilities can ever take place between these antagonistic principles. The question then arises, in what manner shall religious controversy be conducted in order that it may prove beneficial rather than injurious?—We fear much of the religious controversy of the present day is calculated to stir up strife rather than to elicit truth—indeed, in too many instances the disputants seem to lose sight of principles in their eagerness to vilify and abuse each other. Instead of keeping to the point in discussion and trying to convince each other of error, each seems desirous to convince the world that his antagonist is the meanest man that breathes, and wholly unworthy of his notice, or that of any other person having the least claim for respectability, and that his only reason for condescending to notice him is that he belongs to a respectable denomination. To say the most bitter things, and to create the most merriment at the expense of the other, each seems to regard as an evidence of a triumph—of a victory of truth over error.

Some men seem to live, and move, and have their being in contention. They are always combatting some error, as they conceive. If they are invested with the ministerial office, every discourse they deliver is an attack on some doctrine held by another denomination—they are, at all times, engaged in pulling down instead of building up. Take away from the sermons of such men their refutation of supposed errors, and there is nothing left.—They are wholly incapable of proving an affirmative proposition, and all they say consists in objections to what others hold.

Yet these men verily believe that they are set apart for the special defence of Zion, and that they are obeying the injunction of the Apostle, "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the Saints." This faith usually consists of some one article of their particular creed, which they allow to fill their minds to the almost entire exclusion of the great and fundamental doctrines of Christianity. If a brother should venture to suggest to one of this class that he is a little too pugnacious in his spirit—that a little more of the lamb and a little less of the tiger would

better comport with the character of a herald of the Gospel of peace, he fiercely replies to him, "You are a milk-and-water man—a moral coward—afraid of discussion—you are willing to compromise the truth and affiliate with error. I have no patience with men who stand upon the fence. I want bold and fearless champions for the truth." And such doubtless he fully believes himself to be, while the more judicious and discerning can clearly see that his arrogant assumptions are unaccompanied by the spirit of Christian meekness and humility—by that spirit which was manifested by the lowly and compassionate Jesus, and without which the voice of inspiration declares that we are none of his, are doing more to injure the cause of truth and lower the standard of godliness, than all his arguments can possibly do to advance those interests.—We believe that a pugnacious spirit, instead of advancing the cause of truth, must, of necessity, retard it. It is true that truth is aggressive—that it makes its attack on error, but its only legitimate weapons are arguments,—appeal to the reason and the conscience, and these arguments are tenfold more likely to convince the judgment, when they are so courteously presented as to predispose the mind to a candid examination, than when presented in such terms and accompanied by such sneering and abusive epithets as are calculated to arouse prejudice and throw the mind upon the defensive. Human nature instinctively revolts at the idea of being driven. It may be easily led in the right direction if the proper springs are touched and the heart opened to the reception of truth.

As each one claims for himself the right to form such opinions as he pleases, he should be willing that every other individual should enjoy the same right; true, if he believes another in error, benevolence would prompt him to endeavor to convince his neighbor of that error, but it affords him no ground for regarding him as an enemy or treating him as such.—Christian courtesy is not incompatible with a firm, manly and independent advocacy of the truth. The obligation to love our neighbor as ourselves, is as binding towards those who differ from us as it is in regard to such as hold the same sentiments with ourselves. Where this love really exists, it never seeks expression in slanderous insinuations or in biting sarcasms.

Pity the frailty of man, but propagate not an evil report of him.

YOUNG MEN.

We have headed this article, not to designate so much the subject of it, as to call the attention of that particular class of persons named, to a very important subject. The young man pursuing his studies as a student, at school, in acquiring a profession or engaged in other occupations, thinks that none but parents and relations care but little for him, and none else are particularly observant of his course with intentions of good. This however, is wide of the truth. The christian, philanthropist and patriot, and there are not a few such in every community, are most intently interested in the prospects of every young man, and watches all the developments of his intellectual and moral character, either with hope or fear. The young man may think he is comparatively a stranger in the community, and that but few have noticed him or formed any opinion respecting him, but this is a mistake again, he has already been weighed in the scales of enlightened and sanctified judgment; and his wants and prospects fully ascertained. The enlightened christian patriot feels that the hope of the church and the nation—the future destiny of the world is in the hands of the rising generation of young men—they must in the next generation fill our pulpits, make and administer our laws, and occupy the Executive chair of the nation. It is but natural under such circumstances, that those influences for good or evil to a young man's future life should be sought for and pointed out. The subject which we thus introduce may be regarded as of no considerable importance, many young persons we know have formed this opinion, and will be astonished that we introduce it with so much gravity. It is the influence of the *Sabbath on the character of young men*. And having announced the subject we hope we have secured the reading of the following from the New York Recorder.

H.
The value of the Sabbath to young men cannot be estimated. As a means of intellectual culture, it is invaluable. The stirring themes of pulpit discussion wake up thought, and excite the mind to investigation. The appetite thus created is fed in the Bible class and in the Sabbath school, and in private reading. The Sabbaths of a year are equivalent to two months' schooling; and no science can furnish better mental aliment than religious truth. The intellectual advancement made under its influence is healthful and symmetrical. But all this is lost to the young man, who disregards the claims of the Holy Sabbath, and spends its sacred hours in seeking his own pleasure. While the Sabbath-keeping young man takes fifty-two steps forward in intellectual improvement, the

Sabbath-breaker takes fifty-two strides backward towards mental debasement. The associations of Sabbath-breaking are debasing. Nothing elevating and ennobling will be found in the social intercourse of Sabbath-breakers. It all tends downward.

But the intellectual are nothing in comparison with the social and mental advantages of the Sabbath to a young man. Let us suppose the case of a young man, who comes from the country to the city, to acquire a knowledge of business. Let him conscientiously regard the Holy Sabbath. His regard for the Sabbath will lead him to the house of God. Here all the associations which clustered around the home of his childhood, will be called up by the similarity of the scene. The same truths fall upon his ears. The same atmosphere surrounds him.—He is drawn into the Sabbath-school or Bible class. There he meets with associates, who surround him with a genial influence. At length he is introduced into religious families, as a visitor; thus a net work of sacred and salutary influences surround him, to secure him against the snares and temptations of city life.

But, on the other hand, let him disregard the Sabbath. The moment he sets his foot on God's Holy day, his moral principle is gone; his self-respect is diminished; and one great barrier in the way of his downward course to ruin is removed. He must find some occupation on this, his only leisure day. He sallies forth in search of amusement. He meets with others, in pursuit of the same object, who, to secure it, have made similar havoc of conscience and principle; and among them are not wanting adepts in wickedness. Having broken over one restraint, others readily give way before him, and he falls an easy prey to the destroyer. It would be the next thing to a miracle if he should be rescued from ruin.

But this process is not confined to the city.—Show us the young man anywhere who disregards the Holy Sabbath, and we will show you the young man that is on the high road to ruin. All the good influences in any community, cluster around the Sabbath; and all the evil influences concentrate among Sabbath-breakers.

Pause, then, young man, before you presume to trample on God's Holy Day; for, in so doing, you tread under foot Heaven's richest blessings, and invite all the enemies of the human soul to combine for your destruction. Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on God's Holy Day.

DEFICIENCY OF MINISTERS.

We see it stated in an exchange paper, that of the fifteen hundred churches of the New School Presbyterians, that one thousand are destitute of regular pastors, and five hundred without a "stated supply." What is true of this denomination is in a great measure true of all others. There is a ruinous deficiency in men devoted to the ministry. But we are inclined to doubt whether the number of ministers is small in proportion to the large destitution. In our opinion a grievous error has been committed by churches and ministers which contribute to the pres-

ent deficiency in laborious active preachers of the Gospel. That error is the secularizing of the ministry. In our knowledge, within the range of our ecclesiastical associations we can count twelve or fifteen ministers, who have no regular charge; seldom ever preach or contribute more than ordinary laymen to the building up of the churches. The ministry with them is nominal, a secondary thing, except so far as it may contribute to their temporal benefit. These men are useful in their occupations as teachers, farmers, Doctors, and tradesmen, but so far as the work of the ministry is concerned, they are useless. For this state of things the churches are to blame for either not supporting them as pastors, or in calling them to occupy Colleges, Academies and school-houses, and the ministers themselves are to blame for not possessing self-denial enough to be ministers of Christ laboring for the good of souls even if they had to occupy an inferior station, and occasionally labor with their hands for a support, or adopt the most rigid economy to enable them to do the work of their master. A thirst on the part of ministers for wealth, or more distinction than can be gained by ministering to churches in country places and log houses, has placed many men of learning and talent in the school-room, or led them to abandon the work if not the office of the ministry. We hope the time may come when the churches will refuse to employ ministers as teachers, and compel them to preach or lay down their credentials. Of course it will devolve upon the churches to support them, but we have ever maintained, and experience has demonstrated the truth of the opinion, that if ministers are laborious men, and will *confide* the churches, and commit their ways to God, that however slow the churches may be in discharging their duty, yet they will do it. If ministers become petish and reproachful to their brethren for slowness to discharge their obligations, they engender a spirit of resentment that will fail of its purpose. Let ministers impose a generous confidence in their brethren, and let them feel from their conduct they do so, and in nine cases out of ten, they will do their duty.

H.

SECTARIANISM.

There are some men in this world so intensely sectarian that they are unable to discover any piety or moral worth in the members of any denomination except the one to which they belong, and yet these very men are always denouncing

sectarianism, and charging others with being tinctured with this spirit. They do not seem to be conscious that there is a wide difference between the desire to advance true godliness and the desire to add to the number of members of the denomination to which an individual may belong. The former is benevolent, the latter purely selfish; and yet many, we verily believe, confound these two feelings. They conceive that they are doing the will of God, and actually engaged in his cause, when their motives may be to increase the number and respectability of their Church, without the least desire to promote the glory of God or the salvation of souls.—Such individuals are not hypocrites, but they are self-deceived. They have never experienced the love of God in their hearts. They engage in religion with the same feeling and are actuated by the same motives that would govern them in attempting to promote the interests of a political party. They cannot sympathize with the angels in their joy over a sinner that repenteth, unless they believe he will unite with their own communion. It becomes us all to examine our own hearts, and strive to learn what manner of spirit we are of, for if we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of his.

E.

APOLOGETIC.

A failure to receive a supply of paper has delayed our present issue several days beyond its proper time, and forced us to print it on an inferior article. We hope our friends will make the necessary allowance.

A love of truth, a delicate regard for the feelings of others, a simplicity of speech, an inherent and retiring modesty, a regard for God and religion, a *real* love for what is *really* virtuous, these constitute a beauty meritorious and worthy of possession. The sick bed will test it, but it will shine brighter there; time with its itching fingers, cannot steal it, for it is locked within a treasury that never yet was robbed while all these were its safeguard, and it can be improved every hour, yes, every moment, till it shall shine in the glory of perfection.

The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

Archidamus being asked—who was the masters of Sparta? The laws, said he, and next them, the magistrates.

THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. JAMES HAMILTON,
Minister of the Scotch Church, Regent Square,
London.

Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association.

EXETER HALL, NOVEMBER 27, 1849.

Continued.

There is no phenomenon in nature so awful as a thunder-storm, and almost every poet, from Homer and Virgil down to Dante and Milton, or rather down to Grahame and Pollok, has described it. In the Bible, too, we have a thunder-storm—the 29th Psalm—the description of a tempest, which, rising from the Mediterranean, and travelling by Lebanon and along the inland mountains, reaches Jerusalem, and sends the people in the temple-porches for refuge. And besides those touches of terror in which the geographical progress of the tornado is described, it derives a sacred vitality and power from the presence of Jehovah in each successive peal. "The voice of the Lord is on the sea: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is on the mighty sea." The voice of the Lord is powerful, the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf: Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the Wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the binds to calve, and discovereth the forest; and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the water-torrent; yea, the Lord will give strength unto his people;—and now the sun shines out again—"the Lord will bless his people with peace."*

Among those who have expressly written on the sublime; it is agreed that the most thrilling spectacle is one whose obscure outlines or vague presence at once suggests the supernatural. Of this sublime in terror the 4th of Job supplies an acknowledged instance:

"A thing, too, was imparted to me secretly,
Mine ear received a whisper with it.
In tumults of night-visions,
When deep sleep falls on men,
Panic came on me, and horror.
And the multitude of my bones did shake.
A spirit pa-sed before my face,
The hair of my flesh stood up:
It stood—but I could not discern its form—
A figure before mine eyes.
—Silence—and I heard a voice:
Shall a mortal be righteous before God?
Shall a man be pure before his Maker?"

But perhaps the poetic beauty in which the Bible most excels all other books, is

*Over many of the psalms it sheds a flood of new significance when the reader understands their mechanism, as in the case of many it has been disclosed by the labors of Lowth, Horsley, Hengstenberg, and others. It was one happy morning in his huc-cuse at Dundee, that my dear friend Robert McChesne showed me the geographical structure of the 29th psalm. And certainly it enhances the meaning of this majestic ode when we conceive the spectator psalmist as standing with the awe-struck multitude in the temple porch, and watching the march of the thunder-storm as it advances from the Mediterranean or "mighty" sea, and at last bursts in a water-flood around themselves.

description of the world around us. A better idea of the poetic susceptibility was never given than when John Foster called it *physiopathy*, "the faculty of pervading all nature with one's own being, so as to have a perception, a life, an agency, in all things." "If you observe a man of this order, though his body be a small thing, completely invested in a little cloth, he expands his being in a grand circle all around him. He feels as if he grew in grace, and flowers, and groves, as if he stood on yonder distant, mountain-top conversing with clouds, or sublimely sporting among their imaged precipices, caverns, and ruins. He flows in that river, chafes in its cascades, smiles in its water lilies, frisks in the fishes. He is sympathetic with every bird, and seems to feel the sentiment that prompts the song of each; and from this ability to transfuse himself into every object around him, in a certain sense he inherits all things." To which we would only add; that beside this poetic sympathy with nature, the sacred writers seem to have possessed a still purer perception of what nature is. They not only could transfuse their own life into the landscape, but they could discern how much of the living God is there. And instead of that material semblance which a Claude or a Rembrandt might project on his canvass, or Virgil or Shensstone might embody in his verse, they inhaled Jehovah's breath and harkened to Jehovah's voice, and received into their adoring bosoms as much of Jehovah's life as lingers in our defaced and fallen world. Hence it comes to pass, the book which contains by far the brightest and most vivacious landscape, the holiest and happiest view of things around us, is the word of God. Viewed in his own light, and delineated by his own pencil, the mountains skip, the seas clap hands, the little hills rejoice, and the valleys sing. The Bible landscape has a limped freshness, as viewed by an eye which carnality has never dimmed, or that loving and observant eye which grace has made young again. It needs no Dryads to people its woodlands, or Oreads to flit over its mountains, or Naiads to give mirth to its waters or music to its streams; for a higher animation fills them, and every chiming brook and fluttering spray, every zephyr and blessed sound, is a note in God's own anthem: "Praise the Lord from the earth; ye dragons and all deeps; fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains and all hills, faithful trees, and all cedars: beasts and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl: things of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: both young men, and maidens, old men, and children; let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

But instead of quoting illustrative passages from what may be called the pastoral and descriptive poetry of Scripture, I shall read one which, while a graphic description, like most kindred portions of holy writ owes its sublimity to its moral power; and I quote it the rather because our own translation does not bring out its

entire significance. It is the 38th chapter of Job, and the question is, Where is wisdom to be found? and, What is the abode or hiding place of understanding? Is it a deposit hidden in the bowels of the earth—a treasure for which we must ransack the caverns underneath, or rummage in the rified rock? Is it a secret for which we must bribe the grave, or which death alone can whisper in the ear? And so it commences with a magnificent account of the miner's doings under-ground:

"Truly there is a mine for the silver,
And a place for the gold so fine;
Iron is dug up from the earth,
And the earth pours forth its copper.
Man digs into darkness,
And explores to the utmost bound
The stores of dimness and death shade;
He breaks up the veins of the matrix,
Which, unthought of, and underfoot,
Are drawn forth to gleam among mankind.
The surface pours forth bread,
But the subterranean winds of a fiery region
Its stones are the sapphire's bed,
And it hides the dust of gold.
It is a path which the eagle knows not,
Nor has the eye of the vulture scanned.
The lion's whelp has not tracked it,
Nor the raving lion pounced on it.
The miner, thrust his hand on the sparry ore,
And overturns the mountains by their roots.
He cuts a channel through the rock,
And spies each precious gem.
He binds up the oozing vein,
And darts a radiance through the gloom.
But O, where shall Wisdom be found?
And where is the place of Understanding?
Man knows not its source,
For it is not to be found in the land of the living."

The sea says, "it is not in me;"
And "Not in me," echoes the abyss
Solid gold cannot be given for it,
Nor silver be weighed for its purchase.
It cannot be bought for the ingot of Ophir,
For the precious onyx or the sapphire.
The burnished gold and crystal cannot equal it,
Nor golden tinkets match it.
Talk not of corals or pearls,
For the attraction of wisdom is beyond rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia cannot rival it,
Nor the purest bullion barter it.
"Wherefore, then, cometh Wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
Hid from the eyes of all living,
And unseen by the fowls of the air,
Destruction and Death say,
"We have heard its fame with our ears."
God understands its track;
He knows its dwelling place;
For to the end of the earth he sees,
And under all heaven surveys,
When he weighed out the air
And meted out the water;
When he fixed the course of the rain;
And the path of the barri-cane;
Then did he eye it and proclaim it;
He prepared it and searched it out,
And unto man he said,
"Behold the fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom,
And to depart from evil is understanding."

It would consume all this evening were I reading from the prophets and the psalms those passages of grandeur which make the sacred text so awful and august; and of that class I shall read no more. But perhaps the sublime, though the highest order of literary effort is not, after all, the most popular. Were we putting it to the world at large we should probably find that the books they like best are those which are less exalted above the every-day level, and whose simple incidents, and cheerful

*Some lines of the above may be slightly paraphrased; but the version is essentially the same as that of Dr. Mason Goode, with modifications from Dr. Lee and others.

glimpses, and human pathos, bring them home to every man's comprehension and feeling. In this sort of narrative that world's book, the Bible, abounds. Do you ask for tenderness? "And Ruth said to her mother-in-law, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." The Lord do so to me, and I be cursed, if I ought but death part thee and me." Do you ask for pathos? "And Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, is the young man, Absalom, safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king and all that rise up against thee to do the hurt, be as that young man. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate and wept, and as he went thus he said, O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son!" Or do you ask for natural, simple, and effecting narrative? "A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and wasted his substance in riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into the field to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said how many hired servants of my father's house have bread enough and to spare. And I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

I would willingly extend these remarks to other species of composition, and would like to show particularly how many models of eloquent argument and engaging discourses are contained in the New Testament. But on the wide field of revelation, with its intellectual opulence, I forbear to enter. I can easily understand how the Bible was one of the four volumes which always lay on Byron's table; and it would

be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies, vitiating or unwitting, which painters, sculptors, orators, and poets, have rendered to the most thought-suggesting book in all the universe. It never aims at fine writing. It never steps aside for a moment for the sake of a felicitous expression or a good idea. It has only one end—to tell the world all about God's great salvation; and yet the wonder is, that it has incidentally done more to supply the world with powerful and happy diction, and literature with noble thoughts, and images, and the fine arts with memorable subjects, than perhaps all other books that have been written. "The world's Maker, is the Bible's Author, and the same profusion which furnished so lavishly the abode of man, has filled so richly and adorned so brilliantly the book of man."

And just as that Bible is the great storehouse and repository of intellectual wealth, so I must add its vital truth is the grand source of intellectual power. When Sir Samuel Romilly visited Paris, immediately after the first French Revolution, he remarked, "Every thing I saw convinced me that, independently of our future happiness and our sublimest enjoyments in this life, religion is necessary to the comforts, the convenience, and even elegance and lesser pleasures of life. Not only did I never meet with a writer, truly eloquent who did not at least affect to believe in religion, but I never met with one in whom religion was not the richest source of all eloquence." I am persuaded that in things intellectual the rule will hold, that piety is power. I am persuaded that no productions of genius will survive to the end of all things, in which there is not something of God; and I am further persuaded, that no book can exercise a lasting ascendancy over mankind on which his blessing has not been implored, and in which his Spirit does not speak. Of all the powers and faculty of the human mind, the noblest is the one which God has created for himself; and if that reverential adoring faculty do not exist, or be by suicidal hands extirpated, the world will soon cease to feel the man who has no fear of God. The stateliest compartment in this human soul is the one which, in creating it, Jehovah reserved for his own throne-room and presence-chamber; and however curiously decorated or gorgeously furnished the other compartments be, if this be empty and void, it will soon diffuse a blank and beggarly sensation over all the rest. And thus, while the Voltaires and Rousseaus, of athiest memory, are waxing old and vanishing from the firmament of letters, names of less renown, but more religion, brighten to a greater lustre. So true is it that no man can long keep a hold of his fellow-man, unless he himself first has hold of God.

To be continued.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London, for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms; in the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics and near a yard of old civil law in folio.

OUR COUNTRY.

In 1792, the corner stone of the present capital at Washington was laid. At that time, General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of Government was named, officiated. Fifty-eight years afterwards, viz: on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had fifteen States, now we have thirty-one.

Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has 136,000.

Philadelphia had 42,000, now it has 409,000.

New York had 33,000, now it has 515,000.

Then our imports were 31,000,000, now they are 178,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,300,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have 8,500.

Then we had no telegraph, now we have 12,000.

Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000, now it is \$3,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of obligation to those that shall come after us.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

It has been generally supposed that the natural bridge, in Virginia, was the only geological wonder of the kind in the country. This is a mistake. In Carter county, Kentucky, there is a natural bridge across the Rockbridge branch of the Cany fork of Little Sandy. It is 195 feet span, 12 feet wide, 20 feet thick in the middle of the arch, and 107 feet above the water. In the county of Walker, in Alabama, there is another similar natural curiosity, which was discovered in a recent geological exploration. The span is 120 feet, and the height nearly 70. This bridge is formed of sand-stones, and is very symmetrical. Large beech and hemlock trees grow on the bridge, and the surrounding scenery is represented as sublime.

If you put two persons to sleep in the same bed-room, one of whom has the tooth-ache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the tooth-ache will go to sleep first.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier, the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

[For the Classic Union.]

THE NESTLINGS AND THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

BY G. S. FERCIVAL.

A bright and joyous pair,
In early spring, had made their happy nest
Upon a bough in vernal beauty drest,
Amid the blossoms fair.

And soon their callow young,
Among the rustling leaves, made sweetly heard
Their infant voices—while each parent bird
Its thankful matins sang.

Flew by on wings of joy
The hours, by sweet domestic care beguiled;
And kind, propitious Heaven looked down and
smiled
Upon their sweet employ.

But, one bright summer day,
Sudden beneath their tree, a murderous sound
Was heard—and lo! the father fluttering on the
ground,
Bleeding and dying, lay!

With loud and piteous cries,
The frightened mother shrieks for help in vain—
For hark! that murderous sound is heard again—
She falls to earth and dies!

All day the tender brood
For their poor murdered parents vainly cried,
At every leader's murmur opening wide
Their little mouths for food.

All night they shivering lay,
Chilled by the night-dews in their lonely nest,
Unwarned by their fond mother's sheltering
breast—
Moaning the hours away.

Fainter and fainter grew,
Next morn, their dying cries; when—joy to see!
A stranger bird alighted on the tree,
With plumes of brilliant hue.

Folding her beauteous wings,
Saw with grief the furnished ones below—
With sympathetic heart felt all their woe,
And drew relief to bring.

With ever new delight
She fed, and cheered, and gaudied them by day;
And, while the dew fell cold upon the spray,
She sheltered them by night.

And when their pinions bright,
Full-fledged, might from their padre home depart,
She lured them forth with sweet, enticing art,
And guided them in flight.

The bidding then farewell,
She spread her pinions for that clime unknown,
Whence on a sacred mission she had flown,
Awhile with them to dwell.

"Stay, foster-mother stay!"
They cried, "till we have learned thy sacred
name—
Till thou hast taught us whence thy presence
came—
Usthirer taught the way."

With voice of melody,
She sang, unprompted toward her native skies
"I'm called the fairest bird of Paradise—
My name is *Charity*."

GOD THE AUTHOR OF PROSPERITY.

BY JOSEPH BELCHER.

It is scarcely possible, my brethren, to conceive a scene more interesting than that of a great monarch, like the king of Israel, bowing at the head of his people, before the Supreme Governor of the universe. Imagination here presents to our view the thousands of descendants of Abraham, engaged in the public worship of Jehovah: some important event occupies their attention as a nation; they earnestly

desire the prosperity of their country; and, hence, their beloved sovereign, as the representative of the whole body prays, "Save now I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." It is ever important to remember that national prosperity is the gift of heaven; and while statesmen devise means apparently adapted to promote extensively happiness, the Christian who has been taught to feel a lively interest in the happiness of his fellow-men, and to desire the welfare of his native land, and looks to the Giver of all good for the blessings which alone can make the best selected means conducive to the desired end.

Nor is the prayer contained in our text exclusively appropriate to the Christian patriot. The principle on which the petition proceeds is applicable to us in our individual state, and to every connection we form in society. As he who possesses all good is its sovereign and sole dispenser, we must ask it at his hands. In vain does man seek real happiness apart from God. Neither wealth nor honor, nor pleasure, can contribute to our felicity without His blessing, who maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow. To Him, then, we entreat you, to look for whatever may contribute to your personal enjoyment, or that of your families: God requires you to recognize him as the disposer of your affairs, and the author of your peace; if you fail in this duty, and are negligent in asking for his mercies, he frowns upon you—you are unhappy—and ultimately die, to endure his eternal wrath.

If the petition which forms our text be suitable for our adoption in reference to the enjoyment of individual and domestic life, it is not less appropriate for the use of good men in the expression of their best desires on behalf of the Christian church: Thus to describe our wishes for the happiness of Zion, is no abuse of the text; for it requires no ingenuity to prove that the inspired Psalmist had his attention now directed to the period when Jehovah should bless the earth with the presence of his Son; who should establish a new kingdom, and favor the world with knowledge and enjoyments which tend to convert its barren wastes into the garden of God.

And can any of you, my brethren, think of the advent of the Son of God—hear the interesting and sublime doctrines, he published—see him offering himself as a sacrifice for sin—and rising from the dead to establish a spiritual and eternal kingdom on the principles of the Divine glory, designed to illustrate the nature of his doctrine, and promote the best interests of the human race, without a most ardent prayer to heaven, that this kingdom flourish and extend itself till every descendant of Adam be enrolled among its subjects, and share its blessings? From our hearts do we pity those unhappy men, who contemplate the coming of Jesus into our world without shouting Hosanna to this Son of David; or who can witness the commencement of this kingdom, without the most ardent desire that he may go on "con-

quering; and to conquer," till the whole earth become subjects to his moral government.

While we pray for the peace of Jerusalem as a whole, we must have an especial regard to our own district of the city. As he is the best patriot, who diffuses happiness to his own immediate locality, so we regard that Christian as the most loyal subject of the king of Zion, who while he entreats for the diffusion of the truth over the whole earth, especially seeks its interests within his own circle. When the wall of an ancient city was to be raised, every man built over against his own house.

DEATH WILL COME!

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in an able discourse in the October number of the National Preacher, holds the following graphic language in illustration of the above caption:

"Death will come; he will certainly come.—He cannot be evaded; he cannot be put back; he cannot be made to take his steps any lower. Oh, he will come! All that lives on earth will die; every bird, and creeping thing; the eagle, the humming-bird: the insect that flutters in the sunbeam; every tree, and shrub, and flower—the oak, the pine, the acacia, the moss that grows over the wall; every monarch, every peasant, every rich man, every poor man, every slave, every master of a slave; every man, every woman, every child; every old man that prides himself on his honors and on his wealth; every young man that prides himself on his talents or his strength; every maiden that prides herself on her beauty. Oh! all will die!

I am in a world of death; I am amidst the dying and the dead; I see not a living thing in all my rambles that will not die: no man, no woman, no child; no bird, no beast; no plant, no tree. The eagle that cuts the air cannot fly above it; the monster of the deep cannot dive below it; the tiny insect cannot make itself so insignificant that death will not notice it; the leviathan, with his great strength cannot struggle against it. The Christian will die, the sinner will die; yea, the sinner! Your wealth cannot save you; your accomplishments cannot save you. Death cares for none of these things. They are all trifles, gewgaws; beneath his notice. He no more loves "a shining" mark than an ignoble one; he has no more pride in cutting down the rich man than the poor man; the daughter of beauty and fashion, than the daughter of ugliness and of sin. He loves to level the thistle as well as the rose bud, the bramble as the magnolia, the brier as the cedar of Lebanon. He cares as little for the robe of ermine as for the beggar's rags; as little for your richest vestments and gayest apparel as for the blanket of the savage.

You will die, and the fear of death will come upon you. Death comes just as he is—pale, solemn, fixed, stern, determined on his work. He hears no cry of pity; he regards no shriek of terror. He comes steadily, certain, unchanged and unchangeable in his purpose; to take you out of your bed of down; to hurry you away from your splendid dwelling; to call you out of the assembly room; to take you away from the companions that will miss you but for a moment and then resume their dance—that you may die. Death will come. He has been advancing towards you since you began to breathe. He has kept on his way, always advancing to meet you, while you have been asleep or awake; and if you have gone north or south, east or west, he has always put himself in your path; how near or how remote you have never known.

Death will come. He has always been coming; advancing, never receding, and soon his baleful shadow will fall upon your path. And that shadow will deepen and become more chilling, like an advancing lipse; and then his dark form will stand right before you, between you and the light of the living world, and you will be in the dark valley. Death will come—fearful enough under any circumstances, even if you are a Christian; awful, un-peakably awful, if you are not.

THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

We have seen notices of the peculiar attractions of Rev. Charles Wardsworth's eloquence. He is pastor of the Arch street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Never till now, however, have we met with any specimen of his style. The Presbyterian furnishes the following, from a Thanksgiving sermon:

"Nor, be it observed once more, is there any stronger reason to trust *great laws of progress*, or movements of our race towards social and political perfection, which many men are making, as the guarantee of our national prosperity. Ah, those old forms of despotic governments, say they, are relics of a ruder age, never to be tolerated again by a refined and loftier civilization. But, for all this, most demonstrable is the fact, that apart from christianity, there is no such onward tendency of our race toward a single principle that is praiseworthy. Nay, further than this goes the fact, that with all the savor of godliness that is abroad in the midst of us, even now our social and civil progress is exceedingly questionable. In some things, without doubt, there is an onward movement. There is, at any rate, a vast physical progress. We travel faster than our forefathers; we multiply books faster; we live in houses more luxuriously furnished; we worship in temples of costlier decoration. The old Puritan's library was a Bible and a Psalm book. Four miles an hour was the average of his horse's power. He lived in a log house, on boiled corn and bacon, and worshipped his God in the aisles of the wilderness. These things, confessedly, we do better: Physically, we are on the march to perfection, and in another generation, for aught I know, may chin the red lightnings in harness and live on amerosia, like the old demigods. But yet in all this we find not the indication of *progressive humanity*. As a specimen of the fine creature, man, the old Puritan towered above all later specimens, as Mount Blanc among mole hills. And verily, if there be no true social progress, which involves not the idea of the perfection of the *individual man* in all the great features and elements of manhood, where, after all, I pray, find you the data for this declaration about our later social progress? Is it the style and staple of our *literature*? Why we have Dickens, and Bulwer, and Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, and Eugene Sue's works, as the veritable types of the seven plagues of the press, that are in our kneading-troughs and upon our beds. And, society had formerly Milton and Johnson, and Shakspeare and Bacon, and a host of stalwart old giants of Saxon learning. And if you call this change a progress, it is the progress of an avalanche—from the top of a heaven-piercing Alp to the bottom of a quagmire in Italy. 'Or is there progress in our practical morality? Why, if you stood on Plymouth Rock to-day, and followed the horizon with your eye toward the northwest where the land brea's the sea view, you would discern a small island—and that island will stand

on the geography of the Millennium, haloed with glory, as the spot where the old Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath. Yes, fagged, worn and well nigh dead with their long sea voyage, in full view of the land of their adoption—ten, within half an hour's sail of, the welcome coast, the Sabbath dawned on them right abreast of this island; and because they would not let God's wind work for them unnecessarily on the Lord's day—there they moored their barque, and on that desolate island, frost bound and homeless, under a snowy sky and freezing sleet, they remembered the Sabbath day and kept it holy. And think you their children have outmarched them in progressive morality? Ah! let the rash of ten thousand iron wheels, over God's murdered Sabbaths and bleeding laws be the answer. Our progress in practical morals is akin to that in our ecclesiastical architecture—from the light, sweet churches where our fathers worshipped God in fitting guise, to the low-eaved mediæval barn, full of stained windows and Gothic hobgoblins. Or is it in the uprightness and integrity of the men who bear rule in the councils of the nation, that we find proofs of this vaunted progress? Why, we had Benj. Franklin, and John Hancock, and William Witherspoon, and George Washington. And we have now—and we have now—well, you all know who we have—and if it be a progress, it is such an one as Bishop Hughes' Celtic ancestors would have called "*a highest*," from the top of a great wall to the bottom of a great gutter.

"Nay, my hearers, without further enlarging, we declare ourselves utterly at a loss to discover in the midst of us any indications of that advance towards perfection which renders it improbable in the nature of things that under the full tide of our march under our glorious Eagle—we should right about face to the darkness of despotism. Our noble progress seems to be in the accidents rather than the elements of our noble species. Nay, further, had we the limits, we might show you conclusively that, apart from evangelical influences, there never has been, and never can be, one hindbreath of human progress. Were the Indian tribes making progress when the Pilgrims found them? Has there been any progress in Africa? Is Carthage, or Numidia, or Egypt, in advance of their position in long antiquity? Has there been for a long thousand years a single advance in China, or the Indian Islands, or Hindustan?

"No! no! the grand lesson of all history is, that without God's quickening Spirit, the progress of all social and civil manhood is only that of a lifeless body from corruption to corruption. And in respect of our own favored and beloved land, God hath only just to remove the candle-stick out of its place—Jesus: Christ hath only to leave the political barque wherein, with his disciples, he is crossing the stormy deep, and verily, with the wind dead ahead, we shall be swept backward again to the darkness of night and the fragments of shipwreck."

GOING TO TEXAS!!

SELLING OUT AT COST!!!

I WILL sell my stock of goods at cost, either at Wholesale of Retail, for cash. A great bargain can be had at wholesale. I am determined to sell all my property in Murfreesboro', with the intention of going to Texas. I wish to settle up all my business during the present year.

I also offer for sale my Store House, with the privilege of running back to College street. It is one of the best stands for business in the place. Also, the house and lot where I now live, and two of the most slightly building lots on College street, each fronting said street 139 feet and running back 214 feet. They are the most desirable building lots in the city.

All that are indebted to me will please to call immediately and settle up, as it is impossible for me to pay unless I am paid, and as I have never been in the habit of collecting by an agent, I hope to be saved the necessity of having to do so.

[jun17]

R. BOLLES.

Dr. Wm. H. Lytic.

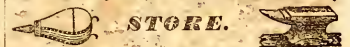
HAVING permanently settled in Murfreesboro', offers his Professional services to the citizens of the town and vicinity in the practice of the various branches in his Profession. His office is on the south side of the square, next door to Reed & Elliott's. His residence, the one formerly owned by Dr. B. W. Avent.

an17-6m

W. P. McDANIEL & E. S. BUTLER, TAILORS.

SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(NEXT DOOR TO JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.'S.)
Murfreesboro', Tenn.

Broadway Hardware and Cutlery



JO. W. HORTON. SILAS N. MACEY.

HORTON & MACEY,
Market Street, one door from Broadway,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

HAVING permanently located themselves as above, will always have in store, a general and well selected stock of Hardware and Cutlery; together with the best Tennessee Rolled and Hammered Iron; also, a full and complete assortment of Castings of every description. Among their goods may be found—

Anvils and Vices;	Horse Brushes,
Hand and Sledge Hammers;	Hinges and Screws,
Brown's Bellows;	Angers, Chisels,
Stocks and Dies;	Candlesticks,
Hoes of every description;	Steel, all kinds,
Chains, all kinds,	Mill and Cut Saws,
Files, do	Circular do
Long handled hovels,	Hand and Whip do
Alex's Railroad do	Planes, all kinds,
Iron and Cast Steel	Braces and Biss,
Spades,	Trowels,
Hay and Manure Forks,	Shovels and Tongs,
Axes and Hatchets,	Grass Rope,
Patent Balances,	Brass Kettles,
Cotton Cards,	Sheet Brass,
Curry Combs,	Grind Stone Rollers,
	Locks and Bolts,
	Safety Fuse,

A few very superior double barreled Bird Guns, A " " " " Deer Guns, in cases, complete.

Ivory handled Table Knives, with and without Forks;

Ivory handled Table Knives, full sets, 51 pieces,

Ivory and Buck handled Carving Knives and Forks,

Superior Razors and Razor Straps,

Rogers' and Wostenholm's superior Pocket Cutlery.

Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, and Gun materials generally. Together with a large variety of other articles usually kept in such houses; all of which we offer at wholesale and retail, FOR CASH

jan16

H. & M.

DIED—On the 8th inst., THOMAS H., infant son of David and M. L. MACEY, of this vicinity.

WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream—
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless now and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brzen wheel—
Or but a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er,
A few more steps, and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing upward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn,
As transient as the mists of morn
Beneath the summer sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft changing scene.
Youths happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green.
Next, Summer's prime succeeds the Spring
Then Autumn with a tear.
Then comes old Winter—death, and all
Must find their level here.

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

When Hamilton was a young man he was engaged in an important case, and was opposed by Brockholst Livingston, then in the zenith of his glory at the New York bar. A rich firm in Paris consigned a valuable cargo to a respectable house in New York, whose names were given, but I have forgotten them. The consignment was made with special instructions; but the house in New York, acting as they thought for the best good of their friends in Paris, sold the cargo at a loss, for which they were blamed. The firm in Paris commenced a suit against the house in New York. Hamilton was for the plaintiffs, an Livingston for the defendants. The case excited great interest. Livingston exerted himself to the utmost, drew a very affecting picture of the calamity that would fall upon his clients if the case should go against them; dwelling upon their high character, and the fact that they acted as they supposed for the good of the firm in Paris. He was earnest and eloquent in his appeals; he became himself much excited, and shed tears while he depicted the loss his clients would sustain if they were held responsible for the sale. The assembly appeared much affected, and he closed amidst a general feeling of deep sympathy for the men in New York.

Hamilton arose—but he saw at once that it would be useless for him to stem such a tide of feeling. He must give a diversion to it. In a cool way he began by saying, that the efforts and tears of his learned friend reminded him of an occurrence which took place in the early part of his practice. A gentleman came to him to secure his services in a case—he stated to him some facts: "These," said he, "I wish you to take and 'work them up.'" He referred to other facts and circumstances:—"These," said he, "I wish you to arrange and 'work them up,'" and at a proper

time to 'shed a few tears.'" Now said Mr. Hamilton, my learned friend has not only taken what he supposed to be the facts in the case, and has 'worked them up,' but has done, what I did not engage to do,—he has 'shed a few tears.' The effect was electrical—the tide was turned—a new aspect was given to the subject, and he went on and argued the case upon its merits, and was successful; he obtained a large amount for his clients. The next day as he was walking down Broadway, Mr. Livingston said to some persons, pointing to Hamilton, "that is a very extraordinary man, if he lives he will rise to great eminence."—*The Home Circle.*

H. G. SCOVEL,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)

Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Touches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

BINFORD & McDERMOTT.

REMOVAL.

J. McDERMOTT & P. E. T. BINFORD having bought out the interest of H. L. BINFORD, have removed their entire stock from both of their old stands into the large and commodious store room east side of the square, formerly occupied by Hicks & Ott, (Leiper's Corner) where they would be pleased to see their old customers, and as many new ones as will favor them with their patronage. They have now on hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, and are constantly receiving fresh supplies, which they will sell on very reasonable terms. They return their thanks to the citizens of Rutherford and adjoining counties for the very liberal patronage which they have extended to them heretofore, and hope by close attention to business, to merit a continuation of the same. jan10—1f

R. D. REED,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
—ALSO—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c. &c.
Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
DR. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
jan1-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murreesborough, Tenn.

JOS. A. BOEHMS,
DEALER IN
SADDLERY & HARNESS,
(CORNER OF HILLYVILLE AND CHURCH STS.)
Murreesborough, Tenn.

WILSON Y. JONES.

JAMES M. PEAK

JONES & PEAK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Flour,
SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murreesborough, Tenn.

Dr. John M. Watson

HAS settled permanently in Nashville. He will attend to calls both in the city and country. Office on Cherry street. au2—1f

DAGUERRETYPE STOCK.

PETER SMITH, Importer and Dealer in American and French Plates, Frames, Chemicals, and Glasses; German and American Instruments, General Agent for the supply of Daguerreotype Apparatus, and Materials of every description, No. 36 Fifth Street, second door East of Walnut, Cincinnati. my10-12m*

Dr. J. E. Wendel

TAKES this occasion to express his gratitude to the citizens of Murreesborough and Rutherford county for the very liberal patronage extended to him, and hopes, by strict attention in the discharge of his professional duties, to merit a continuation of it.

He has associated with him his brother, DR. R. S. WENDEL. They will hereafter practice medicine together in its different branches. The services of both may be had when desired, without additional charge.

Office, the one occupied by the firm of Watson & Wendel, South-side of the Square. an2—6m

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
Murreesborough Tenn.



Rooms—in the New Building adjoining the Methodist Church.
N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of his profession for the last eleven years. Charges moderate. july26

SEWANEE HOUSE,

On College, between Union and Spring sts.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

M. EDWARDS

PROPRIETOR.

I WOULD respectfully inform my old friends and the traveling community generally, that I have purchased the Furniture, &c., in the above named House, and leased it for a term of years, and it shall be my earnest endeavor to keep a Hotel second to none in the South or West. Hoping to receive a liberal patronage from a generous public, I remain the public's servant [jan3-12m] M. EDWARDS.

BENJAMIN SMITH & SONS.

 GRATEFUL for past favors, and solicitous for a continuance of patronage, would respectfully announce to the public generally, that they are prepared to carry on, in a more extensive way than heretofore, the manufacture and repairing of Carriages, Rockaways, Phaetons, Barouches, Double Seat Buggies, Single Seat do, Prince Alberts, and Cabs; having received a splendid and extensive stock of materials direct from the East, and secured the labor of some of the best workmen to be found here, or elsewhere. They confidently assure the public that they will use none but the best materials, and will furnish anything in their line on as good terms for cash, or to punctual men on time, as any other establishment of the kind in the State. They have on hand, in addition to their splendid stock New Work, a number of second-hand Barouches and Buggies, which they will sell very low.

Citizens of Rutherford and adjoining counties are respectfully advised to call and examine their stock and learn their prices and test the truth of the above, before purchasing elsewhere. Good cash notes received for any work. [jan3-6m] Shop opposite Sublett's Inn.

Dr. Abernathy

HAS removed his office to Main Street, next door to J. M. Arant, and nearly opposite the Post Office. jan17-6m

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, FEBRUARY 2, 1852.

NO. 10.

[For the Classic Union.]

FEMALE EDUCATION.—No. 5.

Another reason why schools, which all admit to be good, do not more frequently send forth such women as Mrs. Adams, may be found in the very early age at which our young ladies enter society, and the consequently limited period devoted to school education. Few girls advance beyond mere primary studies before they are twelve years old, and few remain at school after they are sixteen. Thus with the great majority, nearly the whole business of intellectual education is crowded into a period of about four years. And these years are taken from that portion of life when the mind is too immature to put forth its most successful efforts, in the acquisition of knowledge. Add to this the fact, that a large portion of this time must be devoted to music and ornamental branches, and it will not be surprising that comparatively few women have thoroughly cultivated minds.

Nothing is more embarrassing to teachers than the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that by the time female pupils have attained to maturity of mind, and acquired mental discipline enough to begin to study with real profit, they will leave school, throw aside their books, consult their mirrors rather than their lexicons, study the mysteries of the toilette, and the arts of attracting attention, while their highest ambition is to graduate with the degree of Mrs. The question for teachers to settle is not, by what means can these immortal minds be thoroughly developed and expanded in all their faculties, and rendered in the highest degree capable of usefulness in life, and of reflecting the glory of Him who created them, but it is, how can the small fraction of time in which they are permitted to labor for the benefit of their pupils, be turned to the best account. Some, in surveying the wide fields of knowledge, see nothing that they can feel willing to omit, and, conscious

that the length of time devoted to study will not allow their pupils to pursue consecutively all the branches which they deem indispensable, they endeavor to remedy the evil by requiring them to carry forward ten or a dozen branches at once. But this course is contrary to the philosophy of the human mind. Its tendency is to produce conceit rather than actual knowledge, to give confused ideas of many things, and a clear perception of none.—Others, with more wisdom as we conceive, endeavor to select from the different branches of knowledge, all of which are desirable, such as will bring the thinking powers into the most active exercise, and confine the attention of their pupils to a few, until they are thoroughly understood. But none are permitted to form such plans as their better judgment would dictate, with a reasonable hope of being allowed sufficient time to carry them into execution.

In the education of boys, the case is widely different. They are early drilled in Languages and Mathematics, and at the age at which most girls leave school, they are only expected to be prepared to enter upon a regular course of study.—And after spending four years within College walls, they devote two or three years more to professional study. Educated men rarely close their course of preparatory study, to enter upon the business of life, before they are twenty-three or four years of age. And be it remembered, that no music, painting, or embroidery, is included in their course.

The female mind must be vastly superior to the male, if a lady can acquire at sixteen an amount of Knowledge which requires a gentleman to study till he is twenty-four. But this is not the case.—There is not so much difference in their mental organization, that one can attain, without effort, to results that cost the other long years of application. The question then arises, does the sphere of woman require the same amount of mental cul-

tivation as that which is assigned to man? If what we have said in previous Nos. in reference to the importance of woman's mission be admitted, this question must be answered in the affirmative.—Indeed woman is literally at the head of all professions, since she moulds the characters of those who are to fill them all; and a failure on her part is more disastrous in its results, and extends its consequences farther into the future, than a failure in any of those professions for which men qualify themselves with so much care.

Why, then, should not young ladies devote as long a period to study as young gentlemen? "O!" says the Miss of fifteen, and it is to be feared some parents are so unwise as to be of the same opinion, "if I should continue at my studies and defer all efforts a beau-catching till after I am twenty years old, I should lose the opportunity of an advantageous marriage, and be compelled to live and die an old maid." Here is the error which lies at the foundation of the present defective system of female education, and for the prevalence of this error, gentlemen are to a great extent responsible. If gentlemen were wise enough, in the choice of companions, to look for something more than mere toys to amuse their hours of leisure—if they aimed to secure competent teachers for their children—whose intellectual and moral impress they could wish transmitted to those, who are to bear their names to posterity, then this difficulty in the way of the thorough cultivation of the female mind, would be entirely removed. No lady would then feel that she was injuring her prospects for a desirable settlement in life, by devoting the time necessary to complete a thorough course of study.

Some remarks of a highly esteemed friend are so in point, that I cannot forbear to quote them; and though they were uttered in the privacy of fireside conver-

sation, I trust he will pardon the liberty I take in making them public, on the ground that they are calculated to do good; and I will assure him, should this meet his eye, that the name of the author shall never be mentioned in connection with the remarks. Indeed, I have heard more than one married gentleman express himself in language very nearly similar, and no doubt hundreds might say the same thing, and utter nothing but their sentiments. We were speaking of the prevalence of early marriage, as a great obstacle to a high standard of female education. Said he, "When I was a young man, I too was foolish, I had a fancy for a young wife, and thought I would not be willing to marry a lady who was over seventeen or eighteen years of age; but I have lived to see the folly of such notions. If my marriage had been delayed, and my wife had spent three or four years longer at school, it would have been worth every thing to me and my family. I have been so situated that I could not have access to good schools, and I have not had means to send my children from home; and if they could only have had a competent teacher in their mother, it would have been the finest thing in the world for us. If my wife's father had expended the few hundreds he gave her as a marriage portion, and which were soon afterwards embarked in speculation and lost, in completing her education, it would have been worth more than as many thousands to us. Such an investment would have been safe, and it would have yielded the highest rate of interest."

When young men shall become wise enough to show a stronger preference for investments of this nature, parents will be more inclined to make them. But so long as the first question in regard to a young lady is, "Is she rich," and the next, "Is she pretty," and if these two are answered in the affirmative, nothing more is demanded, parents do not feel, as they would otherwise do, that they are advancing the interests of their daughters, by expending liberally for the means of intellectual improvement; and young ladies themselves prefer that the money expended on their account should go for fine dresses, and ornaments to decorate the person, rather than for those things which adorn the mind.

It may be objected to this article, that it represents young ladies, and their parents too, as regarding matrimony as the end and aim of existence; but in this,

reference is made to facts as they actually exist, rather than as they should be. Marriage, it is true, is the probable destiny of all young women, and their education should have special reference to preparation for the duties which that important relation involves. But at the same time they should be taught that the great business of life, which is preparation for Eternity, can be accomplished, as well in the single, as in the married state. A woman, whose mind is thoroughly cultivated, will have some other object in life, besides merely to make her market. If propositions for matrimony come without any seeking, or efforts of her own, and are marked by such a fitness of things as to render them every way desirable, she will accept them, with gratitude to a kind Providence, for providing her with those domestic enjoyments, so congenial to her nature; but if not, she will feel that she can remain single, and still be useful, respectable, and happy.

Mrs. E. M. E.

THE POWER OF THE CROSS.—All the pomps and glories of this world are they worthy to be compared to "the glory which shall be revealed in us," "the exceeding," "the far exceeding and eternal weight of glory!" to "see God;" to "be changed into the same image;" to "go to Mount Zion, to the City of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem;" no more to know sin, and sickness, and pain, and sorrow; to be forever united to saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, shouting, "Alleluia—salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God," while the four-and-twenty elders fall down and answer "Alleluia;" to burn with their ardors; to satiate the soul with their ecstasies; to be with Christ; to behold his glory; to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; to look into his face; to gaze upon his glorified form, and to think that every vein in that body bled for me; to be ravished with his smiles; to fall at his feet; to cling there, to live there!"—DR. FULLER.

[For the Classic Union.]

At a meeting of the Appollonean Society, held at their Hall on the 17th ult., the following was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this body are hereby tendered to Maj. PALMER for the Governor's Message and other Legislative documents recently presented by him.

S. L. SUMMER, Pres't.

R. A. MANSFIELD, Sec.

✠ Louis Napoleon is 44 years of age; his uncle was 44 when he abdicated at Fontainbleau.

For the Classic Union.

GOD LOVES ME.

My mother told me God was good, and loved
A little child like me.

One morning as

We rambled o'er the hills and thro' the vales
All nature seemed in love and joy to smile,
And from her various voice, rose praise to heav'n.

The lovely lake lay slumbering in the light,
And on her bosom slept the shadow of
The flowers which bloomed upon her bank
And bent their blushing heads, their image fair
To see depicted in her face. We heard
The murmuring of the rill, as down
The sloping hillside it did glide,
And poured itself into the quiet lake.
The brave old oak stood by, and on his trunk,
Rough with the wounds of years, the ivy twined

Her graceful leaves, and covered o'er his scars.
While thus we stood, my heart beat lightly as
The zephyr played around my cheek, and from
The boughs of verdant trees fell on my ear
The song of birds. I clasped my mother's hand

And pressed it to my heart, and raised my eyes
To heaven, and said: O mother! God is good.
I know he loves a little child like me.

DOES GOD LOVE ME?

My mother told me God was good, and loved
A little child like me.

One evening as

We rambled o'er the hills and thro' the vales,
Far o'er the western plains a rising cloud
Was seen. The sun was hid, and o'er the world
Grim darkness spread his wing. The thunder rolled.

The lightning leaped from heaven to earth,
From earth to heaven again. The winds howled
Fercely, and

The rain in torrents poured. That quiet lake,
Lashed into fury, raved, and rolled its waves
Along in fearful madness, drowning in
Its depths the flowers which grew upon its bank.

The oak was riven by the lightning's stroke,
And the fair ivy, tendrils broken, lay
All prostrate on the ground. The gliding rill,
Foaming with rage, did swell beyond its bounds,
Swept flowers and trees before its onward course,

And, with a roar, did add its fury to
The angry lake.

Silent with awe I stood,
And while the thunder rolled and lightning flashed,

And earth did tremble, and the unpitied storm
Did pour its fury on my helpless head,
I felt God was there, and bent my head
To earth and said, O mother, I'm afraid.
Does that dread Being love a child like me?

GENIA.

It is said by the Rev. Mr. Loughbridge, a missionary to the Creek Indians, that profaneness is not known amongst them—that they have no words in their language to express such vulgar and wicked practice. This speaks well of the untutored Indian. Would that the same could be said of the civilized white man.

[For the Classic Union.]
PROCRISTINATION.

BY R. B. C. HOWELL, D. D.

Mankind are strongly disposed to presume upon the future, in relation to all the duties of life.

Instead of carefully reviewing the events of the past, in order to learn wisdom by experience, or diligently attending the performance of present duty, we are, perpetually, dwelling, in our contemplation, upon the imagined circumstances, for good, or for evil, of our future condition. Mankind spend most of their time in an ideal world, the creation of their own baseless thoughts, and gilded with the visions of their own fancy. They are looking forward to the period when what is evil, in their present circumstances, shall have passed away, and they shall be permitted to realize, in their actual existing condition, the bright anticipations in which they have so fondly indulged.

This propensity is not peculiar to one age or nation. It is the infirmity, the sin, of human nature, at all times, and in all places. It is common at every period of human life. Infancy has scarcely passed away, before the soul, just entering upon its being, is bewildered amid the restlessness of a purile imagination. In childhood, the same propensity is more fully developed. In youth, similar illusions are cherished, on a more extensive scale.—And even in age, when disappointment and affliction have dispelled the dream which fancy had thrown over the vision of earlier days, and discovered the transitory and unsatisfying nature of earthly good, man is not cured of this injurious tendency of the mind.

The nature of such anticipations varies with the varied tastes, habits, and circumstances, of different individuals. One man is fascinated with the idea of wealth. And from that moment it constitutes a prime ingredient in all his meditations respecting his future history. He ponders the advantages of such a condition, and upon the probabilities of its being realized in his own person, until, in imagination, he is surrounded with all the conveniences, is clothed with all the attractions, and is possessed of all the enjoyments which riches can procure. Another has entered on some profession. In anticipation, he quickly surmounts every difficulty which lies in his way to distinction. In every scheme of ambition he proves successful. Every turn of the wheel of fortune is favorable to his own advancement. And,

in this manner, he passes through life, indulging in idle reveries, and splendid visions, instead of attending to the sober realities of actual existence.

But this habit of mind is much more frequently indulged by all classes with reference to their religious interests.—They are awakened, by the mercy of God, to a sense of their guilt and danger, and urged to give immediate and earnest attention to the welfare of their souls. But how seldom can they be prevailed upon to comply with such an exhortation! How prone they are to delay the matter for the present time, deluded by the anticipation of finding "a more convenient season"—when the pleasures of youth have ceased to charm them—when the business of manhood is successfully accomplished—when they are favored with a little more leisure—then they imagine that they shall surmount every obstacle, and "lay hold on eternal life." Thus they pass along, at one time aroused by the call of God, and at another guided by the workings of a deceitful conscience, until, at length, the pale monster stands before them, and, ere they are aware, his quiver is darted, they are hurried to the grave, and as they pass from the illusions of time to the realities of eternity, the dreadful admonition is repeated in startling accents, but, now, too late to be obeyed.—Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The Mayor of the city of Portland has made a report on the workings of the Maine liquor law. It appears from this report that the law works like a charm. The streets of Portland are perfectly quiet—streets which before the law, required four watchmen to keep in order, now require none—an open rum-shop of any kind is unknown in the city. The number of persons admitted to the Alms House and assisted by out-of-doors help, has been materially reduced, and the House of Correction from having 30 or 40 commitments for drunkenness, is now *entirely empty*. When will our glorious and beloved State advance as far as Maine on the ascending scale of moral excellence as regards the banishment of intoxicating drinks? Not as long as we send to the Legislature dram-drinking, red-nosed, whisky-bloated men to make our laws.

In an old French dictionary, *liberty* is described as a word of three syllables.—The lexicographer does not venture further.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOULE FEMALE COLLEGE,
January 14, 1852.

REV. PREST. EATON—*Dear Sir:* The undersigned Committee heartily thank you for your able and excellent lecture delivered last night, and ask for a copy of the same for publication.

Respectfully yours,

J. R. FINLEY,
T. W. RANDLE,
L. H. CARNEY,
WM. SPENCE,
S. B. CHRISTY,
Com.

UNION UNIVERSITY, }
Murfreesboro', Jan. 16, 1852. }

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your note of the 14th inst., I would say that I am grateful for the approbation of my lecture which you so kindly expressed, and if you think its publication would be useful, it is at your disposal.

Yours with respect,

J. H. EATON.

Messrs. J. R. FINLEY, T. W. RANDLE, and others.

LECTURE.

The subject that I have selected as the theme of my remarks on the present occasion is the Duty and the Dignity of labor. If any apology be necessary for the introduction of such a subject under circumstances like the present, I would only express my conviction of its importance to the best interests of society, and my belief that the attention of all classes, and especially those who regard themselves as belonging to the higher class, may with profit be called to the contemplation of this topic.

Amid the changes of human society none can question the fact that a revolution in the public sentiment has taken place in regard to the estimation in which labor is held. To be able to live without labor is now regarded by many as the height of felicity, the very maximum of happiness—they conceive that there is something degrading in employing for useful purposes the faculties, both physical and mental, with which an all-wise Creator has endowed his rational creatures. They regard idleness or devotion to the most frivolous pursuits as characteristic of gentility and as essential to the highest degree of refinement—an idea more at variance with the laws which God has stamped upon the human constitution or more subversive of all that constitutes the real dignity of rational and account-

ble beings, cannot well be conceived.—Is it not therefore obligatory upon those who truly love the cause of human happiness, to exert their influence as far as possible to correct this sentiment and bring back the public mind to the true principles which actuated those who toiled to change this wilderness into the fair and fruitful fields which now smile around us?

By the term labor we understand the exercise of the faculties, both physical and mental, for the production of some useful result. That it is the duty of all to labor is proved both by the written and unwritten laws of our Creator. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work" is as binding as any other commandment in the decalogue. Why should we look with feelings of moral indignation upon those who violate others of the ten commandments, while we look with complacency upon those who disregard this? Is it not manifestly inconsistent so to do? Were they not all uttered under the same solemn sanction while the thunders of Sinai proclaimed the presence of Jehovah; and will not the great Law-giver hold us responsible for obedience to one as to another.—"He who will not work neither shall he eat" imposes a fearful penalty upon the idle, and well would it be for the world if the penalty could in all cases be literally and promptly inflicted—that the penalty will eventually overtake the offender is as certain as the immutable laws of the universe. Fashion may claim the right to prescribe codes for her votaries, but the laws of God can never be set aside or violated with impunity, and fearful is the retribution which oftentimes in this world overtakes the offender against the law which we are now considering. It would not, perhaps, be too much to affirm that three-fourths of the evils—physical, social, and moral—which press so heavily upon the human family may be traced directly or indirectly to the violation of this fundamental law of our constitution. The written law of God nowhere teaches idleness, "Go to the ant," says the wise man, "consider her ways and be wise." "The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing, but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." "He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; He shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

Were revelation silent on this subject, we have abundant means of learning the will of the Creator, by observing the consequence of inaction upon the functions of

both mind and body. One very important source of knowledge of our duty in any doubtful case, is to observe the results of different courses of action, and that course with which God has connected the happiest results we may be assured is most in accordance with his will, and that the will of God is the standard of human duty, none, we presume, in this audience will be inclined to question. That the Creator designed his creatures to pursue such a course as would on the whole secure to them the greatest amount of happiness none can doubt. To say nothing, at present, of the miseries arising from the vicious habits into which the idle fall we affirm that there can be no happiness without health, and there can be no health without the active exercise of the various functions of the body. The law of our nature, to which there is no exception, demands that the physical system should be duly exercised; without this, the healthful performance of all its functions cannot be secured. Habitual inactivity induces weakness and disease, and deranges the system to such a degree that it is impossible to enjoy life, however numerous the blessings that surround us. While a prey to morbid diseases the harmony of the universe grates harsh discord upon the shattered nerves and the victim is unfit either to enjoy or impart happiness, or even to worship God acceptably. A course, whose tendency is thus to overthrow the very foundation of human happiness, cannot be right. The path of duty must lie in a different direction. Who, I ask, enjoys physical health and the exquisite happiness that flows from it to that degree which nature designed that all should enjoy? Who is perfectly well? Why are we a nation of dyspeptics and consumptives? All these physical ills are the penalty of violated law, and it surely becomes us to strive by every means in our power to learn the laws under which we are created, that we may conform our lives to them and thus escape those fearful penalties.

No error, perhaps, is more common in our country, or a more fearful source of suffering than the want of a proper division of the different departments of labor. One is devoted exclusively to mental labor, his physical powers are constantly weakened by disease, bodily exertion becomes irksome, he cannot walk a mile without excessive fatigue, digestion becomes impaired and, at length, his mind sympathizes with the debility of his physi-

cal frame, loses its energy, and those mental efforts, which, with perfect physical health, would be highly delightful to him, are now performed only by the most laborious and painful effort, and finally they are abandoned altogether.

Another overtakes his physical powers, toils from morning till night without rest or relaxation, until every movement of the muscles is attended with pain, and this is continued day after day until nature refuses any longer to be defrauded of her dues, and the diseased and shattered frame is laid aside to suffer all the "ills that flesh is heir to," while the mind has been left to dwindle from want of activity and cultivation into a state but little removed above brute instinct. Now how much better would it be for these two individuals to divide their labor. Let each perform a part of the mental and a part of the physical exertion, then would all the faculties of each be duly exercised and be kept in healthy action; and in this way a far greater amount of happiness and usefulness would be secured to each. A greater amount of labor would be performed in both departments—it would be better done and would be accomplished without any painful effort on the part of either. This was, without doubt, the design of the Creator when he gave man a twofold nature. He designed that each individual should cultivate and develop all the faculties both of body and mind, until they reached the highest degree of perfection of which they are capable.

It has been affirmed by one who has devoted much time to the investigation of this subject that if labor were equally divided, four hours a day to each individual, devoted to active pursuits, would be amply sufficient to secure the highest degree of comfort in a simple and rational mode of life. And this, as all physiology teaches, is no more than is absolutely needed for the full development of the physical powers. Were this division actually made, how much time would be left to all for the development of their higher natures, for intellectual and moral cultivation. The man who comes to his literary pursuits, fresh from the glow of active exercise, with blood coursing with exulting gladness through his veins, thrilling every nerve with undefinable pleasure, with spirits buoyant and mind unclouded, will accomplish more mental labor in one hour, than can be accomplished in three hours by one of equal intellect and attainment, whose circulation is lan-

guid, whose nerves are unstrung and whose brain is bedimmed by the fumes of indigestion. To the former, mental labor is delightful, to the latter, it is irksome in the extreme.

In our country, females, as a class, are far greater sufferers from the violation of physical laws than males, especially those of the higher classes who are removed from the necessity of personal exertion to obtain a livelihood. The active sports allowed to boyhood impart a vigor of constitution, which enables the mature man to carry on for a longer period, a successful warfare against nature. But the little girl must not be permitted to exercise her muscles fully by running, and jumping, and romping, and sporting, as nature teaches the young of every species of animals to delight in doing. Oh, no, that would not be refined, and besides her garments must be made of a texture so fine that constant care is required to keep them from contact with every thing that would soil or injure them; consequently she must be kept in-doors, except when she goes out for a formal walk or for an airing in an easy carriage whose springs protect her from the slightest jolt. As she advances towards womanhood, those healthful house-hold occupations, which bring all the muscles into exercise and send the life-giving current with gladsome energy through the system, are not for her to perform. No, those must all be performed by menials. She must not even be allowed to perform, without assistance, those little offices which are essential to her own personal comfort. If any thing is to be done in her own chamber which requires a little exertion, a servant must be called. During several hours each day she must bend over the piano, and with a mind listless and devoid of energy, she makes some feeble attempts at study. These with a little embroidery and light-reading, fitted only to fill the mind with a sickly sentimentalism, consume all her time—and these constitute her preparation for the responsible duties of the conjugal and maternal relation. At a very early age she marries and enters upon the stern realities of life. What wonder that her physical frame is wholly inadequate to meet the demands which are made upon it. The apparent glow of health which extreme youth imparts is altogether fictitious, having no foundation in a firm and well-established constitution, and it is not strange that it should vanish at the first approach of care and suffering. The constitution having no reliable basis gives

way, and a state of confirmed ill-health succeeds, with all its nervousness, discontent and irritability. The merry laugh and buoyant steps of childhood must be repressed in her presence, and thus her children are robbed of their birthright of innocent joy. Her husband when he returns from the bustle and turmoil of business to enter his dwelling, instead of being greeted by a cheerful smile from a health-beaming countenance, is expected to question like a physician into the nature of the symptoms that have supervened during his absence, and patiently listen to a long catalogue of sufferings, and sympathize with morbid feelings that he cannot understand. The only theme of domestic conversation is the physical ills induced by her whom he had taken to his bosom as a help-meet in the rugged path of life. He feels disappointed in his earthly hopes. Home loses its attractions, and if christian principle be wanting he may be tempted to seek his happiness elsewhere, and fall into the habits of dissipation and vice. This is a dark picture it is true, but whose observation is so limited as not to have known cases similar to this. Whence arises all this suffering? Might it not have been avoided by obedience to nature's laws?—It is but the natural consequence of the course pursued. When we take into consideration the utter disregard of physical law in the training of young females, the wonder is, not that there are so many feeble wives and mothers in our land, but that there should be any who possess any degree of capability for discharging the high and responsible duties which devolve upon them. Let mothers show themselves superior to the capricious and senseless dictates of fashion, and in the training of their daughters consult their highest good as physical, intellectual and moral beings, and the husbands and Fathers of the next generation will rise up and call them blessed.

If fashion requires anything at our hands which is in itself unreasonable, and above all, if it requires that which is contrary to the teachings of divine inspiration, are we *slaves* that we must yield obedience to its mandates in opposition to the dictates of reason and conscience?—What would we think of parents who would voluntarily break the bones of their children and thus render them cripples for life? As well might they do this as to render their limbs powerless by inaction. Mothers, let your daughters share in those domestic employments which are

essential to the comfort of the family circle. Let them mingle with their intellectual training that activity of limb and muscle which imparts vigor to the constitution and energy to the mind, then will the homes of the next generation be happier than those of the present—then instead of the languid step, the pale and emaciated face, the lusterless eye and dejected countenance of the sufferer, whose highest aspiration is to attain to the virtue of patient endurance, which we now so often meet among our wives and mothers of our own land, we shall find the elastic frame whose every step has joy and gladness in it, and a countenance radiant with hope and happiness, diffusing around it the indefinable charm of a cheerful spirit.

But, says one, there are modes of exercise by which health and vigor can be secured without descending to the degradation of manual labor. I deny that there is really any substitute for labor. True there are other modes of exercise which are far better than listless inactivity, and which if persevered in with regularity, may secure some degree of physical vigor. But I affirm that no aimless exercise is of equal value in the formation of health and stability of constitution, to that activity which is directed to the production of some useful result. The benefit derived from exercise depends very materially, as all will admit, upon the condition of the mind. That which does not interest the mind and occupy the thoughts agreeably, is comparatively valueless. Now, when the period of early childhood is past, and we become capable of doing something useful, we cannot feel perfectly satisfied with ourselves if we expend our strength for naught. We instinctively feel that it is beneath our dignity as rational and accountable beings to spend our time and strength in that which is wholly aimless and useless. Custom, powerful as is its influence, cannot entirely drown the voice of God within us. Aimless exercise does not and cannot satisfy the mind and afford the complacency of an approving conscience like those avocations which do good to our fellow creatures and promote the happiness of those we love. There is a conscious dignity connected with doing something useful—a self-approbation and complacency—a feeling that we are fulfilling our destiny highly conducive to that serenity of mind which renders exercise in the highest degree beneficial to health.

But, says one, it is degrading to those in the higher walks of life to engage in

any labor, except that of the mind—their bodily exercise, if they have any, must be as devoid of utility as the gambols of irrational brute animals. Who says it is degrading to do anything that is honest and useful? Does reason say so? Does revelation say so? No, but fashion says so; and who is fashion? A senseless, brainless tyrant, who has risen up to usurp dominion over us, to rob us of our independence and deprive us of that rational enjoyment which a benevolent Creator has placed within our reach. What right has fashion to contradict both reason and revelation? We ask now in all candor why should it be thought more dignified to pitch a quoit than to swing an ax—to shoot a marble than to hold the plow—to propel with a battledoor the feathers that compose the shuttlecock than to remove with a broom those which disfigure a chamber—to toss a hoop than to turn a wheel? Where in the wide range of the universe can a reason be found that would not disgrace the intellect which offered it? If we ask on the other hand why to swing the ax, or hold the plow, or use the broom, or turn the wheel, is more dignified, reasons are abundant. We are doing good—we are acting rationally—we are promoting our own health and happiness, at the same time that we are contributing to the comfort of those around us. We are filling up the measure of our days with usefulness—we are obeying the law of our Creator which commands us to labor, and are preparing for that solemn account which we must all render at the bar of final judgment.

We would not condemn innocent recreation when long continued labor has rendered it needful, but we would not have any species of recreation put in the place of labor and relied on for exercise. Few are so situated that they cannot find some useful channel in which to direct their activity. All the exercise that is needful to the healthy development of the muscles of all mankind, may, and can be expended upon those things which will increase the sum of human happiness.

That the highest degree of intellectual and moral excellence may be attained by those who devote a portion of their time to active labor the history of the world abundantly testifies. Who are the men whose names are held in grateful remembrance as benefactors of the human race? Who are the men that shine as stars of the first magnitude in our intellectual firmament? With scarcely an exception they are men who devoted some portion of their

lives to manual labor—who cultivated the energies of their minds by overcoming material obstacles with muscular strength, and thus secured that firmness of constitution which enabled them to sustain without injury, severe and long protracted mental labors. Shakspeare, while composing those immortal plays which will command admiration as long as human nature retains its identity, was employed in carrying brick and mortar. John Wesley, whose giant intellect will cause his influence to be felt to the end of time, labored in early life, and subsequently walked thousands of miles in carrying out his plans of usefulness, thus keeping up an equilibrium between his physical and intellectual nature.

Roger Sherman, a member of the first congress, whose name every American citizen is proud to honor, was a shoemaker.

The immortal Franklin, who stood before Kings and Princes and made them feel by the power of his mighty intellect that they were in the presence of a superior, was a printer.

Burns, whose fame, as a poet, is worldwide, was a plowman. Elihu Burrett, the greatest scholar of the age, is a blacksmith. Henry Clay was a poor boy, and in early life worked hard for a living.—The great orator, Henry Bascom, is said to have travelled west on foot with his ax upon his shoulder. Washington, when not employed by his country, labored assiduously upon his farm. Dr. Dwight, the great theologian attributed his mental vigor, to the daily labor which he performed in his garden. The man who now occupies the highest official station in our government, spent his early boyhood in swinging the hoe and ax, and was subsequently employed as a clothier. Where are those, contemporaries of these men, who were reared in luxury and effeminacy, sons of the affluent, who felt it beneath their dignity to do anything useful? Who can point to one of this class who has attained an enviable reputation? Many of them have broken the hearts of their too indulgent parents and brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Through that restlessness which ever characterizes unemployed faculties, they have been led into habits of dissipation and vice, and have prematurely passed to their dread account. Others have lived to eat, to drink, to sleep, to vegetate. Their highest distinction is that of being good judges of wines and of the flavor of viands. Their names are unknown beyond

their own limited circle, and even within that circle, they are unassociated with any grateful remembrance of benefits conferred.

Go into any of our cities and towns and enquire who in them are the leading men? Who are those who exert the most powerful and wide-spread influence, who are looked up to with respect and relied on to carry forward all those enterprizes which advance the interest of the community? If you learn their early history, you will find that, in youth they were not of that class who regard human fingers as made only to twirl a cane or display gold rings. Almost without exception, you will find them to be men who have mingled physical with mental exertion.

Indeed, nine-tenths of all who have distinguished themselves as Artists, Philosophers, Poets, and Divines, have at some period of their lives labored at some manual employment. The same is true of our most distinguished Lawyers, Merchants, and Statesmen. Among Mechanics are some of the brightest names on the scroll of fame. Fulton, Arkwright, Franklin, Bell, and a host too numerous to mention. The Apostle Paul who possessed as bright an intellect as God ever kindled up in human organization, was a tent maker. And above all, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, worked at the trade of a carpenter, and thus placed an honor upon handicraft which the lapse of years cannot tarnish. And when He looked abroad upon the world to select heralds of salvation to go forth and proclaim his gospel to the nations of the earth, He did not choose the ease-loving, luxurious sons of affluence, but he conferred that honor upon the hard-handed fishermen of Galilee. The all-powerful and omniscient Jehovah does not think it beneath his dignity to adapt the wing of the smallest insect to the element in which it is designed to move, or to paint the tiniest flower that lifts its head above the sod. He never ceases from the exertion of his power. It is seen in the beautifying of the landscape—in the ever varying seasons, and in the harmonious movements of revolving worlds.

Now, if it be true that labor is enjoined on us by the positive command of our Creator—if it is a necessary condition of our being—if it is assential, not only to our comfort as physical beings, but also to the full development of our intellectual and moral nature, may we not infer that it imparts dignity to him who engages in it with a proper spirit. Is not that man most worthy of respect who most perfectly

conforms to the will of the Creator and who best fulfils his destiny by the proper use of all the faculties, physical and mental, with which he is endowed? Shall we be ashamed to do that for which we were created and placed in this world? As well might we be ashamed to breathe, to inflate our lungs with the life-giving element which surrounds us.

True dignity and greatness reside not in wealth, or rank, or birth; nor in the nature of the employment in which a man engages—but in character. The true nobleman is the man who strives to discharge his duty to God and his fellow beings to the best of his ability in whatever station he may be placed. God approves of one avocation just as much as another, provided it be honest and useful. Suppose two angels were commissioned from the celestial regions to visit this earth, the one was sent to guide the councils of a mighty empire, the other to minister to the humblest wants of an obscure and suffering mortal in some miserable hovel. Think you that one of these angels would look down with contempt upon the other, or that the other would feel himself inferior in dignity, provided he had faithfully executed his mission. And on their return to the bright mansions of glory would not the plaudits, "well done good and faithful servant," greet the ears of both. Paul laid aside none of his true dignity and greatness when he engaged in making tents, and the Lord Jesus Christ was as really evincing the grandeur of his character while quietly laboring at the bench of the Carpenter as when he rode in triumph into Judæa's Capitol surrounded by multitudes crying "hoshanah to the Son of David," or when by his divine power he sent the quickening energy through the stiffened limbs of a sleeping Lazarus and relumed the lamp of conscious life.

To look with contempt upon the poor and laborious, simply because they are such, is a sure indication of a shallow brain and of a wicked heart. That individual who is engaged in a useful calling which enables him to support himself and family, and by this means advances the general industry and prosperity of the community, is as worthily employed and as much entitled to respect as he who makes laws for his country or leads her armies on to victory. He is adding something to the actual comforts and conveniences of life, and swelling the national capital. It matters little what may be the precise nature of his business, provided it be a useful and honest calling, and in-

dustriously pursued. He may make tape or sell it,—he may make shoes or compose sermons—he may repair old garments or mend shattered constitutions.—He may construct houses or construe law cases,—he may set type or wield the pen of an author,—he may engage in plowing his fields or preside over the councils of the nation. It is well known that our venerated Washington was occupied in plowing his fields at Mount Vernon when he received the intelligence that he was elected President of the nation. Was he not in that occupation as worthy of respect and admiration as when receiving the sword of Cornwallis, or delivering his message to Congress. Every man ought to be estimated according to his *moral worth*. Elevation of *moral* character being the first and most essential element of respectability. And next to this, intelligence, and cultivation, and usefulness, afford a claim to honorable consideration.

If it be true, as we have attempted to show, that it is not only dignified to labor but the imperative duty of every human being, then who, we would ask, are most entitled to respect, those who faithfully discharge this duty, or those who, by some fortuitous circumstances, or by the previous labor of their ancestors, are enabled to live in idleness? Fearful indeed will be the account which some must render at the bar of their final Judge, when called upon for the talent committed to their care. The Creator had endowed them with capabilities for usefulness, but because He had also given them so much of this world's goods that they were not compelled to labor in order to supply the wants of the body, therefore, they refused to exercise those capabilities, or to do any thing for the glory of their Creator or for the good of their fellow creatures. What aggravation of guilt is here, and yet what better apology can thousands render for unemployed or misemployed faculties.

We see in the light of this subject how exceedingly contemptible is the feeling which is sometimes discernible in persons who have well-filled coffers, but empty heads, that it is a condescension on their part to associate on terms of equality with those who labor with their hands.—How utterly at variance such a feeling is with the principles of our Republican government, above all with the principles of holy religion we shall not attempt to show. What shall we say of those, who, by hard manual labor for a series of years, and by bowing their spirits down to extortion and injustices, have at length secured property enough to enable them to live without labor, and who then exhibit contempt for the class to which they once belonged, who would consider themselves as contaminated by association with them,

and who strive by every possible means to blot out the recollection of their past history? Such persons may have souls, but it would take a moral microscope of vast magnifying powers to discover them. There can be little doubt if our blessed Savior should again visit this earth on his mission of beneficence, there, are those who with a complacent curl of the lip, would sneeringly inquire, "is not this the Carpenter's Son?"

There is another feeling which is perhaps even more common than this, and which is equally contemptible and unworthy of an American citizen. It is a feeling of suspicion on the part of some of those who labor with their hands, that they are, on that account, looked down upon by persons of different calling from themselves. This is a fruitful source of evil, and leads to many jealousies and heart-burnings which have not, perhaps, a shadow of foundation except in the diseased vision of those who indulge them.—A proper self-respect, combined with true ideas of the dignity of labor, would prevent any man from indulging those suspicions. A man who truly respects himself as he ought, and is conscious that he is in the faithful and honorable discharge of his duty, will never dream that others do not respect him. He will take it for granted that he is as respectable as any body, and suppose, as a matter of course, that all are ready to admit it. This feeling of envy, suspicion and jealousy, is in itself degrading, and will debase any mind that indulges it. But useful labor has a tendency to elevate the character and produce a consciousness of a noble independence, which every true man would desire to possess. All useful labor is honorable, whether it be labor of mind or body, and he who does the most of it, and does it *best*, other things being equal, is most entitled to the respect of his fellow men. Mental labor and physical labor must keep pace with each other. Both are equally necessary to the happiness and advancement of the human race, and consequently, both are equally honorable.—But as for those who do nothing—who live merely to eat, to drink, to dress, to sleep—who suffer their muscles to become flabby and their blood stagnant for want of exertion, and whose sluggish minds are eaten up by the rust of inactivity and sloth, they are worthy of *contempt*, no matter whether they are found in the person of the idle loafer, who begs his cigars, swindles his meals and cheats his tailor, or in that of the millionaire, whose soulless carcass is rolled in a splendid carriage or lolled on a silken couch.

In conclusion then, we would say to all, be not unwilling to conform to the conditions of your being, in respect to labor.—Those conditions were established by infinite wisdom, and you cannot neglect them without incurring a fearful penalty. We presume none will be disposed to question the truth of what we have advanced, and if it is true, let it be carried into practice, and you will find that the practice, in this case, possesses far more beauty than the theory.

THE WOLF THROWING OFF HIS SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

The recent demands for freedom of conscience at Rome have had as we hoped, the effect of unmasking the hypocrisy of those Roman bishops who have pretended that "Holy Mother Church," is the friend of religious liberty. We shall watch the Popish journals and spread before our readers from time to time their infamous avowals of the persecuting spirit and policy of their misceal religion. We find in the Presbyterian of the West, the following extract from an editorial article in the *Shepherd of the Valley*, a Romish paper—published not in Spain or Italy, but in *Saint Louis*, in this land of *freedom*. The man who dared to write them is utterly unfit for an American citizen, and deserves the reprobation of every Patriot and Philanthropist:

"The Holy Father undoubtedly believes that Almighty God has made and preserved a revelation and that that revelation is the Catholic Religion, in which his subjects have been educated, and to which they are attached. He knows that this religion is true, and, of course, that all others are false. He knows that this proceeds from God, and that all others are lies, and are from the Devil, who is the father of lies and false systems of religion. For him, then to grant to Baptists, Methodist, Presbyterians, Socinians, and Mormons, a free license to propagate their detestable errors in his dominions whilst it is in his power to exclude them therefrom; for him to pull down the fence which guards the vineyard over which he is set, and to invite the wild boar out of the forest to destroy the vine which he is commissioned to guard, would be no less than to enter into a compact with the enemy of the human race for the ruin of his subjects."

Again the editor remarks:

"We are not, for our own part, the advocates of religious toleration. We never could understand how a man firmly convinced of the truth of a religious system to which he is attached, can conscientiously afford any facilities for the propagation of other systems contrary to his own. We cannot see how a Pagan, with the least remnant of conscience, can do otherwise than close his dominions to the priests of Christianity; and when we hear of Catholics, who have a faith, advocating religious tolerance, we set it down that they are either attempting to deceive others, or are deceived themselves. The man who is absurd enough to make a public profession of Protestantism; who believes that a religious system may be at once true and false, certain and doubtful; that the Creator of heaven and earth looks with complacency upon the religious impieties of his creatures, and is utterly indifferent to the reception of the truths which he became incarnate and died to establish and propagate, may, and indeed should profess toleration—it is an absurdity which follows from his want of faith; but the Catholic is forbidden to look upon religious error as a matter of indifference, and obliged to consider toleration of error, in the sense in which Pro-

testants use the word, as unjustifiable; except in case of necessity."

Let the reader, particularly mark the closing sentence. The Catholic, we are plainly told, is obliged to consider toleration of error "as unjustifiable, *except of necessity*." It is, therefore, only because Papists in this country are not able to imprison and kill Protestants that they are not tolerated; and if the time should come when they will be able, they will persecute them even unto death. And, moreover, the boldness with which they avow these detestable principles, which heretofore they have professed utterly to repudiate, prove that they expect, ere long to be able to put them in practice.

We give one more extract from this instructive editorial:

"When Protestants ask Catholics to declare that they accept the foolish proposition that absolute toleration is the duty of all governments, they ask them to assent to a statement which is repugnant to faith, to sound reason, to the practice of all governments, Christian, or Pagan, Catholic, or Protestant, and to the common sense of mankind. When they ask that false systems of religion should be tolerated in a Christian country, because the true religion is expressed by law in a country which does not profess to be Christian, they ask what cannot be granted, and urge a reason for conceding their request which is not likely to weigh much with a Christian prince. The right of preventing the introduction of Protestantism into countries in which it has not appeared, is simply the right of repressing doctrines subversive of social order which government is instituted to preserve, and guarding the true liberty of the citizen, which has been justly defined by a pagan philosopher, to be nothing else than implicit obedience to legitimate authority. The liberty of man is directly assailed by the individual or society which attempts to withdraw him from the service of God and obedience to his Church under the specious plea of giving him freedom; because freedom cannot exist except in conformity to reason. "The servant"—"the slave," if you choose so to translate the word, of "Jesus Christ," is the only freeman upon earth, and man utterly loses his liberty when he throws off the light yoke which the Redeemer has placed upon his shoulders. No one has the right to think, to teach, or to hold in the matter of religion, otherwise than as the Church believes and commands him to believe, if he does so, he believes a lie, must of a necessity be miserable in this world and cannot escape eternal misery in the next only by rejecting his errors from the bottom of his heart, with sincere contrition, before his death.

"Liberty of conscience, in the sense in which Protestants use the words, or rather the unbounded license of conscience which they defend, which frees conscience from the obligation of conforming to the truth, is not admitted by the Catholic Church. To say that a man is a Catholic, is to say that he rejects it: and the sooner our Protestant friends understand this, the better. If it has no other good effect, it will spare

them some trouble in the way of compiling petitions to the Pope, which are absolutely certain to be refused."

The Editor of the Presbyterian well remarks:

We know not through what trials God designs his Church to pass. It may be, that in this free country *martyrdom* shall be a common thing; and at no distant day. But it may be, that God has placed the Romish clergy under such circumstances, and so blinded them, that they might declare their real principles, that the eyes of all friends of liberty might be opened, ere it is too late. One thing is certain—we are just entering upon a fearful conflict. The last terrible battle is about to be fought with the "Man of Sin," both in Europe and in America. Even here, where we have felt secure in the enjoyment of that liberty for the sake of which our fathers fled from Europe to the wilds of America, the struggle will be a fierce one. True Protestants and true friends of liberty will be compelled to stand up firmly, and to throw the entire weight of their influence against Popery.

The Romish Clergy do not expect to convert the great mass of the people of this country, but as millions of Papists are pouring in upon us from Europe, they expect to be able to crush them. It is high time that this matter were understood.

Is it asked, what should we do? We answer—1. Let Protestant cease to give money to build Popish churches, nunneries, and asylums. 2. Let them cease to send their children to Romish schools. 3. Let them put the Bible into the hands of all—Protestants and Papists; and let them awake to the absolute necessity of extending the influence of the Gospel over this continent. 4. Let them pray, "The Lord reingeth." He can defeat the plans of the Pope, and of the tyrants of Europe.

NEW PRINTING TYPE—A company is at present in course of formation for the purpose of putting into operation a remarkable patent, which has for its object the manufacture of type by process of die sinking in a metal of harder material than the alloy of lead and antimony at present employed in casting type in a mould. This is said to be the most important improvement which has taken place in the manufacture of type for the last three hundred years.

"AN IMPORTANT QUESTION."—Under this head the Ambassador (Universalist) has the following:—Br. I. B. Sharp, of Cuba, N. Y., desires some believer in what is called, in latter days, "evangelical doctrines," to answer the following inquiry: "If 'God is love,' how could he create any being whom he knew would suffer endlessly? We will also ask one thing; and when the authors of this challenge shall answer this, we also will answer their 'important question: 'If 'God is love,' how could he create any being whom he knew would suffer at all?—N. Y. Observer.

The world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

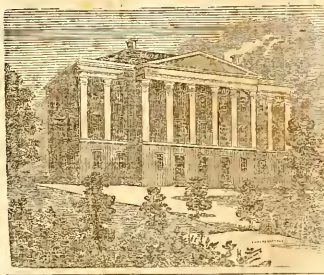
The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



FEBRUARY 2, 1852.

AN HONORABLE CONTEST.

What Church has pride sufficient to enter the list, and contest the palm of honor with the Banner Church, in Tennessee, in point of its list of subscribers to the Baptist? We have half a mind to announce on the 1st of May next, what Church bears the dishonor of having the largest number of names struck from our list, as hopelessly delinquent subscribers; and also, announce the Banner Church in paying up.—Where now are the pastors? this is an honorable contest!—*Tennessee Baptist.*

We wish the editor of the Tennessee Baptist great success in adding to his subscription list, and in inducing his delinquent subscribers to do their duty, and him justice, by paying what they owe him.—And we shall take pleasure, as one appealed to, in rendering any service in our power, which will contribute to that result. But we must decline acting from the principle appealed to, and question the propriety of the appeal itself, and the "honorable" character of the "contest" from such motives.

We regard the "Banner Church" as deserving the thanks of the editor, as praiseworthy in her deeds, and as a good example to be followed by other churches; but we do not believe that another church, acting from a principle of "pride," if it should surpass this one, would deserve any credit, or that the transaction would be particularly "honorable" or praiseworthy. There is also another motive appealed to by the editor, which, when taken into the account, will still further detract from the honor of the contest.—He appeals to the fear of exposure, as delinquent subscribers, and of incurring the odium of a want of justice and moral honesty. Now this would place the "Banner Church" in an uneven contest, it

would be entering on a race correct moral principle to contend for a prize of worldly distinction, with the corrupt passions of the human heart. And if the "Banner Church" should be deprived of its banner in the contest, it would be an act of injustice. In morals where the motives give value to the action, that which is the result of corrupt or improper motives, is not to be compared with that which flows from correct moral principle. We are inclined to question whether, upon reflection, our brother of the "Baptist" will not reverse the declaration, "this is an honorable contest."

But this is wholly a moral question, and we have noticed it because the principle of action appealed to, *pride of distinction*, is a principle too often appealed to by ministers and editors every where, and because, it enters too much into the transactions of churches in every department of enterprise. It is *pride* that rears the costly church edifice, and creates a debt, that stands unpaid, weighing like an incubus on the energies of the church, embarrassing her moral and spiritual progress, and crippling her ability to shine as a light in the world. Pride has much to do in the employment of a pastor; he must be selected because he can compete, in brilliancy and show with some one else; and to effect the purpose, pride promises a large salary, sufficient, perhaps, to feed and clothe his family. But *pride*, having made its show, the want of moral principle, and sometimes the want of money, leaves him to shift for himself and live as he best can.

Pride also contributes to the missionary fund, and other objects of benevolence, but it waters the gift with no tears, sends up no holy aspirations for the divine blessings upon it—pride has accomplished its end, it has gained worldly distinction.—We verily believe that this principle of action in Christianity is one of its greatest curses, and should be discountenanced, rather than nourished, by editors and others. The true principle of action, on all moral and religious questions, is a sense of duty, and a desire for usefulness. These are the motives appealed to by Christ and the Apostles, and they are motives, if they exist in the heart, that are always present and easily affected; but when *pride* is the motive, it depends not on the fact that duty calls, or that good may be effected, however ample the ability to act, whether the man may be relied upon, but whether his pride can be gratified in the transaction.

II.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

This Institution seems destined to have as many heads, as with reverence be it spoken—a certain famous monster of old, and withal, quite as hard to put down.

After it had started fairly in the race with its sister Colleges, it gradually declined, changed its Faculty, absorbed its endowment fund, and passed into the hands of a different denomination. This was no exception to the rule, that it is dangerous to corner a powerful competitor. Its friends rallied around it, petitioned the Legislature to restore it to its original founders, in which they succeeded, and put the lamented Giddings in the field who raised the endowment fund to \$100,000. He was an agent of whom any College might well be proud. He had no business of his own to attend to, no weather could frighten him—his heart was in it—and he succeeded.

Reverend Howard Malcom, D. D., well known for his Bible Dictionary, Travels, and other publications, ably presided for several years over its destiny. By an unfortunate though no doubt, conscientious vote, somewhat similar to a "hasty plate of soup," the strong southern feeling of the people of Kentucky was highly excited, and his friends advised him to resign which he accordingly did.

Rev. J. L. Reynolds, D. D., of Richmond, Va., formerly of Charleston, S. C., next accepted the Presidency. The College, we understand, has prospered very much under his superintendence, as might have been expected from his ripe scholarship and judicious management.

A literary periodical entitled the *Ciceronian*, started, we believe, by the Senior Class, reflected considerable credit on the young men, and particularly on the Louisville press.

Whether it has died out, or is reaping fresh laurels, we are unable to say, having heard nothing of it in sometime.

A set of Chemical and Philosophical apparatus and Geological specimens and a pretty good Library, constitute some of the educational whetstones Georgetown possesses on which to sharpen the genius of Kentucky.

From an unforeseen event—the inability of Mrs. Reynolds, we understand, to bear the climate—Dr. Reynolds is reported to have resigned, and accepted a Professorship in South Carolina College. Who will take his place? What effect this will have on the prosperity of the College remains to be seen.

It has been the means of doing much good already, and we hope, will show hereafter, that this is only the "beginning of the end."

P. S. We understand Professor Campbell, of Covington, Kentucky, has accepted the Presidency. D.

We have concluded to publish the following communication, as it is a good specimen of a style of writing, quite common at the present day, and which we are sorry to say, finds many admirers.—In our school days, such productions were called sophomorical. We have taken the liberty (which we hope the author will pardon) to italicise some of his expressions that particularly strike our fancy.—If the author of this article would curb his imagination and lop off a few of his adjectives, and occasionally pay a visit to "terra firma," he will, we think, in time make a respectable writer. We hope he will continue to favor us with communications, as we doubt not, practice will improve him. When the wings of his fancy shall have shed a few of their extra feathers, his productions will possess real merit:

[For the Classic Union.]

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The present times are fraught with portentous foreshadowings. The signs are significantly ominous of some prodigious and enormous issue. We are on the eve of a mighty revolution—we are treading on the thin lamina of a sleeping volcano, whose restless fires give unmistakable indications that it will ere long belch forth its resistless tide of melted lava, and pour its burning liquid scoria o'er the fertile and pacific fields of earth's wide spread denizens.

The teeming millions of down-trodden Europe have felt the warm and vivifying rays of the sun of American liberty, which have caused a fearful effervescence, and they will, we are confident, ere long, throw off their degrading servitude, and slavery, and everything alien to the birth-right of the sons of humanity, and rise in the majesty of conscious right and sweep with the besom of destruction the remorseless oppressors and their hired assassins from the face of the earth. The great subterranean magazine of the nations of Europe is already prepared, the sulphurous combustible train is laid, the match is lighted and in the hands of the hero-souled Magyar, who is now in our country collecting funds for the purpose of going back to touch it off. The days of the Despots of Europe are numbered. Their thrones are tottering to and fro by the slow swell of the upward heavings of a down-trodden and oppressed people. Free thoughts have gone forth on the wings of the wind—passed the trackless Atlantic and stirred the sluggish minds of Europe's famished and homeless millions, and quicken-

ed into life the slumbering desires of freedom. The spirit of liberty has arisen from her sleep of centuries and shaken off the mould of past ages and mingled among the nations of the old world, and earth's monarchs and despots can no more stay her onward tread than they could stop the march of the rocking earthquake. The signs of the times clearly show that the period is rapidly approximating when the Apocalyptic battle will be fought—when Gog and Magog shall gather their countless myriads for the last terrible struggle. It will be the mightiest contest that was ever witnessed beneath the star-paved firmament. On the one side will be the marshalled hosts of liberty sons—on the other, the iron-heeled legions of Despots' slaves—the earth will reel beneath the shock of these populous thousands—blood will flow like a mountain wave, rolling its crimson tide over thrones, and dynasties, and antiquated institutions, tossing them to and fro like the broken fragments of some mighty wreck.

Pale fear will stand aghast with uplifted hand and quivering fingers, and gaze with petrified amazement at the horrific spectacle. The Vultures, Cormorants and Hienas will revel among the unnumbered slain and fatten upon human flesh. The day is approaching. The dawn of the Millennial era is already streaking the eastern horizon. Liberty and right are destined to triumph, and o'er the countless tribes of earth's dwellers, dove-like peace will wave her sunny wings. IOTA.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscription list is gradually increasing, there being scarcely a week that we do not add a number of names. We thank those friends who have interested themselves to increase the circulation of our paper, and we feel gratified that so many express their approbation of its contents. We shall strive to make it more valuable, and more worthy of their support.

We think ours is a rare list of subscribers, from the complaints other papers make of their delinquents. Quite a large proportion of our subscribers have paid in advance, and others are paying up, and we would not be surprised if by the close of the first volume, there was not a delinquent on our books. If this should prove so, we will not only have a *model paper*, but a *model list of subscribers*.

LION HUNTING.—There are perhaps no greater lion hunters on the face of the earth than the American people. They

must have a lion to chase, or they would be as much out of their element as a salmon on a sand-beach. While all were in hot pursuit after Jenny Lind, there were various conjectures in regard to the question who would be the lion, and it was definitely settled in the minds of some that Barnum would be under the necessity of importing Queen Victoria and her brood, in order to meet the wants of the American people. This necessity, however, was obviated by Uncle Sam, who sent to Asia and brought over a lion in the person of Louis Kossuth. Our lion hunters are again on the chase, and the greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevail.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.—A young man who had graduated at one of our best colleges, and who was celebrated for his literary attainments, particularly in mathematics, settled in a village where a faithful minister of the Gospel was stationed. Soon after the young man had settled there, the clergyman met him in one of his evening walks, and after some conversation, when they were about to part he said to him: "I have heard you are distinguished for your mathematical skill; I have a problem which I wish you to solve." "What is it?" eagerly asked the young man. The clergyman answered in a solemn tone of voice, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The youth returned home and endeavored to shake off the impression fastened on him by the problem proposed, but in vain. In the giddy round of pleasure, in his business, and in his studies, the question still forcibly returned to him, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It resulted in his conversion, and he became an able advocate and preacher of that Gospel which he once rejected.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The Tennessee Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb in this place is now in successful operation, under Mr. Morris, who has been many years connected with the Institution in New York, as Principal assisted by Mr. Bronson, a graduate of the Ohio Institution.

The Trustees have appointed a matron for the females, and a curator who has charge of the boarding, &c. We hope the benevolent will exert their influence with parents, guardians, &c., of the deaf and dumb between twelve and twenty-five years of age, to induce them to avail themselves of the provisions of the law by which their children may be instructed, and send them to school.

The regular term commences on the 1st of October and continues till the 15th of July, but pupils will be received at the present session until the first of May next. Knoxville, Jan. 22, 1852.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST PSALM, WITH A COMMENTARY.

BY PROF. SHELTON.

1. Happy the man:—

Who walketh not after the counsel of the ungodly,

Nor treadeth the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scorners;

2. But whose delight is in the Law of Jehovah,
And who doth meditate on his Law, day and night.

3. He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

Which bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
And whose leaves never fade.
Whatever he doeth shall prosper.

4. Not so the ungodly,

But, as the chaff, which the wind scattereth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the assembly of the righteous.
For Jehovah approveth the way of the righteous.

But the way of the wicked shall perish.

COMMENTARY.

Vr. 1. The traits of the righteous man negatively exhibited.

Happy the man. Fortunate, blessed. Literally an exclamation: O, beatitudine viri!

Walketh not after the counsel, i. e., follows not the principles,—the way of thinking.

Of the ungodly.—Of those who are in heart estranged from God,—those whose inward principles are wrong.

Nor treadeth the way, i. e., pursues not the path—imitates not the example.

Of sinners.—Of those who are actually wicked—those who manifest evil principles in overt acts.

Nor sitteth in the seat, i. e., keeps not the company.

Of scorners.—Those who scoff at religion, and contemptuously reject the authority of God. Observe the rising gradation of thought in the successive lines of this verse as indicated in the words *ungodly, sinners* and *scorners*.

Vr. 2. The traits of the righteous affirmatively exhibited.

Whose delight.—Whose greatest joy.

The Law of Jehovah.—The Scriptures. The word was originally applied to the five books of Moses, called the *Pentateuch*, but here refers to all the books of Divine Revelation which existed in the age when the Psalm was written.

Vr. 3. The blessedness of the righteous illustrated by a striking comparison.

Like a tree planted.—Not sprung up of its own accord, but planted through design.

Streams of water. The word means the channels by which the waters of a stream or fountain are divided for the purpose of watering lands in cultivation. To the Orientals, where the practice of irrigation was common, this would be a striking image.

In its season.—At the proper time,—when the time of bearing fruit arrives.

Whose leaves never fade.—Never wither and die for the want of moisture, since the tree is planted by the streams of water.

Whatever he doeth shall prosper. i. e., whatever th good man attempts shall be brought to a prosperous issue. Like the tree, whose fruit

never fails and whose leaves do not fade, he is successful in all that he undertakes.

Vr. 4. The character of the ungodly.

As the chaff. The righteous is like 'he tree which always flourishes. Here the Psalmist, instead of tamely using the same emblem under different circumstances, changes entirely the imagery. The wicked is like the chaff which the wind scattereth away,—an allusion to the ancient manner of cleaning grain from the chaff. The image expresses not the destruction, but the worthlessness of the wicked.

Vr. 5. The future punishment of the wicked.

Shall not stand in the judgment.—Shall not abide or endure the trial, when God shall arise in judgment.

In the assembly. Understand *shall stand* before the words. To stand in the assembly means to have a place in, to be connected with the assembly; while to stand in the judgment means to be found innocent,—a striking example of the difference between the signification and sense of words. The truth in this verse is general, and may be regarded as showing the great principle of God's government, though it may refer particularly to the Judgment Day. On that great Day the wicked cannot abide the test of the Judgment, nor have a place among the assembly of the righteous.

Vr. 6. The reason of their punishment.

Approach. The word means, first to know, and then, to be familiar with, and hence, to be interested in, to approve, to love.

Shall perish. Shall not endure, like that of the righteous. It meets not the approbation of God, and hence leads to destruction.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

A Southern letter writer says, in regard to the women of the South, that he was particularly struck with their beauty of form, their symmetrical and harmonious figures. In this they excel Northern women. Many of them dress with exquisite taste—very richly, but seldom gaudily or with any display of tinsel. The proverbial affability and urbanity of the Southern character finds its fullest development in the women. The Southern lady is naturally and necessarily easy, unembarrassed and polite. You may go into the country where you please—you may go as far as you please from town, village and post office—you may call at the poorest house you can find, provided you don't get among "Crackers," and, whether you accost maid or matron, you will always be answered with the same politeness and treated with the same spontaneous courtesy. The writer adds that he has often been struck with the contrast between the daughters of the planters, who reside on the plantations all the year, and have little communication with the city or town, and those of the New England farmer. The latter are bashful and consequently awkward; they blush and stammer in the presence of strangers, and know neither how to act nor what to say. The former, without being bold, are perfectly self-possessed and graceful; they neither blush nor stammer when a stranger unexpectedly presents himself, but they do the honors of the house without embarrassment, and with a polish of manners that would do honor to a Parisian.

ELOQUENCE OF FEELING.—The eloquence of feeling will often produce more important and glorious results, than the most elaborate and overpowering arguments.

For the Classic Union.

FIRST VOICE.

Bright are the flowers that deck the Earth,
And sweet the perfume they yield,
When vernal suns to buds give birth,
And gaily dress the tinted field.

But pluck them not, though they are fair,
For oh! their beauty fades too soon.
The sweets that filled the morning air
Are all exhaled before 'tis noon.

SECOND VOICE.

'Tis true that blossoms quickly die,
And frost succeeds to Summer hours,
And bright-hued petals withered lie
Unheeded round their leafless bowers.

Yet pluck them, Brother, though they fade,
Their sweets awhile you may retain,
And when Spring renovates the glade
Those lovely flowers shall bloom again.

FIRST VOICE.

Love not a form of mortal mould
Though angel brightness mark the eye,
And treasures of the heart unfold,
For what you love will change or die.

SECOND VOICE.

Yes! human flowers are fading things;
The loveliest oft are first to feel
The withering blight that sorrow brings,
And to the King of Terrors yield.

Yet love them, Brother, though they die,
Affection brings its own reward,
And know that in those realms on high
The heart's lost treasures are restored.

Mrs. E. M. E.

A GEM—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

When all else have deserted you, and friends have withdrawn their smile of approbation and affection, and leave you to mourn over the follies of an ill-spent life—when society has banished you from its presence and cast you upon the world as unfitted for the company of the good, and you feel you are undeserving the sympathy of the virtuous and upright, when all around you is dark and cheerless, and the future seems an arid waste—when you feel that life has become a burthen—there is one friend who will never forsake you. No matter how dark the stain of sin that rests upon thy soul or how deep thou hast fallen into degradation—thy mother will not desert thee. When all else has given thee up as lost and ruined, she will stand by to comfort, to advise, and caress.

A mother's love, who can appreciate it? In danger, sickness, or in death she is the same kind-hearted unchanging creature.

When fortune smiles upon you, she rejoices at your prosperity; and in the dark hours of adversity, to a mother can you confidently look for sympathy and consolation. Treat thy mother with kindness, so that when she lies down in the grave you will have no cause to curse yourself for having wounded her gentle spirit.

[For the Classic Union.]

Ma. Editor: I here present you with a piece of poetry, selected from an album, which, if you deem worthy, you will please give an insertion in your columns. These lines simply speak of woman's moral worth, exhibiting her wonted loveliness, constancy and sweetness of disposition, and amiability of character. She is the center around which cluster our brightest hopes and fairest anticipations of the realization of earthly happiness and the purest social bliss. She is the one to whom we may apply for comfort in dark and adverse hours; and her soothing voice and sympathising smiles will dispel the gloomy clouds, and cause, by a rapid succession a glorious noon. She sweetens every cup of unhappiness, and makes delightful the bitterest morsel.—Never does she appear so lovely, as when in the hours of sickness. Around the pale and emaciated form, I see her hovering like an angel spirit, administering to our wants—allaying the heated brow with cool appliances—adjusting the pillow that may give ease and rest—dealing out encouragement with soft words and gentle tones—watching every movement with a never weary eye—aye, she is vigilant when all is hushed in slumber, and never ceases until her wan and languid countenance begins to grow bright by the discovery of returning health. She makes more lovely the days of prosperity by her presence, increasing every charm, enlivening home with every thing which can entice and allure man from the busy hum and din of life to seek a pleasant retreat where glow with perennial sunshine the sweets that can dispel every care. Woman's pure affection is as wide and limitless as the wave,—commensurate with the boundless air, and chainless only with death. Bereft of her charming and modest virtues, earth, with her variegated scenery, would be one gloomy region, and slowly would we drag out life's weary hours.

VIR SIMPLEX.

Murfreesborough, Jan. 28.

WOMAN.

Oh, Woman! in whose lustrous eye
The rays of pure affection glow,
Whose angel smile bids sorrow fly,
And gives a charm to all below;
Whose gentle tones a power possess,
To soothe the breast when racked with pain;
Whose sparkling tears, and fond caress
Bind stronger than an iron chain;

Without thy pure, unchanging love,
That burns undim'd when life declines,
And like the sun in heaven above,
Enlivens all on which it shines;—

Without that love's benignant light
To cheer the mournful face of care,
Our life would be one dreary night
Of hopeless gloom, and dark despair.

In Fortune's clear and sunny spring,
When all things wear the fairest hue;
When earth and skies with music ring,
And blossoms glitter bright with dew;
Oh, then! without that rapturous love,
That gushes warm from woman's breast,
The skies would bend in gloom above,
And earth in sable weeds be drest.

And when misfortune's storms assail—
When all our golden dreams are fled;
When cherish'd schemes and wishes fail;
And all our fondest hopes are dead;
Then—then that love, so pure, so warm,
Shall with increasing splendor shine
And, like the rainbow, gild the storm
With many a lovely tint divine.

Oh, then! whatever our lot may be,
In this our pilgrimage through life,
In prosperous hours of health and glee,
Or darker scenes of care and strife;
'Tis woman's love—that love alone—
The same in weal, the same in woe—
That gives to life its richest tone,
And sweetens all our toils below.
Middleton, Tenn., 1849.

[From the Rutherford Telegraph.]

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."
Rev. 13; 10.

Let it be remembered that the question under discussion is—The perpetuity of the Sabbath Institution. In other words, Is it the will of God, that the Sabbath should be observed under the New Testament dispensation? and if it be, by what authority is the *first day* of the week observed as the Sabbath? In answer to these inquiries it may be observed, that the *sacredness* of the Sabbath is not *inherent* in the day, that is set apart for its observance. The day is one thing, and the Sabbath Institution is another thing. The Institution itself may be unchangeable and of perpetual obligation; but the day for its celebration may be changed as often as God may think proper to direct. Jesus Christ claimed authority over the Sabbath, when he said, "The Son of man is *Lord of the Sabbath*." This declaration intimates some change in regard to this sacred Institution. Can it mean that he was about to abolish the Institution itself? The reasons that have been assigned for the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath utterly forbid the supposition. But it is manifest, that the day, for the observance of this sacred *rest*, was changed from the *seventh* to the *first day* of the week. The disciples were in the habit of meeting on the *first day* of the week for religious purposes; and this practice obtained from the very day, on which Jesus rose from the dead. On

the evening of that day the disciples were assembled with closed doors, and Jesus appeared in the midst of them and blessed them. The disciples assembled again on the first day of the next week, and Jesus again appeared in their midst and blessed them. John 20; 19, 26. Here we are furnished with the example of both the inspired disciples, and of their blessed Lord in favor of their observing the first day of the week. Could this have been accidental? If not, their example has the weight of a divine sanction. The first sermon, that was preached under the new dispensation, was delivered on the first day of the week, and that sermon was attended by an extraordinary out-pouring of the Spirit of God. There were seven full weeks from the Passover to the day of Pentecost, and it was on the *fiftieth* day that the feast of Pentecost began. Lev. 23; 15, 16. Acts 2; 1. Consequently the fiftieth day must have fallen on the first day of the week.

We learn from Acts 20; 7, that the disciples were in the habit of assembling together to celebrate the Lord's Supper on the first day of the week. This is supposed to have been about the year of our Lord 60. Can more conclusive evidence be reasonably demanded in favor of the *sacredness* of the *first day* of the week? But there is an Apostolical injunction, contained in 1st Cor. 16; 1, 2, that ought to settle this point with all that claim to be intelligent and candid. By this injunction it is made the duty of the churches to lay by them in store on the *first day* of the week for christian purposes and religious uses, as the Lord may have prospered them. From all this it is rendered manifest, beyond the power of contradiction, that from the time of the resurrection of Christ the first day of the week was observed as a day that was peculiar, and to be distinguished by religious exercises from the other days of the week. But, manifestly, it was not so before the resurrection of Christ. It is also remarkable, that, after that memorable event, the seventh day of the week was not distinguished by the example of either Jesus or his disciples. Here then we have in the example of Christ and his Apostles and disciples all the authority, that we should desire, for observing the first day of the week instead of the seventh as a day of sacred solemnities. The sacredness of the Sabbath is still preserved. The great principle of that hallowed Institution remains unchanged. *One day in seven* is still claimed as *holy unto the Lord*.

If it should be asked by any one, why was the day changed from the seventh to the first? a satisfactory answer may be found in the fact, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week. What can be more worthy of a memorial than the resurrection of the Son of God? This glorious event was a striking proof of his divine mission, and that his death in the sinner's room was accepted of the Father as all-sufficient atoning sacrifice.—It was also a sacred pledge of the resurrection and eternal blessedness of all that love his appearing. Was the work of creation great, and was it worthy of a sacred memorial? Much more is the work of redemption. Creation and Providence are but important steps towards the still greater and more glorious work of redemption. We have, therefore, in the Christian Sabbath a memorial of the work of creation as well as the work of redemption; just as the Israelites in their Sabbath had a lively remembrancer of the work of creation, and of their deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. Hence, God's resting from the work of creation on the seventh day is, at one time, assigned as a reason, why they should "remember the Sabbath day;" and at another time the reason assigned for this solemn observance is, that God by a mighty hand delivered them from the house of bondage. In their case there was no change in the Sabbath Institute, but only an additional reason for its sacred observance. So under the New Testament dispensation the Sabbath remains in full force; the obligation to observe it being increased by the consideration, that it is to Christians a remembrancer of the resurrection of their divine Lord, as well as of the work of creation. If this be not true, why is it called "the Lord's day?" It is presumed, that no one will be so inconsiderate and reckless as to controvert the fact, that "the Lord's day" is the first day of the week, inasmuch as on that day he rose from the dead; on that day he met with his disciples again and again; on that day the disciples were accustomed to celebrate his supper; and that was the day that was designated for making contributions for religious purposes. Truly we are here surrounded by a "great cloud of witnesses," extending from the evening of the same day on which Jesus rose from the dead, till the beloved disciple was favored with the visions of Patmos, which is supposed to be about the year 96. "John, the Divine," of blessed memory, speaks with the utmost familiarity of this hallowed

day, as of a thing that was well known to every one:—"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." He does not stop to explain what he meant by the Lord's day. He evidently supposed, that all his readers would readily understand what day he meant. He speaks of the Lord's day with the same familiarity that Moses uses in speaking of the Sabbath-day. Neither John nor Moses thought it worth while to explain what every person ought to be supposed to understand.

But is it unquestionably true, that there was in the year 96 a day familiarly known as the Lord's day, and so denominated by an inspired Apostle? And yet can it be, that this day had no peculiar sacredness in the estimation of the Apostle, and that of his Lord? Surely this cannot be supposed. But what could impart sacredness to that or any other day? Suppose it to be "merely a free-will offering on the part of man;" might not the Almighty authoritatively demand—"Who hath required this at your hands?" Who but God himself can impart a holy character to any day, or to any institution?

In conclusion we may observe, that if the law of the Sabbath is annulled, it must have been done by the authority of Jesus Christ. But did Christ abolish it? Where is the proof to be found? Is it to be found in the fact, that his disciples and Apostles met from time to time for religious purposes on the first day of the week, and that those meetings were sanctioned by his own example and by his peculiar favor? Is it to be found in the fact, that the beloved disciple under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost speaks of a day as being familiarly known as the Lord's day? Was the Sabbath appointed to be a memorial of the work of creation? and did Christ abolish it? Was the Sabbath Institute published by God's own voice amid scenes of the most awful majesty and sublimity, and afterwards written with the finger of God on a stone tablet? and did Christ come to abolish it?—Did God assign this sacred Institute a place in the moral code? and did Christ abolish it? though he solemnly declared that he came "not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill! Was "the Sabbath made for man," and was it appointed to be the symbol of the sweet and holy rest of the redeemed in the heavenly Canaan? and did Christ, who came on an errand of infinite love, destroy this sweet and soothing symbol of the end of toil and sorrow? O, it is impossible! the supposition is a slander on his character and on

his work! But if Christ has not abolished the Sabbath, it is still in force as a law of his kingdom.

In view of all these solemn and impressive facts, can an intelligent Bible-reader still alledge, that the ground taken in the pulpit in defense of the Sabbath is broader, than the sanction of God's authority?

W. E.

[For the Classic Union.]

A VISIT TO THE HERMITAGE—THE EPITAPHIS—REFLECTIONS.

"Quis igitur hoc homine scientior unquam aut fuit, aut esse debuit? qui e luda atque pueritiae disciplina, bella mazimo, atque acerrimis hostibus, ad patris exercitum, atque in militiam disciplinam perfectus est." Cic. pro Lege Manilia.

One fine morning in November, a few friends started on a visit to the Hermitage. It was a lovely morning, one of those bright autumnal mornings, which resemble the summer more than they do the autumn. Our party was one of accident. It was composed of transient visitors to the "City of Rocks," from different sections of the State, who had been drawn together by the 'unavoidable but often pleasant reunion' of a fashionable Hotel. Their was one feeling which had common existence in all our breasts. We were all Tennesseans, and we loved whatever pertained to the glory and honor of our native land. We loved together the hills and the vallies, the mountains and rivers of our own dear fatherland, but above all we loved to cherish a feeling of admiration for the memories of those noble country men,

"Who seeks to rest

By all their country's wishes blest."

The excursion was wholly impromptu, and composed, as such parties ought always to be by an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. As the distance was such as to require the day, the ladies, who ever know best how to provide for emergencies, hastily packed up the necessary nick-nacks, and "chicken fixins" to furnish a pic-nic, for the excursion, we made an early start, intending to drive to the Hermitage by eleven, and get back to the city by four in the afternoon.

Passing rapidly along the Lebanon Turnpike road we soon glided beyond the suburban city of South Nashville, cast a glance at the Suspension Bridge, hanging like a gossamer web across the channel of the Cumberland, we soon gained the open country, displaying field and cottage, hill an dale, in delightful confusion, and ere we were well aware of the time that had passed, were at the renowned "Clover Bottom;" the first race course in Tenn. It was at this point, Col. Donelson, one of the pion

ers of Cumberland Valley, and the father-in-law of the late Andrew Jackson settled. Here he built a fort, or station, and in this neighborhood, yet live many of his descendants. Just beyond lie the celebrated Hermitage grounds—a large domain of beautiful land, lying near the junction of the Cumberland and Stone's Rivers. The residence of Andrew Jackson was however nearly two miles further up towards Lebanon, two hundred yards to the left of the Turnpike. Approaching the venerated site, you see only a large forest, with trees untouched, looking very beautiful in their stately grandeur. But soon you see the outline of a large building with several white columns in front, dimly seen through the forest trees, and soon turning up an avenue, leading towards the house, you are at the folding iron gate fronting the main entrance. From a party of glee and fun, we now suddenly became thoughtful and silent. The gate was opened by a porter, who invited us to drive up the avenue of cedars and pines, which border the gravelled walk which leads up to the main entrance, terminating in front, in an ellipse, so as to enable us to land on the steps near the portico of the Hermitage. There is a simplicity and an entire absence of display in the style of architecture. The house is of brick, large and commodious, but all as plain as could be imagined. We expected to have had the pleasure of visiting the interior, but learning that Mrs. Jackson was there severely afflicted by sickness, we gave up our hopes in that particular, and contented ourselves with a survey of the garden, grounds, &c.

A servant, the gardener of the family, came to guide us through the garden. We were soon traversed along the winding walks, in a beautiful garden, in the midst of parterres of flowers, bordered with the evergreen boxwood. There had been no change in the order, or of the flowers, or of the shrubbery since the death of the late proprietor. A few sprigs of arbutus, juniper, pine, and some pale autumnal flowers were gathered by one or two gentle demoiselles in our party, who wished to bear away a memento of the Hermitage, but generally we forbore to touch the flowers or plants, knowing that if one tenth of those who visit that spot, should pluck even a leaf there soon would be no leaves left.

Our steps were however soon arrested and the light hearted girls, who were so carelessly plucking the evergreen twigs a moment before, seemed at once overwhelmed, by the rush of thoughts, which came

flowing up from the deep well of memory. We were standing around the tomb of Andrew Jackson! In the corner of the garden, beneath a few forest trees, and a few others planted irregularly around it, beneath one of the plainest monuments that ever marked the resting place of a renowned warrior and statesman, sleep the remains of one of Tennessee's noblest patriots. It is a square wall of stone, covering an area of about eight or ten feet square, over which lies a plain slab. From the middle of this slab rises a dome, supported by about eight small columns. Nothing can equal the simplicity of its construction, nor the plainness of its architecture. It is the resting place of husband and wife; it is the spot and the monument chosen and erected for her, who was the companion of his youth and his age, and which was designed by him, as his own place of rest, and his own monument. We stood for many moments, perhaps minutes, silent, and thoughtful. In such scenes, we count not the minutes. The gush of thought, the thick crowding memories of the past, linked as they are with a thousand recollections of our own history, and the scenes through which we have passed, well combine to make us muse in silent contemplation around the truly, sacred house of the dead. The fancy of each one of us was busy in conjuring up the scenes and acts in the drama of him who slept beneath that humble stone! His widowed mother, shrouded in the habiliments of woe, appears to fancy and view, upon the frontiers of Carolina, in the midst of a hardy pioneer race, struggling to rear and educate her orphan boys: we follow her through the bloody scenes of the Waxhaw and hanging Rock, and see her sons, scarce yet grown to manhood, wounded and imprisoned by a cruel and relentless British soldiery: we follow her in her visits of maternal love and duty, to bear food and clothing to those emaciated sons, as they lay in the loathsome Camden jail, and when all but one, have fallen victims to the cruelties of the foe: we see her too, giving up her life, a victim to the diseases of the climate and her own severe exertion to save her sons, and hear her in her dying breath ejaculate a prayer, for him the surviving orphan boy, who was left without friend and relative to cheer him on the path of life.

Again imagination bears us to the banks of the Coosa and Tallapoosa; a few years have sped their flight, and that prisoner orphan boy, stands at the head of his brave battalion of Tennessee soldiers, and with

the courage of a Cæsar, and the skill of an Alexander, crushes the warlike and savage Creeks. Again his terrible form appears at Pensacola, and on the banks of the Sawanee, bearing down the lawless Seminoles, and Spanish allies. There we behold him upon the plains of Chalmette, on the coast of the father of waters, bearing down and crushing the proud legions of England.

We see him retire to the shades of that Hermitage, where now we stand, followed by the gratitude of a mighty nation, seeking the peace and comfort of his own fire-side, and the society of her, the chosen companion of his life, dispensing his hospitalities around him and apparently withdrawing from all the pomp and glory of the world, forever! But no; a grateful nation soon calls him from his happy retirement, and makes him the Chief Magistrate of twelve millions of Freemen. And was this the widow's son? Was this the orphan boy of the Waxhaw, who but a few years before lay in chains in the loathsome dungeon at Camden jail? What a sublime example of the power and dignity of a nation of freemen! What a triumph for the widow's son!

And she the partner of his joys, the pride and idol of his youthful heart, the comfort of his maturer age, and the sharer of his honors, who was she? What was her name and history? How looked she? How loved, how honored? How died? Standing around the humble monument, we read with mingled feelings of admiration and sorrow, the following beautifully touching lines, engraved upon the slab, which was written by the husband and placed over the remains of her, who was the pride and glory of his life:

"Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died 22 Dec., 1828, aged 61.

Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most unpretending method. To the poor she was a benefactor; to the rich an example, to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good.

A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor; even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Just opposite, on the other side are the following words, also placed there by Gen. Jackson's own directions previous to his death:

"General Andrew Jackson, Born March 15th, 1767, Died June 8th, 1845."

Passing once more over the garden, we visited the carriage house, and examined the carriage made out of the ship Constitu-

tion, by citizens of Boston, and presented to President Jackson. One a large stout carriage, the other a phaeton, on the last of which, on each side are these words,

"Gloria victisq; laudatus,"

Having seen the grounds and tomb of the far-famed Hermitage, and procured a "hickory club," as a memento. Our party were soon again driving through the evergreen avenue, and down the turnpike to Sone's River. Here we stopt, and our fair companions, not too much overcome by the excitement of our visit, to think of the proper refreshments, soon spread out a basket of "confections and kitchen fixings," which might pass very well for a picnic, malgro "the wines and the sandwiches."

Here we soon resumed our usual glee and merriment; the smile and the laugh, the cutting sarcasm and sharp repartee, and projects for other excursions, soon absorbed our thoughts, and for a while, at least, the tomb and the sacred dust of the Hermitage were forgotten! And this it is to be great! This it is, to toil and bleed, and suffer while we live, and for what? That strangers, and generations who may come after us, may visit our tombs, ponder on the history of our lives, and, perhaps, shed a tear of gratitude to our memory! Well, this is something, and proves that we have not lived in vain. It is good to visit the tombs of the dead, and to think of the good which they have done. He is to be pitied, indeed, whose hardened soul feels no generous impulse, makes no high resolves, and pours no libation of gratitude at the shrine of the mighty dead.

It is related of Alexander, the Great, by Plutarch, that when he visited the tomb of Cyrus, the King of Persia, one of his followers broke it open, and that for that sacrilege, Alexander caused the Greek to be put to death. The epitaph was in these words:—

"O, man! whosoever thou art, and whosoever thou comest, (for come I know thou wilt.) I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire. Envy me not the little earth that covers my body!"

It is related that the great conqueror was deeply touched by this simple epitaph, and caused it to be engraved also in Greek. There can scarcely be a more dignified epitaph than this, yet to some the simple name and age engraved upon the plain slab which covers the Sage of the Hermitage

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

November 12, 1851.

M. A. M.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY

There is a greater question than that of *intemperance* to be raised about in this country, and especially in this city. There are thousands of good people who believe that intemperance is the greatest evil in the world. And they labor honestly and well to put it down. God bless them, and give them a great victory and a great reward.

But there is a greater evil, and a greater question to be asked and answered respecting it. We are almost afraid to put the question so many will smile at our simplicity, and so few have thought of it as we do.

The question is this: SHALL WE HAVE A SABBATH?

If the thousands of our readers who go quietly to church on the Lord's day, and after comfortably hearing a good sermon, return to their peaceful homes and spend the day in the midst of their families, suppose that all the rest of the world do the same thing, they are very much mistaken. Continental Europe has no Sabbath, and Coninen al Europe is coming to America. Sunday in our large cities, Sunday in our Western States, is fast becoming no Sabbath. It is a holiday, not a holy day. It is a day for pleasure, and frolic, or travel, and the means for all sorts of Sabbath-breaking pleasure are furnished in vast profusion, all New York is a good enough Paris for anybody. Now what is to be done? To men of business we have a word to say. Turn back to the first page of this paper, and read the opinion of Sir Matthew Hale, one of the great lights of old England. There is good sense, long experience, and sound wisdom in those remarks. Hale was no fanatic. He was a calm, philosophical observer of men and things, and records the results. Let his reflections be studied, and then let us look at the facts further.

A nation without a Sabbath, is a nation without God, and without hope. France needs a Sabbath to-day more than she needs an army, or a decent President.—We must maintain the Sabbath, or we shall soon be on the ocean without helm or compass.

As citizens and christians, we must wake up to this matter. Men of business ought to see that it is good economy to work six days and rest one. Facts prove this, if they prove anything. Testimony that would be sufficient to justify them in the investment of millions, has been furnished again and again, fill it is a settled fact that *polity requires a Sabbath*, while *duty enjoins it*.

On the Sabbath, no railroad runs out of Boston or in, but the morning train from the New York steamboat. Is there any greater necessity for Railroad Sabbath desecration here than there? We are not superstitious or bigoted, but we believe that the God of the Sabbath is the God of Providence, and whether men of business think so or not, we are sure that it is dangerous for any company to drive their cars over God's earth on the day when he has commanded them to rest. Try it.—Put down the Sabbath. Compel your

engineers and conductors, and switch tenders and brakemen to trample on God's laws, and neglect the house of God; give them no time for calm repose and moral improvement; let them be the same sort of men that habitual *Sabbath breakers always are*, and if they do not run your cars to perdition, then is God infinitely better to you than you deserve.

Is this earnest language? Not more earnest than the times and the cause demand. We are in imminent danger of making wreck of our Sabbath, and with it will go down the whole fabric of religious institutions. We may have a Papal Sunday, but what Papal country uder heaven is there that is worth living in? We may have no Sabbath at all, and what good citizen would buy a house or farm where there was no day for the worship of God.—N. Y. Observer.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—

A remarkable circumstance and important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend, are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a rapid property of mind! for it such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity.—The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution.—After all the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abernethie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return; he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—Dr Winslow's *Psychological Journal*.

ED Leighton, when asked whether he preached on the times, as was usual in the 17th century, made this reply:—"If all brethren have preached on the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on *eternity*?"

[For the Classic Union.]

We, the Collopean Society of Union University, hereby tender a vote of thanks to Maj. J. B. PALMER, for his kindness in sending us the Governor's Message and other Legislative documents.

C. W. GAILLIARD, Pres't.

A. B. HAYNS, Sec'y.

[From the Presbyterian Witness.]
EARLY TRAINING.

DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Surely, then, what we do is for *eternity*. As we sow, we shall reap. The buds of immortality entrusted to our care, may be prepared to flourish in the garden of God, or wither in despair. Let us think of this—aye, pray over it, and try to realize its full force.

But the giant oak of the forest did not become a mighty tree in a day; neither can children be trained for God in a day. It is a work for life—an individual privilege. And as constant dropping wears away rock, so every good impression made upon the tender mind, gives moral power to both parent and child to do more. As we bend the twig, so will the tree be.—The world may deface, or deepen, or so change and alter, that when the tender shoot becomes an oak, the early fireside impressions will hardly be recognized by us who made them, yet they are there—clear, distinct and powerful, and will remain through an immortal existence for good or evil.

It is said that when Appelles, the famous Greek painter, was asked how he had been enabled to accomplish so much for art, that he replied: "By the observance of one rule—*no day without a line.*" Hence we may learn, that what diligent study and perseverance can do for the canvass, the parent may do for the child. And moreover, it has been truly said, that what sculpture can do for the marble, right moral training will do for the immortal mind. And this was the marvel of Socrates, a heathen philosopher, "that people should give so much for turning a stone into a man, and so little to prevent a man's turning into a stone."

If first principles are correct, these results follow with the certainty of cause and effect. But then it takes constant teaching—line upon line—to fix those principles in the mind. Nevertheless, it is the parent's duty. And it should be done, even for the temporal good of posterity, if there were no higher motive, for this land of ours, with all its wealth and woe—with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers—its shipping, steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs—with all its millions of grouping beings, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the children we are training. On them will devolve the important task of commencing where we leave off, and carrying out still greater improvements in all that pertains to the wisdom of this world. Therefore, in this respect, it is very important that right moral and religious truths be fixed in the young mind, that those who are to be our future presidents, governors, statesmen, philosophers, and teachers, may act well the part that will necessarily devolve upon them.

But, above all, let us remember, that as we sow, will the gathering be, when angels are the reapers. When the scroll of time shall be rolled up, and the sun shall slum-

ber in the cloud, forgetful of the voice of the morning, parents will meet their children, perhaps to part again! perhaps to reign with God. O, then, let us renewedly dedicate them to God, for of a truth, to us is committed the care of choice perennial plants to be cultivated until transplanted to the paradise above. It depends very much upon us whether these sweet flowers shall gather freshness and beauty under our culture, and finally be prepared to adorn the courts of heaven, or whether they shall wander still further upon the dark mountains of sin, until the sword of justice cuts them off to be bound in bundles of destruction. R.

H. G. SCOVEL, DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn),
Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

R. D. REED,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
ALSO

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c. &c.

Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JNO. C. SPENCE. JACOB B. SLACK.

JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Prompt attention given to all goods consigned to their care. jan14

Dr. Wm. H. Lytic,

HAVING permanently settled in Murfreesboro', offers his Professional services to the citizens of the town and vicinity in the practice of the various branches of his Profession. His office is on the south side of the square, next door to Reed & Elliott's. His residence, the one formerly owned by Dr. B. W. Arent. jan17-6m

W. P. McDANIEL & E. S. BUTLER, TAILORS.

SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(NEXT DOOR TO JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.'S.)
Murfreesboro', Tenn.

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,

Murfreesboro' Tenn.

Rooms—In the New Building adjoining the Methodist Church.
N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of his profession for the last eleven years. Charges moderate. jan26

P. K. T. BINFORD. J. M'DERMOTT. BINFORD & M'DERMOTT, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS.

EAST SIDE THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesboro', Tennessee.

PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded at any hour, night or day. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. jan31

CHRISTY & STEWART, DRY GOODS MERCHANTS EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, Murfreesboro', Tenn.

JOS. A. BOEHMS, DEALER IN SADDLERY & HARNESS,

(CORNER OF SHELBYVILLE AND CHURCH STS.,)
Murfreesboro', Tenn.
Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
jan-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Dr. Abernathy
HAS removed his office to Main Street, next door to J. M. Arent, and nearly opposite the Post Office. jan17-6m

GOING TO TEXAS! SELLING OUT AT COST!!!

I WILL sell my stock of goods at cost, either at Wholesale or Retail, for cash. A great bargain can be had at wholesale. I am determined to sell all my property in Murfreesboro', with the intention of going to Texas. I wish to settle up all my business during the present year.

I also offer for sale my Store House, with the privilege of running back to College street. It is one of the best stands for business in the place. Also, the house and lot where I now live, and two of the most slightly building lots on College street, each fronting said street 139 feet and running back 214 feet. They are the most desirable building lots in the city.

All that are indebted to me will please call immediately and settle up, as it is impossible for me to pay unless I am paid, and as I have never been in the habit of collecting by an agent, I hope to be saved the necessity of having to do so. [jan17] R. BOLLES.

WILSON Y. JONES. JAMES M. PEAK

JONES & PEAK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Flour,
SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,

EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesboro', Tenn.

G. D. CROTHWAIT, GENERAL LAND AGENT, IOWA CITY.

WILL attend to the location of Military bounty land Warrants. His charges are \$10 for 160 acres, \$5 for 80 acres, \$5 for 40 acres. He will use every means to select lands which will do to keep or sell. aug16-1f

ROBT. S. NORTHCOTT, Auctioneer, and General Agent For the Sale of Land, Negroes, &c.

RETURNS his sincere thanks to the community for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. He can always be found at the Grocery Store of Messrs. Collier & Lane, on the west side of the public square. jan3-2m

DR. MCULLOCH. (OFFICE ON SHELBYVILLE PIKE,) FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE, Murfreesboro', Tenn.

WILLIAM STEWART,
MARKET St., a few doors below Church st., west side, nearly opposite Lanier & Bro.,

MANUFACTURER OF
COPPER, TIN & SHEET IRON WARES,
KEEPS constantly on hand all kinds of Improved COOKING STOVES; also, Stoves of various kinds, such as Parlor, Hall, Fluted, Box, 7 and 10 plate Stoves. Also, improved Coal Stoves, of all kinds; Enamelled and Plain Mantle Grates. Castings of all kinds.

Job Work solicited, and executed with neatness and despatch. Feathers, Ginseng, Beeswax, Pewter, and Old Copper, taken in exchange for wares, &c.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and punctually attended to. ec11

JORDAN & WRIGHT, DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, South Side Public Square, 4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, FEBRUARY 16, 1852.

NO. 11.

[For the Classic Union.]
PERPETUITY OF THOUGHT.

Mind, whatever its circumstances or condition, exhibits some vestiges of the perfection it received when it came from the hand of the Creator. Its strength, activity and progressive nature, although impaired by the fall, still invest it with a superiority over the other works of creation. This prominence, not only gives it the power of marking out its own intellectual destiny, but of subscribing its interests with the agencies with which it is surrounded. The inherent law of its nature, of necessity renders it the arbiter of its own fortune. This is rendered apparent by admitting it to be governed by no higher law than that which runs through the creation of matter. There is no object, either animate or inanimate, destitute of an inherent law on which its existence is dependent. The blade of corn has its proscribed time, in which to come to maturity; after which, according to the order of nature, it must necessarily decay. The same principle, also, holds good in the animal existence. And if we investigate the nature of mind we shall be obliged to accord to it a principle, no less essential and potent, in keeping with its more exalted being. The different pursuits which men have followed; the achievements they have made in the different departments of the arts, the sciences, and literature, give incontestable proof of the in-born power of mind to shape its own intellectual destiny. This power arises from a multitude of causes, conspiring to the same end. Among these are the will to reject or receive impressions, and the matchless power of action, combination, and deliberation. But the most prominent of all, is the perpetuity of thought.

Mind, whether clothed with the radiance of youthful vigor or shining with dim lustre, through the withered organs of age, yields undeniable evidence of an interminable existence. If therefore, it

is perpetual in its existence, and the principle is admitted that it is susceptible of improvement; there must be a general law for its development. This law is based on the accumulation and perpetuity of its achievements. This fact is demonstrated by the degrees of attainment it has made under different circumstances. A man shut out from the light of nature and science would be an infant in intellect at three score. From this supposed starting point, the ratio of improvement would ever be in proportion to the means and effort. But, as, in the above case, the means for exertion would be nothing—hence efforts would be of no avail employed in the acquisition or use of ideas. Therefore thought is the only means by which the mind is expanded; and this must have a certain span of existence, or the mind would be ever vacant and imbecile.

Nothing in the material world is capable of producing what is not subject to the same law of nature as itself. The grain of wheat falls into the earth and springs up with its own likeness. So man comes forth with form erect, like that of his sire, and like him, too, his body is doomed to decay; and from what philosophy and reason teach, may not the same law be applied to the immortal mind? If not, we must place its offspring lower in the scale of being than even inanimate nature; which, notwithstanding its successive reorganizations and dissolutions, still holds its existence. But even in the present derangement of the mental faculties, there is a development of a more exalted nature and relation of thought to mind than this. By the law of perpetuity, the great mass of mind has arisen to the present high state of cultivation. One generation improving upon the conceptions of the former; the whole line of thought has been preserved from the beginning of time, except where it has been broken by a stroke of the Almighty.

If therefore, thought is rendered continuous through the change and caprice of time; the individual mind, which is an unbroken thread of existence, must be able to preserve its own stores of intellectual attainment. The present power of recollection proves this capacity. Although unable to recall every fugitive thought from the oblivious shades to which decaying nature has consigned it; nevertheless the greater part of the most distant conceptions are as fresh in the mind as those of the present; while ever and anon a suggestion rolls back the mind upon itself to some thought of the past, which has been absent for years.

The present connection of mind with matter of necessity renders the past in a measure obscure. But thought, like the diamond, buried ever so deep in the sands of time, possesses its brilliant qualities. These become more and more apparent as it approximates an unincumbered state. And when hereafter, it shall be brought fully into the sunlight of eternity; its glories will stand indelibly inscribed on every feature of the mind, as with the pen of immortality. If this is not the sublime relation of thought to mind, there is no progressive existence beyond the bounds of time. The moment the brittle thread is sundered which holds in connection mind and body, the most giant intellect must contract to the imbecility of infancy, unaffected by the achievements and failures of the past. It will then pass into another state of existence, the subject neither of reward nor punishment.

But experience shows the fallacy of even such an unnatural supposition.—Ambercrombie mentions the case of a French gentleman, who had spent the greater part of his life in England; and was known to have lost all power of speaking his native language. But when under the disease of the brain, he spoke French with the greatest fluency. Rush in his practice gives the case of a man,

who, during the course of disease, spoke three different languages. At the commencement English, the language of his adoption—at a more advanced stage French, which he had long since forgotten—on the day of his death Italian, the language of his extreme youth. Here memory to recede to more remote objects as dissolution progressed: and the mind gradually aroused itself 'like the toiled lion' shaking off its cumbrances, until it leaped from its prison in the glory of immortal strength.

Science has poured a flood of light upon the nature and capacity of the mind to act with the same vigor and principle of action independent of the body. By administering chemical preparations, the body is rendered insensible; but the mind still acts with unwonied power and agility.

With these demonstrations of memory and independence of action, is it not reasonable to believe that it will infinitely exceed its present activity and tenacity when it shall put off the mortal coil, altogether, and act through immortal organs? All of past existence will then be a continued present. Old age and childhood, no longer separated by the decayed and withered tenement of the natural body, will embrace each other. Mind, like a vast panorama, will then unfold, disclosing the whole character, inscribed as upon a tablet of adamant; either emblazoned with truth or blackened with the corruptions of vice. Every beauty or depravity of thought—every commendable or debasing effort will stand forth entire and legible, like the hieroglyphics upon the imperishable monuments of Egypt, when plied with chemical solutions.

Thus endowed with a mind ever bound to act and retain all the results of its actions, man becomes the arbiter of a high and fearful destiny. At the dawn of life he is placed in possession of an immortal tablet, and left to inscribe upon it the glories of mental achievement or the ever burning shame of mental prostitution.—What a trust! What weighty responsibilities cluster around this mortal existence! How conscience, startled, and aroused, shakes her terrific sceptre at the inglorious stupidity and and folly of man, as he gathers to himself an inheritance of sorrow!—as he permits the fingers of his trifling and vicious practices to trace upon the silver surface of his soul the ineffaceable characters of shame! Yet one, like the witless ape, grins and chuckles over his *cunning* during a brief inglorious life,

and finally enters upon the immeasurable future with an intellect stored with immortal nonsense. Another, no less sordid, 'like the the bristled offspring of the sty,' delves in every slough of vice until his bestial soul is sated; then reproaching nature and heaven, for the constitution given him, enters the eternal gateway of darkness.

But the misapplication of the godlike powers of thought is not confined alone to the vulgar and besotted, but extends to the man who can span the world with human knowledge, and range through creation without a bound to limit his research. But failing of the true and wise exercise of thought, founders upon the shoal of infidelity, and vain would attempt suicide upon his own immortality. Not satisfied with such extenuation, by a vague process of reasoning, he essays to ascend to Deity. With an impious hand he smites his throne and fancies he sees it reel and crumble into non-existence.—With a mind stored with mighty but ignoble thought, he enters upon his immortal destiny—a monster of intellectual rashness. But there is a glory of undecaying thought which is gathered above by him who attaches his hopes to the throne of the Eternal, and resolves by the practice of virtue to stand as a star of the first rank in the galaxy of pure and holy immortals.

Action is only ennobling to moral character as it is good. Thought is only ennobling to intellect as it is profound and virtuous. Such thought gives power to mind—its perpetuity stamps mind with value.

Men are accustomed to value material objects according to their durable use.—This principle is visible also throughout the Divine economy, from the fact that greater responsibility and utility are imposed on the different orders of being.—If this is the order of the universe, mind, if thinking is its great office and the principle by which it is developed, can be valued only for the perpetuity and inseparable relation its conceptions hold to itself. If otherwise divest it of its achievements—where is the progressive being?—where is the force of reason and relation?—where are the glories of immortality?—They have fled! But crown its achievements with perpetual existence, and it at once exhibits the higher perfection of Creative Powers and an immeasurable nature.

Such is thought and its relation to mind—the value of existence—the sum of

accountability, and the crowning excellency of immortality. C. H. R.

[For the Classic Union.]
FORGIVENESS.

This virtue is called forth when, suffering from the wickedness and injury of our fellow men, we should be always ready and willing to forgive those that injure us, and be thankful that we have the opportunity of practicing a virtue so much approved by God and so sublime a characteristic of Him whose example we should always take as a model. How happy must be the person that possesses the spirit of forgiveness! and why should he be happy? because he knows he is doing good, both to himself and those by whom he is surrounded; he has the approbation of his conscience, and above all, he has the smiles of the blessed Savior, who will say, "Son, or daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven thee." What a happy effect it has on the character of the offender, when he knows he has wrongly inflicted injury on another—and the injured person, instead of retaliating, bears the injury with patience and forbearance; it produces such a lasting impression on his mind that he scarcely, if ever, inflicts the injury again. I have often heard person say, "Oh, I never can forgive her while I live." Let those persons stop and remember that their Maker has declared that his forgiveness of them depends upon their forgiveness of others.

RILLA.

FEMALE BEAUTY IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak around their eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of India paint them red. The rows of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzarat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland, the women color their faces with blue and red, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through.—Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron turmeric, and grease. In nearly all the Islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, the tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland,

they cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds for a long time, from deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. Another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia, an aqueline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but a Sumatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Aracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull, in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China, small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in their size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere, and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger nails so long that cases of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea, the nose is perforated and a large piece of wood or bone inserted.—On the north-west coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is cut in the lower lip, and filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea, the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the point resting on the chin. The Tunisian lady, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel.

[For the Classic Union.]

Ma. Ebron: Poetry has its charms, and is calculated to arouse the lethargy and sullenness of man's nature, and in a manner resuscitate and reanimate every nerve and fibre. It imparts pleasantness and melody. It opens new feelings in the heart, and fills the mind with sublime thoughts. It lifts man's soul from the paltry things of earth, and brings it in contact with pure ennobling virtues. It gives life to inanimated nature, and makes every ill-shapen object appear in a beautiful form and with perfect symmetry.—The Poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

It thrills the peasant and the lord, the master and the slave, with pure and elevated thoughts, and causes them to forget the position they occupy, and the relation they hold to each other. Poetry soothes the hours of adversity, smooths and softens every sorrow and ill, and calms every angry and turbulent passion. And who has not its charmings and enchantments felt,—partaking of the melody and harmony of heavenly music—lifting our souls to the contemplation of higher joys than earth can afford?—

"And I have felt
A passion that disturbed me with joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interposed,
Whose dwelling is the light of the setting sun,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and on the mind of man."

Below you will find a few lines, selected from an album, which are at your disposal.

VIR SIMPLEX.

Murfreesboro', Feb. 13, 1852.

THE FRIENDS WE LEAVE BEHIND US.

When first we leave our childhood's home,
As high the breast with hope is panting,
Through this alluring world to roam
Where all things wear a smile enchanting;
As onward then we go with pain,
With gushing tears that woe-nigh blind us,
We turn to look, and look again,
At that dear home we leave behind us.

As farther from that blest abode
Each passing day finds us withdrawing,
While on the world's uncertain road
Perpetual grief the breast is gnawing;
Each mountain, river, hill and plain—
Each warbling bird will oft remind us
Of that dear home where still remain
The ardent friends we've left behind us.

When in the frolic hours of mirth
The mind, releas'd from every sorrow,
Forgets the servile toils of earth,
And thinks not—dreams not of to-morrow;
Then, even then, we feel the ties—
The strong, enduring ties that bind us
To lands beneath far distant skies,
Where dwell the friends we've left behind us.

A DANGEROUS THING.

There is only one thing truly dangerous; of which mankind need be afraid.—And yet about this one dreadful evil, strange as it is, most men are utterly indifferent and unconcerned. This one thing has occasioned irreparable injuries. It has ruined our world. It has sent sadness and sorrow into every habitation of men. It has caused mankind to shed an ocean of tears—Weeping and lamentation

and groans and griefs, have followed in its train. It has spread every couch of pain, and wrung every heart with anguish.—It has slaughtered more than the sword. It has scattered the bones of its miserable victims in every clime, and left them unburied to bleach on a thousand fields.—It has built every coffin, appointed every funeral, dug every grave, tolled every knell, and constructed every charnel-house in which it hid out of sight the pale ruins of mortality which it el has caused. Grave stones and monuments tell the history and mark the ravage of this fell destroyer, all over the world.—Every generation of men; in every age, has fallen before this dread enemy of our race. And yet to this day most men are unconcerned about it, trifle with it, are allured by it tempted by it, in body and in soul, for this world and the world to come. They even take it and roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues. Not a few, indeed, dread it and are afraid of it. They have the promise of final deliverance from its terrible dominion. Not a few have gone to the stake and to the flames, to escape its hated thralldom. Not a few, it is hoped, still dread it as they dread the touch of fire. The name of this fearful evil is Sin.

There is no evil like this in the great empire of Jehovah. A bold and unflinching opponent of this evil once said of it—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." Sin is one of the things with which we can make no covenant. It is like fire, we are scorched to death while we parley with it. An eminent minister, now gone to heaven, once illustrated it by the following anecdote:

A neighbor of my father's, a merchant, is said to have been in his store one evening, and snuffed his candle and threw the ignited wick into a barrel of gunpowder. Quick as thought, he thrust in his hand and snatched it out; but was afterwards on the point of fainting, when he reflected on the danger he had been in. This was told to me as a fact, in childhood. Be it doubted, if you choose, still it illustrates the danger of dabbling with sin. He might not die, he might not be injured, nor proceed moderately, or he and his family had perished. Just so with sin; to parley with it is ruin, to be intimate with it is death, to abide under its power is hell.

FIRE.—We are sorry to learn that on Sunday last, the stable or barn of Rev. J. C. Holt, in this vicinity, together with a large amount of corn, fodder and oats, were burnt; his horse was also very badly burned. There is no punishment too severe for the villain who perpetrated the incendiary act.—S. A. Exp., Feb. 11th.

[For the Rutherford Telegraph.]

"He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." Prov. 8: 36.

If the law of the Sabbath is still in force, and is intended to be in force while this earth shall remain as the theatre of man's probationary existence,—it follows, as a necessary consequence, that Sabbath-breaking is no trifling affair, that may be indulged, or not, as may best agree with the fancy of the actor. The evil doer will find in the end, that there is danger and death in sin. It may well be asked, "Who hath hardened himself against God and hath prospered?" The evil doer runs with certainty against the point of a fatal spear. Just as certain as it is in the very nature of fire to burn, just so certain will sin in the end prove to be a fire in the bones and the soul of the sinner. God has said it, and the evil doer will most assuredly find it to be fearfully true,—“He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.” As a kind parent would warn a child against going into the fire or into the flood, so the Lord warns every man and woman not to commit sin. God, who sees the end from the beginning, and understands most perfectly the nature and tendency of moral actions, forbids whatever he sees to be harmful, and requires what he knows to be beneficial. The sinner, who is warned against the sad consequences of his forbidden course, will in the end have no one to blame but himself; and he will be compelled to charge his destruction upon himself. “He heard the sound of the trumpet and took no warning; his blood shall be upon him.”

It may be that the stroke of justice will be suspended, until the sinner shall fancy that God has either forgotten to call him to account for his mis-doings, or that he was not sincere in his threatenings. The Spirit of truth was acquainted with this trait in human character, and he has sketched it with an unerring pen:—“Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil.”—“The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it.”—But the Bible-reply to every such cavil of infidelity is—“Behold, ye have sinned against the Lord; and be sure your sin will find you out.”

Individuals occupy a different ground in the government of God from that of communities and nations. It is only in the present state, that communities and nations have their existence. Consequently, public and national sins can be pun-

ished only in the present life; but individuals may have ample justice awarded to them in the life to come.

The time will come, when the discrimination between sin and holiness will be more distinct than now. The handwriting of divine justice will then be plain enough to be read and understood, both by the learned and the unlearned, both by the friends and the enemies of God.—It is to that day of bright discrimination the prophet Malachi refers when he says, “Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.”

These remarks will apply to the *Sabbath-breaker* as well as to other evil doers.

Men may make apologies and plead necessity, or public interest and the affairs of State. But God who organized families, and reared the framework of communities and nations, is capable of *judging correctly* and of *legislating wisely*. If so, it would be well for us to enquire, in what light God himself views the Sabbath. Did he not visit the sin of Sabbath-breaking with marked severity on his own peculiar people, and was not this sin one principal cause of their long and sad captivity at Babylon?

Can any pressure of private or public business justify a disregard of the law of the Sabbath? God appears to have anticipated this plea of necessity, when he specified *seed time and harvest*, the two seasons of year, when there is ordinarily the greatest business—emergency. But great as the emergency may be at such eventful seasons of industrial activity, the observance of the Sabbath day is strictly enjoined. According to the example and instructions of Jesus Christ, works of necessity and mercy, and such works alone may be done on that sacred day.

The language of Sabbath-breaking must be very provoking to God. It is a common proverb, and as true as common, “Actions speak louder than words.”—Now what is the language of Sabbath desecration? Is it not this, That the law of the Sabbath is not wise or good? that it is not adapted to public enterprise, and those industrial pursuits that secure permanent prosperity to a State or nation, and form a nation's brightest crown?—Yet it is indisputably the law of God, bears the impress of his character, and is an index of his heart. Consequently if this law is not wise and good, neither can its Author be! and if he is not worthy of the throne, the scepter, and the crown of

an humble State or nation, much less of the Universe! Is it modest in a creature to ask with contemptuous defiance, “Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice!”

It will not do to admit that a law is wise and good, and then to turn round and plead necessity for trampling it in the dust.—Could not God foresee this necessity and provide for it? But his having made no such provision is evidence that, in his judgment, there would arise no such necessity. Is it becoming in a worm of the dust, that knows but little of the present and the past, and nothing whatever of the future, to sit in judgment on the law of God, who sees the end from the beginning, and has a perfect knowledge of every creature and of every event?

Will the Sabbath-breaker plead “not guilty” to this solemn and grievous charge? Then what is the language of your conduct? Do you admit that the law is wise and good? If so, why trample it in the dust? Can a law be wise and good, and still there be no moral obliquity in its violation? To suppose this, is moral madness, if there can be any thing deserving of that name.

The dictate of wisdom is: to submit to the authority of God, who certainly has intelligence enough to discern, and goodness enough to choose, what is best.—Whoever refuses to do this, sins against his own mercies and wrongs his own soul. There may be, for a season, prosperity in the ways of sin; but if God is true, “The triumphing of the wicked is short.” God hath spoken from the throne of his glory, and commanded, “Say ye to the righteous, It shall be the well with him;—but woe to the wicked! it shall be ill with him.” Who can reverse and disannul this decree of the Almighty? Who can turn aside the glittering sword of justice, when the Lord shall arise to vindicate his insulted authority, and to lift from the dust his violated law? Who can obstruct the rolling of his chariot, when it is borne along by the whirlwind of his fury? Belshazzar, in the midst of his revel, while he was profaning what had been consecrated to God, like many other sinners was stout-hearted and fearless, until he saw the *hand-writing on the wall*, announcing his fearful doom. But then, behold, a sudden change came over the spirit of his dream.

Can the transgressor reasonably hope that the arm of the Lord will become weak, and his heart faint, and that his purpose will fail in that eventful day?

But this is the only ground on which the presumptuous sinner can hope to escape in that solemn day. Is it wise to stake the high interests of immortality and eternity on this ground? Is it wise to challenge JEHOVAH to his face, and bid him let loose his thunders and do his worst? Does man display more wisdom, and exhibit attributes more worthy of a man, by rebelling against the God that made him, and that consults his highest good in all his requirements, than he does by rendering a conscientious and cheerful obedience? If so, hell is a place of greater dignity than heaven, and the sentiment of one of Milton's devils is the dictate of wisdom, and worthy of high admiration:

"'Tis better to reign in hell
Than serve in heaven."

If the views which we have advanced respecting the law of the Sabbath are correct, we may with certainty conclude, that the stability and prosperity of that nation will be transient, where the light of the gospel shines, and the authority of Christ is recognized, but the law of the Sabbath is trodden in the dust. If God refused to spare his own peculiar people, when they became guilty of this sin, no other nation ought to flatter themselves that they shall escape. This is especially true of a republic, the stability of which must be intelligence and moral virtue. Remove this foundation from a republic, and the wheel of revolution will be constantly in motion. At one turn of the wheel there may be a republic; at the next, a state of anarchy; and at the third, an unrestricted despotism. The language of God, uttered in regard to Jeconiah, will apply with all its force to any Sabbath-breaking republic: "As I live, saith the Lord, though Coniah, the son of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, was the *signet upon my righthand*, yet *would I pluck thee thence*." Who that believes the Bible, and is a true patriot, can avoid trembling for this favored nation, when he considers the fearful increase of the sin of Sabbath-breaking all over this land? If measures should not be adopted to stanch this swelling tide of iniquity, the time is not distant when it will desolate all that is morally lovely in our favored American Eden. Other sins will most assuredly follow in its train, the restraints of religion will cease to influence, and as a mighty river, whose waters have for a time been obstructed, on the breaking down of the obstruction rolls on with a deeper and broader and more resistless tide; so will be the tide of sin in this nation, if the embankments of

the Sabbath are once broken down. The sun of this nation rose bright and clear.—Never before was a nation planted, that manifested so devout a reverence for the christian Sabbath and the general interests of religion; and never before was a nation so prosperous from its beginning hitherto. But he must be an inattentive and stupid observer, who does not discover clouds of threatening aspect hanging around our horizon, and rising still higher, and becoming darker as they rise.

There is an unprecedented tide of foreigners rolling in upon us; and in our midst are many infidels in practice, if not in theory, who despise the Sabbath, and trample upon it with the heel of iniquity.

The daily running of the rail-cars in our midst with the utmost disregard for the law of the Sabbath, gives an awful impetus to this downward tendency. Add to this the daily running of mail stages, and wagons loaded with commerce, and the daily chopping of fire-wood, as though that might be a part of the appropriate devotion of the Sabbath, and visiting, and feasting, and fishing, and hunting, and traveling. Will not the Lord visit this nation for these multiplied acts of rebellion against his rightful authority?—Fair as was the sun that rose upon this nation in the morning of its existence, and has been shining hitherto with a cheering but decreasing moral lustre, is there not reason to fear that it may set in blood?—Depend upon it, God will manage the affairs of his government so that in the end it will be seen, and felt, and confessed, that he is both wiser and stronger than man.

W. E.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

Far out at sea—the sun was high;
While veered the wind and flapped the sail,
We saw a snow white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale.
Far out at sea.

The little stranger who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew,
Settled awhile upon the water's blue,
Then fluttered o'er the waves blue,
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky;
Beneath the boundless ocean shone;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit life in this vast scene;
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, with shimmering gleel
Dim, indistinct, now seen, now gone;
Night comes with wind and rain—and he
No more will dance before the morn—
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates I've seen,
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt, and known and seen,
A larger life and hope—theo' lost
Far out at sea.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. BURNS.

It is generally known that Mrs. Burns, after her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event; and it was customary for strangers, who happened to pass through, or visit the town, to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbor, or any other public object of curiosity about the place.

A gay young Englishman one day visited Mrs. Burns, and after he had seen all she had to show,—the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Neesmyth, his family Bible, with the names and birthdays of himself, his wife, and children, written on a blank leaf by his own hand, and some other little trifles of the same nature,—he proceeded to entreat that she would have the kindness to present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry away with him, as a wonder, to show in his own country.—"Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns, that, to tell the truth, I have not one left."—"O, you surely must have something," said the persevering Saxon; "anything will do—any little scrap of his handwriting, the least thing you please. All I want is *just a relic of the poet*, and anything, you know, will do for a relic."—Some further altercation took place—the lady reasserting that she had no relic to give, and he as repeatedly renewed his request. At length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him, with a smile,—"Deed, sir, unless you take *myself*, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for, really, *I'm the only relic of him that I ken o'.*" The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, giving an account of Encke's comet, which has recently made its reappearance, says it has the striking peculiarity that its orbit and periodic times are gradually decreasing. This comet, it is said, "is certainly falling toward the central luminary, not *theoretically* falling; as the earth and other planets are supposed to fall towards the sun, as their orbits bend around the centre of revolution, but *actually* falling, *actually* drawing nearer at every revolution. Sir John Herschell believes "that it will ultimately fall in the sun", provided it is not "dissipated" before that time.

Elder KNAPP, while preaching recently in Rockford, Illinois, observed many of his congregation sleeping. He stopped in his sermon and requested the deacons to pass the contribution boxes, saying, that he learned the Society had not raised money enough to pay for the new bell, adding, there were some there whom he knew would like to pay for their lodging, the usual price of which was twenty-five cents. About forty dollars were raised. He then finished his sermon.

DREADFUL HORRORS OF A FIELD OF BATTLE.

"Stand, then, in imagination, of a summer's morning, upon a field of battle. Earth and sky, melt together in light and harmony. The air is rich with fragrance, and sweet with the song of birds. But suddenly breaks in the sounds of fierce music, and the measured tramp of thousands. Eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and tiles of bristling steel kindle in the sun. And, opposed to each other, line to line, face to face, are now arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, and whose nature he has touched to the same issues. The same beats in all. In the momentary hush, like a swift mist sweep before them the image of home. Voices of children prattle in their ears. Memories of affection stir among their silent prayers. They cherish the same sanctities, too. They have read from the same book. It is to them the same charter of life and salvation. They have been taught to observe its beautiful lessons of love. Their hearts, have been touched alike with the meek example of Jesus. But a moment—and all these affinities are broken, trampled under foot, swept away by the shock and the shouting. Confusion rends the air. The simmering bomb ploughs up the earth. The iron hail cuts the quivering flesh. The steel bites to the bone. The cannon shot crashes thro' serried ranks. And under the cloud and smoke that hides both earth and heaven; the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes, and the strife ceases. On the one side there is victory on the other a defeat. The triumphant city is lighted with jubilee, the streets roll out their tides of acclamation, and the organ heaves from its groaning breast the peal of thanksgiving. But, under that tumultuous joy, there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears. And, whether in triumphant or defeated lands, a shudder of orphanage and widowhood, a chill of woe and death runs far and wide thro' the world. The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead. And see now how much wo, man has mingled with the inevitable evils of the universe! See now the fierceness of his passion, the folly of his wickedness, witnessed by the torn standards, the broken wheels, the pools of clouded blood, the charred earth, the festering heaps of slain. Nature did not make these horrors, and when these fattening bones shall have mouldered in the soil, she will spread out luxuriant harvests to hide these horrors forever."

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

HE MEANT ME.

A. How do you do? What's the news?
B. Nothing particular! What do you get?

A. I get this,—that I feel quiet put out with your minister!

B. Do you? Why so? What's the matter?

A. Matter enough, I think. He meant me in that sermon yesterday afternoon, I know.

B. Meant you? What in the world makes you think so?

A. I know so.

B. Know so? But how do you know?

A. Why, I know well enough! Who else could he mean?

B. Who else? Why any one guilty of backbiting, I suppose. I did not know that you had been so distinguished for that sin, that you must take it for granted you were pointed out whenever the minister said anything about it.

A. Well—a—I—a—don't. No I ain't—a backbiter—but a—I think our minister meant to give me a hit.

B. But I declare, I don't see how he hit you at all, if you are not guilty of the sin. I think you have rather caught yourself, brother A. I am beginning to think you have been indulging your unruly member altogether too much.

A. Do you think such a plain kind of sermon about backbiting is calculated to do any good?

B. Why yes,—to be sure I do. I thought while it was being preached, it could not fail of doing good. But I must say, it did not occur to me, that it had any particular application to you.

A. Well—I haven't said it had.

B. What, then, are you put out about?

A. Because I think he meant me.

B. But how could he have meant you, if you are not guilty of backbiting?

A. Why—he might think that I was, and so level his artillery at me.

B. But do tell me, what should make you think so if there is no ground for it?

A. I don't know!

B. I reckon the coat fits, or I don't see why you wear it.

A. No, it don't.

B. Then what do you put it on for?—Why don't you give it to somebody that it does fit? What's the use of wearing it if it don't fit? I never noticed it particularly before, but since you have spoken of it, I must say, it looks like a pretty good fit.

A. Oh, by the way are you going to the prayer meeting, at Mr. ———. Did you know Mr. ———'s son is soon expected home. John ——— has sent home some of the best from California. I wonder how the second Washington gets along at the set of government? I am in something of a hurry. Come soon and see me. Good morning! You need not mention to any one that I said anything about that sermon.

SOMEBODY HAS BEEN PRAYING.

Several years since, in a town about one hundred miles from Boston, the two

churches were in a very languid condition. None, for a long time, had been converted; none were known to be concerned for their spiritual welfare. As to religious matters, there was a general apathy. But Christian life was not wholly extinct. A few wept in secret places. Among these were four young men who were fitting for College, as candidates for the ministry.—They met privately once a week, to pray for a revival. Their hearts were drawn out especially for a fellow student of great intellectual promise, whose opinions were sceptical, and whose influence upon the young people was manifestly pernicious.—Earnestly did they wrestle at the throne of grace on his behalf, and eagerly did they look for the answer. We knew nothing of their solitude. None but themselves and God were aware of their meeting for such a purpose.

After a few weeks, one of the four was invited by this very young friend to take a walk, and during that excursion, the disclosure was made that prayer had not been unavailing. The Spirit of God had convinced the sceptic of his errors, and awakened a desire to know and practice the truth. He soon became truly broken in heart, and found healing in the blood of Christ. A revival ensued, in which the churches were quickened, and many sinners converted.

The information that this young student, apparently the most hopeless case, had become a convert to Christ, fell upon the ears of the people with startling effect.—Like thunder in a clear sky, it was an anomaly, and took even Christians by surprise. How could it be explained that a revival had commenced, when there had been, apparently, none of the usual antecedents of such an event?

An aged Christian, who witnessed many seasons of gracious refreshing, spoke upon the subject in a prayer meeting, and said, "I have lived long, and seen many revivals, and never knew such a blessing to come but in answer to prayer. Brethren, I am very certain that somebody has been praying. I confess that I have been very delinquent, and probably many of you can make the same confession. But, when the books shall be opened, you will find that what we now see was in answer to somebody's prayers."

It was never known in that place who had offered these successful prayers.—Three of the little group are now in heaven. The survivor is the pastor of a New England church.

ORA PRO NOBIS.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness he thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for the care;
Thou hast warmed, and clothed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

May my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
When I die take me to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. JAMES HAMILTON,
Minister of the Scotch Church, Regent Square,
London.

Delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association,

KEEPER HALL, NOVEMBER 27, 1840.

Continued.

But if a sincere and strenuous Theism be thus important, such natural faith in God as buoyed the wing of Plato in his long and ethereal flights, or bulged the Saxon muscles of Shakspeare in his mightiest efforts, incomparably more prevalent is that intellectual prowess which a scriptural faith produces. He is no unknown God whom the believer in Jesus worships, and it is no ordinary inspiration which that God of light and love supplies to his servants. And were it not for fear of tediousness, I would rejoice to enumerate one genius after another which the gospel kindled, if it did not create. That gospel, beyond all controversy, was our own Milton's poetic might. This was the struggling energy which, after years of deep musing and wrapt devotion, after years of mysterious muttering and anxious omen, sent his pyramid of flame into old England's dingy hemisphere, and poured its molten wealth, its lava of gold and gems, fetched deep from classic and patriarchal times, adown the rustic steep of Puritan theology. This was the fabled foot which struck from the sward of Cowper's mild and silent life a joyous Castalia—a fountain deep as Milton's fire, and tintured with each learned and sacred thing it touched in rising, but soft and full as Siloah's fount, which flowed fast by the oracle of God. And that gospel was the torch which, on the hills of Kenfrewshire, fired a young spirit, Pollok—himself both sacrifice and altar pile—till Britain spied the light, and wondered at the brief and brilliant beacon. But why name the individual instance? What is learning, and the march of intellect, and the reading million but one great monument of the gospel's quickning power? Three hundred years ago the gospel was restored. Digging in the Pompeii of the middle age, Lorenzo and Leo found the lamp in which the old classic fires had burned; but there was no oil in the lamps, and they had long since gone out. For models of of candleabra and burners, there could not be better than Livy and Horace and Plato and Pindar; but the faith which once filled them, the old pagan fervor, was long since extinct, and the lamps were only fit for the shelf of the antiquary. But it was then that, in the crypt of the convent, Luther and Zwingle and Melancthon observed a line of supernatural light, and with lever and maddock lifted the gravestone and found the gospel which the Papist had buried. There it had flamed "a light shining in a dark place," through unsuspected ages, unquenchable in its own immortality, the long lost lamp in the sepulchre. Jupiter was dead, and Minerva was melted into ether, and Apollo was gray with old, and the most elegant idols of antiquity and gone into moles and bats. But there is One who cannot die,

and does not change; and the Fountain of scriptural learning is He who is also the Fountain of life, the Alpha and Omega, Jesus the Son of God. From his gospel it was that the old classic lamps, when filled with fresh oil, were kindled again; and at that gospel it was that Bacon and Locke and Milton and Newton and all the mighty spirits of modern Europe, caught the fire which made them blaze the meteors of our firmament, the marvels of our favored time.

And should any one now chance to hear me who is ambitious to be the lasting teacher or the extensive light of society—to paint or think or sing for a wider world than our railway readers let him remember, that nothing can immortalize the works of genius if there be no gospel in them. The facts of that gospel are the world's main stock of truth—the fire of that gospel is the only Promethean spark which can ignite our dead truths into quenchless and world quickening power.

For practical and devotional purposes, we could desire no better version of the Bible than our own truthful and time, hallowed translation. But for these purposes to which we have this evening adverted—for the sake of its intelligent literary journal, we have sometimes wished that either in the originals or in English, some judicious editor would give us, each in a separate fasciculus, the several contributions of each sacred penman. As it is, with the sixty-six volumes of the Bible all compressed into a single one, we are apt to regard them, not only as homogeneous inspiration, which they are, but as contemporary compositions, which they are not. We forget that in point of time, there is the same interval between Moses and Matthew as there is between the close of the canon and the compilation of the Augsburg confession. And, with each portion divided into those numbered paragraphs which we call verses, we are apt to lose sight of the characteristic style of the various compositions. An epistle looks like a poem, and a history reads like a collection of adages or apothegems. But allowing one book to contain the minor prophets, and another the general epistles, there would still remain upwards of twenty inspired penmen whose writings might, much to their mutual illustration, be bound in separate volumes, and preserved in their individual identity. We should thus have in one volume all that Moses wrote, and in another, chronologically arranged, all the writings of Paul. One volume might contain all the psalms of David, another, those psalms—nearly as numerous—which was indited by Moses and Asaph and others. In one cover might be bound up the gospel; the epistle and apocalypse of John; and in another that divine song, those confessions of a converted philosopher, and that ancient "wealth of nations," which were written down by Solomon. And under such arrangement might we not hope that books usually read in chapters or smaller morsels, might sometimes be read continuously, taken down from the shelf, as another attractive book would be taken on a leis-

ure evening, and read through at a single sitting? Might we not hope, in such a case, that while those who now read the Old and New Testaments would read them still, some who at present do not read the Bible might be tempted to read Paul, Moses and Isaiah? And is it too sanguine to expect that, as the searching of scriptures and sacred knowledge thus increased, some who first resort to the book for literary entertainment might learn from it the lesson which make wise to life everlasting.

At all events, theology has not yet turned to sufficient account the Bible's marvellous diversity. You know how opposite are the turns, and how various the temperaments of different people, and how unequal their capacities. One has a logician's intellect, and delight in dialectic subtilty. Another has a prompt intuition and deprecates as so much bamboozlement every ingenious or protracted argument. Some have the ideal faculty so strong that they never understand a proposition rightly till it sparkles as a sentiment; poet-wise, their eyes in their apex; they cannot descry matters of fact and homely truths, which creep along the ground or travel on all-fours, but in order to arrest a vision so sublime as theirs, thoughts must spread the wings of metaphor, and soar into the zenith; while others are so prosaic, they are offended at all imagery, and grudge the time it takes to translate a trope or figure. Some minds are concrete, and cannot understand a general statement till they see a particular example. Others are so abstract, that an illustration is an interruption, and an example a waste of time. Most men love history and nearly all men live much in the future. Some minds are pensive, some are cheerful; some are ardent, and some are singularly phlegmatic. And had an angel penned the Bible, even though he could have condescended to the capacity of the lowliest reader he could not have foreseen the turn and fitted the taste of every child of Adam. And had a mortal penman been employed, however versatile his talents, however many-faced his mind, he could not have made himself all things to his brethren, nor produced styles enough to mirror up the mental features of all mankind. It is his wisdom and goodness, the Most High has judged far better for our world; and using the agency of forty authors—transfusing through the peculiar taste and temperaments of so many individuals, and these "men of like passions with ourselves," and self-same truths, the Spirit of God has secured for the Bible universal adaption. For the pensive, there is the dirge of Jeremiah, and the cloud-shadowed drama of Job. For the sanguine and hopeful, there sounds the blithe voice and there beats the warm pulse of old Galilean Peter. And for the calm, the contemplative, the peacefully-loving, there spreads like a molten melody, or an abyssmal joy, the page—sunny, ecstatic, boundless,—of John the divine. The most homely find the matter fact, the unvarnished wisdom and plain sense which is the chosen ailment of their sturdy un-

understandings, in James' blunt reasonings; and the most heroic can ask no higher standard, no loftier feats, no consecration more intense, no spiritually more ethereal, than they will find the Pauline epistles. Those who love the sparkling aphorism and the sagacious paradox are provided with food convenient in the Proverbs; and for those whose poetic fancy craves a banquet more sublime, there is the dew of Hermon and Bozrad's red wine—the tender freshness of pastoral hymns, and the purple tumult of triumphal psalms. And the historian is borne back to ages so remote that gray tradition cannot recollect them, and as hazy oblivious centuries, in hoods of brightness and in cases of light sees the patriarchs groups, clear, vivid and familiar as the household acenes of yesterday, there is also a picture sketched for the explorers of the future. For while the apocalyptic curtain slowly rises, while the seven thunders shake its darkness palpable, and streaks of glory issue through its fringe of fire, and the new Jerusalem comes down from heaven, and gazing on the pearly gates and peaceful streets and bowers of sanctity, our planet can scarce believe that she is gazing on herself, that this old mother earth grown young again; that this vision of holiness and bliss is nothing more than paradise restored—that "new" but ancient "earth in which dwelt eth righteousness."

But in order rightly to appreciate this literary diversity of the Bible's several books, it is essential to remember the plenary inspiration of the Bible collective. Suppose here were a missionary endowed with the gifts of tongue, and called to ply his labors in different places at successive periods. He goes to France, and addresses its vivacious inhabitants, he abandons the direct and sober style of his fatherland; every utterance was antithesis; every gem of thought is cut brilliant-wise; and the whole oration jigs on gay, elastic springs. He paces thence to Holland, and in order to conciliate its grave burghers, his ready thoughts move on in stiff procession, trim, circinnate, old fashioned, orderly. And he finds himself amid a tribe of red Indians, and instantly his imagination spreads pinions of flame, and, familiar with thunder, torrents, and burning mountains, his talk is the tune of the tempest. And ending his days in Arabia or Persia; through the fantastic sermon skip shadowy antelopes or dream-like gazelles; while each interstice of thought is filled by a voluptuous mystery, like the voice of the darkling nightingale as it floats through air laden with jasmine or roses. And thus, "all things to all men," this gifted evangelist wins them all; whereas, had he spoken like an Oriental to the Indians, or like a Persian to the Hollanders, he would have offended each, and would have been a barbarian to all. The teacher is one, the same evangelist everywhere. The truth, the theme is one; over and over again the same glorious gospel. Nay, the substance of each sermon is essentially one; for it is a new forth-pouring from the same fountain, another yearning from the same full heart. But to suit successive

hearers the rhythm alters, the tune is changed.

Such is the principle on which the Great Evangelist has acted. In inditing sermons for the world, such is the principle on which the divine Spirit has proceeded. Speaking to men, he has used the words of men. When on the two tables God wrote the ten commandments, he did not write them in the speech unutterable of the third heavens, he wrote them in Hebrew letters. Hebrew words, Hebrew idiom; and had it so pleased him, he might have given all the Scriptures in the self-same way. Employing no mortal man whatever, from the top of Sinai he might have handed down the one Testament, and from the top of Olivet the other—the whole, from Genesis to Revelation, completed without human intervention, and on aramantime leaves engraven in Heaven's own holograph. And in such a case there would have been no dispute as to the extent of inspiration; there would have been no need that, like electrometers of the meteorologist, theologians should invent tests of its intensity, nicely graduated from the zero of superintendence up to the fullness of suggestion. But infinite wisdom preferred another way. Inspiration he made the counterpart of the incarnation; and as in the incarnate mystery we have, without mutual encroachment and without confusion, very God and very man, so in theopneustic Scriptures we have a book, every sentence of which is truly human, and yet every sentence of which is truly divine. *Holy men* spoke and wrote it as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. And just as when God sent his Son into the world, he sent him not as an angel, nor even the fashion of a glorified and celestial man; but in all points like his brethren; so when he sent into the world his written word, it came not ready-written with an angel's plume; but with reeds from the Jordan it was consigned to paper from the Nile, every word of Hellenistic, or Hebrew, and every word none the less heavenly. And though the unlettered disciple, who in the identity of the ultimate Author forgets the diversity of the intermediate scribes, loses less than the dry critic who only recognises the mortal penman, that student alone will get the full good of his Bible who recognises these parallel facts—its perfect and all pervasive divinity, its perfect and all investing humanity.—Or, to sum it up in the vivid words of Gaussens, "As a skillful musician, called to execute alone some master piece, puts his lips by turns to the mournful flute, the shepherd's reed, the merry pipe, and the war-trumpet; so the Almighty God, to sound in our ears his eternal word, has selected from of old instruments best suited to receive successively the breath of his Spirit. Thus we have in God's great anthem of revelation the sublime simplicity of John; the argumentative, elliptical, soul-stirring energy of Paul, the fervor and solemnity of Peter; the poetic grandeur of Isaiah; the lyric moods of David; the ingenious and majestic narratives of Moses; the sententious and royal wisdom of Solomon. Yes, it was all this—it was Peter, Isaiah, Mat-

thew, John, or Moses; but it was God."—
"And such ought to be the word of Jehovah, like Emmanuel, full of grace and truth, at once in the bosom of God and in the heart of man, powerful and sympathizing, celestial and human, exalted, yet humble imposing and familiar, God and man."
(To be continued.)

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

In disturbing the rubbish of my library, I stumbled upon the following beautiful extract from one of the Rabbins. The Rabbinical Writings, as most of your readers are aware, though generally characterized by the loftiest strains of allegory, still, often contain passages, in beauty of allusion and tenderness of expression, very rarely surpassed, as I trust the following will attest.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sang the setting sun.

"I am the hem of his garments," responded the rosy tint of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said, "We are his nocturnal tent," and the waters in the cloud, and the hollow voice of the thunders joined in the lofty chorus.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth, the Lord upon many waters."

"He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind, and the silent air replied—"I am the breath of God, the aspiration of his benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched earth; "All around is praise, I alone am silent and mute," and the falling dew replied,

"I will nourish thee so that thou shalt be refreshed, and rejoice and thy infants shall bloom as the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sung, "We are the blessing of God, the Hosts of God a gainst famine."

"We bless you from above," said the moon. "We bless you," responded the stars. And the grasshopper chirped, "We too he blesses in the pearly dew drop."

"He quenched my thirst," said the rose; "and refreshed me," continued the stag; "and grants us our food," said the beasts of the forest; "and clothes my lambs," gratefully sung the sheep.

"He heard me" croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken and alone." "He heard me," said the wild goat of the rocks, "when my time came and I calved."

And turtle dove cooed; and the swallow, and all the birds joined their song; "We have found our nests—our houses; we dwell on the Altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquility and peace."

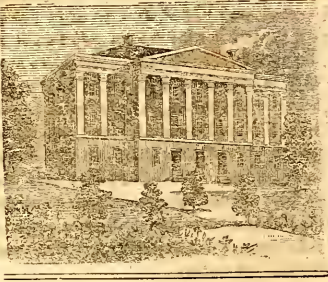
"And peace," replied the night, and echo prolonged the sound when Chanticleer awoke the dawn and crowed, "Open the portals; the gates of the world! the King of glory approaches; Awake! Arise! ye sons of men, give praises, and thanks to the Lord; for the King of glory approacheth."—N. Y. Observer.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi dominus, frustrum."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.
Published Semi-monthly at One DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



FEBRUARY 16, 1852.

RELIGION.

There has not been, we think, since our acquaintance with this community, a time when there was so little religious feeling manifested as at the present. And from our information we are led to believe that there is a similar apathy on the subject of religion throughout the country. It might be profitable to the truly pious at such a time, to trace the causes which produce such a state of things, that by experience they might be able to apply preventives for such a relapse in the future.

Whatever may be regarded as the remote cause, we can easily perceive that the proximate cause is to be found in the extreme eagerness on the part of christians to accumulate the world, and their conformity to the practices and pleasures of the world. It is impossible, as much so as to unite light and darkness, for christians to "walk according to the course of this world;" and enjoy the blessings of heaven in the gift of the Spirit's influences, or to increase in piety and christian perfection.

We think it becomes the professed followers of the Redeemer, to remember the solemn declaration of an inspired prophet, "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion." Christians need not think that their profession of attachment to the cause of God, will shield them from his displeasure. If they are unfaithful stewards in the cause of God, shall neglect their Lord's business, and follow after the follies and fashions of the god of this world, he will be sure to hold them to an account, and in wisdom will make true his denunciation of "woe!"

We are sure that no people have greater reasons for unfeigned gratitude and praise to the Author of all good, than this community. While many of our sister towns, and the country around, for the last two or three years, have been the scene of suffering and death, almost unparalleled, the hand of the Almighty has been stretched forth for our protection, and in the place of sickness and death, unequalled prosperity of every kind has constantly attended us. Shall these blessings only harden our hearts, and our prosperity lead us to forget the hand that has nourished us?

While christians have relapsed into apathy and imbibed so large a portion of the spirit of the world, it is evident that wickedness and the cause of darkness have suffered nothing. Was there no practical demonstration of the fact, it would be inferred, as a matter of course, that sin had gained a stronger hold on the impenitent. It is painfully true, however, that there is a perceptible increase of dissipation, Sabbath breaking, and other kindred vices. What then is the duty of christians under such circumstances? Certainly to return to their duty as followers of Christ. Have you forsaken the cross? Return to it again. Have you suffered the family altar to be broken down? Erect it at once. Have you habitually absented yourself from the prayer-meeting, and laid aside the word of God for the newspaper or other reading on the Sabbath? Seek forgiveness of God and do so no more. "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light." H.

A SMALL MATTER.—King, in his anecdotes of his own Times, relates a curious fact of two gentlemen who agreed to travel together for three or four years.—Every arrangement being made, they set out and arrived at Brussels, where they had for supper a woodcock and a partridge. They had a long dispute as to which of the birds should be cut up first, and the quarrel rose so high as to destroy all their friendship and correspondence.—King met one of them six months afterwards, and asked him as to the correctness of the report; the answer was, "Very true; and did you ever know such an absurd fellow as E, who insisted on cutting up a woodcock before a partridge?"

Mr Bristed, a grandson of Mr. Astor, who was sent to England for education, says the expenses of a student at an English University are \$2,500 a year.

PROFESSOR STUART.

One of the brightest lights in the Church of God on earth has lately been extinguished. Prof. Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary, whose name is familiar to all the Christians of America, and whose works have exerted an extensive and salutary influence on the Religious Literature of the country, has ceased from his earthly labors, and entered upon the enjoyment of his heavenly reward.—Wherever learning is respected and virtue admired, Prof. Stuart is counted one of the most learned and virtuous of men.

His life possessed few incidents, in the sense in which biographers ordinarily use that word. A short paragraph will tell the events of his history. Born in Connecticut, in 1780, he graduated at Yale College in 1799. Acting as tutor in the College for a few years, he studied Divinity, and became the pastor of a church in New Haven. After remaining in that situation for four years, he became the Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover, where he continued until his death.

But the history of his mind and his works it would require volumes to complete.—He was one of the few pioneers on the American continent in the science of Biblical Theology. Did space permit, we would take pleasure in reviewing the varied and excellent works he has written.—The catalogue would be long, and would show how much one good and learned man can accomplish in the great field of Theological investigation.

We intend, however, rather to look at the character of the man, and the character of his writings generally, believing that, by so doing, we may learn the important truth that great learning and great piety combined are the richest boon which God bestows upon man, and that they prove the richest blessing to the world.—A man who, like Prof. Stuart, has spent his life in training young ministers for their great work, and in elucidating the pure Word of God, retired from the world in the silence of his study and the retirement of his lecture room, may not gain the applause and the huzzahs of the world, but he gains that which is of incalculably more importance,—the good of his fellow men and the glory of God: and his name, too, will be remembered and loved by the good when that of the popular favorite has long been forgotten.

The reader of Prof. Stuart's writings is continually impressed with his candor in the expression of his religious opinions.—No man can doubt that he is perfectly sin-

cere in all that he says. Though from many of his views we differ, yet we respect and love the man who expresses them; because we know that he is sincere in his belief of their truth; and because we know that he will use no argument which he does not believe to be fair, and will apply no passage of Scripture which he does not believe to be apposite, in order to prove the truth of his opinions.

He was, unquestionably, a man of great and varied learning, and yet he was so modest in the expression of his opinions, and yielded such deference to the opinions of others, that, while his learning filled us with admiration, his humility changed our admiration to the warmth of regard.

As a writer, we believe that Prof. Stuart had faults. He was too profuse and full of words in his style; and there was a want of system in his arrangement of the different parts of his subjects, and a consequent repetition of the same thoughts, which showed that he wrote in haste, and with little regard to arrangement and style. As a Theologian, too, we believe that Prof. Stuart held some erroneous opinion,—opinions which cannot bear the test of a candid and accurate comparison with the Word of God. And as an expounder of the Scriptures, we believe that there are some parts of them which he has interpreted in a sense different from their true meaning.

But Prof. Stuart was a great man. He has left an impress on the religious world which the revolution of centuries will not efface. His life was devoted, and all his great learning, to the advocacy of a pure and spiritual Christianity; and though he has often engaged in conflict with the enemies of the truth, and with his brethren of different opinions, he has always proved himself a Christian, and in every conflict, has shown a piety equal to his knowledge.

But he has now gone to his rest. May the example of his life lead many others to consecrate themselves to the united interests of learning and religion. S.

MORE RAILROAD DAMAGES.—A man, named Maynard, has recovered \$2,500 damages, in Philadelphia, from the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company. It appears that in riding in their cars he had his arm broken in two places, in consequence of its being thrust against a post while crossing a bridge, which was too narrow to afford sufficient room for the cars to pass with safety to the passengers.

"EPHRAIM IS A CAKE UNTURNED."

These words of the inspired writer have reference to the manner of baking bread then common among the Israelites. A cake was laid upon the hot embers, and it required soon to be turned, in order that both sides might be baked equally. The Prophet, in comparing Ephraim to a cake unturned, intended to reproach him for some inconsistency of which he had been guilty.

We would inquire if there are not some at the present day in a condition very similar to that of Ephraim? There are some who are very zealous in religion while attending religious meetings—they are overflowing with pious emotions, and can scarcely repress the ardor of their feelings; but when they cross the threshold of the Sanctuary they seem to leave all their religion behind them, and as they mingle with the world, none would take them to be professed disciples of Jesus Christ—they are as eager in the pursuit of the riches, the honors and the pleasures of the present world, as those who have no hope beyond it. Such persons are cakes unturned—burnt on one side and raw on the other.

Here is another who seems to place the substance of religion in yielding external obedience to some of the ordinances of the Christian Church, though in other things he has not the fear of God before his eyes—he may be prayerless and omit the weightier matters of the law, such as judgment, mercy and truth, still he regards himself as the peculiar favorite of Heaven, because he insists strenuously upon obedience in one point. He, too, is a cake unturned.

There is another whose religion is altogether internal; he yields a ready obedience to the requirements of the moral law, but denies to the Savior the right to legislate for his Church and institute positive enactments—all external ordinances he regards as mere forms and ceremonies, which may be dispensed with, without any detriment to the Christian character. He is another specimen of a cake unturned—dough, at least, on the outside.

One is exceedingly conscientious in regard to some points, while in others he has no conscience at all—he would not for the world cheat a neighbor out of a single cent, and yet he does not scruple to rob God of the one day in seven which he has reserved for himself. A cake unturned.

Nor is it alone in matters of religion that the inconsistencies of Ephraim may

be found. They are of frequent occurrence in all the varied walks of life.

Here is one who is exceedingly particular in reference to the outward adornment of the person—not a stain or blemish would be for a moment tolerated in an outer garment—every thing must be adjusted with the greatest care, and nothing which is essential to a complete toilet can be dispensed with. But the same person has no care for the inward adornment of the mind—vacancies and deficiencies here may be obvious to the eye of every beholder and give no anxiety to the individual himself—disorder and confusion may reign within the chambers of thought and the dark stains of impurity mar the drapery of the mind, and no effort be elicited to remove them. Such a one is a cake unturned—crisped on one side and batter on the other.

Another is exceedingly punctilious in regard to points of etiquette—a single violation of an article in the code of Chesterfield would be on pain of losing caste—he contends earnestly for politeness and refinement, and has no patience with coarseness and vulgarity—any deviation from his standard of manners in the drawing room, would curl his lip with the smile of contempt—yet at the same time, in his intercourse with those whom he regards as his inferiors, he is selfish, imperious and exacting—he has no regard for the feelings of his fellow creatures, if they happen to be outside of his particular circle—he can trample on their rights, and even descend to the most abusive language, when his selfish designs are thwarted. Another unturned cake.

One, perhaps, is so very refined and delicate that she would be shocked at the idea of attending a course of scientific lectures in which a curious and highly ingenious specimen of art is used to illustrate the operation of the laws of nature and the mysterious functions of the animal economy, but she can witness, without her sense of propriety being shocked in the least, half naked living specimens at evening parties, and appear herself but half adorned by art.—A cake, dough on both sides. E.

"THE CHILDS PAPER" is the title of a new publication by the American Tract Society, designed for the instruction of the instruction of children. It is a neat and well arranged paper, and should be in every family where there are children. Price, 10 copies for \$1 H.

"A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS."

Do you believe this, young man? Then, why will you associate with those whom you know are regarded by the judicious and discerning as unsafe companions? Are you aware that your own character will be estimated by that of your chosen associates? If you are seen in close companionship with the idle and the vicious, the unavoidable inference is, that you resemble them. That "Birds of a feather will flock together" is just as true of the human species as of the aerial songsters. The pure and elevated in character, seek the companionships of those who are like themselves. The degraded and vicious show the same elective affinity for those who possess similar characteristics. Where there is no moral likeness there can be no sympathy, and without sympathy there can be no companionship.

In every town and city there may always be found some young men of corrupt principles and dissolute habits, who, from the position occupied by their parents, still hold up their heads and claim to be respectable. When a young man, who is a stranger, comes into the place, if he chooses as his companions such characters as these, he is immediately regarded with suspicion. Of this fact we have a forcible illustration a few days since. A very respectable citizen asked our opinion in regard to the character of a certain young man; on our expressing quite a favorable one, he said he doubted its correctness, and stated as his reason, that he had seen him in bad company. Now these individuals with whom he had seen this young man associating, regarded themselves as highly respectable, merely from the fact that their parents are so, but by others they are regarded as a walking pestilence, with whom it is impossible to associate without being contaminated and polluted. Young man, as you value the estimation in which you are held by your fellow men—as you value the happiness of those who are dearer to you than your own life—as you value your highest interests, both for time and eternity, look well to the characters of those with whom you associate. Though they may have many noble traits—though they may be generous, free and social, yet, if they are wanting in moral principle,—if the plague spot of dissipation and licentiousness be upon them, shun them as you would a man smitten with the leprosy—there is a moral atmosphere around them more fatal than the deadly malaria,

and you cannot breathe it for a moment without inhaling its soul-destroying poison. E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend who writes with *red ink* is informed, that in our judgement, his article would neither do credit to himself or our paper, and would be of no interest to our readers. Besides it is not prepared for the press, and we have not the time to do it.

Our friends who have sent us *poetry*, will understand by its non-appearance, that, in our judgement, their verses do not possess sufficient merit for publication. True, we do not profess to be a good judge of *rhyme*; for we never made two lines gingle in our life, we have no more taste for doggerel verses than for rheubarb—we never read them in newspapers until the last advertisement has been completed, and can find nothing else to read, and then its like taking physic. If we were to give advice to rhyme-makers, it would be something like this: 1. Never attempt to write poetry at all. 2. If you do, submit the result to some learned and judicious friend, and get his opinion as to its publication. 3. If he advises you to publish it, tell him you doubt his judgment, and tear it up. If this course is pursued, it will hit the nail on the head, ninety-nine times in every hundred.

Now what we have said don't apply to the ladies, at all—only to the men. Woman is poetry herself, and when one undertakes to write verses, she *can do it*.

"Patriotism"—Received too late for this issue. H.

Professing Christian! what have you done during the past week for the conversion of souls? Have you made any direct effort to induce those who are thronging the road that leads to destruction to forsake the paths of sin and enter the way of life? Have you spoken to a sinner about the worth of his soul? You have doubtless met with many whom you knew had no hope, and conversed with them on a variety of topics, but did you mention that one most important of all? Did you urge them to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold on eternal life? or did you smile upon them, and pass them by as if you believed them in the road to heaven? Did you speak to that impenitent friend of yours and entreat him to become reconciled to Christ? or did you pass him by without one word? You believe without the shadow of a doubt that he is in fearful peril—exposed every mo-

ment to the ceaseless tortures of the undying worm. One word from you, accompanied with an earnest prayer, might have been the means of arresting his attention and saving his soul, and yet you have not spoken it. Are you not guilty? For what does God continue to you the use of speech, if it be not that it may be employed for his glory? How long will you remain dumb upon that subject which, above all others, interests the travelers to eternity? If you meet that impenitent friend of yours to-morrow, will you not speak to him? E.

DANCING.—The printers of Cincinnati, in the arrangements for a *grand ball* which they proposed to give, inserted the name of that veteran editor C. J. Cist, as one of the managers. Mr. Cist, in a characteristic letter, declined the intended honor. This we insert for the amusement of our readers, as well as for their edification:

I fear that I should make a poor ball room manager. I never danced in my life, and at the age of sixty should make an awkward figure in going through the elements of the performance.

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," who assigns places to dancers, and superintends the exercise, should know how to dance.

I fear that I should be a fish out of water, in the midst of the gay throng.—All my labors make me more familiar with the head than the heels. Dancing has always appeared to me a very silly employment. To see a number of ladies and gentlemen springing and capering about for no other apparent or assignable reason, than that a negro or white fiddler is employed in rubbing the hair of the horse against the bowels of the cat, is in my eyes excessively ridiculous. I know that there are some persons who say that it is natural to jump and spring under the influence of rejoicing. That may be an appropriate mode of manifesting the feeling of joy—but in the ball-room, jumping is not the effect, but the contemplated means of raising enjoyment.

But it is said, even the animal creation skip and dance under the exhilaration of happiness. They do, in extreme infancy the kitten and puppy, the lamb and the kid—frisking and capering about.—But when these animals attain years of discretion, they dance and frisk no more.—

Dancing then is a sport for children, one of those amusements or diversions appropriate to their age and knowledge.

For me to oversee a collection of grown up children indulging in such pastime, I fear would give my jaws such severe strains in yawning, as to deprive me of the comfortable use of them at dinner table for weeks.

I beg leave, therefore, to decline the distinction thus conferred, on me. I trust I shall be considered neither proud nor saucy in so doing.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE SECOND PSALM, WITH A COMMENTARY.

BY PROF. SELLTON.

INTRODUCTION.

This Psalm, like many other portions of the O. T., has a dramatic character.—Different persons are represented as speaking in dialogue.

In order to properly understand it, we must conceive the Psalmist as gazing down through the vista of the future, and seeing a multitude of kings and nations arrayed in rebellion against God and his Messiah. While expressing his astonishment at such mad rebellion, (vs. 1, 2,) the vaunts of the rebels fall upon his ear—(vr. 3.) He then lifts his eyes to heaven, where dwells the Being who alone is able to quell the mad tumult of earth, (vr. 4, 5,) and hears the voice of God declaring that *He* has anointed the Messiah as King, and that therefore all resistance to him is vain, (vr. 6.) The Psalmist then hears the voice of Messiah, acknowledging himself to be the Son of God, (vr. 7.) While the Psalmist thus gazes and listens, the voice of God again is heard. He speaks to his Son, and assures him that the whole world has been given into his possession, and put under his dominion, (vr. 8, 9.) The Psalmist then addresses the rebel kings and princes, as if they were actually present, exhorting them to submit to God, and to acknowledge *Him* as Messiah, who is alike merciful to his friends and terrible to his enemies, (vr. 10, 12.)

In the translation we will take the liberty of indicating the different speakers.

TRANSLATION.

Psalmist:—

1. Why do the heathen rage,
And the people form vain designs,
2. And the kings of the earth station themselves
And the princes take counsel together,
Against Jehovah and against his Messiah?

Rebel Kings:—

3. Let us burst asunder their bands,
And east from us their chords.

Psalmist:—

4. He that sitteth in heavens shall laugh,
Jehovah shall hold them in derision.
5. Then shall he speak to them in his anger,
And trouble them with his great displeasure.

Jehovah:—

6. I, even I have anointed my King,
Upon Zion, my holy Mount.

Messiah:—

7. I will make known the decree,
Jehovah hath said unto me;
"My Son art thou,
I have this day begotten thee."

Jehovah:—

8. Ask of me;
I will give the heathen as thy inheritance,
And the ends of the earth as thy possession.

9. Thou shalt rule them with an iron sceptre,
Thou shalt break them like a potter's vessel.

Psalmist:—

10. Now, then; be wise, O ye kings!
Be warned, ye princes of the earth!
11. Submit to Jehovah with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.
12. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry,
And ye perish in your course;
For his anger will quickly be inflamed.
Blessed are all that trust him.

COMMENTARY.

Vrs. 1-2. The language of the Psalmist. The interrogation is continued through both verses. The words express great surprise at the folly and madness of those who form rebellions and vain designs against the government of God and the authority of Christ.

Heathen. A word applied to Pagan nations only.

People. A word not so definite, and sometimes applied to the Jews.

Vain designs. Literally, empty, void; hence, vain fruitless; designs that will never be realized.

Station themselves. The verb means to take one's place or station for accomplishing some design.

Take counsel. The word means to assemble for consultation. It is derived from a noun meaning the *dewan* on which the Orientals reclined.

Messiah. A Hebrew word, meaning *anointed*, same as *Christ* in Greek. Anointing was a solemn ceremony used in the consecration of kings, which rendered the person and office of the recipient in the highest degree sacred.

Vrs. 3. The language of the rebel kings and princes. They are described as endeavoring to throw off the authority to which they are subject. The figure refers to the chords by which the yoke was fastened to the neck of the ox. The meaning is, let us throw off the yoke of subjection to the authority of God.

Vrs. 4-5. The words of the Psalmist.

He that sitteth in the heavens. A sublime conception of God, as enthroned on high and looking down with scorn and contempt on the weak attempts of mortals to resist his authority.

Shall laugh. This, and the similar phrase, *shall hold them in derision*, are not, of course, to be taken literally. Human passions are often ascribed to God in the Scriptures, as sorrow, pity, anger, contempt, &c. They are all to be understood as indicating, not what God does feel, but what man would feel if placed in similar circumstances.

Vrs. 6. The language of God.

It is difficult to give the force of the original in a translation. It is an expression of indignant expostulation; as if God had said, "What! will ye oppose the authority of my King, when it is I that have anointed him?"

Upon Zion. Zion was a hill in Jerusalem where the kings of Judea were anointed, and on which was the royal residence. It was a type of that Mount Zion on the heavenly Jerusalem, on which is seated the throne of God, and where he anointed his own Son to be the Prince and Savior of the world.

Vrs. 7. The Messiah speaks, and declares his authority by the decree of God himself.

Decree. The word means authoritative declaration, or purpose made known.—The remaining words of the verse show what was the decree of which he spoke.

My Son. The term, Son of God, is sometimes applied, in the O. T., to an earthly sovereign, as being the highest earthly authority. It is only, however, as a *representative* and a *subordinate*, that such a one is called a son. But in this passage the word is used in its true sense, as is evident in the next clause, "This day have I begotten thee." Here, therefore, it cannot refer to an earthly king, but must refer to Messiah, the Son of God.

This day. The Apostle Paul teaches us in Rom. 1-4, that these words refer to the resurrection of Christ, when he was declared to be the Son of God with power.

Have begotten. These words are used in a declarative sense. So teaches Paul in Acts 13-32. They mean, therefore, "I have declared thee to be my Son."

Vrs. 8-9. God now speaks, and addresses his Son, the Messiah. There is needed but the expression of a wish, "Ask of me," and the highest ambition of a sovereign will be granted: "I will give," &c.

Ends of the earth. A phrase employed to denote the whole world. This verse is ground of assurance that the kingdom of Christ will extend over all the world.

Thou shalt rule. The word means to tend, as a shepherd his flock; and hence, to rule, to govern.

An iron sceptre. A sceptre is an emblem of dominion, and an iron sceptre represents a powerful and vigorous sway.

Vrs. 10-12. The address of the Psalmist to the opposers of Messiah.

Kiss the Son. A token of allegiance, or a recognition of his sovereignty; equal

to,—‘acknowledge the Son as Messiah and King.

Lest he be angry: i. e., lest the Son be angry.

In your course. In the course of rebellion you are pursuing; and before you obtain your end.

That trust in him. That is in the Messiah. They that confide in Christ are blessed.

FROM DR. BURTON.

The following extracts from a letter from Dr. Burton, will prove interesting to his friends, and to those whose prayers accompany him as a Missionary to the heathen. The letter was not intended for publication, and we make only such extracts as may be of interest:

ABOARD SHIP HORATIO,
Nov. 18, 1952.

Dear —: We left New York yesterday about 12 o'clock, with fine wind and beautiful weather, and still enjoy both—though it is clouding up a little to-night. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were quite sick last evening—rested well last night, but have been deadily sick during most of the day. The Captain's wife was very sick all night and continues so—poor creature, she seems to suffer dreadfully. The Captain has been quite sick to-day, though is out again. So you see I have had a little hospital aboard. I feel very comfortable, have not been sick at all, except last night for a few moments I felt a little uneasiness about the head and stomach.

Nov. 20th.—Here we are, going ahead at the rate of 8 miles an hour—have had a stormy day and several squalls this evening. Mr. Crawford and lady, and the Captain's wife still sick, but better. I have been on deck for an hour or two, watching the phosphorescent lights in the water—the ship rocks, so I must close for the night.

Sabbath Evening.—Another Sabbath has arrived and past. We have had stormy weather up to this morning. Friday night was a fearful one. I had heard a good deal of the roaring of the sea, and its magnificence during storms, but had but a very feint idea of its grandeur. I shall not attempt to describe it. Our ship rode it out beautifully. About the grandest sight I saw (save the sea) was a sailor (3d mate) cutting away the top part of the main mast during the height of the storm. After seeing this, I could not wonder that the adventurous spirit should like the seaman's life. To see him rocked to and fro more than a hundred feet above

an angry sea; and all aboard expecting the mast to be carried away momentarily was a sight I shall never forget. I had no idea I should be so calm, but I felt a firm reliance upon Him who commanded the sea and it was still. Mr. C. and wife are up again, and the Captain's wife is much better. I have escaped sea sickness almost entirely. We are getting on very pleasantly—now in a delightful climate.

Nov. 30th.—The Sabbath has again been enjoyed by us, for which we have tendered our grateful acknowledgments to Him who granted it. The sick all well. While Mr. C. and lady, and the Captain and wife are enjoying a social conversation in the forward cabin, I will write a few lines. I must admit that I am somewhat at a loss for matter. There are many beautiful things to be seen even amidst this wild waste of waters. The Ocean at times is so smooth that one almost fancies it as firm as the land of our continent—again, during a storm, when we are tossed upon waves almost mountain high, and are almost overwhelmed with the tremendous roaring of the sea, we involuntarily turn from its grandeur to contemplate the wonderful Being who controls it. I have thought his power is no where more strikingly displayed than here—but I cannot transfer these thoughts to paper.

Owing to Mr. Crawford's indisposition, we have only enjoyed what we call our family worship. Next Sabbath, should we all be in the enjoyment of health, we will have service on deck. Capt. Croker is a Congregationalist, and his wife a Baptist, which render our passage much more pleasant than it would be were they not pious. He proposed that we should have reading and prayer every evening, and preaching on Sabbath.

It looks rather strange to see men clad in linen the first of December. The sun is becoming unpleasantly warm, though we have fine breezes all the time.

Dec. 3.—As there is a ship in sight with her head towards our native land, I will envelope this, which I intended merely as a memorandum. We are all well.

Yours, G. W. B.
N. Lat. 26, 7: Long. 33½ West.

THE SIN OF COVERTOUSNESS.—We read in the Bible of persons falling into gross sins and yet being restored and saved; but not of the recovery of one who was guilty of the sin of covertousness. Balaam, Gehazi, Judas, and Ananias and Sapphira, are awful examples.

[For the Classic Union.]

COPERNICUS.

Great men have their place and time.—The times at which great men make their appearance are generally suited for them. There are certain duties for them to perform, in order to accomplish the great works of reform and progression; and the cause of the appearance of such characters at such times, is a problem which we shall not attempt to solve. But it is certain, that the works which they have finished could not have been accomplished at any other time than that at which they were accomplished. Martin Luther could never have accomplished the object of his mission but at that time at which he did accomplish it. That a modest, retiring and poor boy should rise up, just as the darkness of the middle ages was passing away, before the dawn of a brighter and more welcome era—that this poor boy, whose age has never been correctly known, should rise without aid, without weapons, without any other means than moral excellence, moral truth and the aid of Heaven; and under these circumstances, should conquer kings, nations and continents, and finally the whole world by the power, dignity and force of his character; are themes truly sublime, and are seldom found. The time at which Copernicus made his appearance was marked with engrossing ignorance of the heavenly bodies. The prevailing hypothesis of those times, and also anterior to this time, had fixed the immobility of the earth, and the people were entirely misinformed as regards the rotation of the heavenly bodies. "Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night." But soon a new revelation and a new era were to dawn upon the world, and the many artificial and ingenious dogmas and hypotheses were to be thrown aside, as mementoes of an ignorant age. Nicholas Copernicus was born near the old gate of Thorn, in Poland, on the Vistula, February 19th, 1473, where his father had become a resident for ten years. His father was a physician of some eminence and resided in Thorn. The mother who gave birth to this distinguished astronomer, was the sister of Lucas Walzeiradt, afterwards bishop of Ermeland. Nicholas received the rudiments of his education in his native city, where he early distinguished himself from his classmates by the precocity of his superior physical, mental and intellectual powers of body and mind. Having thus early exhibited the germs of a powerful and gigantic mind, he soon attracted the attention of all, and especi-

ally that of his maternal uncle, the bishop of Ermeland, who caused him to be removed from the nominal School of his native place to the University of Cracow, which was gaining some notoriety, where he studied physics with the view of following the profession of his father; and there he received the degree of M. D.—Mathematics had early become his favorite study, and while pursuing his medical studies he devoted much time to mathematical investigations. He attended the lectures upon mathematics, delivered by Albert Brudzewski, who inspired him with an ardent for astronomical investigations, and his ardent aspirations led him to emulate the fame and notoriety of Peurbach and Regiomontanus, who had acquired celebrity for their mathematical and astronomical investigations. With a view of perfecting his knowledge, he went to Italy, where the arts and sciences had begun to flourish, and became the pupil of the celebrated Dominic Maria, professor of mathematics at Bologna.—He soon, by assiduity and intense application, so completely mastered his studies, that he became the intimate friend and daily companion of his tutor, and his opinion was soon considered more profound and clear upon all questions, than that of his instructor. It is supposed that the hypothesis of Maria concerning the *variability* of the axes of the globe, first led Copernicus to the idea of explaining the phenomena of the heavenly bodies by the rotation of the earth.

In 1500 he left Bologna and went to Rome, and there became an instructor in complex and intricate study of mathematics and astronomy, by the side of Regiomontanus, who was called the restorer of astronomy. Thus, at the age of twenty-seven, he was equally celebrated for his scientific investigations and profound knowledge, as any of the distinguished persons who had contributed to science. From Rome, he returned to his native country, and was created by his uncle, canon in the cathedral of Frauenberg; and the inhabitants of his native town, for the respect and good reverence they had for him, nominated him archdeacon of the church of St. John. Such was his notoriety and fame, in 1516, he was consulted by the clergy of Rome concerning the reformation of the calendar; and this same clergy afterwards, were most bitter in their denunciations of his works. In 1521 he was sent by the chapter to the diet of Gracientz, the object of which was principally to take cognizance

of the difficulties and irregularities of the coinage of money, and to adopt measures for regulating coining. He proposed to establish a mint at the public expense, but owing to the jealousy, selfishness and base intrigues of a *base aristocracy*, this measure, which would have bestowed innumerable blessings upon the country, was thwarted and fell to the ground.

His principal residence was Frauenberg, and the house which he inhabited was situated upon the brow of a mountain, commanding an extensive view of the heavens, and afforded great facilities in the absence of a telescope—telescopes were not invented—for astronomical observations. Among the many hypotheses, which had been advanced during the two thousand years anterior, one had prevailed, and had obtained credence from all classes of people, and this was the solar system of Ptolemy, which had fixed the immovability of the earth, while the whole planetary world revolved around it as a common centre. Pythagoras, Aristotle, Plato, Hipparchus and Archimedes had advanced this theory. Copernicus studied this system closely, and brought all the herculean powers of his mind to bear in a focus of patient and uninterrupted thought upon this system. After years of intense study and investigation, he came to the conclusion that the motion of the heavenly bodies could not be so complicated and confused as this system made it. He found in the writings of the ancients, that Nicetas, Heraclides and Ecphantus had entertained the opinions that there was a *possibility* of the rotation of the earth.—Having noticed frequently, previously, the irregularity which the system of Ptolemy caused in the motions of the heavenly bodies, he was led to make more minute investigation and research into the records of ancient authors, for he was now convinced that the Ptolemaic system was erroneous, he saw the absurdity of the idea, or the hypothesis that made the planets uniformly revolve around a centre, different from the centre of their orbits. After an elaborate historical examination, he found that many favored his theory, that the sun was the common centre, and one specially to whom he gave particular attention; and this was Martianus Capello, a Roman author of the fifth century, who placed the sun between Mars and the moon, and made Mercury and Venus revolve around him as their proper centre. Nor did he discard the opinions of Apollonius Pergaeus, who made the superior and inferior planets revolve around the

sun, while the moon and sun revolved around the earth.

Guided by these opinions, he soon made a complete discovery of the wonderful simplicity of the revolution of the planetary world around the sun as their common centre: Mercury in eighty-seven days; Venus in two hundred and twenty-four; the Earth three hundred and sixty-five Mars, in one year three hundred and twenty-one; Jupiter in eleven years; Saturn twenty-nine years. In order that he might be more accurate in his observations, he constructed a quadrant with movable radii, and also a parallactic instrument, which had a large radius, divided into 1414 parts, in order to form the hypothesis of a right-angle triangle, whose sides were four feet long and divided into 1000 parts. With the aid of these instruments, was discovered the true system of the universe by this immortal son of unfortunate and ill-fated Poland.

VIR SIMPLEX

[To be Continued.]

ROAST PIG—We have always admired Charles Lamb's account of the origin of roast pig in China.

"Ching Ping, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down: the out houses were burnt along with the house, and in one of these the pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future China and future civilization. Ping, who (like all China besides) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his father by a part (tradition says a leg) of the new dish.

The father was so astounded with the discovery, that he burned his house down once a year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig.

A curious prying sort of a fellow, one Chong Pong, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it; and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept—the discovery spread—many great conversions were made—houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing room, and then firing a train was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief justice of Peking on that occasion requested an officer of the court to hand him a piece of the roast pig, the *corpus delicti*, for pure curiosity led him to taste; but within two days after it was observed that his lordships town house was burned down. In short all China apostatized to the new faith! and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era to the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be had without burning down a house.—*Jour. Com.*

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A farmer called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam to represent to him that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured, in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you."

The farmer replied, that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not morethan repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said,

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance.

"Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the hounds had most cut up the land the crop is the most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty pounds back again."

"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning presented the farmer with a cheque for one hundred pounds, saying,

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer on the one hand, or on the other, the benevolence and wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.—Anecdotes of the Family.

FAT MEN.

We find in the Boston correspondence of the Literary World, the following touch of genial humor extracted from the Lectures of Rev. Henry Giles, now going through the press of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields:

There is something cordial in a fat man.—Every body likes him and he likes every body. Your Ishmaelites are, in truth, a hare-boned race; a laak tribe they are—all skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good; it clings to him; it fructifies upon him; he swells nobly out, and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the bounty of the earth, and the fullness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; radiant manifestation of the wisdom

of good humor. A fat man, therefore almost in virtue of being a fat man, is *per se*, a popular man; and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle the fattest man will ever be the most ready to make-room. Indeed, he seems half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others but others would not have him less than he is; for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. * * A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows that his being is cognisable; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extraordinary pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. Your thin man is uncertain, and therefore he is uneasy. He may vanish any hour into nothing; already he is almost a shadow, and hence it is that he uses such laborious efforts to convince you of his existence; to persuade you that he is actually something; that he is more than a non-entity; that he is a positive substance as well as his corpulent fellow creature. * * * It really does take a deal of wrong to make one actually hate a fat man; and if we are not always so cordial to a thin man as we ought to be, a Christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have to overcome against his thinness. A fat man is the nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere, a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions, a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every directoin; a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but the continuation of a point.

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL POWER.—What avails intellectual without moral power? How little does it avail us to study the outward world, if its greatness inspire no reverence of its author, if its beneficence awaken no kindred love towards our fellow creatures! How little does it avail us to study history, if the past do not help us to comprehend the dangers and the duties of the present; if from the sufferings of those who have gone before us, we do not learn to suffer, and from their great and good deeds, how to act nobly; if the developments of the human heart in different ages and countries, do not give us a better knowledge of ourselves? How little does literature benefit us; if the sketches of life and character, the generous sentiments, the testimony to disinterestedness and rectitude with which it abounds, do not incite and guide us to wiser, purer, and more grateful actions? How little substantially good do we derive from poetry and the fine arts, if the beauty which delights the imagination does not warm and refine the heart, and raise us to the love and admiration of what is fair, and perfect, and lofty in character and life? Let our studies be as wide as our condition will allow; but let this be their highest aim, to instruct us in our duty and happiness, in the perfection of our nature, in the true use of life, in the best direction of our powers. Then is the culture of intellect an unmixed good; when it is sacredly used to enlighten the conscience to feed the flame of generous sentiment, to direct us in our common employments, to throw a grace over our common

actions to make us sources of innocent cheerfulness and centres of holy influence, and to give us courage, strength, stability, amidst the sudden changes and sore temptations and trials of life. —Rev. Dr. Channing.

A SCENE AT A GROCERY.

The following article is from a correspondent, a minister, of the *Christian Observer*. It refers to the occurrences of a revival at Cornersville, Giles county:

About midnight, a messenger was sent to our lodgings, saying that Mr. F., at the at the grocery, wished to see Brother D.—He went, and there he found this seller of destruction, down upon his bed, in the deepest agony of conviction, crying for mercy at the top of his voice. As soon as Bro. D. spoke to him, "Ah! (said he,) this is a bad place, Parson, but I could not help it to save my life." And there he lay making the most heartfelt acknowledgments of his sins against God and man—Conscience and memory, under the energising influence of God's Spirit, made him review his life, and reveal his secret sins with a minuteness and particularly truly astonishing. He even referred to his father's death; and repeated his dying counsel and pious admonitions to him, when he was almost in his infancy. He sent for persons with whom he had been at enmity, and asked their forgiveness, and sought their reconciliation.

Candor, humility, deep-toned repentance, and hearty submission, seemed to characterise his whole deportment. The scene produced a powerful impression on others—(for by this time the house was full, composed of saints and sinners)—and after conversing with him sometime, and praying for him, and singing some of the songs of Zion, in this synagogue of Satan, surrounded with the implements of death, this individual, together with his partner in this nefarious traffic, and another individual, all professed to find peace in believing in Jesus Christ. And thus the gate of hell was converted into the gate of heaven, and the place where once was wont to be heard the blasphemies of the wicked and the songs of the drunkard, resounded with the glad shouts of new born souls, and the adoring songs of happy Christians.

The keepers of the other grocery were also converted afterwards, and the consequence was, that the doors of both the groceries in the place were immediately shut, and remained so for ten days, until the close of the meeting, when the proprietors, disgusted with their occupation disposed of their effects, and engaged in something else more laudable and beneficial.

HORSE CLAIMS.—Since 1835 there have been drawn from the treasury, through the War Department, two hundred and eighty five thousand dollars for horses lost in military service! It is understood, too, that a large portion of the claims, prevented are clearly *not provided for* by the exist law.

There are at present 1,498 paupers in the New York alms house.

THE LAST HOURS OF PROF. STUART.

The old age of Mr. Stuart honored God in illustrating the wealth of his word. In his 67th year he read all the tragedies of Æschylus, merely for the sake of illuminating the sacred page. Once when he made a certain discovery of a fact in biblical interpretation, he could not sleep for thirty-six hours. His solace was in the Word of God. At his death he had formed a plan for three years more of labor in expounding this revelation. It never tired him. It was his meditation all night. When asked whether he retained his confidence in the great system of truths which he had defended, his emphatic reply was, "Yes." Have you any doubts with regard to your former principles? His answer was, "No. I have long since learned," he said "that feelings in religious experience are deceptive.—I look mainly to my life for my evidence.—I think my first aim in life has been to glorify God, and that I have been ready to labor and suffer for him."

When afflicted with severe pains he loved to repeat the words, "wearisome days and nights hast thou appointed unto me." He had thought of death long and carefully. He was familiar with it. He was anxious for it. It was less even than a Sabbath-day's journey. When he heard the hope expressed that his last sickness would be unto life, and not unto death, he replied, "Unto the glory of God, but into death, I am prepared to die." On the first of the new year, when the storm was howling around his dwelling, he fell asleep. Peaceful, as to a night's repose he entered on his long rest.

After hearing some of the most afflictive tidings of his life, he once said, "now is life less sweet and death less bitter." So may that venerable matron say now that the companion of her youth has been taken up out of her sight. Let her honor God that she has been allowed to alleviate the cares of one who has enrolled so many missionaries of the Cross to translate the Bible for the untutored Indian and the learned Brahmin. Let her be thankful that she has been permitted so to order her house that light has radiated from upon the banks of the Illinois and the Euphrates.

O, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN!—The following interesting anecdote was communicated by an officer of the army engaged in General Taylor's division: "While stopping at the town of Matamoras, a number of our soldiers, as was their custom, met together to spend their time in rude and noisy revelry. And these social gatherings the sound of vocal and instrumental music was always heard. Indeed, the majority of our men were excellent singers; and as they came from various parts of the Union, the favorite airs of each section were soon made familiar; and though they generally preferred such as were of a light and trifling cast, still they were acquainted with and often sang, the tunes most popular with the different religious societies. The company to which we have alluded had been assembled some time; the wine was flowing freely, and their hilarity steadily increased; everything seemed to promise them enjoyment. At this time, a soldier belonging to a Southern regiment entered the room and taking a seat in the midst of the company began singing, very deliberately, a hymn, commencing, 'O sing to me of heaven!' The tune was solemn and affecting, and the language was moving and impressive. The strangeness of the circumstance at once secured the attention of all present, and as the singer proceeded, the effect was striking—the liquor ceased to flow, the rude oaths were hushed, and the sound of their merriment died away, and when the last verse was concluded, a perfect stillness reigned—the spell of revelry had been broken, and their anticipated gaieties were doomed thus singularly to disappointment."

MARRIED—In this city, on Tuesday morning last, by H. C. Carter, Esq., Mr. SAMUEL KELLOW to Mrs. MARGARET WILLIAMS.

MARRIED—In Nashville on Wednesday evening 4th inst., by Rev. Dr. Lapsley, Mr. JAMES R. BRUCE to Mrs. C. J. SILVERWOOD.

In Washington City, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. J. W. French, JOHN W. HOGG, Esq., of Tennessee, to Miss SARAH B. DOW.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn).
Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine,
Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Sine Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusive of Medical purposes. Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. and

R. D. REED,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
—ALSO—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c., &c.
Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

M'NAIRY, FURMAN & CO.
NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned have this day received and opened TWENTY PACKAGES of NEW and FRESH GOODS, bought at low prices, and will sell them exceedingly low, to Cash or Punctual Dealers ONLY. We will be receiving by every arrival, all the novelties in the way of FANCY GOODS, that will be brought from the Other Side, during the season. One of the firm will remain in New York until the last Sample Card of Fancy Goods is put upon sale.

We most respectfully solicit the patronage heretofore so liberally extended, and promise to merit it by prompt and polite attention to those who may favor us. **M'NAIRY, FURMAN & CO.**
Manchester Dist. Stripes, for servants, 12½
do Buff do 12½
Striped Osabergs do 12½
3-4, 4-4 and 5-4 extra heavy Ticks, 12½
Bleached and Bro Cotton Sheetings, 6½ to 5½
New York Mills and Water Twist Bleached, at low price; Corset Jeans, in colors; dark Madder Prints, as low by the yard as can be bought by the piece—and warranted fast colors at 12½¢.

Every description of Domestic Cottons at prices much less than they have been sold for four years. **M'NAIRY, FURMAN & CO.**
Feb 12 College street, Nashville.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
THE subscriber having determined to remain at the MURFREESBOROUGH INN for the next year, has engaged the services of Mr. HIRAM C. CARTER who has the entire charge of the business. Mr. Carter is well known in this community as a polite accommodating gentleman.

The rooms have been refitted, and no pains will be spared to make the House equal to any in the State.

Mr. Carter is authorized to settle up the old business of the House. **A. A. SUBLETTE.**
nov29-1f

G. D. CROTHWAIT,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
TOWA CITY.

Will attend to the location of Military bounty land Warrants. His charges are \$10 for 160 acres, \$3 for 80 acres, \$5 for 40 acres. He will use every means to select lands which will do to keep or sell. aug16-1f

DR. MCQUEEN,
(OFFICE ON SHILBYVILLE PIKE),
FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JOS. A. BOEHMS,
DEALER IN
SADDLERY & HARNESS,
(CORNER OF SHILBYVILLE AND CHURCH STS.),
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
DR. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
Jal-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JNO. C. SPENCE. JACOB B. SLACK.
JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.,
—WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.
Prompt attention given to all goods consigned to their care. jcl4

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Dr. Wm. H. Lytle.
HAVING permanently settled in Murfreesboro', offers his Professional services to the citizens of the town and vicinity in the practice of the various branches of his Profession. His office is on the south side of the square, next door to Reed & Elliott's. His residence, the one once owned by Dr. E. W. Avent. an17-6m

W. P. McDANIEL & E. S. BUTLER,
TAILORS.
SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(NEXT DOOR TO JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.'S),
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
MURFREESBOROUGH TENN.
Rooms—In the New Building adjoining the Methodist Church.

N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of his profession for the last eleven years. Charges moderate. july26

Dr. Abernathy
HAS removed his office to Main Street, next door to J. M. Avent, and nearly opposite his Post Office. jan17-6m

ROBT. S. NORTHCOTT,
Auctioneer, and General Agent
For the Sale of Land, Negroes, &c.

RETURNS his sincere thanks to the community for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. He can always be found at the Grocery Store of Messrs. Collier & Lane, on the west side of the public square. jan1-2m

WILSON T. JONES. JAMES M. PEAK.
JONES & PEAK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
In Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Flour, SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

DYING & SCOURING.
P. NIKOLAI respectfully informs the citizens of Murfreesborough and vicinity, that he has opened a DYING and SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT, in the basement story of Lytle's Hotel, and will dye in any color that may suit the fancy. Silks, Woolen Goods, Bonnets, Bonnet Feathers, Hats, &c., without injury to the goods; colors warranted not to fade. Grapes, Shawls, Merinos, and all descriptions of goods cleaned and dyed in superior style.

Gentlemen's clothing will be cleaned and repaired in elegant style on the shortest notice. Mr. N. has been engaged in the above business for many years, and invites the citizens to give him a trial. He will insure the goods for six months. dec20

For Rent.
FOR the ensuing year, one of the Brick Dwelling Houses south of the Female Academy. [jan3] H. M. BURTON.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, MARCH 15, 1852.

NO. 13.

[For the Classic Union.]
PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism is defined the love of one's country—the passion which aims to serve one's country. From this definition it is apparent that the incentive to patriotism will be commensurate with the blessings one expects to receive. If he can promise himself nothing but tyranny and oppression, it is evident that obedience to laws and love for institutions will be least prominent in his general deportment.—The galling yoke of military despotism, by holding up submission or death as the only alternative, may for a time chain down the unhappy victim like Prometheus to the rock, but the "pent up" virtues of a noble soul will finally sever the bars of its prison house, and actuate the subject to noble deeds. This is perfectly natural, and for all that I can see of the laws of ethics, is equitable and just. It is a question in my mind whether any moral agent is bound to do that for which there can be no possibility of receiving a reward. If, contrary to all experience, a country loving people could be found under the galling oppression of a Turkish Sultan, a Russian Czar, or a Spanish monarch, it seems to me highly questionable whether they would be smiled upon by Heaven or complimented by virtuous men. Patriotism ceases to be a virtue in the subject when the Government forgets her God and sets at defiance His established laws, but so long as the people rule and the halls of legislation are uncontaminated by vice, it is a high and commendable virtue.

From this view of the subject, we at once see the weighty obligation we are under to reverence our institutions, respect and obey our laws, and love with ardent affection the stars and stripes as they float to the breezes emblematic of republican principles. No people under the sun have the same cause to rejoice that the God of nature has cast their lots in a favored land

and linked their destinies with a happy Government, as the people of the United States. Peace, prosperity, and the luxuries of life are here equally accessible to the industrious citizen and the President at Washington. Titles of nobility are unknown. The whole people are sovereigns, and freedom with her thousand charms reigns in more than princely majesty. Here, too, woman occupies her appropriate position as the partner of man's cares and sharer of his joys. She is no longer the unhappy recipient of the brutal tyranny characteristic of Oriental nations; but free as air and merrily as the lark, she may breathe out a happy life in adoration of her God. The warmest gratitude should hourly ascend to the Father of mercies for her redemption, and an ardent desire for her country's prosperity, should be her ruling passion.—"From the deep and ardent enthusiasm of her soul should gush up with irresistible impetuosity those overflowing streams of thrilling emotion which take captive the popular heart and ignite it with corresponding zeal." She should be a living monument of patriotism and to nourish the young oak of *American liberty*, and strengthen it in its growth, should be the constant effort of her life. To effect this is the glorious mission of patriotism. Let us be patriotic and our liberties are safe.

Permit me, then, to lay down Industry, Frugality, Virtue, and Intelligence, as the only basis of true patriotism.—"Possessed of these, no nation, with the ordinary blessings of God, can long remain enslaved." Destitute of either of them, whatever may be its natural advantages, it must occupy a low position in the family of nations, and ere long an interminable series of revolution and blood shed will roll its lava flood of misery over its sacrilegious people. The prosperity of a nation, to no inconsiderable extent, depends upon its wealth. Among nations, as among individuals, much of

their influence and power may be attributed to the increased modes of production, resulting from accumulated wealth; and, destitute of this, it is absolutely certain that no nation can take a high intellectual position. Nature may shower her choicest blessings upon a people—the most alluring prospects may be spread out before them, yet, if they use no industry in the creation of value, and frugality in its expenditure, they will as certainly remain poor as if their destinies had been cast in a desert land.

Human effort alone can elevate the condition of an unhappy people. The rigid practice of these noble virtues once elevated Carthage from the lowest degree of poverty, to that high and enviable national reputation that even at this day calls forth panegyrics from the purest hearts and most enlightened minds.—Who can mention the name of Hannibal without feeling the profoundest emotions of gratitude to the nation that produced a man of such disinterested patriotism and heroic valor in times of peril? At first we find her, located in the sultry clime of the sunny South, inhabited by a people only noted for imbecility and weakness, bowed down in the most degraded idolatry, and cursed with all the woes of penury and want. Persians, Greeks, Romans and Vandals, alike asserted their superiority, and maintained with seeming ease their assumed supremacy in the angry conflict of mental battle. The blue Mediterranean, with all her invitations to nautical skill, rolled on in her sublimity for ages, undecked by Carthagenean fleets. The productiveness of her soil was her only boast, and the imbecility of her people rendered this unavailable. "Degraded Carthage" was the scoff of the world.

Her pompous neighbor, just across the sea, pronounced maledictions upon her name, and with much pleasure prognosticated her speedy down fall. She fell not. An angel of mercy, while in this lowly

condition, descending from the heights of perfect bliss, whispered, be industrious, be frugal. From this good moment "a change came over the spirit of the times," and by assiduously practicing these noble virtues, like the eagle she rises high above the angry storms of anarchy, dissension, poverty, and, poisoning herself in mid air, looks down with sovereign contempt upon her once illiberal superiors. Her wealth now commands the admiration of the world, and "Envy, who, with filthy lips and lying tongue defiles the best," attempts to sully her rising fame. Her accursed invective, with all its insinuations, fails. Virtue and intelligence fly to her aid, seize her destiny and telegraph her fame to immortality. She rises gradually higher and higher in the scale of patriotism and moral rectitude, until her greatness becomes the poets theme and the painters picture.

Let our reflections upon the history of this people, and other reminiscences of the past, arouse us to double energy in the maintenance of our freedom, which, in the language of an author, is the only pledge of religion, virtue and truth. Let the outgoings of our souls be truly patriotic, and then like the poet, our thoughts will be sweet and liberty our theme.

"Oh, liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream—
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Gaul's is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;
Heroic song from thy sweet touch acquires,
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.
Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there:
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet,
In Africa's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat."

EPSILON.

[For the Classic Union]

MINISTERIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—Not being in the habit of writing for the public eye, I feel a delicacy in sending you this scrawl for publication. I am deeply concerned in this subject, and as the future prosperity of our Redeemer's Kingdom depends greatly upon it, you may give the following a place in your excellent paper, if found worthy:

In the usual professional callings of our country men are wont to engage in, certain qualifications are prerequisite to admittance to their important stations. The youth, whose aspirations lead him to study law, is required to pursue a course, long and arduous, even requiring years for its accomplishment. And after he has read and re-read Blackstone, Coke upon Lyttleton, *et id omne genus*, he must yet move under the scrutinizing eyes of his superiors, and seniors, thus testing that

he has a clear and definite knowledge of what he professes to understand.

The medical man must know well the minutiae of the human frame—the various compounds with which he will have to do, and their effect upon the system of man. This is as it should be, for were the doors thrown wide open, these important callings would soon be filled with men incompetent for the duties thereof.

If these qualifications are considered so essentially necessary in the above named professions, when the man of the bar has only to deal with the laws of his country, and the medical man with the laws of the body—the mortal part that must soon return to its mother dust—what should be the attainments of the minister of the Cross of Christ! He has to occupy the place of both lawyer and physician, and that, too, *not* in reference to matters of a perishable nature, but in *eternal* things.

When we consider for a moment the important station he is called upon to fill, and the immense value of the object to be saved through his instrumentality, where is there an idea in the whole range of human thought he ought not to possess? Look abroad over the world and see the wickedness of men—the many erroneous ideas now being propagated, striking at once at the foundation of the Christian's hope—all of which must be met and overthrown by the ministers of Christ, or that religion in which we so firmly believe, and in attestation of which thousands have suffered martyrdom, must feel the consequence.

That man who would be a faithful minister of the Gospel of Peace, should thoroughly understand the soul-destroying systems of the enemies of that religion Jesus died to establish, and be ready at all times "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

The minister should be prepared to meet the philosopher upon his own ground. The scholar should receive in return. The scholar for Greek, Hebrew for Latin, Greek for Greek, Hebrew for Hebrew, and from this source be compelled to acknowledge the truth and power of God's word. By this, I do not wish to be understood as contending that every one who feels it to be his duty to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ," should be forced to take a regular course in some Literary or Theological Institution. This I do not believe, though it certainly is the imperative duty of every one, who has the opportunity, to acquire a thorough education.

Paul, to my mind, placed this matter

beyond a doubt in the advice he gave to his son Timothy. He well knew the difficulties through which Timothy would have to pass in future life, and therefore tells him "to study to show himself a workman," not only a "workman," but one "that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." H. B. D.

[For the Classic Union.]

THE DEAREST MEMENTO.

"And have I no memento of the loved, the lost?" said a fond mother, bereaved of her first, her infant child. "Yes, the sweet smile with which she ever greeted me on awaking from a quiet sleep, is faithfully mirrored on the tablets of memory." The pure and innocent heart of the infant expressed its love by a *smile*—language more impressive than words of riper age can give. It reached the mother's heart, and there it stamped its beautiful image—a memento which the stricken one cherished with sacred trust.

The light of a cheerful countenance has oft gladdened a sorrowing heart, and the smile that bespoke a fond meeting been dearer than words. The scenes of other days come vividly before us, when kind friends daily welcomed us with a smile, and though they are far from from us now, yet their joyous countenances still shine through the tears of departure and bless us with their love. Many tokens of affection have they proffered us, yet amongst them all there are none that produce such pleasurable emotions as the memento of the heart, pictured in a smile. Time and distance have no power to lessen the thrill of joy that arises at the memory of soul-lit eyes, that ever looked so kindly upon us. They were not the false smiles of the face—they were the outgoings of the heart.

Yet another has lavished smiles upon us—far back in the sunny days of childhood—when as yet our young hearts little of the joy or grief that was in store for us—when sunshine and happy faces made all seem glad and us to rejoice:—she who watched with tenderest care and solicitude, our first joys and sorrows, has imprinted a smile upon the then unwritten leaves of our hearts, and kindled affections there that cannot die. Though she has long since left us to struggle on through life unaided by her presence, yet the smile, the love that awakened our first emotions, are with us ever—they encourage us in hours of sadness, and bless us in hours of happiness. S. S.

THE ATHEIST REBUKED.

A Correspondent of the *Christain Intelligencer* relates the following scene, which occurred in Kentucky last summer. It was the close of the Sabbath, and there had been no public worship in the village where the writer tarried.

After the darkness had come on, and the crowds began gradually to desert the streets, I bent my steps towards the woods, for the forest is to me always the fittest temple of thought.

I had rambled for some time, when, from between the dark trunks of the tree, a light burst upon my vision, and presently I heard the accents of a voice apparently engaged in vehement exclamation. Hoping that I had at last found some in that place who worshipped God, I pressed forward through the underbrush, and stood within the woodland meeting-house. It was a wild, yet lovely scene; a grand old hall, roofed with heavens arch, carpeted with green grass, and columned with massive oaks. A pulpit made by felling trees, and forming a breast-work with their trunks, with a rough board for a desk, was lighted up by two large flickering torches. Rude seats had been ranged in rows before this singular rostrum, and upon them were seated between one and two hundred dimly seen forms.

But my eyes very soon yielded to the horror which my ears took in. A young man was haranguing the assembly in a flippant style, in defence of infidelity, and in the exhibition of apparent inconsistencies in the Scriptures; and though he only rehearsed the stale and sophistical objections of all free-thinkers, and reminded me of a child levelling his little arrows at the Alps, most of his auditors seemed pleased, and the rest quite unconcerned. He had almost concluded when I arrived, and I had not been there many minutes before the silly wretch, vain of the applause elicited, took his seat in a conspicuous place upon the platform, and looked around him with an air of perfect triumph.

I was hesitating whether to leave the spot, or to endeavor, in my feeble way, to counteract the effects of his words, when a form arose in an obscure corner of the camp-ground, and asked to be heard for one moment. It was an old, gray-haired man, who leaned upon a staff. He spoke much as follows. I recollect his very words. The simple eloquence of his manner, and the attendant circumstances, have ineffaceably stamped them upon my memory;

"My dear neighbors, I have lived a great many years in your midst. My form has gradually bowed, and my locks have been bleaching before the effects of seventy winters; and you will, I know, hear me.

"Out in that copse, which is now lighted up by the pale moonbeams, I buried two hardy, noble sons, and yet that spot is to me the pleasantest place upon this blessed, beautiful earth; for thence went up two sainted spirits to the abodes of everlasting joy—yes, to that heaven which yon scoffer affects to deride. But though his wicked soul cannot realize such a place as heaven, I will show you that there is a world which he not only conceives of, but which in his secret soul he believes and fears.

"You all know the cataract, which is even now sending its sullen whisper through these leafy woods. I stood but a few days ago upon the brink of the swiftly flowing river, just above where it casts itself headlong from the precipice. I noticed suddenly a skiff, containing a single man, shot out from the opposite shore and prepare to cross. Just as he had attained the middle of the stream, one of his oars broke, and the other was jerked from his grasp. I shall never forget the look of agony which convulsed his face when he saw that all his supports were gone, and that the boat was rushing down towards the fatal cataract. At first, loud calls for help awoke the mountain echoes for miles around. He did not see me.—Think you that he recked then of the body merely, which would be mangled by the foaming rocks beneath him? No; conscience which lives the most when nearest death, had been quickened. The river flowed swifter and swifter, and the whirling eddies caught him and tossed his light bark in silence from one to the other, but onward and onward.

"Soon the cries of agony were over, and he fell upon his knees within the boat, and there he prayed. O, what burning words, what ravings of terror, what promises for the future, what reproaches for the past were shrieked to heaven!

"Just then I succeeded in obtaining help and attracting his attention; and he who had been within one short moment of eternity, stood safe again upon the shore.

"That man sits there. Yes, he who had prayed when God's strong hand was hurrying him on to eternity, is here cursing and denying the very Being whom he then acknowledged, and who saved his vile life."

Every eye was turned towards the first speaker; and that countenance will haunt me while I live. Pale as the moonbeams in whose lustre he sat, his eyes turned in fearful gaze to the sky, his hands clenched, he had risen to his feet, and stood for one moment, then breaking through the throng, he disappeared in the forest. A thrill of fear and a cry of horror ran through the assembly, as they sat an instant chained to the spot. Then dispersing, the old man and myself were left alone. I clasped his venerable hand, and our tears and thanksgivings flowed out in unison.

WITCHCRAFT OF WOMEN.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller of Mansfield, "who cares for no body—no, not he—because no body cares for him." And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls "the small, sweet courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is so soft to please, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little acts and attentions—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing." This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex their sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of women. Let the world see that you first care is for yourself, and you will create the solitude of the *Upas* tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juice of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seed of love can never grow but under the warm and gentle influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it, and it it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its extension is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect except an adverse one. Attend to this my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you.—*Wm. Whit to his Daughter.*

The taxes are indeed, heavy—said Dr. Franklin on one occasion—and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our Idleness, three times as much by our Pride, and four times as much by our Folly; and from these the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement!

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISCOVERY."

An Address delivered before the *Herman and Phi Sigma Societies of the University of Mississippi at Oxford*, on the 17th July, 1851, by Rev. Wm. CAREY CRANE, President of the Baptist Female College, Hernando.

[CONCLUDED.]

31. *The Philosophy of Discovery developed in Science.*—Geology commences a superficial survey of the earth's surface, and the mountain's brow, and at length traces a way through numberless strata to eternal masses of solid rock, or internal fires. Mineralogy inspects at first the simple pebble of the brook, and stretches onward its pursuit until by crucible and retort it has discovered the precious gold, the glittering diamond, or the unspeakably splendid Koh-i-nour. Botany starts with grains, fruits and edible grasses, learning their uses or qualities, and reaches at last the perfection of the classification of Jessieu or Linnaeus. Chemistry scrutinizes in its infancy the elements of "Fire, Air, Earth and Water," the alphabet of gases and fluids, and increases in importance until every department of nature is analyzed, and the impure separated from the pure. Natural history finds itself, in its early existence, astonished by mammoths and elephants, and continues its researches until its high priests have learned a class for every order, genus, or species of living beings in earth, air, and water. Physiology sees in man at his creation a being fearfully and wonderfully made, and is aroused to a study of his constitution, and progresses in the inquiry until each tissue, nerve, muscle, sinew, bone, artery and joint are seen to comprise a wonderful machine—repeated in the myriads of beings destined to live from the creation to the judgment.—Mathematics is satisfied, in its unstudied years, with axioms, parallels, straight lines, planes, squares and solids, and yet stretches on its majestic course until with Biot, Bouchardat, Lacroix, Legendre and Madame Somerville, by the aid of the Calculus, it pries into the celestial arcana and calculates the measure of the planets' orbits. Natural philosophy is satisfied in the times of Archimedes with a knowledge of the mechanical powers; and progresses onward until every law of motion and every principle of gravity, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, electricity, magnetism, and optics, have been demonstrated and clearly proved.

Physical science, once a child, is now fast approximating the proportions, characteristics, dignity and honors of a ripe and vigorous manhood. With these developments of science, civilization has

fast grown to power and utility, and human intelligence has been greatly expanded. "Is it," says Guizot, (*History of Civilization*, p. 31.), "for the improvement of the social condition—for the melioration of his existence upon the earth, that man fully develops himself—his mind, his faculties, his sentiments, his ideas, his whole being?" One of the greatest philosophers and most distinguished men of the present age, has resolved this question at least, according to his own conviction. The following are his words: "Human societies are born, live and die upon the earth; there they accomplish their destinies. But they contain not the whole man. After his engagement to society, there still remains in him the more noble part of his nature—those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life and to the unknown blessings of an invisible world. We, individuals, each with a separate and distinct existence, with an identical person, we, truly being endowed with immortality, have a higher destiny than that of States."* States perish—man never; man is immortal—empires transitory; hence the superiority of individuals over perishing governments.

4th. *The Philosophy of Discovery exhibited in Art.*—I use the term art in this connexion, in the sense of æsthetics, which Webster defines, "the theory or philosophy of taste; the science of the beautiful, or that which treats of the principles of belles lettres and fine arts."—The world of taste is bounded by no mean and grovelling conceptions of sensual enjoyment. It is not innate, but is a seed of precious growth which increases and becomes more valuable in cultivation.—The drama starts into life with coarse actors, and wends its way along a mazy labyrinth, through the changes of human nature, until Shakspeare, Massinger, Bulwer and Talfourd, present us the purest embodiments of personification. Music, heavenly maid when young, was discoursed in the harmonies of the spheres and the carol of birds, and still grows until its power over the feelings, passions and sentiments, a *Parodi* and the *Jenny Lind*, have amazed the world in the triumph of their art. Infant man of yore, chalked his shadow on the ground, or daubed an image of mud together, to commemorate his figure. Mature man appoints Zampieri and Corregio, Raphael

and West, to trace man, and human scenes upon canvass. The boy-man chisels an idol out of wood or stone; cultivated man appoints Canova and Thorwaldsen, Power or Grenough, to present the divine form of woman, the noble proportions of man, in stone or marble, with every muscle, vein, feature and lineament. Ere man has learned the arts of refined life, he knows but one grand temple whose canopy is the skies, whose tapestry is the beetling crag, the towering mountain, the rippling brook, and nature's variegated foliage. In the course of time, the Athenian mason and the Corinthian architect adorn their ancient classic cities with the Parthenon and the temple of Minerva, and Rome borrows their untold grandeur, for its matchless Coliseum. Thus rapidly has the world advanced in art, until humanity has assumed new graces—life new joys—human intercourse new attributes and laws, and earthly existence the polish of an incalculably refined education. It may be our vanity which leads us to claim for our age and race such superiority over all past ages and races. Let the contrasts of an imagined scene sustain my positions. In the year 70 B. C. there lived one whose vast ambition begirt the earth—he had climbed every step of fame's ladder, and with uplifted foot was about to place himself upon its last eternal round. From his giddy height he surveyed ancient men and scenes: Cicero, the orator, Pompey, the great, Cleopatra, the beautiful, Antony, the eloquent, and Brutus, the assassin. Below him, he gazes upon a city, the mistress of universal empire; not far distant, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, whose shores are peopled with the living specimens of earthly pomp. It was the Augustan era of letters. The light of poetry reflected from the "blind old man of Seio's rocky isle," had dawned upon Virgil, and the *Æneid* graced the world of letters. History, poetry, philosophy, and oratory, were all in high perfection; but still, man clings to bow, shield and buckler for defence and conquest—to the coasting boat for travel—to beasts of burden for the only means of conveyance. Imagine that mighty man, great Julius Cesar, to have slept, on that lofty pinnacle, through near nineteen centuries, and just to have awaked, to learn that a spiritual prince occupies the amazing height which once filled the eye of his ambition—that an iron horse with sinews of steel, and fed by fire, on a track of iron, courses, with wild fury and immense rapidity, from capital to capital, and

*Opinion de Royer Collard, sur le projet de loi au scrutin, p. 7 et 17.

through mountain gorges, in every quarter of the civilized world; that a vapor produced by fire and water drives a wooden wheel propelling a mighty sea vessel over thousands of ocean's miles; that the sun paints likenesses, and the lightning has turned news-carrier—what amazement would fill great Cæsar's countenance! Great as thou wert, noble conqueror! when Gaul and Africa submitted to thy conquering legions, the child of the age of Discovery is now thy superior—he, the man, and thou, the infant. "The immense progress of society is evident,—the condition of man, compared with what it has been, is easy and just. In thinking of our ancestors, we may almost apply to ourselves the verses of Lucretius: "Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis, E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem." Without any degree of pride, we may, as Sthenelus is made to do in Homer,— "Return thanks to God that we are infinitely better than our fathers."

5th. *The Philosophy of Discovery is manifested in Letters.*—The poetry of the ante-diluvian world was simple. Indeed man's first language was poetical—God's first recorded command, "Let light be, and light was," was the sublimest height of poetry. From that period to the present, through all the changes, from Pastoral songs, Scandinavian odes, classic poems, and religious epics, intellect has advanced. Invention has been successfully taxed, and mind, in "a fine phrenzy rolling," has coined the most beautiful images out of the solid structures of truth. Fiction has also improved in its modes of expression. When man was superstitious, the stories of Jack the giant killer, the forty thieves, or Rinaldo Rinaldini, satisfied the appetite for fables; but as man has enlarged his reasoning powers and contemplated a vaster scope of geographical territory, Ivanhoe and the Pirate, The Last Days of Pompeii and Eugene Aram, Vanity Fair and David Copperfield, can hardly satisfy his Leviathan maw.

Strabo and Herodotus once had mastered and swayed the field of history.—Yet Gibbon and Hume followed and became masters of philosophic history, but it was reserved for the genius of discovery in the person of Macaulay to give us the first full presentment of picture, poetical, and dramatic history, in which the actors and actresses appear and disappear upon the stage, like living players on the great stage of life. For Macaulay was reserved the high honor of discovering the true elements of essay writing, and

the proper materials for correct, impressive, pleasing and truthful history. Hence it is manifest that in all the departments of science, art and letters, new discoveries have been made, showing that speculation commences the journey of discovery—invention leads the way—analogy confirms the steps—induction urges steadier and more rapid movements, and hope secures the spirit against despair and disappointment.

And shall there not be many other manifestations of genius? Will not other Republics arise all over the world, demonstrating the genius to be free? Will not the bird of song light on many another Homer, Virgil, Milton and Byron? Will not the mantle of philosophy fall on other Bacons, Newtons, Fultons, and Morses? Will not the inspiration of oratory swell the great hearts of other Henrys, Calhouns, Prestons, Websters, Clays, Prentisses and McDuffies? Why may we not hope for another Iliad, another Paradise Lost, and another Pilgrims' Progress? Under such a government, with such a heritage, with so noble scenery, and with so many stirring and startling to weave into another story, it is impossible to estimate to what height of sublimity the human mind can attain in this great country. To you young gentlemen of the Hermean and Phi Sigma Societies, will in a great measure be committed the future destiny of the great Republic of letters. Whatever changes may come over this Republic, and wherever Mississippi may be, God grant that she may ever be true to her place in the great Republic of letters. With you, the age of discovery may culminate and wane, and pass into oblivion, or it may advance, grow in importance, furnish higher testimonials of inspired genius, and benefit the whole race of man. A bright future is before you—I can almost say, "I would I were a boy again."

In this world of progress; young gentlemen, there have been many advances on our early history. Less than four years ago the grave proposition, in the hearing of some present, was made in the halls of our State Legislature, to change the object of your University buildings into an asylum for lunatics. And the argument in its favor was, that the people's money should be spent in the education of the masses; but this institution has demonstrated its necessity, and is fostering, so far as its ability extends, the philanthropic system of common schools, which sooner or later is destined to exert an in-

fluence, and dispense benefits throughout our State. Upon those of you who have this day received the high honor of graduation, much will depend to sustain the elevated character which your Alma Mater has assumed. Identified as are all my interests with Mississippi, I cannot but take interest in all its institutions, and I was gratified to hear the pointed and energetic remarks of your President this day in favor of State interests. May I commend to your notice, ere I close, another cause, no less important, no less dear to every patriot, no less dear to every parent, the cause of female education. Much has been said of the glory and virtues of female character, but nothing of female education, as I love woman let me "be to her faults a little blind, and to her virtues very kind."

The spirit of discovery has demonstrated that woman must be educated. Educated, I say—not varnished, nor painted. She must be trained to accurate, precise and vigorous thought, to maintain logical processes of reason, while, at the same time, every grace and perfection of Paris, or London, or Rome, may be bestowed upon her to polish her manners and refine her speech. Thus prepared to bless and to be blessed, I add: *God bless her—I commend her to your hearts.* In the quality of her education woman should stand on the level with man, or how can she be his fitting companion? Woman may outshine Venus De Medicis in physical beauty; the lofty brow, the waving tresses of raven hair, the lustrous eye, the classic mouth, the Grecian figure, may all lend her charms, but if she be ignorant, of how much more value are her fascinations than the glistening, perishable dew-drop of the morning?

Let our young men and women both be educated. Let virtue and knowledge, philosophy and religion, all be instilled into their minds, and there can be no estimate to bold or enthusiastic of the probable career of our State and generation.—In the humble hope that it may be always what it is, and a thousand fold more prosperous in education and intelligence, allow me to conclude in the language of an American poet:

"Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The grand Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic's roar;
And uttered on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Ere melt'd with her loveliest dyes.

Great God! we thank thee for this home,—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!"

"THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM."

Christian, I invite you to accompany me to Calvary. Behold us, then, on our way to the place where "they crucified him."—We are standing by "Pilate's Gate," in the midst of a vast multitude. A deep murmur, and soon a distant shout is heard, and, rolling along the crowd, at length reaches us; it is the cry, "he is condemned!" All the streets are full of excited spectators, and the crowd presses toward the gate.—At length the "Roman band" in full armor is seen culling along the street, followed by an excited and eager crowd of men, women, and children. Within the closed files of the soldiery, attend by their crosses, are, "the condemned," three in number. Two of them bear the marks of guilt and crime in their countenances. With flushed and haggard faces, they smile along without difficulty under their crosses, but the other—how shall I describe him?—His countenance is meek, but oh, how braided and swollen! His back is ploughed in furrows by the scourge, and deep in them settles the rough cross, sprinkling with warm blood the path along which he wearily treads.

He staggers, he faints, as he passed the gate of the city. A substitute is speedily found to bear his cross, and the merciless soldiers, indignant at the delay, hurry him along with brutal blows. They have reached a spot infamous to Jew and Roman—"Golgotha,"—horrid "Golgotha," where the skulls of criminals bleached in the sun; "there they crucified him." There where murderers expiated their crimes, whose bones lay unburied, and unworthy of a grave, there they crucified "the Lord of glory," the Lamb of God. There, where decency was outraged; where pity was a crime, where the Jew shrunk with abhorrence from the accursed spot, and gathered up his robes, lest he be defiled; there they crucified him. Behold him!

They first striped him of all his garments; and this was done by no gentle hands, but by those whose business was butchery and blood. He stands before them, suffering the shame of an abhorred nakedness; but yet "despising the shame."

They seize him roughly by his feet and hands, and lay him on the cross. No care is taken to lay that seared and bleeding back gently on the wood. Each unexisting hand is stretched along the crossbeam, and fastened with the nail. And those blessed feet, yet fragrant with the ointment with which the penitent anointed them, are pinned to the wood. And when the vic-

tim was uplifted on his cross, oh, what agony shot along every limb and nerve!

Look, christian! See by what sufferings thy salvation was purchased; see where it was purchased.

Do you love that Redeemer? Do you serve him as one bought by his precious blood should place him? Are you often in spirit at the place where they crucified him? Do you ever neglect to come around his table to commemorate his love? Has penitence no sigh to offer here? Has faith no duty to do here, hope no need of strength? If there is a place where Jesus feels most keenly the wound, it is to be crucified there by the neglect of his professed followers. Will you convert your ingratitude into a spear, and thrust it into his side there? How often may it be said of his professed children, "there they crucified him!"—*N. Y. Recorder.*

ENNOBLING INFLUENCE OF PRAYER.

Prayer is a conversation with God. By means of it, we feel that we are brought into his presence, and we experience the sanctifying influence of a station so near the throne. Every one who is accustomed to have intercourse with the learned, the generous, the holy among men, feels the efficient influence of that intercourse upon his whole character. He becomes, through it, a different man from what he otherwise would be. But if such an influence comes from intercourse with men much more may we expect a greater and a grander from intercourse with God. And such we find, in truth, to be the influence springing from prayer. It takes men off from the lower pursuits of earth. It breaks up the influence springing from that which is mean, and low created. It lifts us upward, and directs our spirit heavenward. It associates us with God and the glorious spirits of the just. It draws out higher spirit of our nature, developing and training that by which we are akin to angels and to God. It dignifies the soul, which spurs the lower for this higher intercourse and communion. We all bear the image of the earthly, but by this employment we vindicate our title to the image of the heavenly.—Prayer, by its enlightened power, takes off the apparent value of earth, setting it in its proper place in our estimation and our affection. It reveals to us that which has a higher and more lasting worth. Instead of leaving us to dwell satisfied among the beggarly elements of the world, and to drink happiness from its turbid streams, it sets us to dwell before the throne, and feasts us upon the rivers of pleasure which

flow at God's right hand for evermore—not fleshly, not fleeting, not dependent upon anything created, nor affected by any destruction or alteration of material elements; but pure, spiritual, sublime eternal. Nothing but prayer can have this influence. It is commended, therefore, by its exalted and ennobling efficacy.—*Prof. S. F. Smith.*

HYPOCRITE, A MESSAGE FROM GOD UNTO THEE.

There is no conduct in the sight of God more hateful than yours. You profess to be what you are not, and make an outward show of what you do not inwardly profess. You seek gifts, but only for display. You pray, but only "to be seen of men." You attend ordinances, but merely to deceive. As to secret communion with God—true spirituality of mind—real mortification of sin—and genuine love to Christ—you are an utter stranger to them. Ah! is it nothing thus to act the part of a deceiver? You may think this a small matter, but what says the Lord? "*Woe unto them that seek to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say, who seeth us? who knoweth us?*" You have contrived, it may be, to cheat your fellow-men, and falsely to obtain their esteem, but how little is this to be valued, when in God's word it is written, "*The hope of the hypocrite shall perish?*" Perhaps you have succeeded in lulling conscience so fast asleep, that you obtain something like peace, but have you forgotten the word of the Lord, "*The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment.*"

And what do you gain even now by your hypocrisy? The world hates you because you profess to love God; and God hates you because it is but a profession. It has been well said of you, that you are a miserable traitor in every way. You betray Christ for the world's sake, and the world for Christ's sake, and yourself for sin and Satan's sake.

And that you may see how heinous is your guilt, think of the evil you are doing. You are putting a staff in the hands of the worldling with which to beat the saints! You are giving occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. You are casting dishonor on the Christian profession, and are putting a stumbling block in the way of the weak. O! wretched sinner, can you think of all this, and yet remain another hour a hypocrite? Can you still go on hiding your sin in the face of God's solemn warning, "*Whoso hideth his sin shall not prosper?*"

Nay, even now, tear off the mantle of deceit; confess fully to the Lord your heinous sin; wash without delay in the fountain of Christ's blood; and plead for the Holy Spirit, that, by your whole future life, you may testify obedience to God's command in laying aside "*all malice, all guile, and hypocrites, and envies, and all evil speaking.*"

FAULTS OF EARLY EDUCATION.

During a visit to friend in the country. I was enjoying a walk in his garden before breakfast on a delightful morning in June, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the pensive attitude of a little boy, the son of my host, whom I observed standing before a rose-bush, which he appeared to contemplated with much dissatisfaction. I inquired what had attracted him to this particular rose-bush, which presented but a forlorn appearance when compared with its more blooming companions. He replied: "This rosebush is my *own*, father gave it to me in the spring, and promised that no one else should touch it. I have taken great pains with it: and as it was covered with beautiful roses last summer, I hoped to have many fine bouquets from it; but all my care and watching have been useless: I see I shall not have one full-blown rose after all."

"And yet," said I, "it appears to be as healthy as any other bush in the garden: tell me what you have done for it,—as you say it has cost you so much pains?"

After watching it for some time, he replied, "I discovered a very great number of small buds, but they were almost concealed by the leaves which grew so thickly: I therefore cleared away the greater part of these, and my little buds then looked very well. I now found, as I watched them, that though they grew larger every day, the green outside continued so hard, that I thought it impossible for the delicate rose-leaves to force their way out; I therefore picked them open, but the pale, shrivelled blossoms which I found within never improved, but died one after another. Yesterday morning I discovered one bud which the leaves had till then hidden from me, and which was actually streaked with the beautiful red of the flower confined in it. I carefully opened and loosened it, in the hope that the warm sun would help it to bloom: my first thought this morning was of the pleasure I should have in gathering my one precious bud for mother—but look at it now!"

The withered, discoloured petals to which the child thus directed my eye did indeed present but a melancholy appearance, and I now understood the cause of the looks of disappointment which had at first attracted my attention. I explained to the zealous little gardener the mischief which he had unintentionally done by removing the leaves and calyx with which nature had covered and enclosed the flower until all its beauties should be ready for full developement; and having pointed out to

him some buds which had escaped his care, I left him full of hope that, by waiting patiently for nature to accomplish her own work, he might yet have a bouquet of his own roses to present to his mother.

As I pursued my walk, it occurred to me that this childish incident suggested an answer to the question asked by Dr. Johnson, "What becomes of all the bright children?" Too often, it is to be feared, are the precious human buds sacrificed to the same mistaken zeal that led to the destruction of the roses which had been expected with so much pleasure by their little owner. Perhaps a few hints suggested—not by fanciful theory, but by practical experience in the mental training of children—may help to to rescue some little ones from the blighting influence to which they are too often exposed.

The laws by which the physical development of every infant, during the earliest period of its existence, is regulated, seem to afford a striking lesson by the analogy they bear to those laws on which the subsequent mental development depends; and by the wise arrangement of an ever kind Providence, this lesson is made immediately to precede the period during which it should be carried into practice.—On the babe's first entrance into the world, it must be fed only with food suitable to its delicate organs of digestion; on this depends its healthful growth, and likewise the gradual strengthening of those organs. Its senses must at first be acted upon very gently: too strong a light, or too loud a noise, may impair its sight or hearing for life.

The little limbs of a young infant must not be allowed to support the body before they have acquired firmness sufficient for that task, otherwise they will become deformed, and the whole system weakened; and last, fresh and pure air must be constantly inhaled by the lungs, in order that they may supply vigor to the whole frame. All enlightened parents are acquainted with these laws of nature, and generally act on them; but when, owing to judicious management, their children emerge from babyhood in full enjoyment of all the animal organs, and with muscles and sinews growing firmer every day in consequence of the exercise which their little owners delight in given them *is the same judicious management extended to the mind*, of which the body which has been so carefully nourished, is only the outer case?—In too many cases it is not. Too often the tender mind is loaded with information which, consequently, cannot nourish it.—

The mental faculties, instead of being gradually exercised, are overwhelmed; parents who would check with displeasure the effort of a nurse who should attempt to make their infant *walk* at to early a period, are ready eagerly to embrace any system of so-called education which offers to do the *same violence* to the intellect; forgetting that distortion of mind is at least as much to be dreaded as that of body, while the motives held out to encourage the little victims are not calculated to produce a moral atmosphere conducive either to good or great mental attainments.

THE YEAR 1852:—In January there were five Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

In February there were five Sundays.

In May there are five Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays.

In June there are five Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

In July there are five Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

In September there are five Wednesdays and Thursdays.

In October there are five Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

In November there are five Mondays and Tuesdays.

In December there are five Wednesday, Thursdays and Fridays.

Each month of the year commences with the first day named.

MORTALITY AMONG GENERALS.—Within the five years which have elapsed since the commencement of the war with Mexico, no less than thirteen American Generals have departed this life, viz: Taylor, Worth, Mason, Brady, Kearney, Humer, Hopping, Belknap, Duncan, Croghan, Brooks, Arbuckle, and Whiting.

How folks differ! we chew tobacco, the Hindo takes to lime, while the Potogian finds contentment in "a bite of guno."—The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length," on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote was told of a very clever fellow, who had been somewhat frolicsome, but who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance:—After becoming a "Son," he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physician was called, and after examining him, pronounced him in a dangerous position, and prescribed brandy. The sick man told him he couldn't take it. The Dr. insisted it was the proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not take it. The Dr. said he must or he would have spasms. Well, said the Son of Temperance, I will try a couple of spasms first. He did not take the brandy, nor did he have the spasms, but went on his way rejoicing.

CAPTURE THE GUERRIERE BY THE CONSTITUTION.

The following account of the capture of the British frigate *Guerriere*, by the American frigate *Constitution*, is communicated to the *Evening Post* by a correspondent who was a prisoner on board the *Guerriere* during the combat. It is a paper which deserves a place among the historical archives of the country:

Having been an American prisoner on board the *Guerriere*, during the famous battle between that frigate and the United States frigate *Constitution*, I propose giving you an account of that important action, which took place in June, 1812.

About two weeks previous to the engagement I left Boston in an American ship which was captured by the *Guerriere*, some five days before she fell in with the *Constitution*.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the *Constitution* was discovered.—The *Guerriere* hove to in order to enable her to come up. As the *Constitution* neared us, Capt. Daeres handed me his glass, and asked what I took her to be? My reply was, "she looks like a frigate!" Very soon she came within reach of the long guns of the *Guerriere*, which were fired, but with no effect, as the sea ran high. The *Constitution* made no reply, but, as I saw manœuvring for a position; during which Capt. Daeres said to me, "Do you think she is going to strike without firing?" I replied, "I think not, sir."

At this moment, seeing a severe contest was about commencing, in which I could take no part, being only a prisoner, I raised my hat to Capt. Daeres, and said to him "With your permission, sir I will go below, as I can take no part." "O, certainly," said he, "and you had better go into the cockpit, and should any of our men chance to get wounded, I shall feel obliged, if you will assist the surgeons in dressing them." "Certainly, sir," said I, and then descended into the cockpit. There were the surgeons and surgeons' mates, and attendants, sitting round a long table, covered with instruments, and all necessaries for dressing the wounded, as still as a funeral. Within one moment after my foot left the lower round of the ladder, the *Constitution* gave that double broadside which threw all in the cockpit over in a heap on the opposite side of the ship.

For a moment it appeared as if heaven and earth had struck together; a more terrific shock cannot be imagined. Before those in the cockpit had adjusted themselves, the blood run down from the deck as freely as if a wash tub full had been turned over, and instantly the dead, wounded and dying were heaped down as rapidly as men could pass them till the cockpit was filled, with hardly room for the surgeons to work. Midshipmen were heaped down with one leg, some with one arm, and others wounded in almost every shape and condition. An officer, who was on the table having his arm amputated, would sit up to a comrade coming down wounded—"Well, ship mate, how goes the bat-

tle?" Another would utter some joke, that would make even the dying smile, and so constant and freely were the playful remarks from the maimed, and even dying, that I almost doubt my own senses. Indeed, all this was crowded into a space of not over fifteen or twenty minutes before the firing ceased. I then went upon deck, and what a scene was presented, and how changed in so short a time.

The *Constitution* looked perfectly fresh: at this time those on board the *Guerriere* did not know what ship had fought them.—On the other hand the *Guerriere* was a mere rolling log—almost entirely at the mercy of the sea. Her colors all shot away, her main-mast and mizzen-mast both gone by the board, and her fore-mast standing by the mere honey-comb the shot had made. Capt. Daeres stood, with his officers, surveying the scene—all, all in the most perfect astonishment. At this moment a boat was seen putting off from the hostile ship for the *Guerriere*. As soon as within speaking distance, a young gentleman (midshipman Reed, now Commodore Reed) hailed and said—"I wish to see the officer in command of the ship." At this, Captain Daeres stepped forward and answered. Midshipman Reed then said—"Commodore Hull's compliments and I wish to know if you have struck your flag?" At this Capt. Daeres appeared amazed, but recovering himself, and looking up and down, he deliberately replied, "Well, I don't know—our mizzen-mast is gone, and our main-mast is gone, and upon the whole you may say we have struck our flag!"

"Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you need the assistance of a surgeon or surgeon's mate." Captain Daeres replied: "Well, I should suppose you had on board your own ship business enough for all your medical officers." Midshipman Reed replied, "O, no, we have only seven wounded, and they were dressed half an hour ago."

Capt. Daeres then turned to me, deeply affected, and said, "How have our situations been suddenly reversed—you are now free and I prisoner."

All the boats of both ships were now put in requisition to remove the wounded on board the *Constitution*—so dreadful was the condition of many of them, that two days were nearly consumed in the removal, after which the *Guerriere* was burned, with all her stores, armament, &c., &c.—The *Constitution* having recently come out of port, had no room to take scarcely an article.

Who can imagine the joy I experienced in finding myself again under American colors—or the pride I felt at finding, from Commodore Hull down to the most humble man on board, an entire absence of everything like a boastful, or even a triumphant look at their wonderful victory; Capt. Daeres kept his stateroom till we arrived in port. About two hundred of his men were necessarily ironed, as the ship was so crowded. Charles Morris (now Commodore) the first officer of the *Constitution* had a ball through his body, and for several days his recovery was

doubtful—during which he sent for me to come to his room—and I well remember his perfect unconcern for himself, although the surgeon had apprised him of his danger. Every courtesy and kindness was, by Capt. Hull and his officers, extended to their prisoners.

On Sunday, about noon, the *Constitution* arrived in Boston harbor. I was sent on shore in the boat. The harbor between the ship and wharves was now covered with boats to learn the news. To the first boat that we neared we hailed, "The *Constitution* has captured the *Guerriere*." Instantly the two men in the boat took off their hats and violently struck them on the side of the boat, and rising, gave cheer upon cheer. "They hailed other boats, and thus the air was rent with cheers, and the victory passed along till it reached the wharf, and then spread like wildfire all over the city and country.

It is now nearly forty years since the transaction of that day proved to the Americans that British frigates were not invincible. Who can remember that day without feeling a glow of pride, that so early in the war, and in a manner so unpretending, a victory so perfect should have been achieved! I write this statement without, no es, but believe it to be, in the main, accurate.

In justice to Capt. Daeres, I add, that there was none of the boasting on his part; before the action, which has been to him attributed, as he did not know the ship till Midshipman Reed announced her name and commander.—*Jour. of Com.*

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of the heads and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. Any mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, more considerate and more easily governed. How many parents, who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or daughter who had thoughtlessly or heedlessly fallen into temptation.

TO CLEAR A WELL OF FOUL AIR.—Put a quart or two of unslacked lime into a bucket, and before lowering it in the well, pour a sufficient quantity of water on the lime to slack it; then let it down to the water but not so as to go into it. In a few minutes the well will be cleared of foul air the slacking lime either taking up the noxious air or forcing it out of the well. —*London Builder.*

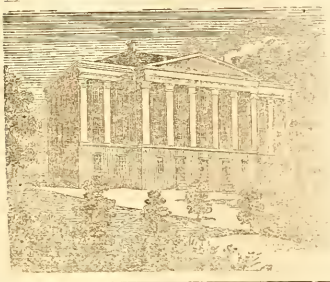
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR PER
year, invariably in advance.



MARCH 15, 1852.

HOPE.

There is no emotion of the human mind more essential to success and happiness than hope. And such is the constitution of man that he almost instinctively entertains it. He that is destitute of this passion is surrounded by an impenetrable gloom, and must be the subject of intense suffering or settle down into the indifference of insanity. But he that is full of hope possesses the most important element for a successful conflict with the ills of life, and the attainment of the object of his aspirations. For though there may be other and essential elements necessary to success, yet if these were possessed with an extinguished hope, so paralyzed would be the energies that the means of success could not be made available. While on the other hand, he whose hope is vigorous and firm, can both remove the obstacles in his path and create the means of the acquisition of the objects of his desires.

It is the hope that our present sufferings will terminate, and that a better day will dawn upon us, that enables us to bear the ills of life with a patient quietness and with a pleasurable resignation. The unfortunate wanderer, far from home and friends, suffering disease and want, pelted by the rude scoffs of an indifferent world to human woes, and ready to yield up his spirit to the gloom of despair, is cheered by the hope of regaining his home and his friends, and the possession of future days of joy. The poor man, reduced to penury and want, suffering the "whips and scorns of outrageous fortune," toiling to supply the wants of those whom his

affection and his honor are pledged to render happy, and only half successful, is relieved from his mortification by hope, which wipes the big tear that steals down his manly cheek, and nerves his strong arm for greater struggles. The widowed mother, toiling over the midnight lamp to furnish a morning meal for her babes, when tempted to give up in despair, and give vent to the superb sorrow of a broken and disconsolate heart, fancies better days in the future, hope plies with increased industry the implements of labor, and drowns her sorrows in the music of a merry song.

Sweet hope! thou for how gloomy and depressing would be the pathway of life! But these hopes are earthly hopes, and these prospects earthly prospects, and however bright the anticipations, they may never be realized. But there is a hope, a purer, holier hope, whose prospects never fade away, and whose joys never end in disappointment. It is the Christian's hope—he hope the gospel inspires! "We have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." "Which hope is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth to that within the veil whither for us the forerunner has entered." Who has not seen the triumphs of the Christian's hope in the hour of trial? Take away every prop besides. Let property be swept away, and friends forsake. Let adversity like a mighty tempest-driven wave break over the soul, and the winds of misfortune howl dismally around, and all earthly prospects be shrouded in darkness and uncertainty.—There is still a triumph for the soul.—With rapture it can cry, "Why art thou east dawn, oh, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise him!" And let the body sicken and decay, the frame become emaciated and helpless, the pulse beat slower and fewer, and the eyes grow dim in death. There is no darkness to the soul. That hour which is appalling to human nature, and which is dreaded as the worst of evils, becomes an hour of joy and the fondest anticipations. There is "light and immortality brought to light in the gospel," dissipating the gloom of death, and enabling the soul to sing with rapture, "tho' I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Reader, hast thou this hope? Upon what is it founded? If it be not through faith in the blood of Christ it is delusive!

No matter what your zeal in religion, or how high you may stand in the church, if your hope is not through the merits of the Son of God it is deficient, and will be dashed into everlasting disappointment when you come to stand before God! If you have not this hope, seek it, for you will soon need it to cheer your passage through the grave! H.

"The sermon was too long," said one the other Sabbath as he came out of the sanctuary—"true it was very good, but then it was entirely too long." We have heard similar remarks to the above time and again, and the question has come up in our minds, how long ought the services of the Sabbath to be? We believe no definite answer can be given. A discourse which would seem short to one, might be felt as long by another. The person who goes to church in order to worship God—who loves to linger in the courts of the Lord, and who takes a delight in the services of the sanctuary, will not become weary in two hours. He who goes because he is a member of the church, and because it will be expected that he will be there, will be satisfied with fifty minutes, while thirty minutes are all sufficient for one who goes merely to see and be seen—to show a fine dress, or to observe what others wear.

There is, however, such a thing as extending the services beyond a proper limit, and a minister ought to guard against this. We are not of those who hold that every sermon must be just so long and no longer—composed of just three divisions and no more, but we would have the preacher always stop when he is done. We think one conclusion amply sufficient for one discourse. We own that we experience a vague sense of disappointment whenever we hear the preacher repeat "in conclusion" more than once. The minister can effect but little good after the desire becomes general for the services to close—every sentence after this is an injury, and the speaker should close at once. In towns, an hour and a half for the whole service is as long as zeal can maintain dominion over appetite. In the country the exercises of the Sabbath may continue two or three hours and little or no uneasiness be manifested in the congregation. This may, in part, be owing to the fact that religious services are not so frequent in the country as in town. But whenever the preacher perceives that the attention of the congregation is wandering—a restlessness manifested, he has preached long enough, and should stop, even if he should not be half through his subject. E.

REV. A. W. MEACHAM.

It will be painful to the numerous friends and acquaintances of this devoted minister, to learn that his declining health has compelled him to give up his pastorship at Lebanon, and retire to the residence of his parents in Kentucky.

We visited brother Meacham last week, and officiated in his church last Sabbath. We found him exceedingly emaciated, and barely able to stand the fatigue of riding in a carriage to the church. In the presence of a large congregation he resigned his charge of the church. In connection with bro. Brown, we administered to the church and the late pastor the Lord's Supper, at the conclusion of which he bade them farewell, as he and they supposed, to meet no more on earth.—The scene was painfully affecting, but the flood of grief poured forth by the church and attending congregation, told how well they loved him, and how heart-rending the separation. After having partaken of the supper, he accompanied us, with many hundreds of persons, to the water's side, and witnessed us administer the ordinance of baptism to five candidates who had been received by the church. The services of the day were all of the most solemn and affecting, and we trust will prove a blessing to the church. May the blessing of God go with our brother, and may he find in the gospel that consolation which he has often commended to others. And, if we dare, we would still indulge the hope that he may be restored!

H.

Grant Thorburn, calling to mind the earnest, able men in New York pulpits in times past, makes this severe remark on their successors: "They read a *dead* homily from a *dead* paper to a company of *dead* souls, and in a manner, too, as *dead* as the Devil—who always attends church, could wish. Now, all the eloquent speakers, singers, and actors, are engaged by the Devil to serve at his altar! Any stammering tongue is good enough for the pulpit. Were the mantle of Whitefield or Westley to drop on the shoulders of some of these wooden ministers of the golden churches in that city; were he to thunder in the years of the people, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' I verily believe that one-half the dear sisters would fly through the windows on hysterical wings."

One hour gained by rising early, is worth one month of labor in a year.

A WORD TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are pleased to receive communications for our paper, and we are glad to find our contributors are multiplying, but we are sometimes under the painful necessity of rejecting some of the articles sent for publication. Some, which we publish, are not exactly to our taste, but when they are so correctly and legibly written that we are not compelled to re-write them, and contain some good thoughts, and nothing objectionable, we hand them over to the compositor.

There are other articles, we receive, which bear upon their face decided evidence that no pains had been taken in either composing or transcribing them—the handwriting exhibits a striking resemblance to the hieroglyphics discovered on the marble slabs dug up by Layard in the ancient ruins of Nineveh, and as we do profess to be a Chompollen, we are compelled to throw them aside.

The article from "Omega" is written on both sides of the paper, which proves he knows nothing about writing for the press. We have not time to re-write it,—if, however, *he* will take the trouble, we will publish it.

We would say to "Appollo," that his lines, which he calls, *poetry*, have been received, but we think a single verse, as a specimen, will be enough to satisfy our readers:—

"Genius shoots his lambent flame
High over the mountain peaks,
Causing the stars to blush with shame
And distant suns to admire his freaks."

the poetry of Appollo will not, we fear, be appreciated in the present century.—He may, however, console himself that the time may come when the human mind will be sufficiently expanded to perceive its beauties. E.

THE POPE'S BLOCK OF MARBLE.

We see it stated that the Pope of Rome has offered a block of marble, taken from the Temple of Peace, in Rome, to go into the Washington Monument. We cannot regard his highness as sincere in this tribute to the memory of the Father of his country, and see no reason why the American people should feel flattered by the act. There seems to be no congruity in assisting to raise a monument commemorative of Washington and his principles, by one who has no sympathy for the principles of religious and political freedom, and who, if he be not a hypocrite, must regard Washington as a heretic, and his principles as destructive to the best interests of the church. While the Pope is

thus showing his reverence for the principles of our country, he is the most shameless tyrant at home, and his friends here declare their hostility to religious liberty, and long for the time when it may be blotted from the earth. We have no admiration for the Pope's pretended regard for Washington. H.

Suppose a Christian should labor assiduously for three score years and ten in efforts to save souls, and succeed in persuading one sinner to turn to the Lord, he has not lived in vain. He has accomplished a work more glorious and lasting than all the achievements of conquerors and military heroes that ever swayed a sceptre or led armies to victories. A time will come in the far distant elements when that redeemed soul shall have experienced a greater sum of happiness than could be enjoyed by all the millions that have lived and moved on this earth from the first man down to the last—when he will be enabled to take in by the sweep of his vision a wider intellectual and moral field in one moment than the sum of the combined efforts of all the minds that have existed on this earth. That individual will continue to rise higher and higher in the scale of being—to enjoy more and more of the bliss of heaven, as his faculties enlarge and expand, and this increase will go on through the interminable ages of his immortality. In his flights o'er the Lamb-lit hills of the Heavenly Canaan in search of new manifestations of the glories and mysteries of the God-Lead, he will ever look with strong friendship and love upon him who was the instrument of his salvation, and take delight in accompanying him through the golden street city, and through the groves of surpassing loveliness that line the evergreen banks of the river of life. Who would not labor and toil through a long life for such an object. E.

Hobbes defines laughter to be "a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with infirmity of others, or our own former infirmity."

"Why is there alloy in coins? Because it may save the trouble and expense that would be incurred in refining the metals to their highest degree of purity; and because, when its quantity is small, it renders the coins harder, and liable to be worn or rubbed."

REVISION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The meeting appointed to have taken place in December last, at Memphis, by the friends of a revised version of the English Scriptures, having proved a failure, in consequence of the severity of the weather, and the low stage of the rivers, another meeting is announced at the same place to occur on the 2d of April. We apprehend that a full meeting of the friends of this movement will then assemble, and that it will embody much talent and influence.

We confess that we have never been able to see the wisdom of this revision agitation, or wherein it is to result in good. There is no argument needed to convince intelligent men, of whatever creed, of the existence of errors in our present version; and we suppose all would rejoice if the conceded inaccuracies of our Scriptures were removed, and we had in every respect a perfect counterpart to the original. While, however, inaccuracies are admitted to exist, it is not pretended by the most zealous revisionists that they are not sufficiently plain and accurate for all to learn the way of salvation, and arrive at a knowledge of every duty which they inculcate. None can shield themselves from censure because their duty is not plainly translated.

Our chief objection to the movement is, the impossibility of any party or denomination of Christians to make a version of the Scriptures that will be of general authority. Admitting the correctness of the version that may be made, it will not be received by the whole body of professed Christians; the majority will still cling to the old and repudiate the new; while the friends of the new will, in the defence of it, be driven to attack the old, and thus will spring up a conflict about Bibles and their authority that cannot fail to operate injuriously to the progress of truth.

We believe the time will come, when a revision of the sacred Scriptures in our language will be made; but we do not believe the present is the time, or this movement the method of effecting it. We doubt not that a revision will be produced by those now agitating the subject, but like many others which have preceded it, it will soon be forgotten, and assume its place in the library as a curiosity or a book of reference. H.

Rev. J. W. Bowen is the acting General Agent for the Domestic Board of the General Association of Middle Tennessee and North Alabama.

CANCERS CAN BE CURED.

It may be a matter of interest to some of our readers abroad, who may be afflicted either in their own person, or that of their friends, by this painful and obstinate disease, to know that Br. R. W. January, of this city, has the power to relieve them. We visited a patient of his a few days since, who, previous to coming here, had been pronounced incurable by several distinguished physicians. The present appearance of the sore is sufficient to show that it has been dreadful beyond description; but the diseased part has been removed and it is now rapidly healing over, and there is every probability that it will soon be well. The patient said that she had experienced no pain from the cancer since the applications were made. Several who have been treated by Br. January have been entirely cured, and some of them were cases of long standing. We do not profess to be a physician, but we fully believe, from what we have seen, that R. W. January can cure cancers. E.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Weigh thyself by thy own balances, and trust not the voice of wild opinion; observe thyself as thy greatest enemy, so shalt thou become thy greatest friend.

Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just so sure as you do you will get into trouble. Sin always brings sorrow sooner or later. If you even suspect that anything is wicked, do it not until you are sure that your suspicions are groundless.

Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, in the other too much lightness. He that speaks from the understanding to the understanding is the best interpreter.

Wealth, honor, and favor, may come upon a man by chance; nay! they may be cast upon him without so much as looking after them; but virtue is the work of industry and labor; and certainly it is worth the while to purchase that good which brings all others along with it.

In thy discourse, take heed what thou speakest, to whom thou speakest, how thou speakest and when thou speakest. What thou speakest, speak truly; and when thou speakest, speak wisely. A fool's heart is on his tongue; but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.

"EVERY LITTLE HELPS."

What if a drop of rain should plead—

"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead;
I'll tarry in the sky."

What, if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay;
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower?

PRAYER AND ACTION.

We often attempt to separate what God has joined together. In so doing we invade the established order of things, and of course meet with disappointment. Why should we wonder then, that Christians, in the discharge of their duties, are so frequently unsuccessful? They separate action from prayer, and then conclude that God has forgotten to be gracious. But he has never promised to hear that prayer which is unaccompanied with corresponding effort. When, therefore, you pray for *an increase of knowledge*, how do you act? You are sensible that knowledge is not to be obtained without persevering exertion. Your conduct on all worldly subjects proves this. You investigate principles, gather together facts and store the memory with illustrations. But is it so in relation to spiritual objects? Do you frequently study the Word of God, compare one portion with another, and search for truth as for hid treasures? If you really desired to grow in knowledge, this would certainly be your course. Some portion of your time would be consecrated to this noble pursuit, and your profiting would appear unto all men. Now, if you will not or cannot devote the necessary time and effort to this object, ought you not to cease praying for it? Be consistent. If you will not cultivate the powers of your mind, why make it a subject of prayer? Your knowledge is not to be obtained by miracles, but by the blessing of God upon the ordinary means. Where these means are wanting, there is nothing for him to bless, and of course you cannot consistently ask for the Divine blessing.—*Genesee Evan.*

"The best cure for envy is, to inspire the young, at a very early period, of their lives, the deepest respect for virtue and talent; to kindle this feeling up into a passion; to make their acknowledgement of merit a gratification of pride; the homage they pay to it, an irresistible impulse—like that which is felt at the image of sublime beauty, or the spectacle of matchless strength."

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.—Addison has left on record the following important sentence:—Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort, and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good humored, affable, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

THE COMING CRISIS OF THE WORLD.

The Puritan Recorder has an able article on this subject, from which we extract the following:

When the leading journals of England, like *The London Times*, express alarm in the prospect of all despots making common cause against England and America we may without charge of extravagance, consider such an event within the range of possibilities. Many, in former generations and in this, have read the prophecies, in a way to gather from them the expectation that Popery, which is the soul of all despotisms, is to expire in a sea of its own blood. The more generally received interpretation we believe, makes "the battle of Armageddon," "the great day of God Almighty," "the supper of the great God, to be the end of Popery, and that to be a scene of bloodshed unparalleled; not a single battle, but a succession of battles, which shall end in annihilating the power of Anti-Christ. In this scene it is said, the beast and the kings of the earth are to make common cause, and unite to be utterly overthrown. From these representations it has been generally excepted, that somewhere near this time, such a universal conflict would come. Prophecy was not given to make us prophets, nor to determine for us the precise time, and form of its great events. But there is a probable indication that something like this crisis is near at hand.

Another sign may be seen; in the altered tone of the Romish organs. A few years ago they were repelling with indignant indignation, the thought that they were capable of persecuting; and claiming to be the sum of all gentleness. Now, in the boldest forms, they show that their religion is to be promoted by blood; and they blame their predecessors, that they did not extinguish the reformation, by a more thorough butchery. This strikes us, as the language of desperation, and betrays the consciousness that their last hope is to an appeal to the sword. From a view of these circumstances, we should not be at all surprised, if all the despotisms in Europe, should at once combine in a crusade against liberty and Protestantism.

But suppose such a grand conspiracy be attempted. In the first view, it will seem to be the little British Islands against a continent. A year ago England seemed to be in a bad condition for such a conflict. But now she is vastly improved. The popish aggression that was, is changed to a powerful Protestant aggression. Ireland

which would once have been heavy in the scales against Protestantism, has now its Popish teeth well nigh extracted, by emigration, conversion, and mutual division of Papists.—Great Britain now wants nothing but a war, declared against it on the Pope's account, to palsy every arm, that would rise in it for the cause of the Pope. With rare zeal and unanimity, the people of England are now prepared, to enter into such a conflict, as was shown in the Kossuth demonstration there. The reverse was true, when the real Bonaparte threatened an invasion of England. Then Jacobinism abated, and the heart of the people was divided; and England's power was not a little crippled thereby.

Now the tables are turned. It is France, it is Italy, it is Austria, whose people have their sympathies in a great measure abroad and are ready to join the invader. The Radicalism and Red Republicanism of the continent is one whole, and ready to act in concert, and it is no mean element of the question of such a conspiracy of kings; and probably as soon as the expedition against England is launched, sufficient employment for all the armies will be found at home.

And if such a crisis in Europe should come, we could not if we would, and we should not if we could, be mute spectators. Providence then would have decided for us the question of intervention. We should not be interlopers or intruders in the case; we should have the honors of a principal party.

We should then have two most powerful nations of the world—the two nations who command the seas—and whose territory and power are distributed through the world—against the despotic nations of the continent. On the protestant side there would be a united people; flaming with zeal for the propagation of liberty.—On the other side there would be disciplined armies—unthinking as machines, and obedient to the word of command.—But all operations would then be embarrassed, by masses of hostile people at home. And it is very possible, that the first appearance of the conspiracy of despots on the stage, would sweep over the continent, and annihilate the conspirators, without the striking of a blow from abroad.

One thing is very true. Such a combat between the united despotism and the united liberal nations of the world; will never take place, by the seeking of the free nations.—But if Popery becomes desperate, and gives the challenge, they that be with us are more than they that be with

them. And we have no occasion to decline the field. Providence seems to have formed the Anglo Saxon race, for the purpose of assigning to it the honor of laying the man of sin in his grave.—[*Puritan Recorder*.

PRAYER IN COLLEGES.—According to a custom which has long prevailed in Eastern Colleges, the last Thursday in February was observed as a day of prayer, and religious exercises in Union University.—An appropriate and pointed address was delivered by President Eaton, urging upon the students the importance of early devoting themselves to the service of God; and from the deep and respectful attention given by the large body of students present, we are led to anticipate the most favorable results from that day's services. We are delighted with the custom, and trust it will soon become universal in all our Literary Institutions. H.

SNIVELIZATION.—Whithersoever we go, we meet with the sniveller. He stops us at the corner of the street to intrust us with his opinion. He fears that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us just before church, that the last sermon of some transcendental preacher has given the death blow to religion, and that the waves of atheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken all the land. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail cannot be an hour late but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend who was married yesterday will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials which he will then endure. He is ridden with an eternal nightmare, and emits an eternal wail. Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope, but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair. We object to the sniveller, because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of motion without possessing life. His insipid languor is worse than tumid strength. Better that a man should rant than whine. The person who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him, whose cheek never flushes at anticipated good, whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no aspiration and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or the bandbox. Enterprize, confidence, a disposition, to believe that good can be done, an indisposition to believe that all has been done; these constitute important elements in the character of every man who is of use to the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness, but a sturdy determination to abate misery.

From the Nashville Union.
THE CHILD AND THE SEA-SHELL.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

A bright-eyed merry blythsome child
Upon the sea-shore playing,
Picked up as he was straying,
With gladsome shout and laughter wild,
A rosy shell.
He placed it to his listening ear,
And rapture glistened in a tear.
As softly fell
Within his soul the melody
Breathed—in a strain half grief, half glee,
By some bright spirit of the sea.

The wondering child with curious stare
The shell about kept turning,
While all his heart was yearning,
To find the source whence strains so rare,
So softly rare,
And full of music's soul could come,
In vain—he could not see where from.
"Hope whi-pered 'dare!'"
And rashly joy 'gainst knowledge staking,
While every nerve was quivering shaking,
The shell he straightway went to breaking.

The pearl-rose shell at length he broke
And stood with blank stare viewing
The rash work of his doing.
The strain was fled—No place there spoke
Of music's home.
The beauteous shell, upon the ground,
In fragments mottled scattered 'round.
A piteous moan
Came from that child, now vainly weeping,
Over the joy *once* in his keeping,
Now in eternal silence sleeping.

Oh! how like life's—I sadly thought,
Is this poor child's lost pleasure.
Who has not had a treasure
And lost it, as he vainly sought,
With eager haste,
To find a yet more precious pearl
Amid life's wildest, maddest whirl?
The bitter taste

Of those foul springs where we've been drinking
Is all we have.—Save anguish'd thinking
When'er sweet memory's bells are tinkling.

THEY WON'T KNOW IT.

There was a wicked purpose in a wicked heart. There were forebodings of evil results, especially of exposure. But they were silenced by thought—They won't know it. But they will know it. Great numbers will know it.

God will know it. His eye is as a flame of fire. Naked and open are all hearts before him. He knows that wicked purpose already. Think of this, that purpose is an object now distinctly visible to the most exalted, glorious and holy Being in the universe.

Satan will know it. He knows it now, and glories that a rational soul, infinitely indebted to God, can so willingly dishonor its noble nature by sinning against Him. If that hateful enemy of the soul did not first excite the spark, he will not fail to put all the fuel he can upon the flame, and it will be no fault of his if there be not as fierce a blaze as ever burned in a human bosom.

Conscience will know it; knows it already, and has already begun its whisper of rebuke. And if that sinful purpose goes on ripening, louder and more severe shall be its voice. Conscience is a witness posted in the depths of the soul, beholds sin at its starting point, is a faithful witness, and will not withhold its testimony.

Fellow-men will know it. They can-

not, indeed, see the heart, but that wicked purpose is a fire whose tendency is to burn out, whose tendency is to urge the soul on to acts which shall reveal themselves to men, and by which men shall know that wicked purposes there were in the soul.—The secrets of many a wicked heart have been laid open to the public eye by the development which has been made of them by those open acts which they have instigated. But, if men will not know here, they certainly will know hereafter. It is the purpose of the Infinite Judge that the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed," and men shall thus know what sinful beings men have been.

Angels, too, know it. That sinners would not relish well the thoughts that an angel's eye was at that moment keenly fixed upon that secret purpose of sin.—He would not wish to crush the viper by an instant blow, and make his soul void, as soon as possible, of such an offender. But that secret sin, the angels shall know, for they will be present at the judgment, and to their wihering rebuke will be exposed the hidden wickedness of men's hearts.

The dwellers in perdition are likely to know it. That secret wicked purpose, is a token of perdition. It shows which way the current of the soul is setting. It adds another weight to the burden of sin. It helps to sink still deeper the already sinking ship. And landing him, as it is likely to do, in the bottomless abyss, his companions then will know how he came there, and among the causes of ruin will appear that wicked purpose.

"They won't know it." But they will. Who? Unnumbered millions. By the highest Being in the universe, and by the lowest shall it be known. It shall be known in eternity. There is no escaping, it being known, widely known, universally known, known forever. God regards every sin as so important an event in his moral government as to deserve his special notice, and his special censure; and the weight and severity of that censure will be vindicated by making the individual sin known. Who, then, can weave a covering for sin that God cannot tear off? What sin can be buried so deep that God cannot drag it to light?

"They won't know it." Suppose they, angels and men, were not to know it.—Does that alter the nature of the wrong? Does the hue of moral acts depend upon the question of concealment, or discovery? Suppose an angel saw not, no man knew, or ever should, the act of theft that robbed you of a precious jewel. Does that make it less a crime?

YOU NEED THE PRAYER-MEETING.

If you are neglecting to meet with your brethren for social prayer, they no doubt miss you. They see your seat empty.—They remember your exhortations and prayers, and your promises to be faithful; and as they think of the sacredness of your covenant, the influence which you are now exerting against religion, and the peril of your own soul, as well as the jeopardy of your fellow-men; how can it

be otherwise than that sadness gather upon the countenance, and anguish seize upon the heart! They feel that they need your presence, your prayer, your aid, to carry forward the great work of saving the world.

However much the prayer-meeting needs you, let me say—and I would to God that you could feel it—you need that still more. Every time you neglect it, you are robbing yourself of one of the best gifts of heaven—you are impoverishing your own soul. The prayer-meeting is a means of grace, which, if improved, would greatly subserve your spiritual progress. Then, as you prize your own advancement, as you value your own happiness, as you love your own soul, so you should estimate it: There, you may receive new impulses to faithfulness, and your religious habits may be confirmed. In the midst of the cares and turmoils of business, how refreshing to dismiss the world,

"And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer."

It is calculated to calm every turbulent passion, to restrain every truant emotion, to arouse the better feelings of the heart, and to fortify you against the temptations of the world. Far better would it be to neglect your meals, than to neglect it.—The most that the former could do would be to injure the body, but this may destroy the soul. You may be getting your hay, or engaged in some other urgent business, and think that you cannot afford to attend. But you are mistaken! Your soul is of paramount importance, and will you imperil it! The hour devoted to social prayer even in the hurry of business, is one of the most profitable hours you spend—it is the very thing you need.—*Morning Star.*

SELF-WINDING CLOCK.—After years of mathematical labor and mechanical results, Prof. WILLIS, of Rochester, has completed and has now in constant operation a self-winding clock, which determines the seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years of time with unflinching accuracy, continuing in constant motion, by itself, never requiring to be wound up, never running down, but moving perpetually so long as its components exist. It might easily be called a perpetual motion, and it is so in one sense, but the inventor very properly makes no such claim. The scientific will at once understand this upon inspection. The Rochester 'Democrat' says that the clock stands upon two up-rights about six feet high, with a large highly-finished dial. Its mechanism is all exposed to the closest scrutiny, and the movement of its simple escapement and its direct motion is as plain to the eye as the truth and force of its well-applied principles is to the mind. A scientific company will soon report upon its principles and construction.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN GENOA.—A Genoese gentleman has erected in his grounds, on a beautiful knoll overlooking the harbor of the city, a magnificent marble statue of Washington.

For the Classic Union.
MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY MRS. E. M. E.

I have dwelt beneath a loftier dome
Where fashion held more sway;
But I'm happier far in this sweet home
The cot where my children play.

Though I dearly love my native hills,
The home of my childish glee;
Where all unconscious of life's ills
My spirit bounded free.

Though memory loves to linger there,
And the tear will sometimes fall
O'er the scenes of love and care
Which her truthful lines reveal;

Yet dearer still is my Cottage Home
With its vine-clad porch and tree;
And from it, I ne'er would roam,
All lowly though it be.

For here my heart's rich treasures are,
My jewels round me shine;
I gaze upon bright beings fair,
And proudly call them mine.

Mine! did I say? Let me beware:
These jewels are but sent
That I may polish them with care
For Him who kindly lent.

Yet while they glitter round my cot,
Radiant with happiness,
They gild with joy my Earthly lot,
And make me truly blest.

I envy not the giddy throng,
Who 're treading folly's maze
With graceful dance and festal song
'Mid splendor's dazzling rays.

When infant tongues their Father greet,
As shades of evening come;
Then hadpiness full once complete,
Is in our Cottage Home.

If joy so pure, 'mid Earthly pains
To mortals here is given,
O! what where love celestial reigns,
What is the bliss of Heaven?

HENRY CLAY AND LAFAYETTE.

Mr. Clay publishes the following note in the National Intelligencer, in reply to a certain newspaper statement—

"A paragraph is going the round of the newspapers, stating that the answer of General Lafayette to the address which, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, I made to him upon the occasion of his last visit to this country, was prepared by me, though pronounced by him—This is a mistake, which, in justice both to his memory and myself, ought to be corrected. It was composed by himself, as the style abundantly shows. On the morning of his reception by the House of Representatives, he breakfasted with me alone, and I stated or read to him the address which I intended to make to him on that day. The expression occurs in it that he was in the midst of prosperity; on reading which, I remarked to him that it would afford him a fine opportunity to pay us a handsome compliment, which he might do by saying: No, and that he found himself surrounded by the same patriotic men, attached to liberty, devoted to free institutions, and with all the high attributes which distinguished his Revolutionary compatriots.—The General seemed pleased with the idea, and adopted it, and incorporated it in his answer. This trivial incident could have been the only foundation of the paragraph."

HINDOO TREATMENT OF THE DEAD.

One remarkable but most painful spectacle that I witnessed in Calcutta was that of the dying-houses on the banks of the Hoogly. The one I saw was small, and contained only one chamber with four empty bedsteads, and hither the dying are brought by their relations to pass their last moments and placed on the bedsteads, or if these are full, on the ground, or even outside the huts in the burning sun. The places for burning the dead are in the immediate neighborhood. I found five dying persons inside the house, and two outside; the latter were so completely enveloped in straw and coverings that I thought they must be dead already, but when I inquired, the attendants threw back the covering, and I saw the poor creatures move; I think they must have been already stifled. Inside the hut a very old woman lay on the floor journeying heavily and painfully through her last hour; and the four bedsteads were similarly occupied, while the relations sat quietly round and awaiting in the utmost tranquility the last breath of the sufferer. To my question, as to whether nothing was given to them, it was answered that if they did not die immediately, they had, from time to time, a spoonful of the Ganges water, but less and less, and at greater intervals; for when they were once brought there they must die. As soon as ever they are dead, almost before they are cold, they are carried out to the burning place, which is enclosed by a wall. In this place I saw one dead and one dying man, and on six funeral piles six corpses, which the high darting flames were rapidly consuming. Birds of the stork kind, larger than turkeys, small vultures, and ravens, were sitting round in great numbers on the neighboring roofs and trees, and eagerly waiting for the half-burnt bodies.—I hastened shuddering from the spot, and could not for a long time banish its painful image from my memory. To the rich, the burning of their dead often costs as much as 1,000 rupees. With poor people, of course, there is not so much ceremony. Before leaving this subject, I must mention a little anecdote related to me by a person on whom I have the greatest reliance, and which may serve to show to what cruelty mistaken notions of religion will often lead.—Mr. N.—— was one day on a journey through a district not far from the Ganges, and had with him a few servants and a dog; all of a sudden the animal disappeared, and at length he was found on the river's bank by the side of a human body, which he kept constantly licking.—Mr. N. went up to the spot, and found it was that of a man who had been exposed and left to die, but in whom a spark of life still lingered. He called his servants, made them wash the mud and dirt from the poor creature's face, and then wrap him well in a blanket and take care of him. In a few days he was perfectly well, but when Mr. N. was about to dismiss him, he implored him most earnestly not to abandon him, saying that he had now lost cast, that he would not be acknowl-

edged by any of his relations, and that, in short, he had been struck out of the list of the living. Mr. N. therefore retained the man in his service, and he is still in perfect health, though the circumstance took place several years ago. The Hindoos themselves acknowledge that their manner of disposing of the dead leads to many a murder; for it is a precept of religion with them that when the physician declares there is no hope the sick person must die.—*A Lady's Voyage Round the World.*

MAXIMS FOR THE GUIDE OF YOUNG MEN.—Keep good company or none.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises.

(Live up to your engagements.)
(Have no very intimate friends.)

Keep your secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things.

Never listen to loose and infidel conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that no one will believe him.

Always speak and act as in the presence of God.

*Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back: the one savors of flattery; the other of malice; and both are reprehensible. The true way to advance another's virtue, is to follow it; and the best means to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

¶ We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with.—Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason, and let the shipwreck of his understanding be a sea-mark to thy reason,

DUTY TO PARENTS.

How seldom do children repay all they owe to parents who have fostered their days of helplessness! how seldom do they reflect on the magnitude of their obligations towards them! The old father or mother are shoved aside, while we shower our loving attentions on a stranger! We appear to fancy that, because we can be kind to them any day, their claims may be indefinitely postponed—they may, "manage," while the alien is courted. Like our Maker, they, our earthly fathers, have the best portion of our time. And yet we would not willingly be ungrateful to Deity or parent—we own our vast debt to each, but in words only—we make no attempt to repay it though they are not harsh creditors, and though so little would satisfy them.

Why is it so? Is it because use has deadened gratitude? We are so accustomed to accept parental sacrifices, that they become matters of course; we take them as habitually as our daily bread, and they excite as little emotion and thankfulness; yet if either were denied us; we should make the air resound with our clamorous complaints. The supplies, and we discover how necessary they have been to our well-being and comfort. When deprived of a cherishing presence and support, we find our irreplaceable loss; so, when unable to enjoy the blessings of religious communion and thanksgiving, we first truly appreciate their inestimable value.

No more than we need always, he in an ecstasy of prayer, is it necessary that we should be everlastingly chanting the parental praises; but we should at least foster, even when we do not express gratitude; and then we should find a thousand channels for giving vent to the feelings. Once excited, it will easily show itself. The great danger is our liberty to forget, or rather, never to think on the subject.—Want of reflection is the rock on which we split.

There are but few among us who have not even exaggerated ideas of filial love on paper—how far do we carry them out? We would gladly, like Mademoiselle de Sombreint, the French heroine, swallow the cup of human blood, drain the disgusting potion to the dregs, to save a father's life; are we sufficiently careful of his everyday comforts?

We may never be called on to risk our lives for a parent's—to place our honor in the scale against theirs—their existence—to purchase their comforts by the sacrifice of a broken heart—to do one of the thousand and-one things that are so beautifully interesting in history and romance. In the enthusiasm of the moment we would cheerfully die for them, Pride carries us on—pride an excitement; we scarcely feel the sacrifice; but could we daily offer ourselves up, in petty, ignoble efforts, often unnoticed and unrewarded? These are the difficulties which try affection; and yet, as more heroic actions are seldom or never required from us, in these alone can our affection be fairly tested—on them do our parents' comforts chiefly depend.

The savory morsel for the old man—af-

fection endeared it to Isaac. It was not mere gluttony that drew down that warm blessing on the imposter's head—not the patriarch felt grateful for many small attentions which had lightened the weight of years. His wishes had been consulted, his tastes remembered. "Bless me, too, oh my father!" Alas! may it never be our fate to utter that cry in vain! may it never arise too late!

I am now speaking of the commonly respectful demeanor, of the provision which every child of commonly good feeling would allow the dependent parent—I wish to avoid all approach to an extreme case, and to confine myself to the commonest routine of daily duties. It may be our fate to be placed in circumstances which oblige us to take a different view of duties from our parents—they may require what we cannot grant; but every-day attentions are always in our power, and will sweeten an unavoidable opposition. We can remember the favorite dishes, and procure them, as our infant tastes were consulted; or give up our employment, to join in the nightly rubber; it may be tiresome; but how often did they throw aside their pursuits to comply with our requests. We may differ in opinion with them, but we need not parade our difference before the world; ten to one we might be right; for each year imperceptibly brings new ideas and manners, which they are slow to perceive; but we need not painfully force the change on them. Old age fondly looks back to the scenes of youth—let them not see that their children scorn feelings, institutions, hopes, that were so dear to them. There has been such a mighty advance within the last few years—we have enjoyed such numberless advantages—that there is but small vanity in supposing that we may be wiser than our forefathers; but must we, therefore, constantly contradict their most cherished prejudices? Let us, at least, dissent in silence. When we yield, let it be cheerfully; let them not feel that the attentions on which their comforts so depends are unwillingly bestowed.

A soothing voice, modulated to the deadened ear of age—a willing compliance with little whims—a constantly respectful manner—these are proofs of gratitude daily within our power, and but too seldom rendered. The common politeness instantly granted to a stranger is seldom accorded to the parent, even when we love them most dearly. Should we like this manner adopted towards ourselves? It has been well observed that the Christian's golden rule, "do unto others as ye would be done by," is the most perfect code of good manners.

The impatient tone when called on to repeat some trivial remark, the careless way in which we assist in their amusements, are alike wrong and wounding to them.

A stranger calls on us for some hackneyed air; we instantly smile, and comply with his demand; while papa is snubbed, if his favorite tune be not ours also. It sometimes becomes necessary to check the garrulity of age; this, to a well-dispo-

sed mind, is a most painful task—then let it be done kindly and respectfully.

How often, too, do we see daughters jolling on their sofa while their mother is toiling in the household. Can we believe in aliveness which quiets itself by the remark, "that poor mamma is so very active?" Why is she so young lady? Because you, in your thoughtlessness, allow it. It has continued from year to year—from when you were too young to remember; and therefore it never strikes you that your duty should bid it cease. Your mother is as well fitted for leisure, elegant or otherwise, as yourself; your selfish indifference alone denies it her, and yet you calmly sign yourself her "affectionate daughter." Is it right, also, that she should be meanly dressed, while you step out arrayed like a print in a fashion book? How calmly you appropriate her ornaments, plume yourself in her feathers! Take her for awhile—relieve her of some portion of her cares; thus only can we hope that your weekly prayer has been heard, that you do "honor your father and mother"—that you have been "enabled to keep this law."

SET YOUR AFFECTIONS ON THINGS ABOVE.—As the bee is ever on the wing between the flowers and its honey cells, so should our affections ever be going forth in prayer to God without and returning to God within. Amidst all the busiest scenes of our pilgrimage, we may be moving to and fro on the rapid river of mental prayer; that prayer which lays the whole burden of the heart on a single sigh. A sigh breathed in the spirit, though inaudible to all around us but God, may sanctify every conversation, every event in the history of the day. Prayer will be fatiguing to flesh and blood, if uttered aloud, and sustained long. But there is an undercurrent of prayer, that may run continually under the stream of our thoughts, and never weary us. Such prayer is the silent breathing of the Spirit of God, who dwells in our hearts; it is the temper and habit of the spiritual mind; it is the pulse of our life, "which is hid with Christ in God;" it is the consciousness of the divine nature communicated to us in regeneration.—Prayer of this kind may be breathed "without ceasing."—*Rev. W. H. Hewitson.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The personal character of Louis Napoleon is said to be somewhat enigmatical. The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says:

"His mother, Hortense Beauharnaise, was a woman of exceedingly bad life, however history may have glossed her annals. Before marriage she had two children—one by Napoleon, which, died early; the other by a Frenchman—M. Flahaut—the present DeMorny—late Minister of the Interior. Louis Napoleon, born after her marriage with Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, is very generally regarded as the natural son of a Dutch admiral, notorious as the Queen's lover."

JOY FILLS THE GOLDEN CUP.

BY WM. OLEARD BOURNE.

Look up, my weary soul!
A brighter day for thee is drawing nigh:
For morning beams are flashing in the sky—
Look up with faith my soul.

Not always night shall keep
Its heavy shades around this onward path:
For morning comes, tho' long, to him who
hath
A soul that will not sleep.

Lot me slumber here!
There is a light which calls the valiant heart
Forth to the strife in which the victor's part
Fraught with many a tear.

Not always doubt shall fill
The earnest toiler with its spectral train,
For thro' the twilight hope shall come again,
And nerve his freedom will.

Look up with sterner gaze!
The teacher tells me from the depths within,
That trial is the soul's true discipline,
Invoking louder praise.

In all life's lessons learn
That true men through their trials persevere;
Winter but comes, with all its storms severe,
To hasten spring's return.

Joy fills the golden cup!
'Tis thine once more to quaff the nectar sweet,
And new-born songs in grateful strains repeat.
Look up, my soul! look up!

Reverend CHASE, it is said, never made a speech of any kind without having first written it out and committed it to memory. His legal arguments are subjected to the same laborious preparation. The same thing is said to be true of Edward Everett. All his orations bear marks of the most careful finish, especially in language and the formation of sentences. Both these gentlemen are gifted with an extraordinary power of memory. It is said that Mr. Everett will read along address twice, and then repeat it nearly *verbatim*. Mr. Calhoun prepared all his speeches with a wonderful degree of labor, and seldom said anything in the Senate Chamber, which he had not first carefully considered and shaped in his study. Mr. Webster generally speaks from full notes, in which the skeleton of the speech is carefully developed and all statistical statements, quotations, &c., distinctly set down. He relies upon the moment for language, but generally his speech is written out at full length.—N. Y. Mirror.

WASHINGTON IN NAPLES.—The correspondent at Naples of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, in a late letter, says:

"It is a curious instance of the way in which American History and Republicanism are regarded even in this, the worst State of Italy, that while the English Bible and all the French works on Liberty are strictly refused entrance, any life of Washington finds admittance without difficulty. Perhaps the Government officers still bear in mind the epigrammatic reply of the French Admiral, a year or two since, when he was supplicated by the insurgents of Naples to aid them.—'No,' said he, 'I will do nothing. Tell them I am a Republican, but I belong to the school of Washington, not of Robespierre!'"

THE GAINES CASE.—The Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the District Court of Louisiana, in the case of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, which is of course adverse to the claim of Mrs. G. This case has attracted very general interest and will awake a deep sympathy for the lady who thus finds her hopes disappointed.

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST
MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. D. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent *Brick Building*, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance, are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c. \$3 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c. 12 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c. 16 00
Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$6 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or a short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,

JOHN C. ROGERS,

W. MOORING,

JESSE GRAY,

Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1853. Committee.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)

Wholesale and Retail Dealer
IN PAINTS, OILS, Varnishes, Turpentine,
Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent
Medicines, Sore Ware, Surgical and Dental
Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for
Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Per-
cussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches,
Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. Jan 3

B. L. CARNAHAN,
AUCTIONEER,
And General Agent for Sale of
LAND, NEGROES, &c.

TENDERS his sincere thanks to the citizens
of Murfreesborough and Rutherford county,
for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to
him, and respectfully informs them that he is
ready at all times to attend to the sale of Land,
Negroes, &c. He solicits a continuance of public
patronage. feb7

W. P. McDAMEL & E. S. BUTLER,
TAILORS.
SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(NEXT DOOR TO JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.'S.)
Murfreesboro', Tenn.

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
Murfreesborough Tenn.

Rooms—In the New Building adjoining
the Methodist Church.

N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of
his profession for the last eleven years. Charges
moderate. july26

R. D. REED,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
—ALSO—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c., &c.

Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JOS. A. BOEHMS,
DEALER IN
SADDLERY & HARNESS,
(CORNER OF SHELBYVILLE AND CHURCH STS.)
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
July-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
THE subscriber having determined to remain
at the MURFREESBOROUGH INN for the
next year, has engaged the services of Mr. Hi-
RAM C. CARTER who has the entire charge of the
business. Mr. Carter is well known in this
community as a polite accommodating gentle-
man.

The rooms have been refitted, and no pains
will be spared to make the House equal to any
in the State.

Mr. Carter is authorized to settle up the old
business of the House.
nov29-1f G. A. SUBLETTE.

G. D. CROTHWAIT,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
IOWA CITY.

WILL attend to the location of Military
bounty land Warrants. His charges are
\$10 for 160 acres, \$3 for 80 acres, \$5 for 40 acres.
He will use every means to select lands which
will do to keep or sell. aug16-1f

DR. McCULLOCH,
(OFFICE ON SHELBYVILLE PIKE,)
FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

REED & ELLIOTT,
DEALERS IN
Fancy, Staple, Foreign & Domestic
DRY GOODS,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

WILSON Y. JONES, JAMES M. PEAK
JONES & PEAK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN STARCH, COFFEES, TEAS, FLOUR,
SALT, IRON CASTINGS, WARES AND
Merchandise Generally,
EAST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

DYING & SCOURING.
P. NIKOLAI respectfully informs the citi-
zens of Murfreesborough and vicinity, that
he has opened a DYING and SCOURING ES-
TABLISHMENT, in the basement story of Ly-
tle's Hotel, and will dye in any color that may
suit the fancy. Silks, Woolen Goods, Bonnets,
Bonnet Feathers, Hats, &c., without injury to
the goods; colors warranted not to fade. Crape,
Shawls, Merinos, and all descriptions of goods
cleaned and dyed in superior style.

Gentlemen's clothing will be cleaned and re-
paired in elegant style on the shortest notice.

Mr. N. has been engaged in the above busi-
ness for many years, and invites the citizens to
give him a trial. He will insure the goods for
six months. dec20

JNO. C. SPENCE, JACOB B. SLACK-
JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.
Prompt attention given to all goods consigned
to their care. jcl4

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

Dr. Wm. H. Lytle.
HAVING permanently settled in Murfrees-
boro', offers his Professional services to the
citizens of the town and vicinity in the practice
of the various branches of his Profession. His
office is on the south side of the square, next
door to Reed & Elliott's. His residence, the one
formerly owned by Dr. B. W. Avert.
an17-6m

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, APRIL 1, 1852.

NO. 14.

[For the Classic Union.]

HOPE A GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

The faculty of hope, which leads man to look for happiness, is frequently characterized as delusive, and the happiness to which it points as a chimera, an unfounded vision of the brain, an unsubstantial shadow,—fleeing but the more swiftly the swifter it is pursued. That this is measurably true when our expectations are confined to earth and earthly objects, is readily admitted. In such cases hope proves delusive.

But I regard the exalted aspirations and incessant yearnings of the human heart for a state of superior and unalloyed bliss, as a truthful instinct indicating the reality of such a state,—but at the same time referring it to the future. I look upon hope as a spiritual endowment, whose objects are not confined to this earth; as a sense of the soul, which, while it relates to material things takes cognizance also of things immaterial; as an instrument of the mind, which, while it serves the most important uses in regard to the transitory objects of immortality, has to do more legitimately with the things of immortality; viewing it, in short, as a bond of union between the sensual and the spiritual, and a connecting link between time and eternity.

As the objects of our other propensities and faculties are real, and within the reach of human effort, so it is but reasonable to infer that the object, (namely, happiness,) of this faculty, instinct, or sense, is also real, and, by suitably directed effort, attainable. If not, why should the desire with such confident and ceaseless expectation have been given at all? Why yearns the inspiring soul for an impossibility? Why constituted to crave, and seek after a thing which has no existence—to ask for blessings which are not, but which are nevertheless continually promised with the asking? This instinctive yearning is but a spiritual supplication,

for what may be attained, and is in reserve, as the reward of rightly directed effort. For surely we cannot suppose for a moment that the Creator would tantalize his creatures with the view of a phantom. Nor does revelation permit us to entertain such a supposition. “What man is there of you, whom if his son ask break, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?” “How much more will your father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?” (Mat. 7: 9-10.) The law of God is, “ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find”—that is, if we ask and seek aright.

But it may be said that the happiness sought after is never found in this life, and that hence there is no evidence that it ever will be found anywhere; this, however, is no proof that it will not. Neither is it any just ground for inference that it might not be attained to even in this life. Many things are attainable, which nevertheless are never attained. How many arrive at that state of intellectual, moral or religious excellence, of which the mind is susceptible? It seems to be an unalterable rule in nature that human exertions must be commensurate with, and that the obstacles in the way are proportioned to, the value of the prize in view. Consider, then, the infinite worth of perfect or supreme happiness, and consider also the wayward, blind and irrational course of pursuit.

If one go to a desert, and there wander about in search of water, or if he endeavor to appease his hunger with a stone, does it prove that water and food do not exist, are illusory, unattainable? If an aspirant for knowledge gorges upon the mass of worthless literature in the vain search of scientific truth, and finds none, is there, therefore, no such a thing as truth? If the affections be blasted from having been placed upon a wrong object, shall it be said they are doomed to disappointment? Or if we will not cherish an

object of affection, shall we proclaim that none exists? Thus, too, our want of success in the pursuit of happiness, even as relates to this life, of itself argues not against either its reality or attainability even here;—it only serves to show that the faculty of hope has, like the rest of our faculties, been involved in sin and error, and that we ignorantly or viciously mistake the true course to the object to which it refers.

The disappointment attendant upon our feeble and misguided efforts after the happiness which is continually seen in prospect, by no means warrants us in charging that hope is delusive or its object as illusory. It should rather lead to a review of our own course of pursuit, and we might thus be led to discover the nature of our error, and also that the true object sought after exists elsewhere,—not in the present but in the future:—while the insufficiency of all worldly objects in affording happiness should indicate where in its perfection it is to be alone looked for. Beside, reason should teach the incompatibility of this with the transitory things of earth, since one of its essentials is a consciousness of its permanency.—The continued operation of hope, notwithstanding repeated disappointments, speaks only the more loudly of the reality of happiness; and the failure of reaching it by the paths already tried would indicate by negation its true abode.

Happiness, then, the ultimate and rational object of hope is real, and attainable; the aspiration of the soul not only proves it to be so, but, intelligently studied, indicates also its location; and it is the blind and baser, propensities of man which lead him astray. Thus, to illustrate:—Hope calls, and man responds.—It points to heaven, but his propensities seek the earth; it indicates a heavenly object, but he pursues a worldly one. Of course he is often foiled in obtaining his object of pursuit, as a means to the great

end, or when successful, in this, finds it but a mockery. Then is hope charged as delusive and false. But again he hears her voice, and there is something so musical, so consoling and persuasive, so sincere and *truth-like* in that heaven-descending voice, that he cannot resist its inspiring appeals. Again he sallies forth, but like the huntsman's dog, untrained and reckless, regardless of its master's finger, starting off with its mouth to the ground, "zealous without knowledge," upon the chase of—it knows not, sees not what; so man, perversely ignorant, forthwith plunges forward in the pursuit of new phantoms. But sometimes disappointments beget reflection, sad experience wisdom, and thwarted pride humility; and then he looks up as the voice of hope is heard, and watches the heavenward glance of her seraph eye, and sees her finger pointing like a ray of light towards the glories that flicker over yonder celestial walls.—And lo, a new spirit is infused into his breast, a holy inspiration stimulates to action, and he girds himself for the upward journey. And now he knows if he falter not, the great prize, the realization of his heart's desire, is within his reach; and as he presses onward, he catches from time to time such sweet inhalations wafted from the fields of bliss that he knows he is on the right way, and almost already realizes in its full fruition the happiness he seeks.

B. W.

MODERN DISEASES.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, delivered a public lecture in Boston a short time since, in which he took occasion to point out and illustrate some peculiar *diseases* to which men are subject in these times of modern progress and refinement, that were entirely unknown to the barbarous ancients of fifty years ago. Among them he ranked an *inflammation of the conscience*, and an irregularity in the organs of speech, which causes peculiar expressions; for instance, one man is called by another an *unmild-gated villain*, or a *liar*, which is explained to mean only that the one differs from the other in opinion!

"If girls would have roses for cheeks, they must do as roses do—to go to sleep with the lillies and get up with the morning glories."

"FIRST RATE PHYSIC.—Dr. WENDELL has just invented a new variety of pills to purge melancholy. They are made of fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and are to be taken with cold water three times a day."

NIGHT SCENES.

BY EFFIE KAY.

The sun, after dispensing to us light and heat, has sunk behind the western hills and now the fair moon, smiles upon us, from her star-gemmed bowers, pouring over the earth a flood of silvery light.—The joyous birds whose carols have all day resounded through the deep forest, now seek their nests. The delicate flowers, whose lovely tints and fragrant perfume, closing their petals against the heavy dew. For a few hours, the merchant forsakes his counting-room and ledgers—the mechanic, resigns his implements of toil—the lawyer forgets his intricate and perplexing suits. A profound stillness, broods over the world, sweetly inviting to repose. Yet all, obey not this gentle call.

There sits a lone student, busily poring over his dull books and in laborious study, wasting the midnight oil, and stealing the bloom from his youthful cheek. Not many years have passed over him, yet his form is bowed, his cheek pale, his eye brilliant but sunken, his step once so light and free, now slow and faltering. He has heard the exciting call of ambition, urging him to glory, and with pleased attention he listened to the voice, resolved to obey its mandates. The alluring mount of fame, in solemn grandeur rises before his mental vision, and now he climbs the dizzy heights, and in fancy sees himself, seated upon its loftiest summit, crowned with unfading laurels, and basking in eternal glory. Imagination, paints for him a cloudless and brilliant future, but even amid these glorious dreams, come stealing over his proud heart recollections of the past. The image of that gentle girl, whose deep love, he calmly betrayed for earthly fame, rises before him, in all her loveliness. Again he hears falling upon his ear the sweet tones of that familiar voice; again with a proud lover's ardor he gazes into those dark eyes, beaming with intelligence and melting with tenderness. He raises his arm to clasp her to his breast and craves forgiveness for his past neglect, but the bright vision has flown and he is alone.

There are sounds of festive mirth in the gay saloon. Glad music, leads light feet through the mazy dance, and young hearts beat faster than the merry tune. Lovely faces and handsome forms are reflected in the tall mirrors, brilliant light streams

from the glittering chandeliers upon the fairy sence, out through the heavy crimson curtains, into the deep darkness without, to tell of the mirth and bridal revelry within. Merrily sounds the gay laughter and merry jests, and if there are sad hearts, envious minds or crushed spirits amid that brilliant throng, they are well and skillfully masked: In gay conversation, brilliant repartee from the handsome belles, and sentimental speeches from some languishing; exquisite, amid the sweet perfumes of flowers and rich strains of music, the fairy-footed hours danced away. Very lovely, looks the young bride with her fair virgin brow and glowing cheek, and eyes so brightly and beautifully blue—very happy too as she blushing receives the congratulations of the admiring throng. But perchance amid the merriment a chastening thought of the untried future, a remembrance of the happy past steals over her heart, for a moment clouding her fair brow. As she looks upon her revered father and gentle mother, warm tears of affection dim her eyes, but with a confiding smile, she turns to him, for whom she has freely reigned the gayeties of life.

A midnight lamy gleams from an inner chamber, shedding its pale light upon a group of faithful watchers. There lies one, whose pale brow and feeble accents, tell but too plainly, that she is rapidly passing away from the bright world, that soon her voice will be forever hushed.—The tree of life, still richly glows in all the fresh luxuriance of its summer beauty—time, with his icy touch and chilling breath, has shed no frost upon her, yet she passeth hence. Many strong ties, many bright links, bind her to earth, but the dark angel, with unfolded pinion broods over her. By her side in speechless agony, stands the loved one, whose tenderest trust, has long been sealed with unwanted, unreserved confidence in her gentle breast. Sweet, bird-like voices are heard near the dying couch, with bitter tears, seeking their dear mother. Ah! when a few brief hours have fled, by whom shall those mournful tears be tried? Soon, that tender love wick sweetly soothed each cradle-moan, and gently hushed each childish fear, will by the cold hand of death be forever effaced. Alone, she presses down to the drear, dark valley of death, in the courage of a serene faith, and as she draws around her, the tender chord which binds her to her Saviour. the bright and lovely things of earth grow

pale and dim, and even the sad wail of affection is unheard.

In a small room, beside a few embers, sits a feeble girl, busily plying her needle. Long since, the clock struck twelve and still she toils on, often casting a glance towards the low bed, upon which rests her only sister. Her heart is with the happy past, when free from care, days glided away, in tranquil joy, when every wish was anticipated by a kind father, every imaginary sorrow relieved by a fond mother. The tender memories of her childhood's happy home, her early friends, her sweet mother's love, her father's hopes, all these rush upon her recollection with painful intensity. That sweet home, nestling amid clustering vines and fragrant flowers, had in an unfortunate hour been exchanged for one in the crowded city. For a few years fortune smiled propitiously upon them, crowning the labors of the energetic man with success. Wealth flowed into his coffers, rendering his home the abode of generous hospitality and all those refined enjoyments which flow from cultivated taste. But a sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune, rudely hurled the happy family from their lofty position; reduced them from affluence to indigence. The fond father and affectionate companion, whose constitution was enfeebled by constant attention to business, now rapidly declined, leaving to his family, as a sole legacy, an unblemished reputation. The angel of death, still unsatisfied, bore from the little group, the loving mother, leaving her children sadly to mourn over blighted hopes. Now the future appeared sad and cheerless, the skies' once so bright and smiling, now robed in gloom and darkness. But with a strong effort, they roused themselves from their deep sorrow, resolving still to endure life, although robbed of its sweetest charms. But now the cheek of the younger, the beautiful Ellen, grows pale from irksome confinement, her step loses its buoyancy, even her sweet voice its melody. No wonder then that the heart of the elder sister is filled with anxious fears and sad forebodings—no wonder, that while toiling to gain subsistence, blinding tears, fell thick and fast.—She repeatedly and deeply drank of the cup of dark affliction, but she has drunk too of the fountain of living waters and now she repairs to that pure stream, sure of finding comfort for all her woes. Her heart has been sorely tried, but He, who alone has power to bind up broken hearts,

is her friend and she flies to him for aid, pleading the promise "as thy days are, so shall thy strength ever be."

Over many, sweet sleep has shed its holy influence, enshrouding the weary with a mantle, gently closing eyes which only wake to weep over blighted hopes and departed friends. Bright dreams of the past, steal over the mind. The lone stranger sits by the hearth of his early years and hears falling upon his ear, kind and gentle tones. The radiant dream will fade and will be not awoken with a more painful yearning. Ah! no, the bright visions, which visit his lone couch, robe the past in a solemn glory, teaching him to look to that bright world, where change is unknown.

THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to the grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old, on his earth worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train, at the open gate.
A relic of by gone days was he,
And his locks were grey, as the foamy sea;
And those words came from his lips so thin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.
Gather—gather—gather—I gather them in.

I gather them in, for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground.
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one;
But come they gather, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.
Gather—gather—gather—I gather them in.

Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
I'm knee or the dead! and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold.
My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold:
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mark them are my subjects—all—all—all!
Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilsomly spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.
Gather—gather—gather—I gather them in.

I gather them in—and their final rest,
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!
And the Sexton ceased, as the funeral train
Wound mutely over that silent plain;
And I said to myself, when time is told
A mightier voice than that Sexton's old,
Will be heard o'er the last trumpet's dreadful din,
I gather them in—I gather them in.
Gather—gather—gather—I gather them in.

ERRORS OF GREAT MEN.

Few men have lived to make more impression upon the world than Martin Luther. We scarcely know of a human character that so impresses us with the greatness, yea, the majesty, of its elements, as does his. But in proportion as the good points in the character of a great man work for good, in the same proportion do his errors work for evil. And one error of Luther's has destroyed nations—that is, his error respecting the Christian Sabbath. In most things, Luther restored evangelical truth in its power upon the nations that felt its influence. But he failed in reality to give to those nations the Christian Sabbath, as a strictly and exclusively devoted to religious uses. In his views of

the Sabbath, which were to be so extensively diffused through Protestant Europe, he left a lump of the leaven of Popery, and gave the people more of a Romish than of a Christian Sabbath. Hence, the evangelical religion which he spread did not last. It has in a great measure died out, for want of a Sabbath.

Protestant Germany now presents a desolation, so far as the religion of the Gospel is concerned—a desolation which, in all probability, can be traced mainly to this source. For what would the religion of New England be if her Sabbaths were made days of sports and dissipation? And in Germany the remnant of good men begin to feel that there had been a great mistake, and that they must have a Sabbath, *the Christian Sabbath*, or all hope of reviving religion is vain.

We see then how much to be deplored is this one error of a great man. And we see how much to be dreaded and guarded against are all the errors of great men.—Those of moderate men are of less consequence; for they do not exert so broad an influence, nor produce such widespread mischief. It is too common for the admirers of men of distinguished talents to regard their work with less scrutiny, in an assumption that they must be right of course. But the power which disengaged men wield, is itself a reason why their errors should be watched with double scrutiny. For those errors take, from their high source, a breadth and momentum in working evil, which make it important that they should be early arrested.—*Puritan Recorder*.

✂ The Bank of England covers five acres of ground, employs nine hundred clerks; and should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half-pay for life. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the Bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls.—The clock in the centre of the Bank, has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts and engines, in perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. This Bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital £18,000,000, or \$90,000,000.

PRUDERY IN AN OMNIBUS.—"All have their exits and their entrances."—It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand that is held out to her by male civility: it might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant seat; but looks for a seat if possible between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the meantime the omnibus moves on; Prudery totters—makes a snatch at Civility's nose—or his neck—or anywhere—and missing her hold, rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums.—Hoon.

Unchaste language is the index of an impure heart.

Mary Malcom, or "A Star in the East."
A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY MRS. E. F. STURTEVANT.

While on a recent visit to the city, I had occasion to pass through one of its most retired streets. Although thinking intently upon the object of my pursuit, my attention was attracted by a little girl who was carrying a large tin pail, which was evidently as heavy as her strength would possibly allow her to lift. As I approached her, she seemed so desirous of avoiding my notice, that my curiosity was aroused, and I determined to have a little conversation with her. She was apparently about eight years of age, and from her delicate structure and other unmistakable signs of refinement, I knew that her present occupation was one as new as it was distasteful to her. On my addressing her with "your pail seems very heavy, shall I help you carry it?" she said "no ma'am," without raising her eyes, but when I stepped directly before her, and asked, "what is your name, my child?" she stopped, but made no reply. I stooped down to her and said, "won't you talk a little with me? I love little girls." She burst into tears, and sobbed violently; as soon as she could speak she said, "you are so kind, lady, I would tell you my name, but mamma has charged me to tell no person who I am, for she does not want grandpa to hear about us; but if you will go home with me, I guess she will tell you." "Where do you live?" I asked. "Down there," said she, pointing to a very respectable looking house, "we live there now, but are going to move;" and where are you going to move to?" I asked. She hesitated a moment, and looking up sweetly in my face, replied, "I must not tell you any more, please don't ask me." I decided at once to accompany her. As we approached the house the child seemed evidently desirous of being a little in advance of me, and as I could appreciate her feelings, I lingered in the street. When I went up the steps I saw a lady coming towards me. I felt ashamed to find myself in the presence of a person of such loveliness of form and feature, and such dignity of manner. I feared my curiosity and interest in the child had led me into what might be deemed an improper interference in the affairs of others; but as I felt a confidence in my purity of motive, I addressed her—"Madam, interest in your child has brought me here; am I intruding?" "Oh no," said she, smiling sadly, "we have so

few friends who manifest interest in us now, I most gladly accept it from strangers; will you walk in?" She opened the door of the room she had left, and I was surprised to find it so scantily furnished; it did not correspond with the exterior of the house, it seemed, too, to be their only room, and contained one bedstead, a small table, three seats, for they could not be called chairs, and a very few cooking utensils; there was a bundle of rags in one corner, which I afterwards ascertained was the bed of the little girl. As we entered the room, the child still held the pail in her hand, and was saying to a person on the bed, "Don't, pa, now there is a lady coming in." She succeeded in releasing the pail from his grasp, but not till the whole room was filled with its odor.—I immediately discovered its contents, and the secret of their poverty and sorrow.—As I cast my eye towards the bed, I perceived the person upon it was a fine looking man of middle age, whose countenance, however, bore evident marks of dissipation; but as it seemed the desire of mother and child to shield him from observation, I gave them my whole attention, and immediately commenced relating to the lady the conversation I had held with the child, and added, "I cannot be mistaken in supposing that you have seen better days, and now that you seem in adversity, my sympathies are enlisted for you—can I aid you in any way?" The muscles of her fine face were for a moment contracted, and the expression of her countenance betrayed deep mortification and agony of feeling, but she immediately raised her eyes to Heaven as if in prayer for grace to subdue her pride. That silent petition was answered, for when she spoke it was with perfect calmness. "It is exceedingly trying," said she, "to relate the events of such a life as mine has been; for in doing it faithfully I must tell you of much perverseness on my own part, and disrespect for the opinions of my dear, dear parents, yet let me say, (somewhat in extenuation of my faults,) I sincerely thought they were mistaken; and that by adopting the course I had marked out for myself, I should fully prove to them their error in judgment, but the result has not been what I hoped, but what they prophesied." A low suppressed groan from the bed interrupted her, and she paused a moment.—"Tell her all, Mary, all you have suffered, and from me, too, who should have shielded you from ever evil," said the voice, and he lifted up the pail and took a copious

draught therefrom, as if he could not bear to hear it himself, and was soon apparently unconscious.—"Yes, George," said she, "I will tell her all, not that I wish to give you pain, but that she may give me advice as to the path of duty." "Lizzie, my dear," said she to the child, "you may run over and play with Sarah awhile." Little Lizzie went reluctantly towards the door, then returned to me saying, "Shall I never see you again, ma'am?" "O yes, my dear," said I, "I hope you will see me very soon; I certainly shall not forget you." Upon this assurance she said, "thank you, O I thank you, I can go now," and running down the steps was soon out of sight.—"Perhaps it may surprise you to know," said the mother, "that my father lives in this city, and is a man of wealth; I think, however, you will fully appreciate my feelings in not making my condition known to him, when you have heard my story.—I am his oldest daughter and the only surviving child of an idolized wife, who in consequence of my perverseness and disobedience now slumbers in the grave. She early instructed me to love the Savior, and daily to pray to him for protection and guidance; my bible, too, she taught me to love, and was ever ready to explain its sacred truths, and enforce its duties upon me; she taught me to obey my parents, which I did most implicitly for many years. As we had abundant means, I had every opportunity for acquiring a solid education, I studied several languages, was a proficient in painting and drawing, and threw my whole soul into music. This my father loved, and I delighted to surprise him at evening with some new song I had learned during the day; I was not allowed to learn to dance, for my mother said 'though it was doubtless an innocent, graceful amusement in itself, it had no tendency to elevate the soul and prepare it for Heaven; she thought it was very inconsistent in professors of religion to allow their children to be taught that which would prove a great temptation to them to do wrong, tended only to frivolity of character and led to social dissipation.' Although I did not then fully feel the force of her reasoning, as I now do, I allowed myself to be entirely guided by her, and was content with her decision. When I was twelve years of age I had a little sister born; O how dearly did we all love her, perhaps too well, for she seemed a faultless child, and her whole life gave us constant happiness, but at five years of age she was suddenly

taken away from us. After her decease my mother began to realize how great an idol she had been, and felt deeply her own guilt in allowing the creature thus to enchain and enslave the affections which should be given to the Creator. Our house after such an affliction was very desolate, although the survivors clung more closely together; we were very lonely, and when my father brought home and introduced to us a distant relative, as his clerk, who would for the future make one of our domestic circle, we all felt disposed to welcome him, and make his home a happy one. He was about twenty, and a fine looking intelligent young man; his manners were gentlemanly, and his whole appearance prepossessing." Here another stifled groan interrupted the narrative, and brought a deep drawn sigh, with tears, from the narrator, but she soon recovered herself and proceeded: "We were a happy family, as happy as could be under such bereavement as we had suffered. Our evenings were passed in reading, music, and conversation. Is it strange that, secluded as I was from society, in consequence of conformity to a custom that the bereaved should not appear at all in public, is it strange that I learned to watch with anxiety my father's return to us in the evening, and that my quick ear would soon detect another footstep which I loved to hear. So far as I could judge from appearances, my parents saw my growing attachment to George Malcom, and by their silence approved it. Indeed, when consent was requested to our engagement, it was cordially given by both. Of course my father's ever watchful eye would be more vigilant when he knew his daughter's happiness was involved in the character and conduct of his young protegee. Life with us for a short time glided smoothly by without one breath of suspicion or distrust to ruffle its surface. I was happy in the consciousness that I was beloved by one in every respect worthy of my warmest affections, and my parents looked placently upon us, and laid plans for the future. I was preparing for my marriage, which was to take place as soon as George was admitted to the firm, and we were to reside with my dear parents. What bright visions had I of the future!—all our arrangements were so perfectly satisfactory to me, that my cup of happiness was full. But my Heavenly Father saw that my heart was again given to the creature, and my immortal interest required that that I should again be taught to look

to him alone for such enjoyment as I was anticipating. It should not be expected from creatures of His hand, from frail humanity.

"One evening my father returned alone from his place of business, and his sad countenance as he entered our parlor indicated a troubled heart. He invited me into his library, and taking me on his knee, kissed me several times, manifesting such deep feeling as to prevent all power of utterance. 'My dear father,' said I, 'what has happened? Have you been unsuccessful in business, and lost your property?' For knowing my mother was in health, I could think of nothing that would so seriously affect him. 'No, O no, my child, my grief is for you.'—'For me, father, O where is George?' 'It is of him I would speak, Mary; he is well, but believe me when I tell you he is unworthy of you; my poor child, God bless and sustain you under this trial.' Had a thunder bolt fallen at my feet I could not have been more surprised. My heart's blood seemed suddenly chilled, and for a time I lost all power of thought or speech, but as soon as I could command language I said, 'O father, you wrong him, he is all that is good and noble.' 'So I thought, my child, till I was convinced to the contrary. George has no stability of character, and he has been led into bad company, and been intoxicated once, twice, thrice, to my knowledge; I have each time conversed with him faithfully, and he has as often promised that never again would he be tempted into such excesses. He sees the right path, but has not moral courage enough to break away from evil companions, and pursue it, and I have told him, my daughter, that I could never consent to your marriage with him until he had more self-control, and a firmly established character for morality,—for my only daughter Mary must not be the wife of a drunkard.' 'O my dear father, do not go to such extremes; do not, I beg of you, suppose that George will be a drunkard, because he was once or twice in his life tempted beyond what he was able to bear. He will reform, I can influence him, let me go to him, and I know I can persuade him to promise he will never take a drop; then, father, will you be satisfied and let me love him still?' 'It is his only chance for reformation, Mary, and I hope he will pledge himself as you wish, but his repentance must be deep and sincere to accomplish its object.' 'It will be, father, I know it will, especially if he knows it must prevent our marriage if he does not

reform.' 'I hope so, Mary, but I told him, such must be the consequence if he did not change his course entirely, and his penitence was so fully expressed that I promised I would not acquaint you with his delinquencies, hoping and trusting, as you now do, that he would not offend again. But with all his love for you, and in view of losing you, too, he has again tasted the intoxicating cup and been overcome. If he will thus conduct himself now, what can you expect will be his course after marriage, especially if he knows, as he must, that you had a full knowledge of all the facts previously.—My daughter, be wise, take your father's advice, and never leave his protection, for that of a man upon whose principles you cannot depend, if you do so, remember you will do it with my decided disapprobation. It is dreadful, Mary, to be the wife of a drunkard.' 'But I will not marry a drunkard, father.' 'You might almost as well, as to bind yourself to a man who has a relish for strong drink, and has no stability of character—what will prevent him from gratifying his appetite so frequently, as to become confirmed in intemperance?' I will not detain you to relate all the warnings I received from both parents, and all the promises George made of amendment, indeed, so great was the effort he made to become a better man, and more worthy of me, that for several months he was perfectly correct, and urged that our marriage should take place. I consulted my father, who replied:—'How can I entrust my daughter's happiness with a man to whom I cannot feel willing to entrust my money, for you must know I dare not take him into the firm. O! if money would buy him strong religious principles, how gladly would I give all I possess, and be a poor man, to make you happy, Mary. I much fear his reformation is not genuine, but has an object. My daughter, I shall no more—marry him, if under the circumstances you dare do so—remember it is for life that you engage to love, honor, and obey—can you love, can you honor, much more can you obey a man who has no higher governing motive for his actions, than his appetites? Think seriously of these things, and God help you to decide wisely.' What could I do? I loved George with my whole soul, and I could not believe he would violate his written pledge to me and others, that never would he taste the inebriating draught. My dear mother was tried beyond expression—her daughter's happiness was dearer to

her than almost any earthly thing, and she prayed most fervently, that I might be guided by wisdom from above. And why was I not? Because I did not, could not say 'Thy will be done,' but prayed that all obstacles might be removed, and my will be done. After considering the subject, and looking at it in all its phases, as I then thought, I decided that I might as well marry George, I never could be happy without him, and I might as well be miserable with him. O, how many such decisions have been made without looking out of our own hearts with the honest purpose of discovering the real will of God. Was it, could it be His will that I should be irrevocably united to a man who had not in his heart the fear of God sufficiently to deter him even from open immorality? Could I expect such a man would keep sacredly his marriage vows? But time elapsed and we were married. Dear as I loved George, it almost broke my heart to see my father so distressed, and my mother's health evidently failing, in consequence of her anxiety for me.

"I remained with them two years; then my darling Lizzie was born, and I was so happy to have an object all my own, on which to lavish my affections—for my mother was fast sinking into the grave, and my husband—how shall I say it?—had broken his pledge, and I had lost my confidence in him. Still he loved me, and treated me with kindness, when he was in his right mind, but sometimes he was so excited by stimulants he did not recognize me, and would attempt to strike me; once he succeeded, and the force of the blow felled me to the floor. Of course, I never spoke of it, but my mother heard it, and from that time her decline was rapid. My father was kind to me, but I felt that he had not the respect for me that he once had. He thought I had done wrong, it was selfish in me to persist in marrying a man who would make me, and consequently my parents, wretched.—What if I did not think he would? I had every reason to think so, and affection for my parents should have induced me to take their advice. I felt uncomfortable in my position at home, and George, of course, was under restraint, so he proposed that we should leave there, and he would find business elsewhere, for my father had long since dismissed him from his service, as unworthy of confidence. When I told my father we thought we had better find another home, he embraced me tenderly, and said:—'Mary, I cannot now control

you, you have given yourself to the keeping of another, and his bidding you must do. Is it his choice to go?' I told him I thought it was. 'Well,' said he, 'I shall settle an annuity upon you, and so arrange it that you only can have the benefit of it, till your husband become a thoroughly reformed man, then my house and heart will be open to him. But, Mary, will you leave your dying mother?' O, what an inward struggle had I, but I replied, 'I think, father, I had better go, the constant knowledge of my sufferings will injure her more than my presence will do her good.' What a sentence did I pass upon myself! I, an only child, had been so perverse, and had brought myself into such a situation, that my mother was happier without me! My parents begged me to give my dear child to them, and my conscience told me I really ought to do so, that she might, by her kindness to them, atone, if possible, for her mother's disobedience. But how could I part with her? She had no vices, and I could love her without fear of an abusive return. We left home—the dear place of my birth and childhood, and my only residence, about six years ago. My mother did not long survive, but died calling upon God to bless and protect her child. I did not attend her funeral, for I could not bear to meet my friends, and I had no means. My annuity, which was regularly sent to me by my father's agent, I was obliged to spend for our food and raiment; and as George could find no permanent business on account of his habits, we have been compelled to use the greatest economy to live upon it. We have resided in one place and another, here and there, as George felt inclined. Sometimes he has promised reformation, and for months abstained from stimulants, and I would feel that I might yet present him to my father as a 'thoroughly reformed man,' and receive his blessing, but all such hopes have been blasted, and his promises proved no better than the 'morning cloud and the early dew.' I have almost given up all expectations of seeing him a reformed man.—His health is evidently failing in consequence of his habits. We came to this city that I might be near my father.—Though he knows not where we are, I have never lost sight of him, though I could not continue correspondence with him, and tell him the same story of suffering and neglect, to make him wretched, while I was conscious that I had chosen my own path. He has married again, and has a family of sons and daughters. I often of an evening go into the street

where they reside, and standing upon the opposite, watch their movements, and live my childhood and youth over again. It is a good thing for me to go there, for it makes me deeply sensible of my own guilt in thus disregarding parental advice, and rushing knowingly into misery for life.—But let me not forget to tell you, that although I have slighted my Savior, and chosen for my dearest bosom friend an enemy to him, (for the Bible says, 'He that is not for me, is against me,') He has not forgotten me; and when my bodily sufferings have been keenest, He has spoken peace to my soul, and said, 'Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee.' George still loves me, and but for his insatiable thirst for strong drink we might yet be happy." "But how," I asked, "does your husband obtain these stimulants? surely you do not furnish him with the means?" "Never knowingly," she replied, "but sometimes when he takes my money to purchase the necessities of life, he uses all, or a part, to supply himself with the means of self-ruin." "Why do you not go and request people not to sell to him?" "I have been, and at his own solicitation, too, but so far from heeding my entreaties, his companions send it to him, or inform him that he can have it by sending for it; and then my darling Lizzie is directed to go with a pail and get it. She was employed in this way, much against her will, when you met her this morning. O, that there was not a drop on earth."—"Amen!" said the voice from the bed, (for he was aroused from his stupor, and looking intently upon us.) "Are you really in earnest," said I, "and would you like to live were you could not get a drop?" "Would I!" said he, "indeed I would.—I love my wife and child, but O, this dreadful thirst completely conquers me, when I can get the means of satisfying it, but when I cannot, after a period of suffering, I am satisfied and glad to be relieved from its effects upon my mind and body." "Will you go," said I, "if I can find you a place where you will not be tempted, and provide the means for your journey?" "I will, as I live," said he, "and to-day if I can." "Then you shall have the opportunity," said I, rising and extending to him my hand. "I will see that the place is provided, and the means furnished, and shall expect you to keep your promise." As I turned from him the lady took both my hands in hers, and said with deep feeling and tears, "God bless you, madam, for this visit. He has

"THOROUGHLY FURNISHED."

In the age in which we live, large demands are made upon the untiring effort of the Christian; and unless invested with the complete panoply of the gospel, he must necessarily fail to act well his part in the grand moral conflict, which shall ultimately result in the submission of our entire race to the benignant reign of the King of saints. The strife of the Christian, unlike that of the worldly hero, is bloodless, nor are his weapons carnal, although aimed at the hearts of those who oppose the triumph of the great "Captain of salvation." The tactics of "a good soldier" of the cross are derived from the only infallible "*book of discipline*"—the Bible—in which are found the *principles* which are designed to subvert the empire of Satan. It is to be lamented that *mental power* should be so much undervalued by very many in the church. It is to the mighty efforts of sanctified intellect that we are to attribute those splendid triumphs which have been achieved on the Christian's battle field. The church, in all ages, has had her "thoroughly furnished" champions, and most nobly have they contended for the faith once delivered to the saints. From the times of the accomplished and energetic Paul, down to the period which brought forth the persevering, indomitable Luther, the gospel has owned many a brilliant conquest, under God, to the unwearied efforts of well-disciplined and "thoroughly furnished" minds. The poisoned shafts of infidelity have often been hurled at the citadel of divine truth, but they have invariably fallen harmless at its base through the sanctified mental power of those who have been raised up for its defense.

But it is not merely to the *intelligence* of those who have fought the battles of the Lord, that we are to ascribe the discomfiture of those who have assailed the religion of Christ. There is an inherent power in the gospel itself, when intelligently presented, which will make its way to the hearts and consciences of men. And when truth, in addition to this natural force, has its living exemplification in the "walk and conversation" of its advocates, it becomes invincible, and must overcome all opposition. While Christianity had to contend with its wily, infidel opponents, its friends seemed called upon to devote their energies, more especially, to the establishment of the truth on an immovable basis. This having been accomplished, a demand is now made upon the activities of the church in a different though equally effective mode of warfare. Even if unlettered and obscure, the Christian may become "thoroughly furnished" for effort in the sphere of duty assigned him. The minds of men having been enlightened as to the nature and truthfulness of the gospel, labor may be expended, with great hopes of success, in behalf of perishing sinners.—The opinions of the great mass of nominal Christian society are secretly on the side of truth, and a way is thus opened through which the heart may be reached and the tenderest susceptibilities moved.—With an ardent love for souls, rendered

influential by the accompanying power of prayer and judicious personal appeals, the Christian may become instrumental of salvation to multitudes, who would otherwise rush on, thoughtlessly, to destruction.

The Christian army, in our day, is supplied with implements of warfare, such as were unknown to those who lived in the primitive ages of the church. They had not the *tract* in those early times—that light and portable species of heavenly artillery, which *infantry* may handle and use efficiently in the service of the Redeemer. No *Sabbath schools* were then in existence, as valuable auxiliaries in the diffusion of the principles of righteousness. There was no *Bible Society House*, either at Jerusalem or at Rome, where the sword of the Spirit was seen to flash from every revolution of the steam-driven press, sending forth daily its thousands of copies of the word of life. These, and other facilities which might be mentioned, were not possessed by those who first enlisted under the banner of the cross. Favored as we are with exemption from the fires of persecution which surrounded the primitive Christians, were we, in connection with our greatly multiplied facilities, to exhibit somewhat of that entire consecration to God, which was manifested in their eventful and useful lives, we should never achieve conquests such as the world never witnessed. Christian! thy Savior calls upon thee to be "*thoroughly furnished*" for the work he has given thee to do. He would have thy principles and thy life commend the gospel to the acceptance of the countless multitudes who throng the pathway to eternal death.

H. S. C.

Conundrum.

If Louis Nap (as folks declare)

On bayonets now is sitting,
Why is he like the great Magyar,
Who's ever at him hitting?

Cause one is still a *Hung'ry man*,

Whatever food he get;
Whilst t'other, eat what'er he can,
Must always be *sharp set*.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DREAM.

I am not much of a dreamer, neither do I profess much skill in giving the interpretation of dreams, yet I have no objection to receiving good hints from them. Last evening, a certain clergyman in Connecticut attended a lecture and prayer-meeting, where the was good instruction give, and a good deal of zeal exhibited, and a good deal of noise heard. Towards daylight this morning (Feb. 28th, 1852,) that clergyman had a dream—a real, *bona fide* dream. He dreamt that he was at prayer-meeting in his own church, and that in urging his brethren to exercise faith in God, as ready now to hear and answer prayer, the figure of a large shower bath suddenly presented itself to his mind, which led him to exclaim, "*Brethren, pull the rope, and the buckets of heaven will at once be discharged upon us in copious showers.*" While he saw his brethren grasping the rope, he awoke, and found that it was all a dream.—And through it was a dream, he hopes it may be of use to himself and other Chris-

tians, suggesting to their minds that they are standing under a vast shower-bath with the rope in their hands, so that whenever they will, they may procure the baptism of the Holy Spirit for themselves and others. Does not the sentiment taught in this dream agree with the teachings of God's word? "Ask and it shall be given; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it."

Let Christians everywhere *pull the rope*, by unyielding importunity in prayer, and the Spirit of God will come down as rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth. God has promised that when his people inquire of him, he will sprinkle clean water upon them, and they shall be clean, and that he will cleanse them from all their filthiness and from all their idols, and will give them a new heart and a new spirit, and cause them to walk in his statutes, and keep his judgments and do them.

Let the minister of Jesus urge their people to *pull the rope*, that the Spirit may be poured out as on the day of Pentecost, upon all churches and all lands, that the blessed millennium may soon commence.

E. D. K.

LORD WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?—"Whatever thy hand findeth," of all the varied forms of kindness and of good. Stand in your lot and work around you; in your own home, in your own neighborhood, your own town, county, or State; and if God enlarges the ability and opportunity, "break forth upon the right hand and upon the left;" but don't wait for a large field; cultivate the spot you have, and help your neighbors.

Don't forget the prayer-meeting and the Sabbath school, nor "to do good and communicate;" for "with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Remember that to put a sound gospel tract into a family, is like giving them a draught of the water of life; to put there an evangelical volume is like furnishing them a "water-pot of two or three firkins;" (nay some volumes might rather be likened to a reservoir;) but to supply them with the Bible is to open a fountain of living waters by the very hearth-stone.—It is like planting a perennial spring in the traveler's track across the great Sahara.

Do any or all of these, and a blessing shall return into your own bosom, and God shall be glorified in you.—Y. Y. Observer.

"If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, say for candies, nuts, oranges, cigars and tobacco, and add it up at the end of the year."

sent you here in answer to my prayers, that He would open some way for my husband to be induced and enabled to reform. Surely I can never distrust my heavenly Father again. O, can we but go where George will be free from temptation, he will reform, and we shall yet be happy." "Happy, mamma?" said little Lizzie, who had quietly entered the room while I was talking with her father—"Shan't I have to go with the pail any more to those wicked men?" "No, no, my child," sighed the father, "you shall never go again. Can it be possible that I can go beyond the reach of this 'liquid fire'?" Then may I be to my suffering wife and child the husband and father they deserve. Mary, can this be reality?" After taking an affectionate leave of the interesting little girl, who stood looking as earnestly at me as if she felt that I held the earthly happiness of the whole family in my hands, and giving them repeated assurances that they should hear from me very soon, I bade them good morning.—I was deeply affected by the scene I had witnessed, and the story I had heard, and I earnestly wished all young ladies could hear it from the lips of one who had brought such intense suffering upon herself by disregarding the advice of parents, and vainly imagining her influence could control strong appetite, and give to the unprincipled, sure victory over herself.—My thoughts then turned to their only sure place of escape from temptation, and I could hardly help exclaiming aloud, "Thank God, there is a home for the weary, a refuge for those who are oppressed by their own all-conquering appetites in our sister State, where those who long to be freed from such shackles, can go without fear of finding a neighbor or friend (so called) to lift to their lips the intoxicating cup. O, when will Massachusetts boast of freedom like this! When will the women of our State have suffered enough from intemperance, to be willing to come forth and raise with one accord their voices, and pledge themselves against it in all its forms? When that time shall arrive, (God grant it may be at hand,) when every woman shall assert her right to be heard on this subject, which is so intimately connected with her happiness and welfare. Then may we expect a better day will dawn, not only upon our own sex, but the whole community.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments.

THE LADDER OF ROSES.

The beautiful Angel of sleep folded its wings over the earth, and all became silent. The flowers drooped their fair heads, closed their satin leaves and fell asleep beneath the kind rays of the stars. No sound was heard, save the voice of the evening breeze, whispering to the leaves. The moonbeams stole over the earth, and kissed the sleeping flowers gently, that they might not waken them; then softly glided through the open lattice of the poor man's home.

The beautiful beams shed their silvery light upon the couch of a young girl, who slept sweetly upon her humble bed after the wearisome toil of the day was over. What was the maiden dreaming about?—Ah, she heard in her dreams, soft, low music, such as she never heard in waking hours; she thought she was in a beautiful garden, from the midst of which arose a ladder that reached even to the skies, and was lost in the snowy and golden clouds above. And lo; it was a Ladder of Roses, of beautiful tints, twined with each other; and as the wind waved them to and fro, there came forth from the leaves this heavenly music.

A voice called to her from above, and, as she looked up, she beheld, standing amid the clouds, an angel form transcendently beautiful, which beckoned and sang to her, "Come up here, thou Earth-child! come up through the roses to this beautiful cloud-home."

The maiden hesitated a moment, then sprang up the ladder; and the roses waved and sent forth perfume and silvery music. Up, up, went the maiden, longing to be clasped in the arms of the angel above; but hidden thorns beneath the rose-leaves wounded her feet and she could go no further. Then the Angel wept, and as her tears fell upon the roses they changed to pearl-drops and rolled away.

The girl saw the tears and was reassured; and up, up, she went, forcing her way through the thorns and the roses. Still sang the voice, and the ray of golden sunshine fell among the roses. Half way up the beautiful ladder, the maiden stopped and looked back, and lo! amid the flowers at the bottom of the ladder, there knelt another Angel with clasped hands, whose tearful eyes besought the maiden to go still higher.

The girl was about to ascend once more, but the thorns pricked her feet, and an invisible hand held forth a golden cup, while a voice whispered, "Drink, and thy pains are over."

The maiden reached out her hand, but she saw that the Angel above smiled no more, and her sweet voice was hushed.—The music of the leaves was sad and seemed to be far off. She looked below; the second Angel had turned away, and stood sorrowfully with her white wings drooping. Joy! joy! She pushed aside the cup from her lips, and, heedless of the thorns, still climbed on. The clear music of the leaves sang forth joyously; the Angel below smiled and waved her snowy wings. Exhausted, but happy, the Earth-

child slept in its Cloud-home upon the kind bosom of its guardian Angel.

The young girl awoke, and saw that the radiant sunbeams were stealing through the lattice upon the sanded floor. She arose and dressed herself, and commenced her daily toil. A wearisome day would it have been, but for thoughts of her beautiful dream, and the perfume of flowers, and the golden sunshine that stole in beside her as she toiled away. At noon the maiden carried her father's dinner into the field, and, as she sat down beside him, beneath a shady tree, she told him her dream. When she had finished, the old man wiped his wrinkled brow, and a tear stood in his eye as he said—

"Mina, my child, thy dream is beautiful; the Ladder of Roses is the pathway to happiness; but, beneath the flowers that send forth their perfumed music, lie thorns—which make us afraid to do our duty.—The first Angel in the clouds is Faith, who lures us on, while Hope kneels below to encourage us; but Temptation offers her golden cup of Pleasure, to which we too often turn to seek forgetfulness of our woes. Then Hope turns away and Faith weeps for us; but if we push back Temptation's cup, and force our way through the difficulties that surround us, then the beautiful sunbeams of Hope fall kindly on us. Faith smiles again; and amid sunshine and flowers our souls ascend to that beautiful Cloud-home, from which we are never more to part, but to become holy Angels to watch over the loved ones below."

The young girl wept and was silent; the old man kissed her brow and said—

"Mina, in thy dreams thou didst win this heavenly peace. May it be so in reality. Heed not the thorns that surround thee, but think only on the Roses of Happiness, and they will guide thee in the end to thy last and best resting place—Heaven."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

DANDIES OF OLDEN TIMES.—Old fashions they say come new every seven years; but somehow or other knee breeches don't come round any more. They say when Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops of Massachusetts, in 1785, he was dressed in a gray wig, cocked hat, a white cloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

In 1753, Gov. Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen turned up over the edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings and red morocco slippers.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1773, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet. Gentlemen wore coats of every variety of color, generally the cap and collar of velvet, of a different color from the coat.

In 1783, General Washington arrived in New York, from Mt. Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, soon after, he wore the old continental uniform, except on the Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice President, wore a sword, and walked the streets with his hat under his arm.

An hour foolishly spent, can never be regained.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance.



APRIL 1, 1852.

PURITY OF HEART.

The great qualification necessary to fit the human soul for heaven and happiness, is purity. The heart is the seat of depravity, and by nature is full of all uncleanness, rendering it wholly disqualified for the high and holy enjoyments which constitute the state of the inhabitants of heaven, and creating its own misery and wretchedness. To remove this defect, and purify the heart was the design of the atonement of Christ, and the great end to be accomplished by the gospel and the work of the Holy Spirit. He whose religion does not effect the heart, and remove its depraved inclinations, however fair his outward appearance, has misunderstood the character of his own heart, undervalued the blood of the Redeemer, wholly misconceived his own wants, and will find in the end only disappointment and pain. The Saviour describes such as serving him with their lips while their hearts are far from him, and as whited sepulchers, the outside of which is comely while within is the rottenness and offensiveness of dead mens bones.

The prayer and anxious solicitude of men of God have always been to have clean hearts. "Create within me a clean heart, Oh, God" was the urgent and impassioned prayer of David, and is characteristic of every truly good man. Such a state of the heart consists in right views of God, and proper affections towards him—to love the character of God, and the sacred principles of holiness revealed in his word. It also is properly affected towards sin, and while it loves God and

holiness it can take no pleasure in sin. A heart that is puer can no more love sin and take pleasure in it, than it can hate God—can as easily feel remorse and anguish for rectitude and virtue, as take pleasure in transgression and a disregard for the precepts of its Creator. H.

CONTENTMENT.

One of the benefits conferred by the gospel is contentment, and if the only blessing it conferred on man was to make him contented with the allotments of providence it would be a gift of unspeakable advantage, and the source of much pleasure during his stay in this world. Much of the misery and evil which beset the paths of men is created by discontent with the peculiar circumstances of their being. If the amount of misery flowing from this source, was stopped, men would be surprised at the vast burden which it would remove, and the happy change which would be produced in all the affairs of life. Envy, jealousy, fraud, slander, falsehood, wars and bloodshed would in a great measure be removed from the face of the earth. To effect this is the work of the Gospel in its influence on the heart.

The contentment of the gospel, or as the Apostle states it of "Godliness" must be understood to be appreciated. He that is in the enjoyment of health, affluence, and friends—surrounded with all the comforts of life—may be contented, but this is not the contentment of the gospel. True, it may exist in such a state, but it is not there that it shines with its brightest lustre, and sheds its hallowed influence on the soul. He that is free from pain and want, surrounded by all that is necessary to make life happy and desirable, can of course say "thy will" in thus conferring these blessings, "be done." But it is in the cottage, the humbler walks of life, surrounded by poverty and forsaken by friends, or upon a bed of sickness and in the house of mourning that we are to enquire for true exhibitions of patient submission to the will of God. The truly contented, those who recognize the hand of God in all their ways, can patiently say of all their afflictions and reverses, "thy will be done."

It is not a cold stoical indifference to happiness or pain, resulting from a debasement of the mental, moral and physical powers; but is consistent with the keenest sensibility under suffering, and disappointment, and the use of means for the removal of the affliction. It is an acquiescence and patient submission to the ways of Providence, founded on a

belief of the existence of a superintending Ruler, and his promise that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God," and that their "present light affliction shall work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." H.

A bigot is one who pertinaciously holds to some tenet or opinion without any particular reason. You can find some of this class in almost every community. It is one of the easiest things in the world to be a bigot. It requires no great amount of information, nor a very large supply of brains—it demand no laborious effort, no self-denial, no magnanimity or disinterested benevolence. All that is necessary is to be attached to some sect or party and to be able to catch the watch-words and understand some of the prominent points which distinguish them from others. And be possessed of self-conceit and dogmatism in a sufficient degree to assert and reassert in a bold and vociferous tone what they can neither comprehend or explain. One of this class can see nothing but perfection in those who belong to his sect—every movement made and every change introduced is exactly the very thing without a particle of error or fault connected with it. He can perceive nothing but imperfection and hypocrisy in every member of another church. All is right and correct within the narrow limits of his own enclosure, but everything is wrong and out of place every where else. He is blind as a bat to the faults and inconsistencies of his brethren, but is eagled-eyed to discover every speck or deviation from a right line in others. We have said that it is an easy thing to be a bigot. It requires no learning, lofty principle or piety. The most thorough-going bigots are those who possess an intellect of remarkably small dimensions—in them the principle of self-love is dominant without a rival—self-conceit has been long and assiduously cultivated—combativeiveness is abominably developed, and added to this is obstinacy to the last extremity. To hear one who belongs to a sect of yesterday, claiming to be the true church—to possess all the orthodoxy in the religious world—asserting that there are no mysteries in the word of God, but every thing is as clear to his mind as the mid-day sun in cloudless sky, is, to say the least, superlatively ridiculous. Well would it be for the church and the world if such characters would turn their attention to something else besides religion, so that their bigotry could find scope for its activity where it would be less injurious than in the church of God. E.

GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

True Philosophy and true Theology always walk hand in hand. God's character and works as revealed in nature, and God's character and works as revealed in the Bible, necessary and always harmonize. The same God is the author both of nature and of revelation, and when rightly understood, they can never be hostile, one to the other.

It has long been the fashion of a certain class of philosophers, falsely so called, to attempt to disprove the truth of the Bible from certain apparent discrepancies between its teachings, and certain imagined facts and laws of nature. The true friends of natural science are also the friends of the Bible; but certain false pretenders to philosophy, have been the enemies of the Bible, and have attempted to disprove its divine origin, by means of that philosophy of which they so loudly boast, but which, when rightly understood, only confirms and adds renewed evidence to the truth of Revelation.

Among this class of men the modern devotee to the Science of Geology stands pre-eminent. I do not refer to the man who studies the Science of Geology, with all the light thrown upon it by nature, and Revelation, and for the purpose of eliciting truth; but I mean the man who digs down into the earth, and dives under the sea, with the hope of finding some proof that Moses told a falsehood in his account of the creation of the world.—These men tell us that the structure of our earth furnishes indubitable evidence that it was formed by several successive processes, each of which required a long course of time for its completion, and consequently, that Moses spoke falsely when he said that God made the world in six days. They tell us also of several layers of rock, which form the crust of the earth, lying one upon another, and endeavor to prove to us that they could not have been formed simultaneously, but successively, at long intervals of time.—They tell us, too, of organic remains, vegetable and animal, imbedded in these several strata, and try to show to us that they must have been imbedded there thousands of ages before the time when Moses says the world was created.

Before we attempt the vindication of Moses from the charge of falsehood it is proper for us to remark, that the truth of God's Word, or any part of it, does not depend on our ability to show its harmony with the known (much less the imagined) truths of science. Many people, whose

goodness is superior to their wisdom, would do all in their power to retard the progress of science, and sometimes tremble with solicitude, lest some new discoveries should disprove the truth of God's Word. We are not of that number.—We have too much confidence in the divine authenticity of the Bible, to be at all shaken by such alleged discrepancies, which are founded either on our ignorance of science or our misapprehension of the sacred writings. Let science go on to perfection, and we have no doubt that every new discovery that is made, and every new truth that is elicited, instead of disproving the Bible, will continue to add renewed proof to the already accumulated evidence of the truth of the Word of God.

Another thing necessary to be premised is this: that we are not to expect a scientific account of creation in the history of Moses. The Bible has nothing to do with the science of Geology. It was given to teach men their origin, their duty, and their destiny.

What it says of the natural world is in accordance with the simple and obvious appearances, and with the impressions most naturally made upon the senses, without perplexing the uncultivated mind with the exactness of science. If our Savior, instead of saying "He causes the sun to rise on the evil and the good," had said "He causes the earth to revolve on its axis from west to east once in twenty-four hours," he might have spoken as a philosopher, but he would not have been understood by his hearers, nor would the moral lesson he designed to teach have been inculcated. So with the entire Scriptures. They are not given to teach natural, but moral science. They therefore speak, not in the language of philosophers, but in the language of *men*.

But it may be asked, ought we not to expect the language of scientific exactness in the history of the *creation*? By no means. Who would be foolish enough to suppose that there was any real falsehood in the words of our Savior just referred to? His words are only a familiar mode of uttering the same truths which science expresses in another form. The one is truth as it appears to the uneducated mind, the other, as it appears to the man of science. The one can be understood by every one, the other only by a few. The Bible every where uses the mode of conception and representation suited to the uneducated mind. And why may we not expect in the account of

creation a conformity to the other parts of the Bible? If Moses had written in the exact language of science, he would not have been understood by men generally, and the history of the creation would have been unknown to the world, until the science of Geology had made the history of Moses intelligible to man.

In a future article we will continue the subject. S.

NO.

This is a small word, but one which it is sometimes very difficult to pronounce, although the letters composing it are easily articulated, one being a liquid and the other a vowel. Many a man would have been saved from ruin, temporal and eternal, by the ability to pronounce this little monosyllable with sufficient emphasis on proper occasions. One man approaches another and asks him to endorse a note, the one appealed to may believe that duty to his family would forbid his doing so, but for fear of giving offence, and for want of firmness to follow the dictates of his better judgment, he yields to the solicitation, and thus reduces his family to want. Many a youth has disappointed the expectations of fond parents, and brought their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, in consequence of yielding to solicitations which his conscience disapproved, and to which he desired to say no, but lacked the moral courage to do so. The youth who has been trained by pious parents, and whose impulses are all on the side of truth and virtue, is approached by a companion less scrupulous than himself, and politely requested to take a social glass, or play a game just for amusement, or join in a Sabbath excursion, or something of the kind. He remembers the kindly warnings of his father, and the affectionate entreaties of his mother; he knows they would disapprove the act, and he does not desire to do it—he wishes to say no, but the little monosyllable sticks in his throat—he has not quite resolution enough to bring it out, and therefore he yields. Having once yielded to temptation, its power over him is increased, and he goes on step by step till his ruin is complete.

Young man, learn to say no,—say it openly, firmly, and emphatically. Do not bring it out in a sort of whisper, in a half hesitating manner, for this will lead the solicitor to renew his entreaties, and to urge his plea still stronger. Say it courteously, but say it so promptly and decidedly that there can be no misunderstanding its import. Let your *no* be *no*. E.

THE BEASTS OF EPHESUS.

In the 15th chapter of 1 Cor. Paul says that after the manner of men he "fought with Beasts at Ephesus." The inquiry arises, what he meant by "beasts." It has been assumed by some, that he meant *men*, whom he calls beasts. For the correctness of this assumption there is, so far as we have seen, nothing to sustain it. Nor is it likely that Paul would have used such a figure of speech, without some clue to its true interpretation.—When certain things were reported to Christ of Herod, he replied: "Tell that Fox," &c., but the allusion here was direct and explained itself. In the case of Paul, there was nothing said of any conflict with men in the connection, by which we can necessarily infer that he applied the epithet beasts to men.

We think the most obvious and natural interpretation is to take the passage in a literal sense, and understand that Paul actually fought with wild beasts. He refers to some case in which his life was jeopardized, and in which the escape was marvelous, and we suppose the same referred to in 2 Cor. i: 8-10, when speaking of a providential deliverance he says, "who delivered us from so great a death." This deliverance was said to be in Asia, which term is often used to denote Asia Minor, of which Ephesus was the capital. See Acts, xx: 16. He was here exposed to some terrible death, which he denominates "so great a death," and deliverance from which he ascribes to God, and regarded it of so marvelous a character, as to be like raising one from the dead.—There could be no death more terrible as exposure to a conflict in an amphitheatre with wild beasts. And this we take to be the fact, and that Paul really fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, and was by power of God delivered from their jaws. This conclusion is justifiable from the simple declaration of the Apostle that he "fought with beasts of Ephesus," without any intimation that he is not to be understood literally. It is strengthened, however, by the fact that the custom prevailed in the East, with the Romans and others, to expose their prisoners to such conflicts, and such a death. When this was done, it was only another form of dooming them to certain death, for in all human probability, there was no hope of escape. A deliverance, therefore, under such circumstances, was likely to be vivid in Paul's recollection, and referred to as the special interference of God. For particulars of this custom see Adam's Rom. Ant.

II.

Young man, the world will soon need you—to be active, be earnest. Make thorough preparation for the business of life. Determine to master fully and completely whatever you undertake—go to the bottom of every study you attempt—explore every nook and winding. Resolve that you will be no bungler, no quack, no mere pretender. No man has the right to be incompetent to do well what he undertakes to do, when by industry, perseverance and manly effort he might render himself capable of success in any laudable pursuit. Your purpose should be strong and invincible, not discouraged by difficulties nor overcome by obstacles.—In this way alone can you insure success. In this age of the world honorable distinction does not come by chance—it is not won by idly dreaming of future greatness. It demands years of labor and struggle to secure it. The secret of Sir Walter Raleigh's renown is expressed in a single sentence by a contemporary of his, who said of him, "I know he can toil errible." It was this willingness to toil that raised him to the enviable position to which he attained. Those mighty productions of the human intellect which have lived through ages and excited the admiration of successive generations, were not the offspring of ease and idleness—were not thrown off spontaneously by the affluence of genius, but they were wrought out by the most intense and laborious thought. It was "terrible toil" to finish and polish them as they have been transmitted to us.

Young man, are you dreaming of future eminence?—are you looking forward to the time when your name shall be pronounced with respect and veneration, while at the same time you let the present hours pass by in idle reverie without putting forth any efficient efforts? Know, then, that all such dreams are vain,—they are as purile and as unlikely ever to be realized as those of a child who, while gazing upon the distant rainbow, imagines himself riding upon its triumphal arch amid the acclamations of applauding worlds. But if you are now doing with your might what your hands find to do—if you turn every hour to good account and discharge according to your best ability ever present duty, then we may indulge bright hopes for your future usefulness and honor.

"MY COTTAGE HOME."—We reprint this beautiful poem to correct a typographical error which escaped our notice in the last issue.

"MARY MALCOM."—Let all our readers, and especially *young ladies*, read the "Temperance Tale" of the above caption in this paper. We would explain for those who may not readily understand the allusion, that the place of refuge selected for the distressed family, and indicated by the "Star in the East," is the State of Maine, shielded from the temptations to dissipation by the recent Liquor Law.

H.

RESIGNATION.—Rev. Mr. Zively has resigned his pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Huntsville, Ala., and the pulpit for the present is left unsupplied.

H.

By an oversight in the publisher the conclusion of "Mary Malcom" was placed on page 216 instead of 215. The mistake was not discovered until the first form was worked off.

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.—Laurie Todd, that most indefatigable collector of choice legends of the past, in the course of an article prepared for the Home Journal, narrates the following anecdote of Washington: "received the following anecdote of Washington, about fifty years ago from the farmer referred to in the narrative.—He was a member of the Society of Friends, what were from their peaceable habits, lukewarm or opposed to the war of Independence. While the army lay in the neighborhood of White Plains, a farmer whose dwelling was near the camp, one morning at sunrise while passing a clump of bushes, heard a moaning noise, thinking his ox or ass had fallen into pit, he, on approaching the spot, heard the voice of a man engaged in prayer. He did in the thicket, and listened, resolved to see the speaker. Having finished his supplications to heaven, this man of God came forth from his hiding place. It was George Washington. When the farmer entered his dwelling he said to his wife, "Marta, we must not oppose this movement any longer. The work is from the Lord. I heard the man George Washington, send to Heaven such prayer for the cause and the country, that I know they will be answered." Thus Washington rose with the sun and prayed for his country; fought for it by day and watched for it by night."

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.—The American merchant is a type of a restless, adventurous, onward going race of people. He sends his merchandise all over the earth, he stocks every market, makes wants that he may supply them, covers the New Zeland with Southern cotton woven in Northern looms, builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands, swaps with the Fejee cannibal, sends the whale-ship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men, gives the ice of a Northern winter to the torrid zone, piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hoogly, gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an Indian jungle.

The lakes of New England awake to life by the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this meeting of the waters." The white canvas of the American ship glances in every nook of every. Scarcely the slightest intimation come of some obscure, unknown corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the "terra incognita."—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

CHRIST OFFERED.

It is not enough that you receive Christ for the single object of forgiveness, or as a priest who has wrought out an atonement for you; for Christ offers himself in more capacities than this one, and you do not receive him truly, unless you receive him just as he offers himself. Again, it is not enough that you receive Christ only as a Priest and a Prophet, for all that he teaches will be to you a dead letter, unless you are qualified to understand and to obey it; and, if you think that you are qualified by nature, you in fact refuse his teaching at the very time that you profess him to be your teacher: for he says, "without me ye can do nothing." You must receive him for strength as well as for forgiveness and direction, or in other words you must submit to him as your King, not merely to rule over you by his Spirit. You must live in constant dependence on the influence of his grace, and if you do so, you will never stop short at any one point of obedience, but, knowing that the grace of God is all powerful, you will suffer no paltry limit of what unaided human nature can do, to bound your ambition after glories of a purer and a better character than an earthly principle can accomplish, you will enter a career of which you at this present moment see not the end; you will try an ascent, of which the lofty eminence is hid in the darkness of futurity; the chilling sentiment, that no higher obedience is expected of me than what I can yield, will have no influence upon you, for the mighty stretch of attainment that you look forward to, is not what I can do, but what Christ can do for me; and, with the all subduing instrument of his grace to help you through every difficulty, and to carry you in triumph over every opposition, you will press forward conquering and to conquer, and, while the world knoweth not the power of those great and animating hopes which sustain you, you will be making daily progress in a field of discipline and acquirement which they have never entered; and, in patience and forgiveness, and gentleness and charity, and the love of God, and the love of your neighbor, which is like unto the love of God, you will prove that a work of grace is going on in your hearts, even that work by which the image you lost at the fall is overthrown; the subjection of your hearts to what is visible and earthly is exchanged for the power of the unseen world over its every affection, and you be filled with such a faith, and such love, and such a superiority, to perishable things, as will shed a glory over the whole of your daily walk, and give to every one of your doings the high character of a candidate for eternity.

Christ is offered to all of you for forgiveness. The man who takes him for a single object, must be looking at him with an eye half shut upon the revelation he makes of himself. Look at him with an open and steadfast eye, and then I will call you a true believer; and sure I am, that you cannot avoid seeing in the earnestness of his desire, that you should give

up all sin, and enter from this moment into all obedience. True, and most true, my brethren, that faith will save you, but it must be a whole faith, in it the whole Bible. True, and most true, that they who keep the commandments of Jesus shall enter into life; but you are not to shrink from any one of these commandments, or to say, because they are so much above the power of humanity, that you must give up the task of attempting them.—True, and most true, that he who trusteth to his own obedience as his Savior, is shifting his confidence from the alone foundation it can rest upon. Christ is your Savior, and when I call upon you to rejoice in that reconciliation which is through him, I call upon you not to leave him for a single moment when you engage in the work of doing these things which, if left undone, will exclude us from the kingdom of heaven. Take him along with you, into all your services. Let the sentiment ever be upon you, that what I am now doing, I may do in my own strength to the satisfaction of man, but I must have the power of Christ resting upon the performance, if I wish to do it in the way that is acceptable to God.—Let this be your habitual sentiment, and then the supposed opposition between faith and works vanishes into nothing. The life of a believer is made up of good works, and faith is the animating and the power-working principle of every one of them. The spirit of Christ actuates and sustains the whole course of your obedience. You walk not away from him, but in the language of the text, you "walk in him," (Col. ii. 6,) and as there is not one of your doings in which he does not feel a concern, and prescribe a duty for you, so there is not one of them in which his grace is not in readiness to put the right principle into your heart, and to bring it out into your conduct; and to make your walk accord with your profession, so as to let the world see upon you without, the power and the efficacy of the sentiment within, and thus, while Christ has the whole merit of your sanctification also, and the humble and deeply felt consciousness of "nevertheless, not to me, but to the grace of God that is in me," restores to Jesus Christ all the credit and all the glory which belong to him, by making him your only, and your perfect, and your entire, and your altogether Savior.

Choose him, then, my brethren, choose him as the Captain of your salvation.—Let him enter into your hearts by faith, and let him dwell continually there. Cultivate daily intercourse and a growing acquaintance with him. O you are in safe company, indeed, when your fellowship is with him! The shield of his protecting mediatorship is ever between you and the justice of God; and out of his fullness there goeth a constant stream, to nourish, to animate, and to strengthen every believer. Why should the shifting of human instruments so oppress and so discourage you, when he is your willing friend, when he is ever present, and is at all times in readiness; when he, the same to-day, yesterday, and forever, is to be

met with in every place; and while his disciples here, giving way to the power of sight, are sorrowful and in great heaviness, because they are to move at a distance from one another, he, my brethren, has his eye upon all neighborhoods and all countries, and will at length gather his disciples into one eternal family.—With such a Master let us quit ourselves like men. With the magnificence of eternity before us, let time, with its fluctuations, dwindle into his own littleness. If God is pleased to spare me, I trust I shall often meet you in person, even this side of the grave; but if not, let us often meet in prayer at the mercy seat of God. While we occupy different places on earth, let our mutual intercessions for each other go to one place in heaven. Let the Savior put our applications into one censer; and be assured, my brethren, that after the dear and much loved scenery of this peaceful vale has disappeared from my eye, the people who live in it shall retain a warm and ever-during place in my memory, and this mortal body must be stretched on the bed of death, ere the heart which now animates it can resign its exercises of longing after you, and praying for you, that you may receive Christ Jesus, and so walk in him, and so hold fast to the things you have gotten, and so prove that the labor I have had among you has not been in vain; that when the sound of the last trumpet awakes us, these eyes, which are now bathed in tears, may open upon a scene of eternal blessedness; and we, my brethren, whom the providence of God has withdrawn for a little while from one another, may on that day be found side by side at the right hand of the everlasting throne.—*Chalmers.*

WHERE RAINBOWS NEVER FADE.

I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float for a moment on its waves and sink to nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festivals around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents on our hearts? We are born for a higher world than that of the earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade—where the stars will be but before us, like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever!

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

THE BALTIC PASSING MT. VERNON.

In passing Mount Vernon, the Mecca of Humanity, the Baltic paid the most solemn respect to the memory of Washington. The scene was impressive beyond description—one that will never be forgotten, or lightly remembered, by those who had the good fortune to be present. The booming battle-field dirge of the cannon; the slow funeral toll of the bell; the flag at half-mast; the uncovered heads of the reverent crowd on deck; the solitary mansion on shore; and the lowly tomb

"Where rest his mouldering bones,"—

together with the thickening recollections of the Past, and the thronging anticipations of the Future, stretching "beyond the reaches of the soul,"—all conspired to strain the heart-strings with emotion, and to bring tears into "eyes unused to the melting mood." It is a picture to impress both the painter and the patriot.—The majestic steamer—the largest, the fastest, the most magnificent vessel in the world—after winning the proud title of "Mistress of the Ocean" from that nation—

"Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"

pauses before the tomb of Washington, upon the tranquil bosom of the Potomac, to lay her peaceful laurels at the feet of the Hero who sleeps on its banks. But for *him*, we should have no country, no commerce, no Union, no liberty, no "star-spangled banner" to wave us on to greatness and to glory. It is well to revive our drooping patriotism by paying honors even to the dust of Washington; and while an imperious foreign beggar insolently seeks to weaken the reverence of the people for the "Father of his Country," we trust the effect will only be to rekindle in our hearts the affection that binds us to his principles and his memory. When the British fleet passed Mount Vernon in 1812 on their way to burn the Capitol, they fired a passing gun in honor of the American hero. The Hungarian refugee in 1852, while feasting for a fortnight within fourteen miles of the sacred spot, refuses the tribute of a passing visit.

But we cannot linger longer with our reminiscences around the tomb of Washington. The city that bears his name is before us, and we must leave the shades of the Mausoleum for the splendors of the Capitol. Yet we leave it not to forgetfulness or solitude. Myriads of unborn generations as they "rise in their long succession" will flock to this consecrated tomb, as stars in their revolutions repair to some central sun—

"To fill their golden urns with light."

SHOW AND REAL WORTH ILLUSTRATED

We were walking in the garden among the flowers: my companion stopped by a border, principally large carnation poppies. "O," says he, "what beautiful, what splendid flowers; but why do you not destroy those miserable weeds that so thickly and offensively occupy the interstices of the border?" "Wait till evening and I will tell you," I replied. We walk-

ed to the same place in the evening. "O, what delicious fragrance; how delicate, how sweet! and yet so fine, as, like the whispered music of the Æolian, it is scarcely perceptible—whence this delightful sweetness?" inquired my friend. "That, sir," I replied, "is the fragrance of that miserable weed, which you would have had me destroy this morning, and in it you have the answer to your question. That is the lovely *mignonette*, and now, where are your beautiful, splendid flowers, the poppies? In the morning they were here in all the ostentation of splendid robes, but where are they now? Scattered over the walks. The sun shone upon them, and the gentle breeze came and they were gone—leaving neither beauty nor fragrance behind. But this little plant, the appearance of which was so offensive to you this morning, now fills the very air with rich fragrance—the one is the glare and ostentation of external show, the other the richness of mind and the sweetness of modesty."

For the Classic Union.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY MRS. E. M. E.

I have dwelt beneath a loftier dome
Where fashion held more sway;
But I'm happier far in this sweet home
The cot where my children play.

Though I dearly love my native hills,
The home of my childish glee;
Where all unconscious of life's ills
My spirit bowered free.

Though memory loves to linger there,
And the tear will sometimes fall
O'er the scenes of love and care
Which her truthful lines reveal;

Yet dearer still is my Cottage Home
With its vine-clad porch and tree;
And from it, I would never roam,
All lowly though it be.

For here my heart's rich treasures are,
My jewels round me shine;
I gaze upon bright beings fair,
And proudly call them mine.

Mine! did I say? Let me beware:
These jewels are but sent
That I may polish them with care
For Him who kindly lent.

Yet while they glitter round my cot,
Radiant with happiness,
They gild with joy my Earthly lot,
And make me truly blest.

I envy not the giddy throng,
Who 're treading folly's maze
With graceful dance and festal song
'Mid splendor's dazzling rays.

When infant tongues their Father greet,
As shades of evening come;
Then happiness full and complete,
Is in our Cottage Home.

If joy so pure, 'mid Earthly pains
To mortals here is given,
Oh, what there love celestial reigns,
What is the bliss of Heaven?

THE BOY AND MAN.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOT.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business and concluded to go to England to try his fortunes there.—He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college.—There he applied himself so closely to his books and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity.—One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the government. They therefore raised him from one point of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lynnhurt, Lord High Chancellor of England.—About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men, in talent and power, in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; he studied in college, when other young men were wasting their time; he adopted for his motto, "Ultra pergere," (Press Onward,) and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of mis-spent boyhood.

The expanding mind of man, as it goes out in the investigation of nature, and the laws that every where preside in her ordinary domain, comes back, bringing with it the conviction that nature's author is a being of goodness.

VISIT TO KETTERING, ENGLAND.

"It was the morn'g of a lovely day in June," as the novelists say, that I left the modern Babylon—London—on a pedestrian excursion through some of the midland counties. Having visited many of the cathedral cities, some sketches of which I have furnished for your paper, I thought a little time might be devoted to humbler if not less interesting scenes—those made sacred by our Baptist worthies, such as Banyan, Cary, Fuller, Ryland, Hull and Sutcliffe. I shall trouble you very little with incidents of the road, but rather confine myself to sketches of the places visited, and notices of those who have made them famous. A few days after setting out, the hill on which Kettering stands rose in the distance before me. It is surmounted by an ancient but very beautiful church, the pride of the country round, which has a tall and extremely graceful steeple. It was past noon before I reached the Royal Hotel.—I was very wet and weary, having walked nearly fifteen miles that morning in the rain. I was soon in a condition to see and be seen, and, forgetting my weariness, sauntered out. The town is anything but a handsome one, having none of those rural features which atone for so many blemishes. The houses are nearly all old, and most of them common-looking. The first person I met knew the way to Andrew Fuller's meeting-house, and I was not long in finding it. The wife of the sexton, living a few doors off, brought out the key and offered to conduct me. Adjoining the gateway is a large house, in which Fuller lived and died. Entering the chapel, I found it was a very old building, and not in the best condition. I liked it all the better, of course, that I found it unaltered. Everything, the old oak pulpit and pews, the building without a floor, unless a brick pavement may have the name, told me that I was in the house where so many honored ones had preached, the scene of the pulpit labors of Fuller, "the Shamgar of the churches." My guide appearing to be growing weary of my tediousness, was easily prevailed on to trust me there alone, and left me to my meditations. For more than an hour I wandered about the old building, entered the pulpit, looked over the old Bible, then sat down, and was soon living with the past. I shall not inflict my meditations upon you. In my sober moments, I have thought my emotions in the sacred place were evidence of weakness; at any rate, I shall in future have much more charity for those who believe in shrines and relics, and acknowledge that poor human nature is the same the world over. The hour was one of enjoyment, perhaps of profit; for resolves were made there never, to say the least, to be forgotten. Call it superstition, if you will. The building will seat seven or eight hundred. On each side of the pulpit is a marble tablet; one to Fuller, the other to his successor, so early cut

off by death—Rev. I. Keen Hall. The one to Fuller reads:

"In memory of their revered and beloved pastor, The Rev. Andrew Fuller, the church and congregation have erected this tablet.

His ardent piety, the strength and soundness of his judgment, his intimate knowledge of the human heart, and his profound acquaintance with the scriptures, eminently qualified him for the ministerial office, which he sustained among them 32 years.

The force and originality of his genius, aided by undaunted firmness, raised him from obscurity to high distinction in the christian world. By the wisdom of his plans, and by his unwearied diligence in executing them, he rendered the most important services to the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was the Secretary from its commencement, and to the prosperity of which he devoted his life.

In addition to his other labors, his writings are numerous and celebrated. Died May 7th, 1815, aged 61."

After copying the above inscription, I walked into the little grave-yard behind the meeting-house, and almost the first tomb I came across, was Fuller's—a plain slab recording the date of his death, and the words, "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead, because of sin, but the spirit is life, because of righteousness."

On leaving, I was told that there would be a funeral there in a short time, to attend which I afterwards returned. At the hour appointed, the mourners and their friends assembled. Mr. Robinson, the pastor of the church, made an address.—I had heard him in London, at the anniversary of the Baptist Home Mission Society, and admired his bold and ardent eloquence, and was surprised and delighted to find him so full of tenderness—with so gentle and persuasive an earnestness speak of the world to come. On being introduced to him, I was received with open-hearted hospitality. In fact, his kindness and attention during the remainder of the day and evening, almost made me uncomfortable. He conducted me to his house, to Fuller's study, and the room where he died. He showed me the only relic remaining in the house—his penknife, with paper-cutter attached. After enjoying Mr. R.'s conversation for a long time, he took me in charge, and I was shown in order the celebrities of Kettering. The Independent church is but a little distance from the Baptist. Mr. Toller, the pastor, is the son of the Rev. Thomas Toller, whose life was sketched by Robert Hall, and who was one of the most eloquent and successful ministers of the Independent body. Hall states that "a noble simplicity and careless grandeur were the distinguishing features of his eloquence. In the power of awakening pathetic emotions he has excelled any preacher it has been my lot to hear. Often have I seen a whole congregation melted under him like wax before the sun. My own feelings, on more than one occasion, have approached to an overpowering agitation." Describing the effects of the last sermon he heard him preach, Mr. Hall continues: "It was such as I have never witnessed before or since. It seemed to me as though we were per-

mitted for a short space of time to look into eternity, and every sublimity object vanished before the powers of the world to come. Yet there was no considerable exertion, no vehemence, no splendid imagery, no magnificent description; it was the simple declaration of truth—of truth, indeed, of infinite moment, borne in upon the heart by a mind intensely alive to its reality and grandeur." Wm. Knibb, the missionary, was in his erry days a member of the Sunday school attached to Mr. Toller's church; At the jubilee of the Baptist Missionary Society, in 1842, on which occasion Knibb was the "bright particular star," he was met by his old teacher, who expressed his gratification at his pupil's progress. Leaving Mr. Toller's meeting house, and passing down the street, we enter a large mansion surrounded by a beautiful garden. It is the residence of one of the deacons of Fuller's church, nearly eighty years of age. He is the only survivor of those who were present at the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society. Being then but a youth of sixteen, of course he had no part in the services, unless the contribution of a very small sum to the original collection may be so regarded. He stated that the ministers met in the house we were in—his father's—before the organization of the regular meeting. I understood him to say they dined there. He conducted us to the room in which they had assembled, and pointed out the positions occupied by the ministers at the time. "There sat William Carey—I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday—and there was Sutcliffe—a good man—and there Ryland, and here our pastor. The Society was made over in the house opposite, Mr. Robinson will show you. They were a long time about it, and they took up a collection—thirteen pounds and better. It was a wonderful thing, my young friend, but they did not know it; and they were woful men. I shall never forget them, boy as I was. They are all gone; poor Mr. Hogg was the last, and I am going myself. £13 2s, 6d! what a beginning! But it was not the money; money is very well; but it is not all." In this strain the old man talked. There was no need of asking questions—he told the whole story. I don't wonder at his not forgetting the event. Had he been but six, instead of sixteen, he would have remembered it, for his memory has been refreshed every month since. At length we took our leave, receiving the blessing of the pleasant old deacon.

The building called the mission-house, is nearly opposite the one just left. It is a spacious brick house. On entering, we were at once conducted to the "little back parlor," which is no longer small, having been much enlarged. There was no carpet on the floor, so that the original dimensions of the room were seen—some twelve by fifteen feet. A small company in a small room, and a small collection.—What then? Sixty years is a very little time in the world's history, but they have been eventful years. The beginning is a great thing, and it has been made. They

have been years of toil and patience, and the labor has not been altogether vain.—Although in the time named, little could have been expected, yet much has been accomplished. In the garden adjoining the mission-house, the jubilee services were held in 1842. The space, 150 feet by 120, was covered by a huge tent, beneath which between four and five thousand persons assembled. It was a great gathering. Such a day the little town of Kettering never saw before, and will not see again until 1892. I shall continue the subject in my heart.—*Cor. Watch. & Reflector.*

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?—Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness, while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men are the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around the candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that ethereal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide spreading comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

“—Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—”
This is the prowess, and these are the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want superfluities.

No one who is acquainted with the history of Mrs. Norton, and who believes her innocent of the charges upon which her husband obtained a divorce from her, can read the following lines from her pen without deep emotion:

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

It is the twilight hour,
The daylight ~~and~~ is done,
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun:
It is the time when Friendship
Holds converse ~~faigand~~ free,
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee.
But my soul is faint and heavy,
With a yearning sad and deep,
By the fireside lone and dreary
I sit me down and weep!
Where are ye, merry voices?
Where clear and bird-like tone,
Some other ear now blesses,
Less anxious than mine own!
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fell like blossoms showers?
Where are ye sounds of laughter,
That cheer'd the pleasant hours?
Through the dim light slow declining,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your pictures hanging
Against the silent wall—
They gleam athwart the darkness,
With their sweet and changeless eyes,
But mute are ye, my children!
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye yet are ye playing
By the stanger's blazing hearth;
Forgetting, in your gladness,
Your old home's former mirth?
Are ye dancing? are ye singing?
Are ye full of children's glee?
Or do your light hearts sudden
With the memory of me?
Round whom, oh gentle darlings,
Do your fondly twine,
Does she press you to her bosom
Who hath taken you from mine?
Oh! boys, the twilight hour
Such a heavy time hath grown,—
It recalls with such a deep anguish
All I used to call my own,—
That the harshest word that ever
Was spoken to me there
Would be trivial—would be *releemoe*,
In this depth of my despair!
Yet no! Despair shall not sink,
While life and love remain.—
Tho' the weary struggle haunt me,
And my prayer be made in vain:
Tho' at times my spirit fail me,
And the bitter tear-drops fall,
Tho' my lot be hard and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope thro' all!

By the sudden joy which bounded
In the bann'd Harger's heart,
When she saw the gushing fountain
From the sandy desert start;
By the living smile which greeted
The lonely one of Nain,
When her long last watch was over,
And hope seem'd wild and vain;
By all the tender mercy
God hath shewn to human grief,
When fate or man's perverseness
Denied and barr'd relief,—
By the helpless woe which taught me
To look to Him alone,
From the vain appeals for justice
And wild efforts of my own,—
By the light—thou unseen future,
And thy tears—thou bitter past,
I will hope—tho' all forsake me,
In His mercy to the last!

A QUEER KIND OF REVENGE.

THERE were once two boys in the same class at school; who were, so far as scholarship was concerned, pretty nearly match-

ed. We will call one of the boys Thomas, and the other Isaac. Thomas got to the head of his class. For some reason or other—history does not inform us what—Thomas got angry with Isaac, and kicked him harshly and severely. At first, the injured boy thought he would strike his schoolfellow in return. But he checked his angry feelings, and hit upon another plan of revenging the insult. “I will study as hard as I can,” thought he, “and get to the head of my class, and keep there and look down on Thomas, and punish him in that way.” Well, the lad carried his plan into execution. He applied himself so closely to study, that he not only got ahead of the boy who had injured him, but of the whole school. And that is not the whole story. He became, in after years, one of the greatest scholars that the world ever saw. Reader, that was Isaac Newton. What do you think of the way he took to revenge the insult he received? Don't you think he showed more wisdom in this course than he would have done, if he had struck his schoolfellow a hard blow?

THE POLITENESS OF PAUL.—An old poet has quaintly called Jesus “the first true gentleman that ever breathed.” Paul's politeness, too, must not be overlooked, compounded as it was of dignity and deference. It appeared in the mildness of the manner in which he delivered his most startling and shattering messages, both to Jews and heathens; in his graceful salutations; in his winning reproofs—the “excellent oil which did not break the head;” in the delicacy of his allusions to his own claims and services; and above all, in the calm, self-possessed, and manly attitude he assumed before the rulers of his people and the Roman authorities. In the language of Peter and John to their judges, there is an abruptness savoring of their rude fisherman life, and sifter for the rough echoes of the Lake of Galilee than for the tribunals of power. But Paul, while equally bold and decided, is far more gracious. He lowers his thunderbolt before his adversary ere he launches it. His shaft is “polished,” as well as powerful. His words to King Agrippa—“I would to God, only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds”—are the most chivalric utterances recorded in history. An angel could not bend more gracefully; or assume an attitude of more exalted courtesy.—*Giffman.*

Dr. Johnson wrote the following verse to caricature some of the old legendary stories put in verse by modern writers:

“The tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on.”

MARRIED.—In Gilson county on the 26th ult., by Rev. W. A. HALL, Dr. W. WILSON YANDELL, formerly of this county, to Miss MARTHA A SANDEFORD.

Written for the Kutherford Telegraph.
Lament of the Orphan Maiden.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

Oh! mother dear look down from Heaven,
Where now thou art with angels bright,
And sooth this heart with anguish riven,
And dry the tears that dim my sight.

The flowers of love you planted, mother,
And nursed for years with fond delight,
Rank worldly weeds now almost smother
And tinge their beauties with a blight.

This world I thought was truth alone,
But ah! I find it one of fear:
My childhood's dreams have faded grown
And changed from glowing hues to drear.

I miss thy soothing hand, dear mo'her,
Upon my throbbing fevered brow,
And when I thought I'd found another,
Whose voice, like thine, could murmur low—

'Twas like the breeze that sweeps the strings,
Of harp Eolian waking rhyme,
Which lingers not, but spreads its wings,
And leaves the harp forgot behind.

In sleep alone I feel dear mother,
No care or trouble in my heart;
For childhood's years and home, dear mother,
In dreams again to life will start.

I dream,—Oh! happy, happy hour!
Once more I am a child again;
And Sorrow's darts have not the power
To give my heart one stab of pain.

I laugh and play once more, sweet mother,
With those who seldom shed a tear,
And as we gambol with each other,
Our voices ring in accents clear.

Again I see the couch, where nightly,
When I had said my little prayer,
'Till rosy dawn I slumbered lightly
Whilst gentle music filled the air.

That music was thy voice, my mother!
Oh! well remembered is each strain:
But I shall never hear it, mother,
On earth except in dreams again.

Oh! mother, would I could come to thee
In that calm home where grief is not,
Where sorrow finds the spring of Lethe
Whose waters make our woes forgot!
MURFREESBOROUGH, March, 1852.

MISSOURI AND NEW ENGLAND.

Hon. J. G. Miller, of Missouri, in the course of a recent speech makes some comparisons and brings forward some facts which we had not thought of before. We give the following extract from his speech:

I remember an anecdote, which is related by a very distinguished divine in the State of Kentucky, I believe a very near relative of an honorable member upon this floor, which is illustrative of the idea I have advanced. That gentleman travelled a few years ago over the continent of

Europe and through England; and while passing through the latter country, he was thrown into a coach with an Englishman, who was desanting largely upon the mighty resources of his sea-bound isle, of the vast extent of his rivers, and of the great advantages and facilities which they enjoyed for inland navigation. The reverend gentleman listened to him for a while, as you may well suppose, with a smile mauling his cheek; and after John Bull had exhausted all his eulogies upon his own land, the reverend gentleman told him of the length of the Ohio; he told him of the length of the mighty Mississippi; of the turbid Missouri, and he told him that these were the stems of mighty rivers with branches larger than all the streams of England. And, as you may suppose, the eyes and mouth of John Bull indicated his hesitation to believe the story which was told by the American gentleman; and, as the gentleman says, he believed that he was attempting to quiz him with a Munchausen story, and actually cut his acquaintance. I know that gentlemen from the East, who look upon the map of the country, cannot realize what it is—that that valley possesses—what it contains—until they have measured it by trips upon our steamboats from the city of Pittsburg to the great city of New Orleans, a distance of more than two thousand miles. Then, sir, let them ascend on and on for twelve hundred miles further, until they reach the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Then only can gentlemen appreciate the vast extent of the domain belonging to this Government.

Perhaps, Mr. Speaker, the conceptions of northern gentlemen who have never visited the West, with regard to its extent, will be rendered more distinct by a comparison of the area of one State of the number of those which fill up that great valley. Take, if you please, my own State, Missouri, and compare her area and extent with the six New England States:

Area of square miles in Missouri.....	67,350
Maine.....	35,000
Vermont.....	8,000
New Hampshire.....	8,030
Massachusetts.....	6,250
Rhode Island.....	1,200
Connecticut.....	4,750
	—64,230

Excess in Missouri over New England of 3,150
Almost enough left to make another State large as Connecticut, and more than enough for two like Rhode Island.

ANECDOTE OF THE TWIN SISTERS.—We know of a farmer in Connecticut, who has a pair of twin daughters, of whom a capital anecdote is told. They both attended the same school, and not long since one of them was called up by the master to recite a lesson in geography, which she had learned very imperfectly, and in fact could not go on at all. The teacher, who was getting quite out of patience, was called to another part of the room, and just at that moment the twin sprang on the floor unobserved, and pushing the delinquent scholar to her seat, took her place. The master proceeded with the questions, which were answered with a degree of promptness and accuracy, which at the

close drew from him a word of commendation. The joke was not discovered by the teacher until some days after. Of course it was too good and successful to occasion any offence.—[Cong'l Journal.

H. G. SCÖVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)
Nashville, Tennessee,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine,
Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Sauffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes. Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST
MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted but that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent Brick Building, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance, are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c.....	\$8 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c.....	12 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c.....	16 00

Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$5 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or at short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,
JOHN C. ROGERS,
W. MOORING,
JESSE GRAY,
Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1852. Committee.

R. D. REED,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
—ALSO—

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, PERFUMERY,
JEWELRY, &c. &c.
Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
jal-ly MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

G. D. CROSTHWAIT,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
IOWA CITY.
WILL attend to the location of Military bounty land Warrants. His charges are \$10 for 160 acres, \$3 for 80 acres, \$5 for 40 acres. He will use every means to select lands which will do to keep or sell. aug16-4f

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
—EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, APRIL 15, 1852.

NO. 15.

[For the Classic Union.]

PATIENCE AN INEXHAUSTABLE ATTRIBUTE OF MAN.

Man is composed of such extremes and opposites in his present state, that the traces of that harmony and perfection which pervaded his primitive being are like dim reflection upon the broken and dilapidated columns of some ancient tower, of its original grandeur.

Where once answered part to part in his moral constitution, and harmony ruled the efforts of mind, now discord reigns; and the perverted and conflicting energies of the soul wage unbroken strife. But the struggle though violent, is not totally destructive—the desolation though wide is not complete. There are gems of life starting forth amid the surrounding ruin—evidences that man has principles within him, which, while they are the signs of life, are also the preventives of decay.—Among these is his patience to endure—the ever living elasticity of his faculties.

We do not claim for this principle perfect action; but simply that it holds a high rank among the other attributes of man. This neither the profound, nor vulgar have been willing to admit; but playing over its importance in every department of the great drama of society, have chosen rather to consider it as performing but an humble and obscure office—as belonging only to those doomed to incessant toil; and as subject to exhaustion upon a certain accumulation of suffering. True patience may become weary; but this is far from proving it exhaustable: for to become weary is an infirmity of man's nature.—This pertains to all his faculties.

No one will contend that thought, when it has grown weary in its flight is incapable of further expansion: or that sympathy and benevolence when outraged by insult or stung by ingratitude will never more unite to bear the burdens and relieve the sorrows of a bleeding humanity. As thought seeks repose beneath the wise arrangement of heaven and then stretches

on in endless research, so sympathy and benevolence, refreshing themselves, yield again to the eloquence of the falling tear or the voice of complaining poverty; and patience lays claim to a similar susceptibility.

It would be difficult to conceive a state of mind in which its faculties would be incapable of further exercise or development; for its whole nature is active and progressive—its impress is immortal energy. If therefore all the faculties of the mind are inexhaustable, no one of its essential features can decay. Each may differ widely from the other in aspect and importance; yet each bears an essential relation to the whole, and discharges in turn its peculiar function. But in the severe conflicts which the mind endures, patience more than all its other powers is tried and tasked. In its strength and healthiness lies the vigor and success of the minds efforts: for its office is to collect and bind together, and preserve unbroken the energies of the soul, rendered so repulsive by the infusion of the destructive element of the fall—to grapple with and hold in check the vile impulses that arise from a diseased nature—to prepare the mind to bear the toil and to smooth the rugged path of life. How divine an attribute!—It is Heaven's own offspring! It never could have had its birth among the discords of earth! It is not that dead stoical temper so often courted by the weak, or affected by the proud. It is not that insensibility to the sorrows of others or the pains that afflict ourselves. It is not the companion of indolence or inglorious ease. It is the true sister action; and is nearly allied to that keen sensibility which enables man to feel for the unfortunate—which leads him to examine the kindred relations of man to his fellow—the elements of his constitution which are at war with the Divine arrangement—the links which bind together the social fabric, and the causes which, like a chain of destiny hold nations to their fate.

Patience is the ever faithful attendant of that world-wide philanthropy which prompts to self-denying toil for the good of the race; and is a peculiar characteristic of those distinguished for high intellectual achievements. Those who have labored most, and those who have labored most for the good of man, have ever been the most ready and the most willing to endure. A Newton, when looking back upon his brilliant but toilsome career, justly exclaimed, "whatever I have done is due to patient thought." Nothing but an untiring, unbounded patience could have sustained and kept his giant mind to his Herculean task, while he fathomed the profound depths of science and wandered through the intricate labyrinths of philosophy to reveal to the world the hitherto unknown. It was to him the great regulator of all his efforts, and the secret of his success. In view of such an example let not the slave to passion or the trifler say that patience is not inexhaustible or susceptible of almost infinite cultivation. Howard, a name dear to every christian heart, for a higher and nobler devotion to his race, is justly honored in the memory of every nation with the appellation of christian philanthropist; as a testimony of that undying patience which led him to remember the forgotten—to attend to the neglected—to seek out and visit the forsaken prisoner in his filthy and lonely cell, and point him to Christ—to compare and estimate the distresses of all men, and form schemes for their relief.—His patience was so cultivated that the most aggravating circumstances were regarded as in the common course of life, and by it he was enabled to inscribe a name on the tablet of the world's history that will be read and revered when those of kings with their deeds will have been lost in the gulf of oblivion.

Patience is that attribute which is the most constantly in exercise—the most severely tried; but the least commended of all the powers of the mind. It manifests

itself in a greater or less degree in all ranks of society, from the peasant to the king. Under the general influence of religion it is the main pillar of the social system. To be convinced of this we need but observe the strong relations by which the millions of earth are connected in a social dependence. The incompatibility of seclusion and the social tendencies of man, demand the intercourse of society. But to intermingle is to bear each others defects and encroachments, and to share mutually the losses and reverses of capricious fortune. But there are times, when those cords which should bind an individual to the great heart of society, are severed, and he is thrust out upon the crumbling stage of life with nought but the chart of his own conceptions of right to guide him. Men change their principles—friendship decays—the after tie is broken until he stands alone overwhelmed in spirit amid the work of desolation.—Then patience, like a ministering angel, soothes and inspires him for fresh efforts and renewed disappointments.

Extending our view to the erection of moral and political systems, we find innumerable evidence of the inexhaustibility of patience. It is ever the aim of the philanthropic spirit, to elevate man and make uniform and eternal the progress of society. System upon system have been projected which seemed to promise ultimate success. But before they have been fully tested by experience, some exotic zealot has breathed the flame of his excited passion upon the combustible material of society and consumed in a day the work of an age. But no sooner has the rage of the consuming element subsided, than we see a council of sages, seated upon the ruins, wisely consulting how to prevent the recurrence of the sad catastrophe. Again the sound of labor is heard. Wisdom devises and announces new plans; and the attention and energies of the world are engaged in the universal work of reconstruction. Such are the misfortunes to which man's best works are subject. One generation finding the principles upon which their fathers acted inadequate to meet the demands of their age, devote themselves to framing wise statutes to guide their descendants. But ere they are called from the scene of their labor, they are obliged to witness the failure of their noble endeavors. Their wisest counsels are departed—their nobles designs are frustrated—their long cherished and most sanguine hopes disappointed. Measures which they had originated, and which they had fondly anticipated when adopted,

would secure the wealth, peace, cultivation and refinement of posterity, and obtain for them, the universal respect and gratitude of mankind, have been no sooner set in successful operation, than some unforeseen event has intervened and obstructed the consummation of their high-born purposes. Same ruinous scheme of dark ambition—some ill-fated freak of novelty—some wild outburst of misguided enthusiasm, has unsettled and destroyed institutions, the patient labor of years, and buried the glory and the memory of their founders beneath the mass of their shapeless and lamented ruin. In all this are seen the toils and trials of that undying patience which, prompted by a christian philanthropy, was alone able to compose the feudal discords which once distracted society, and project and mature a social system, which is destined to unite the world in one great brotherhood.

If we contemplate the universal desire for wealth, its practical manifestations, we shall find a striking illustration of the capacity of man to patiently endure in pursuit of a cherished object. With heart uplifted to the god of wealth, for success, he encounters the most formidable obstacles and taxes to their utmost his energies. He scales the loftiest heights and descends to the lowest depths. His daring spirit leads him forth upon the face of the mighty deep to seek and plunder the treasures of distant shores; thought the elements gather around him like the night, and fight their dread battle amid Ocean's dreary wastes, while on her bosom he is tossed like a worthless insect: yet alike is he intent amid storm and sunshine, safety or disaster, to gather to himself the name and power of wealth.

This form of patience is fully attested by the attachments, which are formed and cherished for particular localities. At the base of Mount Vesuvius there are cities which have in several successive times been buried by the torrents of lava issuing from the glowing bosom of the mountain. But before the "mortal stratum has ceased to flow, the dispersed inhabitants have returned to the loved spot and rebuilt their dwellings out of the congealed torrent whose burning stream had overwhelmed and consumed their old one; evincing thus a daring fortitude, seeming to defy the stern judgments of Jehovah. But patience achieves its brightest lords in the christian character. The severe discipline to which the humble follower of the Man of Sorrows is subjected, in order to withstand the attacks of the numerous hostile elements which

continually conflict with his high purposes and holy endeavors; demands its most rigid exercise. The obligations imposed on him to steadfast endurance, compared with those laid upon the worldly multitude, are as much more weighty and imperious as the end for which he lives is glorious. He is called upon to hold himself in readiness to meet the most untoward events incident to the voyage of human life with composure and resignation—to smile with sincere benevolence on his foes, and to extend the cup of blessings to thankless lips. He stands alone amid the convulsions of a disordered moral universe. He is called to struggle with its beating storms and driving tempests, and above all with the burning passions of his own heart. He must not only hold the reins of a skillful guidance over his appetites, and hush to peace the rising rebellion of his heart against his reason and his conscience, but bring his intellect and imagination into subjection to the high behests of Deity. But for an achievement so arduous and demanding so severe a trial, he is stimulated by the example of Him, on whom the severest trial of patience was imposed, and who has assured him that his capacity to endure shall be equal to the conflict; which give full evidence that there is sufficient strength in christian character to enable him to overcome and hold on his way towards his high and holy destiny. Thus patience stamps its impress upon every enterprise of society, crowns every successful effort and lights up the path to glory and to God.

C. H. R.

Corners have always been popular.—The chimney corner is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that and you become immortal.

LARGE FEET.—"Some people think that large feet are ungenteel, but they are convenient. A person with large feet stands a better chance in a high wind than one with small feet, as he is not so liable to overset. Large feet are also more convenient for kicking rascals. On the other hand, large feet are inconvenient on account of the expense of shoe-leather and stocking-yarn. It also takes longer to wash large feet than small."

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

Who can do without it? No Christian, surely, who loves to hear of Zion's progress and Grace's triumph among the children of men.

Take it. It is well worth to you all it costs. You can scarcely make a more profitable investment of the like amount. Did you know its value, you would have it. Give it its due influence over you, and it will not fail to make you a wiser, and even a richer man; a better, and therefore a happier man.

Pay for it—always in advance; you can do this if you only think so, just as well as any way, and you get it at less price. Besides, it will then be worth a great deal more to you.

1st. Because it will have cost you something, though only a trifle; and you always think more of a thing for which you have been at some cost.

2d. It will not then be involving you in debt; and there is happiness in a consciousness of independence and freedom from debt.

Read it. It will be dumb otherwise; only thus can it speak to you; its voice cannot be waked, save by the magic of your eyes. And read it through. Be not content with a mere glance at the secular news, or the hymenial record, or the poet's corner, of the thrilling story, as the custom of some is, who, having thus done, coolly lay it on the table. All should be read; the long essay, as well as the brief epigram, the learned discussion, as well as the simple narrative; and that, not only for the instruction to be gained, but also for the habit of completing what is once begun. Work thoroughly done is always best done.

Lend it. Yes, when it will be well treated and promptly returned. Let your poor neighbor have it; it will do him good, and his blessing will be upon you. Let your rich neighbor have it; it will do him good, yet not so much as if he took it himself, fresh from the press.

Preserve it. Place the numbers carefully on file; it were well to have them bound. In after years they will be a rich fund of instruction to you, and to those who come after you. They will constitute the best history of the times.

Now, just make the trial; prove my words; put my veracity to the test, and see if these things be not so.—*Congregational Journal*.

 The Post office at Wirt College, Sumner County, Tenn., has been changed to Enon College.

YESTERDAY.

BY ITHEL GREY.

Her tiny hand is on my brow—
Her sunny tresses touch my cheek—
The love-light beameth o'er me now—
I, murmuring, essay to speak;
My thin lips move—the chara is gone,
From out my heart departs the ray,
She is not here, I sit alone.
Alas! we lost her yesterday.

I sit me down beside her bier,
I cannot weep a soothing tear,
I muse on all her tender wiles,
And call up all those sunny smiles—
The only words my lips can pray,
"O! Father, but for yesterday."

Methinks I see her sunny head—
Alas! for there it lieth, dead.
And cometh then the bitter sigh
That she, our treasured one should die.
Methinks her accents soft and clear,
Alas! her voice is far away,
Alas! for it was yesterday.

Oh Father! if I dared to pray,
Once more for that lost yesterday!
Thou knowest well the bitter stroke,
That nigh this smitten heart has broke.
Thou knowest well the deep distress
That smote in all its bitterness.
I cannot for the future pray,
I only weep for yesterday.

MANUFACTURING STATISTICS.

We find in a late number of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, a table showing the capital invested, the bales of cotton and tons of coal consumed, the number of hands employed, and their wages, in the manufacture of cotton goods in the United States, together with the value of the raw material and the entire product. The capital invested the manufacture of cotton goods in the whole United States is \$74,501,031; cotton consumed 641,240 bales; value of raw material \$34,835,055; entire wages per month, of males and females, \$1,447,292; value of entire product \$61,869,144.

The capital invested in the manufacture of wool \$23,144,650; proceeds of wool used \$70,862,829; value of all raw material used \$25,855,988; value of entire products \$43,207,555.

The capital invested in the manufacture of pig-iron is \$17,346,425; value of raw material \$7,005,288; value of entire products \$12,943,777. Capital invested in the manufacture of iron castings \$17,416,361; raw material \$10,346,253; value of entire products \$25,108,125.

The entire capital invested in the various manufactures of the United States, on the 1st of June, 1853, not to include any establishments producing less than the annual value of \$500, amounted in round numbers to \$559,000,000; value of raw material \$550,000,000; amount paid for labor \$240,000,000; value of manufactured articles \$1,020,330,000; number of persons employed 1,050,000.

Not long since we made out, and published a statement of the capital invested in Georgia in all these various manufac-

tures, as well as the value of the raw materials used, and of the various products; and also the amount expended for labor in these departments. Hence it is not necessary to present it again at the present time. The foregoing statements as the extent of the operations in industrial and mechanical art, in our country, we believe fall considerably short of the reality, and these figures, though large now, will make a small showing by the side of our manufacturing and industrial statistics even in a few years to come.

Such is the immense and rapid progress of our country in population, and such the enterprise of our people, that millions of acres of forest land, whose soil had scarcely been penetrated by a summer's sun, will teem in a few years with yellow harvests and fruitful orchards, and thrifty cities and towns. Railroads will thread them on every hand, and millions of busy people will occupy them in all the diversity of useful and health-creating arts of civilization. But it is not our object to enlarge upon these pleasing and inviting prospects of the future. We do not propose to enter into speculations of the future magnitude of our commerce, manufacture and other sources of public wealth and national greatness. It is sufficient for the present, to show what they are now. It will require no very vivid imagination to conceive, in some degree, of their immense increase in the future. The history of the past, and the developments of the present time, lift the veil, and exhibit, as it were, to our vision a country spread out over latitudes and longitudes vast in extent, in population, and wealth so far superior to any other country, of ancient or modern times, as to eclipse their glory however decorated in story or song.—*Georgia Const.*

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES. 1851.
—There are in the United States 10,815 miles of railroads in operation, and 10,880 in progress of construction. New York stands at the head of the list, having 1,0 less than 1,828 in operation. Pennsylvania stands next, having 1,148 miles constructed; Massachusetts 1,090; Ohio 828—the greatest of the Western States; Georgia 754—next greatest. Ohio has in progress 1,892 miles, and Illinois 1,469.—Virginia has 818 in progress and 478 completed. Ohio, when her present lines are completed, will be ahead of New York. The New England railroads cost \$45,000 per mile; the New York roads \$49,000, and the Southern roads only \$20,000.

There are now more railroads in the United States than in all the world beside.

FAYETTEVILLE RAILROAD.—A meeting was held in Winchester on the 5th, to consider the plausibility of extending a branch of the Winchester and Alabama railroad to Fayetteville. A committee was appointed to open books and receive subscription.—The friends of the enterprise are sanguine of success.

ANECDOTES OF MINISTERS.

We give below several interesting anecdotes and facts in the lives of ministers of the gospel which we have selected and condensed from several contemporary papers.

"Some years ago, an eccentric brother in the ministry accepted an invitation to visit a village of —, and hold a meeting on Sabbath evening. He was, however, warned of some danger to his person from those who might be present, but as there were many in the village who rarely, if ever, attended a religious meeting, none being held in the place, he resolved to go. On his way, a timid friend informed him that a plan was on foot among some of the fishermen to prevent his preaching. Nothing intimidated, he approached the school-house, and found collected from one to two hundred men and boys. A small number of females stood in the distance. Such a motley, rough-looking company, with their unshaven faces, oiled coats and pantaloons, and long pipes, from which clouds of smoke arose, he had never before seen. There was some murmuring, and a gruff remark or two, backed by an oath, as the minister approached. He did not hesitate, however, but passed directly through the crowd, and entered the school-house. The rabble followed. Not a head was uncovered, nor a pipe put out. After a pause, the preacher commenced, by saying, "As you are all fishermen, I will read you a story of a fisherman in former days. He was a noble-hearted fellow, and did much good. His part was always done when engaged on board his craft. When on shore, he was never found in any dirty business. In every respect, he was a model of a fisherman. Not like some whom I could mention. Such you may always know, whether ashore or afloat. If they go into company, they publish their meanness. If they go to a meeting, they seek to do evil and not good. They are what sailors call skirks. If there are any here to-night they will expose themselves by noise, oaths, or something worse." Thus, in a rough way, the minister shamed them into silence, secured an earnest attention, and it was but a short time before nearly every head was uncovered and every pipe put out. An incident in the life of Peter was then read, and after prayer, a text from the words of another fisherman was then taken, and a more attentive audience could not have listened to the preacher. Before he concluded, some of the sunburnt faces

were wet with tears. As the congregation left the house, one was heard to say, "John; I thought you were going to stop him; why didn't you do it?" "Why, Bill, the fact is, if I had, the whole town would have called me the shirk, so I waited for some one else to start." "Well, I don't know how it was with the rest of you, but hang me, John, every time I thought of letting him have it, if the strength didn't leave my legs, and before he got through he started a leak in my eyes, and then it was all over with me, I couldn't do it."

Dr. Ashbel Green was once compelled to preach without notes. He had been in the habit of carefully writing out his sermons and carrying them into the pulpit. He said "I was afraid to venture to preach in the city without my notes, or without committing the whole of a written discourse to memory, which method I practiced for a short time. At length an occurrence took place which compelled me to address the audience, that had excited my fears without any time even to meditate on what I should say. I had gone to the pulpit supposing that the notes of a sermon which I had carefully prepared were safely in my pocket, till the psalm which was sung before the sermon wanted only a single stanza of being finished. Then I discovered that my notes were not in my pocket, but that I must either have dropped them in the street or left them in my study. In my confusion I could not even find the text, on which I had prepared to preach. When but a line remained to be sung, I turned hastily to a passage of Scripture on which I had once spoken at another place, and rose and discoursed upon it at the same length as was usually occupied by my other discourses. My hasty effusion I found was very acceptable to my people in general, and the most critical hearer in the congregation, as I was informed, said it was in my ordinary manner, except that the parts were not so closely connected as my discourses were in common. After this I did not hesitate (when I had not time to write) to speak to my city audience without writing."

Extemporaneous preaching was, in the seventeenth century, in some churches, most assuredly in disfavor. We find in the diary of Mr. Smith, the minister of Portland, Maine, an entry which shows that writing had some disadvantages and yet was practiced. Sunday.—"Forgot my spectacles, and could not preach." "I went and prayed but could not see to

preach." These reading preachers were often told by the extemporaneous gentlemen of such things; and in return, they had their tales also to tell. Here is one: Downe, a preacher at Portsmouth, N. H., took for a text the words of Christ "Take no scrip." "These words, my hearers," said he, "naturally lead me to preach against preaching with notes; the word *scrip* is derived from the Latin word *scribo*, to write; so that the apostles were to take no writing with them when they went about to preach the gospel. Though you may love to have your ears tickled with the high-flown language of a man who has had an *epidemic* degree, be assured it is a very unscriptural way of preaching."

We are told, also, that a clergyman, distinguished for his learning, was accosted by a very illiterate preacher, who was never guilty of reading a sermon, and who despised *learning*: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," said Mr. Ignoramus, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any *learning*." "A similar event," replied the other, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The late Rev. Joseph Sewall, who spent fifty years as a missionary and gathered forty churches in Maine, was originally a preacher from notes, but on one occasion he went to an appointment and found only a few present to hear him preach in a school-house. He thought at first he could not preach to them; but having gone into a grove, and lifted his heart to God, he concluded to give them a familiar *talk*. It was so easy to talk, and his talking had such an effect on his hearers, that ever after his preaching partook more or less of this character. A man strongly opposed to the doctrines of grace, expressed warm approbation of his preaching and was asked how it was, seeing that he preached the same doctrine which he so much disliked in another minister; his reply was striking:—"I know it, I know it; but we are willing you should send us to hell, if you only seem sorry for it."

Father Moody, a noted minister in Maine, once called on a brother in the ministry on a Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him if agreeable. The good man appeared very glad to see him, and said "I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow; but I feel almost ashamed to ask you."—"Why, what is the matter?" asked

Moody. "Why our people have got into such a habit of going out before worship closes, that it seems to be an imposition upon a stranger." "If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Moody's reply. When the Sabbath day came and bro. Moody had opened the service and read the text, he looked round on the assembly and said, "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention." When he had preached to them as long as he thought well, he paused and said, "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." But all of them stopped and heard him through.

A certain minister, who was not a very animated and interesting preacher, was often deserted by his flock, at least some of them on the Sabbath. The old gentleman adopted some rather novel methods of keeping the delinquents up to the point of duty. When any family was absent two or three Sabbaths in succession, he would publicly state the congregation that as M——'s family had been for some time absent from public worship, he presumed there was sickness or trouble in the house, and he would, therefore, appoint a prayer meeting at their house on Tuesday afternoon.

The worthy old minister on one occasion also caught the wanderers by the following piece of harmless guile. On one Sabbath afternoon he told his people that he should take a journey the next day, and be absent for a short time; but he would take care that some person should come from Boston, and supply his desk on the next Sabbath. On the next Sabbath morning the meeting-house was filled.—The whole town turned out to hear the Boston preacher. They waited awhile in eager expectation of his entrance, when in marched the old minister and walked up the broad aisle, as he had been accustomed to do for many years gone by.—On ascending the pulpit, he smiled graciously upon his large audience, and said, "I am glad, my dear hearers, that I have got you all out;—you are all here, as you ought to be;—and I hope your minds are prepared to receive instructions;—I came from Boston yesterday morn'g."

[For the Classic Union.]
ENGINEERING.

West Point, we well recollect, "used to

be" no favorite with the good people of the United States.

It was thought, by many, to be entirely opposed to the Gospel of Peace to educate men for the express object of preparing them for war. Then, although Moral Science was expounded from the admirable pages of Wayland, the chapter on *War*, was tabooed, and the Department at Washington was unsoldierly enough to go around it. Added to this, it was urged that the place was not more moral than it should be, and that Mathematics, which was the basis of the system of education there, although beautiful in theory, had failed to make great statesmen, great writers, great orators, or distinguished men in any walk of life.

Only two or three years ago, a distinguished teacher and scholar, not a thousand miles from this, in a public address to the students, demonstrated the utter incompetency of Euclid to discipline the mental powers, from the startling fact that all his propositions were forgotten in a few years, while the youth of capacity and taste would revert to the classics of Greece and Rome with the a pleasure increased by increasing years.

In short, it was a desperate case, and needed no prophet to see that the whole tribe "signs, points, lines, surfaces, and other imaginary nonentities," were destined to go to the wall. The great business of this great republic was to learn to speak and not to cipher.

When Mr. Jefferson wished to obtain some person whose scientific attainments should entitle him to superintend that great and truly useful enterprise, the United States Coast Survey, he was obliged to look beyond the limits of his country.

Mr. Hassler was not the first or the only Engineer we were compelled to employ from abroad. But the Mexican war came, when the man of words took the back ground, where it was necessary to act, and gave West Point ample revenge in the signal success which attended our arms.

The turn public opinion then took has not been partial or illusive; numerous bridges, railroads, and various other forms of public improvements have created a demand which it has been the pride and duty of American Institutions to meet.—The teacher, alluded to above, has found it necessary, among his other qualifications, to place in quite a prominent position the ability to teach Mathematics, and, to do him justice, we are told he is a very respectable demonstrator of the formerly "abstruse and useless sciences."

There are at present some half a dozen Military schools in the United States, and almost every college has made more or less provisions for teaching Practical Mathematics. Nor has this been without its effect abroad. Russia, and if we mistake not, several other European powers get their Engineers from the United States.

An additional charm Engineering has in the eyes of many, is the comfortable little amount of pocket change it furnishes—say from \$2,000 to \$5,000 per annum.

With the philanthropist, the christian, and the patriot, there is a broader, deeper view—unfolding the riches of our country, preparing us for the enjoyment of peace by the prevention of war, and finally, by the friendly aid of science, opening the "nations that sit in darkness" to the light and liberty of the Gospel.

DELTA.

[For the Classic Union.]

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT—NASHVILLE UNIVERSITY.

It is truly gratifying to learn the immediate and eminent success of the Medical Department of Nashville University. Whatever opinion may be entertained with regard to the propriety of selecting Nashville as a place for a literary institution, there is probably no hesitation as to its peculiar advantages for a Medical School.

In addition to this, there is a large and able Faculty—not mere theorists, but men who have put their theories to the test of an eminent and successful practice.

We say, then, to the young men preparing for the "pill business," in Tennessee, you should by no means overlook the many advantages presented by this Institution for acquiring the varied and useful knowledge necessary to fit them for their arduous and responsible vocation.

We find a summer Session advertised, which will be acceptable to many who might not otherwise enjoy the "privilege and license of being lectured."

DELTA.

The Spaniards have a saying that, "he who would have good company, must be good company." This maxim contains important truth, and truth to which the young would do well to give heed. Think of this, young man. If you are known to be good, to be upright and correct in your course, pure in thought and in speech, then the profane, the impure and the profligate, will abandon their evil practices or they will studiously avoid your presence.

E.

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

ONE EVENING, in the early part of the winter, the door bell rang with energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. A 'man' is one thing with a servant, a 'gentleman' another, and a 'person' something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him myself. His dress was very neat, but plain and rather coarse. His linen, that badge of refinement, was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant. But nothing gave clue to his position in life.—In all outward seeming he was simply a man. When he spoke to me his address was simple, clear, direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance, the furthest possible from a vulgar bluster.

'Doctor,' said he, 'I wish you to come and see my child. We fear he is threatened with the croup.'

I put on my hat and prepared to accompany him: for if the case was as he supposed there was no time to lose. In this disease a single hour may make a life's difference.

In a moment we were walking up one of our broad avenues. The child, he said, had been playing out of doors, had eaten heartily at supper, gone to sleep, and awakened up a short time since very hoarse, with a croaking cough. The case was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up, up, up, to the fourth story.—The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door.—You will see in time why I give these little particulars.

I entered the open door, and was welcomed by a rather pretty and remarkably tidy woman, who could have been nobody in the world but the wife of the man who had summoned me.

I am glad you have come so soon,' she said, in a soft accent. 'Little William is so distressed that he can hardly breathe.'

And the next moment as we passed thro' a narrow passage where he lay, I heard the unmistakeable croup sound, that carries such terror to the parent's heart.

'Is it the croup, doctor?' asked the father with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child—a fine boy three years of age.

'It is certainly the croup, and a pretty violent attack,' said I. 'How long is it since you thought him sick?

'Not above half an hour,' was the calm reply. It was made calm by a firm self-

control. It looked at the mother. She was very pale, but did not trust herself to speak.

'Then there is probably little danger,' I said, 'but we have something to do. Have you the water here?'

The husband went to to what seemed a closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with the Croton. This was beyond my hopes, but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his little crib, where he lay upon a nice hair mattress, fit for a prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night clothes, stood him in a bathing tub, and his father poured full upon his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed them briskly with my hand. He was then wiped dry, and rubbed until his whole body was glowing like a flame. Then I wrung a large towel out of cold water, and put it around his throat, and then wrapped him up in blankets.—The brave little fellow had borne it all without a complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eye no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in sound slumber, and breathing freely. The danger was over—so rapid is this disease and so easily cured.

Happiness had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown over the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them, and was more than ever puzzled where to place them. There was no mark of high breeding not a shadow of decaying gentility about them. It was rather the reverse, as if they were working up from a low rank to a higher. I looked around the room. It was the bedroom: Everything in it was perfectly neat and orderly. The bed, like the crib, was excellent; but not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautiful it looked.

The white window curtains were shilling muslin, but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed. The bath with its strong folding doors, I knew had not cost, plumber's bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet table, of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt was white pine, and cost half a dollar.—The pictures on the wall were beautifully tinted lithographs—better, far better, than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of millionaires; yet they can be bought at Goupil's, or William B Stephens' for from three to five shillings, and a dollar a piece had framed them. The floor had carpet

that seemed to match every thing, with its small neat figure, and a light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in all parts, as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving the little boy to his untroubled sleep, and giving directions for his bath on his waking, we went into the other room, which was differently, but just as neatly arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, only it had a cooking-stove, or an artist's studio, or a dining room. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, and landscapes, all such as a man of taste could select, and buy cheap; but which, like good books, are invaluable.—And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney, which a single glance assured me contained some valuable volumes.

The man went to a bureau, opened a drawer, and took out some money.

'What is your fee, doctor?' he asked, holding out the bills so as to select one to pay me.

Now I had made up my mind before I got half way up stairs, that I might have to wait for my pay—perhaps never get it, but all this had changed. I could not, as I often do, inquire into the circumstances of the man. There he stood ready to pay me, with money enough, yet it was evident that he was a working man, and far from wealthy. I had nothing left but to name the lowest fee.

'One dollar does not seem enough,' said he. 'You have saved my child's life, and have been at more trouble than to merely sit down and write a prescription.'

'Do you work for your living?' said I, hoping to solve the mystery.

He smiled and held out his hand, which bore the unquestionable marks of honest toil.

'You are a mechanic?' I said, willing to know more of him.

'Take that,' he said, placing a \$2 note in my hand, with a not-to-be-refused air, and I will gratify your curiosity, for there is no use in pretending that you are not a little curious.'

There was a hearty respectful freedom about this that was perfectly irresistible. I got the note in my pocket, and the man in going to a door which opened into a closet of moderate size; displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker.

'You must be an extraordinary workman, said I, looking around the room which looked almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item I found that it cost but very little.

'No, nothing extra, I barely manage to

make a little over a dollar a day. Mary aids me some. With the housework to do, and our little boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average \$8 a week. We began with nothing—we live as you see.

All this comfort, this respectability, this almost luxury for eight dollars a week.

'I should be very sorry if we spent so much,' said he. 'We not only manage to live on that but have something laid up in the saving's bank.'

'Will you have the goodness,' said I, just to explain to me how you do it? for I was really anxious to know how a shoemaker and his wife earning but \$8 a week could live in comfort and elegance, and lay up money.

'With pleasure,' he replied, 'for you may persuade others, no better off than I, to make the best of their situation.'

I took a chair which he handed me.—We were seated, and his wife after going to listen for a moment to the soft and measured breathings of little Willie, sat down to her sewing.

My name,' he said, 'is William Carter. My father died when I was young, and I was bound out an apprentice to a shoemaker, with the usual provision of schooling. I did as the boys generally do at school; and as I was very fond of reading, made the most of my spare time and advantages of the Apprentice's Library. Probably the books that helped me most were the sensible writings of Wm. Cobbett. Following the example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have to some extent succeeded. But a man's education is a life-long process, and the more I learn the more I see before me.

'I was hardly out of my teens when I fell in love with Mary there, whom I know to be very good.'

Mary looked with such a bright loving smile, as to fully justify some people in their notion.

When I had been one year a journeyman and had laid up a few dollars, for I had a strong motive to be saving, we were married. I boarded with her mother, and she bound shoes for the shop where I worked. We lived a few weeks at her father's but it was not our home—the home that we wanted—so we determined to set up house-keeping. It was rather a small set up but we made it answer. I spent a week in house-hunting. Some were too dear, and some too shabby. At last I found this place. It was new and clean, high and airy, and I thought it would do. I got it for \$50 a year—and though the rents around have advanced our landlord is satisfied with

that or takes it in preference to risking a worse tenant. The place was naked enough, and we had little to put in it, to serve ourselves, we went cheerfully to work, earned all we could, saved all we could, and you see what is the result.'

'I see, but I confess I do not understand it,' said I, willing to hear him explain the economies of his modest and beautiful home.

'Well, it is simple enough. When Mary and I moved ourselves here and took possession, with a table, two chairs, a cooking-stove, a saucepan or two, and a cot-bed with a straw mattress, the first thing we did was to hold a council of war.

'Now Mary, my love,' said I, 'here we are. We have next to nothing, and we have everything to get and nobody but ourselves.'

We found that we could on an average earn eight dollars a week. We determined to live as cheaply as possible, save all we could and make ourselves at home. Our rent was a dollar a week—our fuel, light, water-rent and some little matters a dollar more. We have allowed the same amount for our clothing, and buying the best things and keeping them carefully, we dress well enough for that.—Even my wife is satisfied with her wardrobe, and finds that raw silk at six shillings a yard is cheaper, in the long run, than calico at a shilling. That makes three dollars a week, and we have our living to pay for. That costs us within our family, just one dollar a week more.'

'One dollar a piece?'

'No—one dollar for all. You seem surprised; but we have reckoned it over. It cost us more at first but now we have learned to live both better and cheaper—so that we have a clear surplus of four dollars a week, after paying all expenses of rent, fuel, light, clothing, food, &c. And when we wish to pass a pleasant evening with our friends, Mary usually gives a concert or a party.

I know a smile came over my face, for he continued—

'Yes give a party, and we have some pleasant ones, I assure you. Sometimes we have a dozen guests, which is quite enough for comfort, and our treat of chocolate, cakes, blanc mange, &c., costs as much as two dollars; but this is not very often. Out of our surplus, which comes you see, to two hundred dollars a year—we have bought all you see, and have money in the bank.'

'I see it all,' said I, 'all but the living. Many a mechanic spends more than that for cigars, to say nothing of liquor. Pray tell me precisely how you live.

'With pleasure. First of all then, I smoke no cigars, chew no tobacco, and Mary takes no snuff.'

Here the pleasant smile came in, but there was no interruption, for Mary seemed to think that her husband knew what he was about, and could talk without her aid.

'I have not drank a glass of liquor since the day I was married. I had read enough physiology to make up my mind that tea and coffee contained no nutriment, and were poisonous beside; and I tried a vegetable diet long enough to like it better than a mixed one, and to find that it agreed with me better, and as we have read and experienced together, of course Mary thinks as I do.'

'But what do you eat and drink?' I asked, curious to see how far this self-taught philosopher had progressed in the laws of health.

'Come, this way and I will show you,' he said, taking a light and leading the way into a capacious store room. 'Here, first of all, is a mill which cost me twelve shillings. It grinds all my grain, gives me the freshest and most beautiful meal and saves tolls and profits. This is a barrel of wheat. It costs less than two cents a pound, and a pound of wheat a day, you know, is food enough for any man. We make it into bread, mush, pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. This is hominy. Here are some beans, a box of rice, tapioca and macaroni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best I can find in the market. Here is a box of sugar, and this is our butter jar. We take a quart of country milk a day; I buy my other things down town, by the box or barrel, wherever I can get them best and cheapest.

Making what we eat as mush or bread, and all made coarse, without boiling—and potatoes, or hominy or rice, the staple, you can easily see that a dollar a week for provisions is not only ample but allows of a healthy and even luxurious variety.—For the rest, we eat greens, vegetables, fruit and berries in their season. In the summer we have strawberries and peaches, as soon as they are ripe and good. Mary will get a dinner from these materials at the cost of a shilling, better than the whole bill of fare at the Astor.'

I was satisfied. Here was comfort, intelligence, taste and modest luxury, all enjoyed by an humble mechanic, who knew how to live at the cost I have mentioned. How much useless complaining might be prevented if all the working men were as wise as William Carter.

I never shook a man or woman by the hand with a more hearty respect than when I said "Good night" to this happy couple, who, in this expensive city, are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the bench of a shoemaker the chair of practical philosophy.

Reader, if you are inclined to profit by this little narrative, I need not write but any other moral than the injunction of Scripture, "Go and do likewise."

GOOD TIDINGS FOR ALL MANKIND.

JOHN ANGELL JAMIS.

Turn now to the dispensation, the brightest and the richest ever granted to man, under which it is our mercy to live. Christianity has nothing local in its institutions, nothing limited in its provisions, nothing exclusive in its spirit. When the Sun of Righteousness rose upon our world, it was not to stand still on the hills, and valleys of Judea, but, with the mild aspect of universal benevolence, to pursue a course round the whole earth. Jesus Christ, by the power of his cross, threw down the middle wall of partition, and, standing upon its ruins, gathered his apostles around him, and said unto them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!" Begin at Jerusalem, and let those that struck the rock be the first to drink of its healing streams; but stay not there; let repentance and remission of sins be preached to all nations. Content not yourselves, as did the priests and prophets of the law; with inviting the perishing outcasts to come and be saved, but go to them. Mine is a richer grace, the very fullness of mercy; go, therefore, and carry to every perishing child of Adam the offer of love, the means of salvation; and neither rest nor stop, till not an individual shall have to say, "no man careth for my soul."

Such is the nature, the spirit, and the design of Christianity, and such its difference from Judaism: its doctrines, its duties, its institutions, have no peculiarities that fit them for one place, or one people, but are like the light of the sun, and the air we breathe, adapted to every age and every people, whether burning under the line, or shivering at the poles; whether enlightened by science, and polished by learning, or whether wrapped in the gloom of barbarism, and degraded to the brutal habits of savage life. And, as it is adapted to all, so it is intended for all: no one nation can claim a deeper interest than another in the love of the Savior, or the blessings of salvation. He is the redeemer of the world. And, the gospel being intended for all, it is the duty of those who possess it, to extend it to those who have it not. Christianity explains the glowing language and splendid imagery in which the ancient seers had predicted the times of the Messiah; and has revealed secrets which came not within the horizon of their far-seeing eye; it has cleared up every perplexity, the solution of which eluded their inquiries, often as they employed themselves in "Searching what, and what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." They perceived through the clouds of their own dispensation, and amidst the haze of futurity, a dim splendor, which they could not comprehend. Those clouds have rolled off, that haze has cleared up, and, though still future and distant, the glory of the millennial age is seen by us spreading over all lands. From the mountain of vision we behold the beauteous of hol-

iness covering every region, and hear the song of salvation rising from every land. To our believing and enraptured eye, no less an object presents itself, than the whole earth reposing in peace beneath the sceptre of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

How much is to be realized in that wondrous scene of grace and glory, to which, notwithstanding its present aspect of crime, and curse, and misery; notwithstanding its present attitude of revolt, hostility, and enmity against God; its present bondage to idolatry, tyranny, and barbarism, our groaning earth, our weeping, bleeding, miserable world, is destined by a God of love! And how, but by the instrumentality of those who proclaim themselves to be his children, by breathing his own Spirit, is this glorious regeneration of the nations to be accomplished? Yes, here is the vocation, the business, and the triumphs of the church; all this is to be done, not by the intervention of angels, but by the agency of man. The treasure of Christ's immeasurable riches is deposited, not in vessels of gold, east and burnished in heaven, but in vessels of earthly mould, and evincing the weakness, the coarseness, and the brittleness of their original. To the church, Jehovah is ever saying, "Even for this purpose have I raised thee up, to be my salvation to the ends of the earth. Behold, I send thee far hence to the Gentiles." In fulfilling this commission, the church is not to take her stand upon Calvary, and lifting up the blood-sprinkled sign, to summon the gods of the heathen to come and yield up their usurpations at her feet: no, but she is to carry that blessed symbol into the very pantheon of idolatry, and, by the power of God, to drive out the rabble of divinities, and take possession of their desolate abode for Him. She is to commence an invasion of the territory of Satan, rescue vassal nations from his yoke, overturn the altars of paganism, and win the world for Him whose right it is to reign.

PICTURE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The last year or two we have been favored with several journals, some real and others fictitious, of persons who lived one or two hundred years since, and very many have been interested in them. We now give passages from the journal of a young lady of the fifteenth century, which do indeed take us behind the scenes, and show life as it really was. The manuscript from which these extracts are taken, is preserved in Drummond castle, Scotland; its writer was the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, who was afterwards the wife of Lord Grey, to whom we shall see she alludes in her journal. After his death she became the Queen of Edward IV., and died in confinement at Southwark, in the reign of Henry VII.

"Monday morning, rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows, Rachel, the other dairy maid having scalded her hand in so dreadful a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

"6 o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest.

"Mem.—To talk with the cook about the first fault, and to amend the other myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.—

"7 o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meat.

"8 o'clock.—Went to the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without saddle or bridle.

"10 o'clock.—Went to dinner: John Grey, a most comely youth,—but what is that to me? a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good-natured. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it except Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in the family. John Grey loves white teeth. My teeth are of a pretty good color, I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it; and John's, if I mistake not, is of the same color.

"11 o'clock.—Rose from table; the company all desirous of walking in the field; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey; he plays at prison-bars as well as any country gentleman! and is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

"3 o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for relief of the farmer; gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent.

"Mem.—Never saw him look so comely as at this moment.

"4 o'clock.—Went to prayers.

"6 o'clock.—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"7 o'clock.—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour on account of farmer Robins's misfortune.

"Mem.—The goose-pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

"9 o'clock.—The company fell asleep; these late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time; John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time, fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey."

Well done, Elizabeth!—Well done, Lady Grey!

Well done, Queen!

The Bible is a book worth more than all the books which ever were printed.—*Patrick Henry*

He is a wise man that can avoid an evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

People seldom learn economy, till they have little left to exercise on.

The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance.



APRIL 15, 1852.

THE BIBLE CONVENTION.

Most of our readers have no doubt seen elsewhere the proceedings of the Bible Revision Convention; we shall therefore do nothing more than give the result of its proceedings. The following, from the *Memphis Express*, will give some idea of the character of the Convention for respectability, talent and learning:

"The Bible Convention is large in numbers, and composed of men of age, experience and wisdom. It is one of the ablest assemblages which has ever met in this great valley. Amongst its members we have youth, zeal and eloquence, giving its deliberations an energy and force commensurate with its objects in after ages upon the world; aided and assisted with the power and vigor of ripened manhood, under the guidance of experience and reputation of names, consecrated in the public mind, by a life of christian benevolence, elevated by the most diligent enquiry of social and religious duty, and the strictest and earnest life of purity and christian excellency. A large assembly of men composed of such materials must have an influence, *lasting and powerful*, as its objects are *vital and important*.

We have no knowledge of any assembly of men, embodying more character, greater talent, and laboring for higher objects.

We think no spectator, however widely he may differ from the Convention, or distrust the consequences from its labors, can look upon the gray headed sages, many of whose names are familiar to all christendom, without feeling a profound sense of respect and admiration for the Convention; without having excited in his heart, veneration for them personally—respect for their motives and deep concern in whatever work or enterprise such men unite in for the good of mankind. We

repeat, a Convention so respectable, in numbers, so distinguished for its learning, piety and spotless life of its members, cannot fail to awaken the attention of all christianization to its objects, and produce amongst the great, the good and the learned, the *fructus boni operis* due to the mingling of great and saintly, of the great cause, in which they are enlisted. We have seen assemblages of the great and renowned, for various objects—but we have *never* seen a Convention of men of greater learning, of higher reputation, assembled for objects, so vitally important to man's destiny."

The result of their labors was the formation of a regular association for the revision of the present version of the Scriptures, to be known as the "Bible Revision Association." Its objects will be explained by the following constitution and rules which were adopted:

ART. 1. This society shall be called "The Bible Revision Association," the object is to procure from the best scholars of the present age, a correct revision of our present version of the Bible.

ART. 2. Provides for co-operation with the Bible Union, in the *sole object of revision*.

ART. 3. Defines the officers and their duties.

ART. 4. The fixed terms of membership—\$5 an annual member; \$30 a life member; \$100 a life Director.

GENERAL RULES FOR THE DIRECTION OF TRANSLATORS AND REVISORS.

1. The exact meaning of the inspired text, as that text expressed it to those who understood the original scriptures at the time they were first written, must be translated by corresponding words and phrases, so far as they can be found, in the vernacular tongue of those for whom the version is designed, with the least possible obscurity or indefiniteness.

2. Whenever there is a version in common use, it shall be made the basis of revision, and all unnecessary interference with the established phraseology, shall be avoided; and only such alterations shall be made as the exact meaning of the inspired text and the existing state of the language may require.

3. Translations or revisions of the New Testament shall be made from the received Greek text, critically edited, with known errors corrected.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE REVISORS OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT.

1. The common English version must be the basis of the version: the Greek Text, Bagster's & Sons, octavo edition of 1851.

2. Whenever an alteration from that version is made on any authority additional to that of the revisor, such authority must be cited in the manuscript, either on the same page or in an appendix.

3. Every Greek word or phrase, in the translation to which the phraseology of the common version is changed, must be carefully examined in every other place in which it occurs in the New Testament,

and the views of the revisor be given as to its proper translation in each place.

4. As soon as the revision of any one book of the New Testament is finished, it shall be sent to the Secretary of the Bible Union, or such other person as shall be designated by the Committee on Versions, in order that copies may be taken and furnished to the revisors of other books, to be returned with their suggestions to the revisors of the book. After being revised with the aid of these suggestions, a carefully prepared copy shall be forwarded to the Secretary."

That the position of the Baptists of the Revision Association might be understood in reference to the plan of the denomination in the South for the distribution of the Scriptures, the following resolution was adopted:

"The following resolutions were then offered by the Rev. Mr. Graves and agreed to:

WHEREAS, Considering it as a matter of the first importance, for the harmony of the Baptist denomination in the South, that the exact position and policy of this association should be clearly understood, that the fears of many true friends of revision may be dissipated and their co-operation secured,

Resolved, That we are opposed to any movement the tendency of which may be to injure or conflict with the interests of the existing Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention; and we therefore advise our Baptist brethren in the South to direct their funds, intended for the circulation of the Bible, at home: and also, those intended to aid in the circulation of the Scriptures in those Foreign fields, occupied by the Missions of our Foreign Mission Board, through the Southern Bible Board, located in Nashville, unless they prefer some other medium, while those funds intended for revision purposes only, to the Treasury of this association."

The Association does not claim alliance with any religious denomination, but is an organization free in its membership to all parties and creeds who may favor the enterprise. It is stated that the Bible Union, a Northern organization with which this Association co-operates, having the same object in view, has secured the services of six distinguished scholars to engage in the work of revision, *"five of whom are Pedo-Baptists"*—their most distinguished scholars and professors in Colleges and Theological Schools."

A version of the Scriptures gotten out in this manner, whatever may be its destiny when produced, ought not to receive the opposition of any, though they might not be disposed to lend any assistance or co-operation to the enterprise. Learned men of every denomination of Christians are constantly producing translations, either in whole or in part, of the Word of God—such as Tindale, Wesley, George

Campbell, McKnight, Stewart, Webster, and others, each of whom has doubtless contributed in many instances to a better understanding of the inspired text. In addition to this we constantly hear ministers from the pulpit translating their texts, or some word in them, which, as they suppose, gives a clearer understanding of the mind of the spirit. There can, therefore, be no objection justly urged against a combination of individuals for similar similar purposes, nor should their work be condemned before hand. All such productions must stand upon the merit of the work itself, and will be assigned its proper place in the estimation of enlightened public opinion.

We should, however, be opposed to Baptists making a translation of the Scriptures, and adopting it as a standard of appeal and authority, or in other words to make it supplant in common use the present version. Indeed we do not believe it possible for a version to be produced, if the terms upon which turn the peculiarities of the different sects, are translated definitely to set forth the views of any party more than the present one does, which will be made to supply the place of the present version even with those whose sentiments it is made to teach.

In relation to the proceedings of this Convention we have one or two remarks further to make. It seems to us that the design of the Association, in the constitution was adopted, is somewhat doubtfully stated, or at least leaves room to apprehend other objects than the revision of the English version of the Bible. The constitution declares its object to be "to procure from the best scholars of the age a correct revision of our present version of the Bible," but the "general rules for the direction of translators and revisors," published above, seem to indicate a wider field of operation than the English language or the mere work of revision.—What is true on this point we shall not decide, or what would be the tendency of such a procedure.

We would also have preferred to have seen a resolution less compromising and equivocal, than the one above which relates to the "existing Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention." It will be perceived that it recommends Baptists to contribute their funds through the Southern Bible Board at Nashville, "unless they prefer some other medium." This, however, may only be a democratic way of doing business.

In connection with this, we publish below an extract from Noah Webster, au-

thor of the English Dictionary, who made a version of the Scriptures in English, which will explain somewhat what is thought to be the necessity of a revised version of the Bible:

DR. WEBSTER'S ALTERATIONS.—*Border or limit for coast.* In present usage *coast* is never used to express the border or frontier, or extremity of a kingdom, or district of inland territory. Its application is wholly or chiefly to land contiguous to the sea. Its application in the scriptures is, in most cases, to a border of inland territory. I have therefore substituted, in this sense, *border or limit for coast*. Its use in most passages of scripture is as improper now, as the *coast* of Worcester, in Mass., or the *coast* of Lancaster, Pa.

Shun for eschew. Job 1: 1, 8; 2: 3; 1 Peter 3: 11. *Shun* seems to be a more correct word to express the idea, than *avoid*; for a person may *avoid* evil, without intending it; *shun* implies intention.

Diffuse for disperse. "The lips of the wise *disperse* knowledge." Prov. 15: 7. To *disperse* is to dissipate or scatter so as to destroy the thing. This cannot be the meaning of the author. He meant to say, *spread* or *diffuse* knowledge.

Careful, carefulness had formerly a more intensive sense, than at present. *Carefulness* is now always a virtue; formerly it had the sense of anxiety, or undue solicitude. Paul says, "I would have you without *carefulness*." 1 Cor. 7: 32. But certainly the apostle did not mean to condemn the due caution now expressed by that word. The distinction in the uses of this word is clearly marked in Phil. 4: verses 6, 10. In verse 6th the apostle writes, "Be *careful* for nothing;" yet in verse 10th he commends the Philippian for being *careful*. These apparent discrepancies are easily removed by substituting *anxious* or *solicitous* for *careful*, where it evidently has this signification.—See Jer. 17: 8; Ezek. 12: 18, 19; Luke 10: 41; 1 Cor. 7: 32, 33, 34.

Meeting, 1 Sam. 9: 14. The importance of avoiding the use of words and phrases of equivocal signification must be obvious. When I was examining the proof sheets of this work, my granddaughter, fourteen years of age, was reading the passage above referred to; at the words "Samuel came out against them," she remarked that it was strange "Samuel should come out against Saul," when they were friends. Her first impression was, that the words expressed enmity, as that is the most obvious signification of the phrase. I availed myself of the suggestion, and inserted the word *meeting* before them. H.

"There is a story of a bet between an American and a Dutchman, as to who should talk the other out of breath. They were locked in a room all night, and in the morning the Dutchman was found on the floor just dead, and the American with barely strength enough left to whisper in his ear."

"THE CHRISTIAN REPOSITORY."

This work is a Religious and Literary Monthly, edited by JNO. L. WALLER and CHAS. D. KIRK, Louisville, Ky., at \$2 in advance.

The "Repository" takes the place of the "Western Baptist Review," which was suspended on account of the ill health of the editor. As a writer, Rev. L. Waller has a world-wide fame, and in our estimation, in point of denominational literature is excelled by no writer in the Union in his resources and strength of argumentation. Chas. D. Kirk, though a younger writer, promises from the vigor of his style, the fluency with which he writes, and the evidences of thought and investigation which pervade his articles, to be an acquisition to the Literature of the age. We recommend the "Repository" most heartily to all our friends. H.

"THE HALF-CENTURY OF KNOXVILLE."

This is an Address and the proceedings at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of the town, February 10, 1843. This pamphlet is a republication, and contains a large amount of historical matter that will be valuable to the future historian, and exceedingly interesting to most Tennesseans. The Address, which was by our old friend and fellow student, Rev. T. W. Humes, of the Episcopal Church, Knoxville, we have read with great interest, refreshing our mind with many incidents which we have heard our venerated father often relate to his children and friends as the scenes of his youth, in the wilderness of Tennessee. We thank some kind friend who had the goodness to send us a copy of the work. H.

"THE EVILS OF INFANT BAPTISM."

This is the title of a new work by R. B. C. HOWELL, D. D., and issued by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, Charleston, S. C. It is written in the author's usual strong and argumentative style, and as a literary production equals any of his former works. The subject of which it treats is presented in a new aspect, and the announcement of its title page will secure for it a reading from many who differ with the author in his conclusions. H.

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

SUNDAY DINNERS.

What have you to say about Sunday dinners? Is there any difference between dinners on the Sabbath? Ought we not to eat on the Sabbath? Certainly, but let us ask you if you do not make the Lord's day too frequently a day of feasting? We verily believe more fine dinners are eaten on the Sabbath than all the other days put together. Many appear to set apart this holy day for the special object of gratifying their appetites. If anything extra is attained—if a turkey is to be eaten, Sunday is the day to attend to these things. More food is cooked and eaten, more labor is expended in preparing it and more thoughts directed to what we shall eat on the day which God blessed and set apart as a day of rest and of worship, than on any other day. Now we regard all this as wrong—as sinful.—We must acknowledge that after attending a protracted service and laboring till a late hour in addressing a religious assembly the sight of a fine smoking dinner is far from being disagreeable to the outward senses of a weary minister, and this, no doubt, may have had its influence in preventing many from condemning this practice. But though Sabbath cooking and feasting is seldom reproved in private and more seldom from the pulpit, yet it is wrong and ought to be abandoned. It is in direct violation of the command of God. "In it (the Sabbath) thou shalt not do any work, thy man-servant nor thy maid-servant." Than this not another command is more plain and explicit. But the Sabbath is made emphatically the working day for cooks—they are compelled to do more labor on the Lord's day in preparing these fine dinners than any other. Servants have a right to the Sabbath as a day of rest and of religious improvement. They are especially referred to in the fourth commandment. To deprive them of this day, is to rob them of what they hold as a direct gift from their Creator. Those who thus require their servants to labor on the Lord's day, merely to furnish that which will minister to their pleasure, not only break the command of God themselves, but cause others to violate it. This is a fearful sin.

We must not regard the Sabbath merely as a convenience to us and which we may dispense with at our pleasure, but as an ordinance of God which we must obey. We are to prepare for the Sabbath. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." The food for the Sabbath should be prepared on the previous day in order

that there should be as little labor as possible on that holy day,—that nothing may interfere with religious worship and the cultivation of those devotional exercises for which the Sabbath was instituted.

E.

For the Classic Union.
MAN'S BETTER NATURE.

"My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower blown by the tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes."

I have seen many affecting scenes in my lifetime, I have seen the heart stirred by great agonies, but never have I witnessed a more exquisite one than one I beheld a short time since in the Methodist Church of this place. The preacher had taken for his subject the resurrection of the body. With a strength, clearness and lucidity which I had never seen surpassed he handled this great and difficult subject until the strongest doubts were shaken. Beautiful in itself, the eloquence of the speaker made it as much more so as a silver cloud can be made when the passion of the dying sun tinges it with a purple veil bound by a belt of golden glory. As the sermon drew to its conclusion, the preacher drew a picture of the meeting of loved ones at the bar of an unappealable judgment, the exquisite bliss of those who had met to part no more forever, a child clasped again to the bosom of a mother, brothers and sisters re-united, lovers meeting in eternal joy and wives and husbands re-married at the altar of eternity.*

Like music bells.
That by the loss of one are sung no more,
Wake, re-united, Echo drunk with sounds
Of sweet and thrilling gladness,
So, hearts, whose music mates are hushed
By the cold finger Death lays on their strings,
Once more in music marriage break,
Thrill, tremble, and give tone for tone
In new life everlasting!

But there should perhaps be some who were not worthy of associating in the other world! Striking on this line the preacher became agitated, his form shook, his voice trembled, and when at last he attempted to express his agony if he were doomed never to see those parents in that "better world" who had "dedicated him to God in this," his agony could hold in no longer, and with a burst of tears, he for a moment, leaned over the altar with his buried in his hands, he strove to speak again, but his sobs and broken voice would not permit, and with a fresh flood of tears, he sank exhausted upon his seat. Can the effect upon the large congrega-

tion be described? Nearly every person in the house was weeping. Heads with white hairs were bowed in waters of grief and sympathy. Youth and manhood were answering with sympathetic streams to the torrent of anguish which had swept with irresistible impetuosity the heart of the preacher. Upon the cheek of beauty trickled the pure oozings of the heart's best springs, and in the dark eye of loveliness stood the bright dew-drops of the soul. There were a few whose pride controlled the exhibition of their feelings—but they felt. Many, many left that house better than they had entered.

C. M. D.

*See Mat. 22: 29, 30—Ed.

POSTAGE CATECHISM.

Question. 1. Which is the eighth commandment?

Answer. Thou shalt not steal.

Q. 2. What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?

A. That, among other things, thou shalt in no case tax thy neighbor with postage which thou thyself oughtest to pay.

Q. 3. Who are in danger of violating this prohibition?

A. All who have occasion to correspond with their fellow-men through the post office.

Q. 4. But does not the present cheap postage system do away this danger?

A. One might think so; but only enhances it.

Q. 5. How does this appear?

A. Because the sum we may now thus extort from others being much less than it was formerly, the temptation to carelessness and dishonesty is proportionately greater. Many would not scruple take, in this way, three or five cents, who would hardly venture to take twenty-five or even ten.

Q. 6. But is not the sin proportionately less?

A. No; "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

Q. 7. How is all danger and guilt to be avoided in this matter?

A. Very easily. First, by pre-paying every letter thou mayest send by mail.—Second, by pre-paying the answer to all such as may require one.

Q. 8. How may this be done?

A. First, by keeping by thee constantly a mall stock of postage stamps. Second, by pasting on the outside of thy letters one or more, according to the weight of the document; and third, by placing the same number loose inside.

Q. 9. But would not this be doing injustice to thyself whenever duty might call thee to write to thy neighbor concerning matters purely his own?

A. No; for thy neighbor is required to do the same by thee, and thus the balance of obligation would be canceled between thee and him.

GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

No. II.

We are heartily opposed to the principle of turning and twisting the Word of God, so as to make it suit the systems of men, either theological or scientific.—What the Bible declares plainly, it is our duty to believe implicitly. The laws of interpretation are so well defined, and the meaning of the Bible, in most cases, so clear, that it is impossible for an honest man to be mistaken in any fundamental point, if he will only consent to be led entirely by the obvious teachings of the Word of God.

When the point is once settled that the Bible is, what it claims to be, the Word of God, it is then settled, also, that what it teaches is true. No difficulty which we may have in reconciling any one of its truths, with any truth learned from another source, can possibly diminish or destroy our confidence in that truth which the Bible teaches. It is wrong, therefore, for the Bible to be brought to the test before a tribunal of any human science. The truth of the Bible is a *fixed fact*; and if Geologists imagine that they have found something to disprove the truth of the Bible, they may ask themselves, if that *something* may not be false, and bring their science to the test of the Bible, instead of citing the Bible to trial before the tribunal of the science. When the infidel Phrenologist tells us that if certain things in Phrenology are true, the Bible is a falsehood, the instant reply of every Christian should be: then those *certain things* are falsehoods. So, when he is told that certain facts in Geology disprove the truth of Moses' history, he should let the Geologist know that his *imaginary facts* are falsehoods. It is time for *Christians*, at least, to learn to pay that respect to the Bible which it claims, and which they profess to yield to it. In their views, at least, it ought to be exalted above all other knowledge, and made the test to which every human science should be brought.

The Bible reveals to us the fact, that God created the world in six days. It informs us that on the first day, he made light, that, on the second, he made the firmament, that, on the third, he made all vegetables that grow, that, on the fourth, he made the sun, moon and stars, that, on the fifth, he made the animal creation, that, on the sixth day, he made man, and that on the seventh he rested. All this the Bible reveals to us, in language so plain, that it is impossible for a man of

common sense to misunderstand it;—impossible, we say, if he will consent to be governed by the Bible alone. But certain Geologists tell us that such a thing is impossible. They say there are facts in the science of Geology proving that the earth must have been formed by a series of processes, each of which must have been millions of years in duration.

Some of the friends of Revelation and of Geology have endeavored to reconcile them by assuming that the days spoken of in the Mosaic history are not literal days, but indefinitely long periods of time. It strikes us, very forcibly, that such persons are disposed to receive the science of Geology as an expounder of the Bible, and change its plain and simple meaning, so as to adapt it to the new views elicited by that science. Why did Moses use the word *days*, if he did not mean what he said? Or, if he did use the word, why did he not throw in some explanatory clause, from which we might infer that he did not use it in its literal sense? Why did he say, “the *morning* and the *evening* were the first day,” the “second day,” &c? How could *evening* and *morning* be used in reference to long intervals of time—million of years? Why was the seventh day mentioned on which God rested? and how long did it continue? Was it a million of years long like the other days? or was it a literal day? And if it was a literal day, by what law of interpretation can we use the word in so widely a different sense in the same passage? Why do these men suppose that it required a million of years for God to make *light*, when the historian informs us that it required but a single word—“*Let light be: and light was?*” Let any man throw away his Geological notions, and candidly read over the first chapter of Genesis, and if he does not confess that Moses designed to teach that God made the world in six days, he must have a strange way of interpreting the plainest language in the world. Why should we attempt to change the obvious design of the writer, and to force a meaning into his words which they do not and cannot have? Are we met with the answer that Geology compels us to do it? Then we reply; that if this is true, Geology is a falsehood. Whatever contradicts the plain and obvious meaning of the Word of God, is false. “*Let God be true,*” though it prove “every man a liar.”

If there be any necessity for such a resort, it is far better to attribute all the facts of Geology to the direct power of God,

than to attempt to force into the Bible a meaning which it does not have, and to prove, from a forced interpretation, that which it does not teach. We repeat:—it is far better to believe that God, by a direct exertion of his power, made all the fossil remains,—the bones, and trees, and shrubs, and rocks,—just as the Geologist finds them imbedded in the different strata of the earth's surface, and just as they *would* have been produced if the world had been in existence for millions of years and acting according to the laws of Geology;—we say, it is far better thus to believe, (if there were any necessity for it,) than, by a forced and false interpretation of the Word of God, to make it teach as truths those things which are directly the reverse of its plain and obvious meaning.

But there is no necessity for such a resort. All that is *really true* in the science of Geology can be made harmonious with the Mosaic account of Creation, without either resorting to the direct power of God, on the one hand, or on the other, misconstruing the Bible in such a manner as to make it mean that God was millions of ages in forming the world, when it says, in the plainest words that can be expressed in the language of men, that he made it in six days.

A future number will show that the real facts of Geology do not conflict, in the smallest degree, with the Mosaic history of Creation, but, on the contrary, furnishes the basis of an ingredient to prove its truth. S.

TEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.

It appears that those engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks in New York city, have become alarmed at the recent temperance movements in the State of Maine, and are fearful that the odious “Maine law” will yet become a statute in their own State. They have held a mass meeting for the purpose of devising ways and means to oppose the onward march of fanaticism. This meeting was numerously attended by all classes of citizens, and many highly enlightened countenances honored the assembly by their presence. It was one of the most spirited meetings ever held in the city. Many eloquent and indignant remarks were made in opposition to the nefarious Maine law. It was clearly demonstrated that man has the inalienable right to go to destruction if he chooses, and also to select the road that others have found to be most direct and expeditious. They exhibited a truly noble spirit and one worthy of imitation. Over

\$100,000 were subscribed to forward their cause and maintain their blood-bought rights handed down to us by our venerated Fathers. Fifty thousand dollars were subscribed to establish a paper to advocate the cause of freedom. It can now no longer be reproachfully said that rum-dealers fear the light. The temperance fanatics can no longer charge them of loving darkness. The friends of Alcohol will now let the world know the reasons for their long silence. They have heretofore supposed that so benevolent a cause as they are engaged in would commend itself to the good sense of a judicious and enlightened public without any special efforts to herald its virtues. And thus far it has commended itself to a large number of our fellow citizens. But while they have been silently and smoothly pursuing their lawful avocation, their enemies have been actively engaged in denouncing their business, and in one State, have succeeded in outlawing the traffic and are endeavoring to extend the same law into other States. No wonder that those engaged in this trade and those who patronize them are beginning to arouse themselves from their dream of security and bestir themselves in the cause of human rights and human freedom. It is high time to reassure the world that men have the right to sell and drink intoxicating liquors—that one class of men may lawfully fill their coffers with the price of the clothing and bread of shivering and starving wives and children, provided it be voluntarily offered by husbands and fathers, in exchange for care-dispelling and pain-extracting alcohol. The doctrine that every man must seek his happiness in such a manner as not to interfere with the happiness of his neighbor, should be at once exploded, and those few weak minded persons who have hitherto been restrained by its influence in the gratification of their desires, should be ushered into the glorious freedom of liberal principles.

We would advise the Editors of the paper about to be established, to make strong appeals to those who are most deeply interested in the continuance of this trade, and depict, if possible, the utter ruin and wide spread destruction which would come upon them like an Alpine Avalanche if the temperance fanatics should succeed in rendering unlawful the traffic in this universal panacea of human ills. Demonstrate to the keepers of penitentiaries, jails and poor-houses; the fact that their bread and consequently the health of their wives and little ones depend upon the continuance of

the present order of things. There are other classes of our citizens whose most vital interests are intimately interwoven with this business. There are the Lawyers, whose prospects for a competency would be like the morning cloud and early dew, if the sale of liquors were forbidden. A large number of this class in the State Maine are preparing to travel westward. Physicians also should be aroused to the fact that their interests are at stake—what, with his grim look and lean figure, will soon be in their dwellings. What would the undertakers do, if the Maine law should become extended over the whole country? Many of them would be in the condition of O'hello—their occupation gone.

If all these classes can be thoroughly aroused, they will present a strong and opposing front to the onward march of those who are trying to deprive the poor man of his best friend and comfort—of that which supplies to him the place of bed, board and lodging, and which can make him feel rich and happy in the midst of the most appalling poverty and wretchedness. Let the opposers of temperance move forward with undaunted courage until they attain to the honor of an inglorious defeat.

LIVING UNTO THEMSELVES.

There is no passion of the heart more debasing to human nature and irreconcilable with the principles of the Gospel, than selfishness, or living for one's self.—It often shields itself under cover of that innocent self-love necessary to our being, and which, through appropriate channels, seeks happiness and preserves from pain and misery. It is that inordinate self-love that induces men to seek their own interests as a supreme object of pursuit, irrespective of duty or the claims of others. While it is our duty to seek our own happiness and to take care of our own interests, it is also a duty to regard the happiness and interests of others, and when a course of conduct will infringe the rights of others or inflict injury upon them, it is our duty to refrain from it, although it might be plain that our own interests and personal advantage might be promoted by it. The principles of the Gospel teach a charity that seeks not its own exclusively, but also the happiness of others. In opposition to all this selfishness, regardless of consequences and the claims of duty and justice, pursues the single object of self-gratification and personal aggrandizement.

This sin is insidious and often insinuates itself into the heart, and influences the actions in the highest employments of the soul. It not only infuses itself in the religious concerns of men, but often is the leading motive to a profession of religion. Of course it cannot be the motive of action in the religious character of any good man, but religion may be made subservient to worldly gain, by securing its friends as patrons in secular affairs, and hence offers the temptation to the corrupt to assume its garb as a means of gratifying their sordid desires. Attachment to a sect and a glowing zeal for the tenets of party, are often insufficient to conceal the sordid and selfish designs that lurk beneath, and the mainspring of all the actions. When the duties of religion and morality come in conflict with the interests that are sought to be promoted they are often trampled under foot, and the voice of conscience and justice stifled and disregarded.

It is astonishing with what facility men of this description can quiet their consciences and smother their convictions—how easily their views of moral subjects can be changed. To day it is their interest to join with the moralist in seeking the reformation of society and the promotion of virtue, and his voice is heard declaiming against vice and extolling virtue and religion. To-morrow his interests are in the opposite direction, and he joins the rabble, at least to extenuate and excuse their sins, and furnishes the means to pull down what he sought to build up yesterday.

In opposition to all self-seeking, the design of the Gospel is that men "should not live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again." And if all the members of the visible church of the Redeemer were influenced by the principles and precepts of Christ in this respect, how changed would be the aspect of religion, and with what increased rapidity would the reforming influences of the Gospel diffuse through society.

II.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

All things are well prepared in a well ordered house.

However little we may have to do, let us do thrt little well.

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

THE FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE OF SCRIPTURE.

In the Jewish Chronicle one of the Axioms or Rules laid down by Mr. David N. Lord, in his Theological Literary Journal, for interpreting the figurative language of scripture, is thus stated and illustrated: "No passage is figurative unless it have a figure." The principles of plain language are now well known. Every school master is capable of making a grammar. But still in the Occidental mind much obscurity is found upon a higher order of language than plain, called figurative. We descendants of Europeans are a plain people, and in expressing our thoughts are accustomed to express them in those words which sober and serious minds have agreed properly to belong to them. In the description of a gaint we would never think of saying "He is a son of God;" or of a large kettle, we would never say, "Put over the fire that kettle of God." We do not appreciate such a mode conceiving ideas. With the Oriental, and especially the Jewish mind, it is far otherwise. Their language is full of such expressions. They express their thoughts not commonly in plain, but figurative language. This is a prominent peculiarity of the Scriptures, and when brought to our cool and precise conceptions, is not appreciated until we strip off all that does not properly belong to the idea, and it be presented in the most simple language. To be able to ascertain what of the Scriptures is figurative, and how to interpret a figure, is one of the highest qualifications in an interpreter of the Divine Oracles. In reality the figurative, language of the Scriptures is about the only obstacle to their ready and correct understanding, for if they were written in the style of a Child's Reader, a "fool would not err therein." What is figurative language? E. g: A European in describing the swift motion of a ship on the water, would simply say, "The ship sails swiftly." This is plain language, because it is just such language as men have agreed to use to describe the motion of a ship.—But a Jew would say of the ship, "She flies like a bird." "She rides fleetly on the crested wave." This is figurative. Its peculiarity is simply this: The language which men have agreed to use to describe the motion of a bird through the air, is here used to describe the motion of a ship.

Figurative language may be defined; *Language borrowed from an object, or idea to which it belongs, in order to describe an object or express an idea to which it does not belong.* Its peculiarities are: 1st. It is not true, it is not true that a ship flies

any more than a bird sails. 2d. It is language that belongs to an object well known, used to describe an object not so well known. 3. There is a resemblance between the object which is to be described, in some of its qualities and circumstances, and the object from which the language is borrowed. This resemblance is the foundation of the use of the figurative language. 4th. What is called figurative language is always plain language, when used to describe the object to which it belongs; hence there is no such thing as figurative language, only when, according to the definition, it used to describe an object or express an idea to which it does not conventionally belong. And hence we have the following infallible rule to determine when language is used figuratively.

When an object is described, or an idea expressed, in language which is possible, true, and appropriate, it is plain language. When an object is described or an idea expressed in language which is not possible, not true, and not appropriate, it is figurative. Now the object of using figurative language is to make some circumstances or quality of the object or idea more obvious, more vivid or pleasing to the mind.

We now proceed to apply Mr. David N. Lord's first axiom: No passage is figurative unless it have a figure in it." "And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day." There is no borrowed language in this description except the word *rule*. It is plain and not figurative language. But in describing the same event, the Psalmist lays aside plain, and borrows language from other objects and events, viz: that which properly belongs to a bridegroom coming out of his tent chamber in his wedding garments, to rejoice the hearts of his friends and attendants. Speaking of the firmament; he says: "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun: which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." Had the Psalmist been describing a bridegroom *merely*; there would have been no figure in the language. But the moment he applies the language belonging to a bridegroom to the sun, it becomes figurative.—By this use of language, the sun in its course during the day, and its effect upon the earth, is made to appear to us in a novel, interesting and striking aspect. We are pleased and instructed.

Again, Jude in his epistle speaks in plain language of certain men of his times, thus: "Ungodly men, turning the grace of

God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ." This has no figure in it. But soon after he grows warm upon the subject, his mind recurs to objects that they are like, in some respects, and he borrows their language and applies it to them. "These are spots in your feasts of charity; when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear; clouds they are without water carried about of winds: trees whose fruit withereth, with out fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." This language is figurative. These men were not clouds; but in respect to knowledge of truth, they were as destitute of it as a floating cloud is of rain, and just as subject to change in their opinions and doctrines as the empty clouds to be driven about by the wind. They were not raging waves of the sea; but in their intercourse with men, were as noisy and as useless as the foaming waves breaking upon the shore. They were not wandering stars, flying away from their regular orbit into dark space, never to be heard from again; but in their relation to God they resembled a wandering star, in its relation to its own sun: having left its source of light, it is lost for ever.

Now we will test a passage which is regarded by many as figurative, "Then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory Then shall the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Matt. XXIV. Has this passage a figure in it? Has it any borrowed language? If so, from what object is it borrowed? In its application to the persons and objects here described is it the Son of man to come to earth in a cloud. When he ascended, a cloud received him out of sight; so may a cloud open and reveal him again. It is possible for men to see him when he does come, for as he ascended, so will he descend in his human form. It is possible and true that all the tribes of the earth may mourn when they see him, on account of their sinfulness. This language is all applicable to the objects which are described or spoken of.—Not a word of it is borrowed from any other object. It has no figure in it, and therefore is not figurative.

It is in this way that we must proceed in our interpretation of Scripture, to discriminate between plain and figurative language, ever keeping in mind that "no passage is figurative unless it have a figure in it."

ROMANISM AND REPTHLICANISM INCOMPATIBLE.

There was a large audience at the Tabernacle on Monday evening, to hear the lecture by W. S. Balch, reviewing the lecture recently delivered by Archbishop Hughes, on the "Catholic Chapter of American History." Notwithstanding the unfavorableness of the weather, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity; there could not have less than two thousand persons present.

Previous to the lecture, a prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Stone. The lecturer remarked that any cause that will not bear the test of investigation is unworthy of the support of freemen. Truth is the most beautiful when unclothed. Its law is liberty—it needs no passport to give it citizenship. Christianity is compatible with the largest liberty—it acknowledges no distinction—it has the same hopes and blessings for the high and the low—it has positive duties for all who accept it. It requires its advocates to stand fast—to advocate it at all times and at all seasons.—In obedience to this behest, I stand before you to-night—to warn you of the danger that surrounds you—to review a Chapter in the History of the United States. I am here with no lofty titles, to attract your attention, but as a Christian and a Republican; and I have no claim to your respect, save as a Democrat and a Christian. I am here as a partizan—not to tear down or to build up any sect—but to discuss—to appeal, not to prejudices, but to judgment. It was evidently the design of the writer of the Catholic Chapter, to show that the Catholic religion is not incompatible with Republicanism—to show that they were numerous enough at all times to leave their mark upon American History—to allay suspicion, and to pave the way for a more effectual attack upon our institutions. Protestantism needs no such commentator. If it has sometimes erred, it has been when it has denied its own principles; while the history of the past ten centuries shows that the Catholic church has never lost an opportunity to break down Republicanism, and to torture, with fire and the rack, all who doubted the infallibility of its head. The difference between Protestantism and Romanism is, that the former acknowledges no head but God himself—it looks directly to the great giver of all good. Romanism is made up of go-betweens, from the Priest to the Bishop, from the Bishop to the Cardinal, from the Cardinal to the great head at Rome. The penitent has no will, no conscience of his own—nothing but what is given him by the Priest; he knows nothing but the word "obediam." Now, is this compatible with Republicanism? The one recognizes all power in the masses, the other knows no authority but that which emanates from the individual—the one is Republican, the other despotism.—The error is in the system, and when I speak of it, I speak of measures, not of men. I proclaim here my respect for the man, John Hughes; but I neither respect nor reverence the titles that dangle around his name. The man who is Pope is no

doubt a very good man—a man who would harm nobody; but the man was lost in the priest—the priest was lost in the Pope. Romanism is essentially monarchial—though the Bishop does refer us to the little Republic of San Marino, as an evidence that Romanism does tolerate Republicanism; but suppose that Republic had given shelter to the Republicans of 1848, how long would she have existed? The church, as a church, never has tolerated Republicanism, though individual members of it have done so: Instances are given of cases in which the church has severely punished for the exhibition of Republican tendencies. One, when a Hungarian Catholic clergyman was excommunicated for presenting a banner to Kossuth—the withdrawal of the clergy from the Catholic church at Buffalo, because the congregation remonstrated against the passage of a law to vest all property belonging to the Catholic church in fee to the Archbishop or the Bishop. What are the spirit and tendencies of Romanism!—the past ten centuries tell us; despite all attempts to cloak over its abominations, every chapter in its history, from the first revolt under Emperor Leo the Second, got up and carried on by priests and monks, down to the blessing bestowed on the perjured knave and traitor, "the nephew of my uncle," (applause) bears full evidence of what it has done, and what it will do when left to itself. The spirit of Jesuitism has ever been crafty, secret, insinuating; and when Pope Pius Nono received such laurels in 1848 for his liberal projects, I dared not rely upon him. I doubted and feared; my dreams boded all too right.

"I knew, I knew it could not last; 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past." The speaker argued at some length, that it was impossible for any man to be a good republican who owed body and soul to the Pope and the church. He then took up the Chapter and reviewed it—contending that it was full of fallacies—that its statements were false, its conclusions jumped at, and that it contained absurdities as well as fallacies—perfidious attempt to pave the way for the overthrow of Liberty—smooth and sleek, but cold and false as December moonshine. Jesuitism is everywhere—it is here, it is there—it is here tonight—it followed Kossuth from his prison in Asia Minor to the United States—it preceded him to St. Louis, proceeding and making up ill-feeling and distrust of that great man. Jesuitism is a living lie—a foul blot upon the earth.—The lecturer concluded by warning his countrymen against the insidious wiles of Romanism—to watch well the course of events, and when the Archbishop talks of the virtues and the purity of Isabella the Catholic, remember the virtues and honesty of Washington the Protestant.

The Columbus, Ga., Times furnishes the following valuation of real estate in that city, as reported by sworn appraisers: for the year 1846. \$1,303,255; for the year 1850, 1,390,825; for the year 1851, 1,439,105; for the year 1852, 1,516,970.

RANDOLPH BENTON.

In regard to the funeral of the late RANDOLPH BENTON, only son of Hon. THOMAS H. BENTON, who died at St. Louis a few days ago, the *Auszeiger des Westens*, a German paper published at that place has the following:

Col. Benton's son was buried yesterday from the Cathedral, as the whole city observed with astonishment, with all the ceremony and pomp of the Catholic church, and we hear that the Jesuit Father De Smedt did not for a moment leave the sick bed of young Benton. All wondered at this strange appearance, as it was known that Col. Benton and his wife were Protestants, and the Rev. Dr. Potts, the leading Protestant clergyman here, was a near relative of the family. We heard the matter talked about on every hand, and communicate what we have heard, without vouching for it. Young Benton, as we hear, was educated in the Jesuit college, and the father Jesuits are said to have acquired great influence over him—probably not without basing calculations for the future upon his distinguished name. His parents finally withdrew him from the college, and sent him into the Westphalia. Randolph Benton lately returned and expressed a wish to return to the University and complete his studies. On Friday, he listened to Kossuth's speech at Lucas Market, on Saturday he was taken sick, and on Tuesday died. He is said to have died a Catholic—at least he was buried as a Catholic.

The eccentric Dr. Byles said one day to his servant, "Go and tell your mistress that Dr. Byles has put an end to himself." The girl flew up stairs, with a face of horror at this dreadful news. The astonished wife and daughter rushed into the parlor—and there was the doctor, calmly walking about with a part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up in the street, tied to his coat behind.

DIED.—In New Market, Ala., on the 9th of Feb., HARRIET E., infant daughter of Philip P. and Caroline S. Hale, age nine months and twenty-seven days.

As vernal flowers that bloom at morn
"But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died before its infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires." T.

Murfreesboro', April 13, 1852.

W. R. McFADDEN,
Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,
HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to punctual dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received. April 13, 1852.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, MAY 1, 1852.

NO. 16.

AMERICAN THEOLOGIAN.

"In no other department is American literature so rich as in that of theology and religion. It would be curious to pass a month in the perusal of those three hundred and eighty works by Cotton Mather, of which not half a dozen have been reprinted since the Declaration of Independence, though they abound almost as much as old Burton's Anatomy in curious learning, and are frequently eloquent or ingenious. We have looked through many of his discourses and letters, as well as immense folio on the "Ecclesiastical History of New England," his "Essays to do Good," "Student and preacher," &c., and cannot help thinking that, with all his weaknesses, vanities, and absurdities, he is underrated, and deserving of at least a partial exhumation. The New Englanders are directing attention to their Puritan "Father;" and we see in the latest journals from Boston, advertisements of an edition in six volumes, of the writings of the "learned and renowned Thomas Shepherd," one of Mather's contemporaries. We hope it will be followed by a selection of the most rare, practical, curious compositions of Mather himself, who must always stand out more distinctly and largely than any other American of his times. The teachers of religion, whether metaphysical theologians, Biblical critics, or sermonizers, to whom the present generation is wont to listen, are Edwards, the elder and younger, Bellamy, Hopkins, Dwight, Emmons, (a Boanerges more grim and hardly less powerful than his master of Geneva,) Samuel Davies, Ashbel Green, John M. Mason, Daniel A. Clarke, Edward Payson, the Wares, Dr. Miller, Dr. Alexander, all of whom—the last, at a great age, within a few weeks and the living lights of the Churches Leonard Woods, (who, a century Professor of Theology at Andover, has just published a collection of his works in five large volumes,) Lyman Beecher, (who is now printing a complete edition of his writings,

tings,) Moses Stuart, Charles Hodge, Addison, Alexander, Albert Barnes, George Bush, Andrews Norton, William R. Williams, Professor Park, Professor Hackett, Professor McClintock, Professor Tschaf, &c.; all but two or three of whom are voluminous as well as very learned and able writers.

In this list it will be observed that we have mentioned no member of the English Establishment has never furnished a man of first-rate abilities, or one whose writings have in them the elements of enduring life. Bishop White did not lack much of being an exception; he certainly was in all respects a most respectable person; but his distinction was rather in affairs than in authorship. The late Dr. Jarvis was learned in ecclesiastical history; the two Bishops Onderdonk, (one of whom was deposed and the other suspended a few years ago for licentiousness,) are clever men.

Dr. Senbury is a sharp but not a strong dialectician; Bishops Mollvaine, Potter, and Hopkins are industrious and sensible divines; Bishop Doane, Bishop Burgess, Dr. Hawks, (one of the most impressively brilliant and graceful of modern pulpit orators,) Dr. Hooker, and some others, are men of decided talents; but we do not find among them all, any one to be compared with a dozen in the Presbyterian Church—to Dr. Williams in the Baptist, or Andrews Norton, in the Unitarian denomination. The dearth of eminent capacities is still more noticeable among the Roman Catholics. Archbishop Hughes, (an Englishman by birth,) is a noisy, impudent, and superficial, but tolerably shrewd demagogue; Dr. Ryder's claims to distinction, rest on a few discourses, in which he denies that Lord Bacon was, in any sense, a great man; sneers at the inductive method as ridiculous, and asserts that "the Church" was never unfriendly to the march of science, or the freedom of thought; and Bishop Kenrick, though he has filled several cumbersome octavos with

decent Latin, has done nothing to preserve his name, except in the lists of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Brownson, whom we have mentioned elsewhere, is but a splendid specimen of the theological Swiss guard."

MARKS OF THE GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth; nor even heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say for the honor of our species, there are men; in every throb of whose heart there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with perfect kindness.

SINGING AT WORK.—Give us, O, give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue whilst he is marching to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres.—Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness—altogether past calculating its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright.

THE MAINE LAW IN MAINE.—It is stated that 93 towns in Maine have voted to sustain the liquor law, 7 are divided, and 29 voted against it.

"Suspicious among thoughts are like bats among birds, they fly by twilight.

GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

No. III.

The first verse of the first chapter of Genesis reveals to us the important fact that God created the heavens and the earth. The word *create* means to form out of nothing, to cause some thing to exist which previously had no existence. Hence the world is not eternal. There was a time in which it was not. When that period was we do not know. The time at which God created the world has not been revealed to man;—only the fact has been revealed. It may have been millions of ages previous to the utmost limit required by the science of Geology.

The second verse reveals to us the condition of the earth after its original creation, and previous to its being fitted up for the abode of man, in these striking words: "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." It was then a magnificent mass of incoherent matter, and enveloped in darkness. How long this state may have continued there is no determining, for on this question Revelation is silent.—It may have been millions of millions of years between the "beginning" in which God created the heavens and the earth, and the preparation of the earth for the abode of man, the history of which is commenced in the third verse of this chapter. The first two verses constitute a paragraph by themselves, distinct from the rest of the chapter, and were designed to give a conception of the condition of the world previous to its present state. In this indefinitely long period all the facts of Geology can find a place.—Amidst the dark and formless mass, may have lived and moved all the animals, whose remains may have been found imbedded in the crust of the earth. That the earth existed in this chaotic state for a long period of time, there is nothing in this account to contradict; and, indeed, it seems to be very strongly intimated in the ninth verse where it is said that "God commanded the waters to be gathered together into one place and the dry land to appear." It is not said that God created the land and the water on the third day; but, implying the previous existence of them in a conglomerated state, it is said, that God gathered the waters into one place, and made the dry land to appear.

The view which we have thus presented seems to be the correct interpretation of this portion of the Word of God. It is so simple that a child can understand

it. It requires no violent distortion of language of the historian but on the contrary, allows every word to be used in its true meaning. And yet no facts in the science of Geology can be found conflicting even in the smallest degree with this simple interpretation of the Word of God. God speaking in Revelation and God speaking in Nature, when the voice of each is rightly understood, are always found to be harmonious. S.

[For the Classic Union.]
RETIREMENT.

The valley I love, it is pleasant and green,
With rock, wood and water, a beautiful scene,

The summer-wind wakes there—a soul of perfume,
As it shakes o'er the river, a banner of bloom!

O, withering and blighting the breath of the world,
It blasted the bloom in fair Eden unfurled,

We'll shun its fell magic, we'll bid it not come,
To the fresh and sweet shades of our own dear valley home.

From earth's bitter pride, then our hearts shall be free,
"Humility's vale" our sweet valley shall be,
So pure and so bright, 'twill be Eden restored;
And angels shall join in our peaceful accord

Go dwell in "high places" ye noble and proud,
Where beat the fierce heats and the storm-winds loud,

For us the calm shade of the valley is sweet,
Where the paths are all velvet beneath our feet!

The fair, silver lamp of the vale-lily there,
The soft balm of meekness sheds forth on the air,

There nestles the white dove of innocent peace,
And the tumults of earth in still cadences cease!

Come, shadow of beauty, and brood o'er my soul,
O'er the flower of my youth, all thy sweetness unfold!

In the dew and the calm of thy tenderer shade,
Its bloom and its freshness, never shall fade!

O, bind me never with chains of gold,
Your gifts of honor, I pray withhold,
Upon my brow no garland shall be
But the lowly wreath of humility!

Trenton, Tenn., March 25th, 1852. A.

[From the Christian Observer.]
LIFE'S CHANGES:

Mutability is stamped upon all things earthly, yet scarcely do we heed this law of universal nature. From its very prevalence we learn to disregard it, or fail to mark the footsteps of the destroyer, in his gradual yet desolating march. The flower lifts its young head, all blooming and fragrant, exultingly unfolding its dewy petals to rays of heaven-born light, to-day,

dispensing its sweets to the passer by, to-morrow, it is cut down, and withered away. How short-lived its beauty! But does this stand alone as a thing of premature decay? Assuredly not; for the witness of each passing moment is; all things are subject to decay. Yet when immersed in business, ease, or pleasure; when engaged in pursuits at once lofty, and ennobling in their character, the mind becomes unduly absorbed, and we pause not to mark this startling truth; but glancing forward into the future, we too confidently contemplate the full fruition of our hopes, regardless of the fact, that a change swift as the passing breeze, may cloud that future; dimming its bright radiance forever, thus scattering in a moment, as it were, the fondly cherished anticipations of years.

Thus we are impressively taught that nothing of an enduring, or permanent nature can ever be our portion here. We too often forget our remorseless enemy, because he is in hot haste, pursuing after other victims, gives us no intimation of his approach, yet may we hear his stealthy step as he enters the abode of a neighbor, or friend, and sternly demands that the mother give up her child, the wife her husband, the husband his wife. Stern and inexorable are thy decrees, O Death!—Beneath thine icy touch, all that is bright, and lovely must wither and decay; thine arrows seek a "shining mark."

But lately, I stood beside the bed of one who was fair, and young to die. Stricken down in the full tide of health, with the bloom of beauty upon her cheek, and the light of love within her eye; endowed with lofty intellect, and bright attractive graces, both of mind and person, which made her the object of admiration to those who knew and loved her best; she seemed one least likely to fall beneath the stroke of the insatiate monster. As I gazed upon her in her helplessness, after an illness of but a few days; the mere wreck of her former self, and then saw her cold inanimate form shrouded for the tomb, I could scarcely realize the sad, and startling change; so fearfully had death done his work.—I thought—and is this all of earth—to live for a few brief years, in a world of sadness and of tears, and then to die? to pass out of existence, and be forgotten by all save a few warm loving hearts? Is this our destiny, I asked?

No, the spirit of man whispers of immortality, and the gospel of the grace of God, points to an eternity of rest beyond

the skies. Why then should these changes in this the earthly house of our tabernacle render us gloomy, or fearful? or why should we weep for friends who pass into the dark valley and shadow of death, leaning upon His almighty arm for support? Are they not guided safely to a home of sweet repose, where storms assail no more? I thought with glad anticipation of that change, when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat, when amid all this, Christ, our glorious Advocate, and Mediator, shall be revealed in great power and glory; and the dead, they that sleep in Jesus, shall arise. "Then shall this corruptible put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, and we shall be changed," finally, and forever, into the likeness of his own glorious body; then shall we forever enjoy the unchanging friendship of pure, and holy beings, and the smiles of an unchanging God. Truly the fashion of this world passeth away, but the word of our God abideth forever. A. S. A.

THE TRIAL OF PROSPERITY.

Adversity is not the greatest trial to which a man can be subjected—by no means. Some indeed sink under it, and abandon themselves to vice and degradation. Some in the extremity of their cowardice, rush to suicide. But, to many, the school of adversity is one of healthful discipline. It is often the great school of self-reliance and exertion, the means of laying deeper and broader foundations for the structure of character and fortune.—Many men of affluence look back to early lessons and disappointments as the school in which they learned the way to prosperity. Many who have arisen to fame and power, gathered strength for the towering career, in their early struggle with obstacles which, to the timid and indolent, would have been the end of all endeavors. They have become great, because they encountered and overcame great difficulties. So has adversity been, to many others, a source of true greatness, and of better blessings than any or all worldly prosperity. It has taught them, not only self-reliance, (which, in its proper sense, it is desirable to have,) but it has also taught them to trust in God. Thousands now living, and thousands who are in the world of light, look back to the time when earthly expectations were cut off—when sickness, bereavements, losses, or severe trials of some kind were made the effectual means of turning their hearts away from the objects of earthly ambition, the

they might enter upon the pursuit of enduring riches. Afflictions and adversities are not the worst things that can happen. To one that has drooped under the pressure of adversity, thousands have fallen under the heavier trail of prosperity.

Of those who are so early abroad in their fields, or in their shops and stores, and who toil so diligently from year to year, the mass are intent on the accumulation of riches. The student, who toils so assiduously, night and day—the statesman, whose every energy is bent and concentrated to one point—the warrior, who pants for the battle field, and is first in every place of danger—these all seek high places of earthly aggrandizement of some kind. Suppose they attain their object. They attain an eminence which is immeasurably more trying to every higher interest, than the worst adversity and afflictions that ever befell the child of sorrow. Few ever pass safely through the ordeal of greatness or wealth, without harm to the soul. Of all dangers, those which are calculated to take from us a feeling of humility and dependence, are the dangers to be the most earnestly deprecated. If worldly prosperity lies in the way which Providence has marked out for us, we are not to turn out of the way to avoid it. Neither are we to turn out of the plain way of duty to seek it; nor does it become us to be very anxious to find that it lies in our way. Whoever has it, needs more than ordinary measures of grace to keep him from spiritual ruin.

Reader, commune with your own heart, and see if its most holy aspirations are not breathed forth when you have least expectations from the world—when the pressure of worldly crosses is lying heaviest on your heart. Review the past of your religious life, and see if you did not most earnestly seek after God, and most assuredly find him near and precious, in those seasons when you seemed stripped of every earthly source of dependence. They shall be most filled with Divine favor, who most hunger and thirst for it, and who cannot be satisfied with any earthly good. Seckest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.

THREE MILLIONAIRES.

A New Orleans paper of standing has some curious commentaries on the lives of several rich men, recently deceased in that city. Of John McDonough it thus speaks:

"He had but two passions—notoriety and accumulation. There he pursued

through a long, and niggardly, and sinful life, and these he exhibited in his will. He clutched at his bonds, and titles, and money-bags, in his dying moments; and by a will both silly and intricate, and fruitful of fraud and controversy—a mirror of his character—he sought to control and administer them after death. He cut his neglected relations off with a shilling, and bequeathed the enormous aggregate of seventy years of avarice and cunning, to communities that will never plant a flower on his grave, or moisten it with a tear."

Here is a sketch of another:

"Joseph Fowler was a cold, selfish, cynical, vulgar man, without a scintilla of soul, who lived for himself alone, thinking neither of his suffering kindred in this world, nor of God and eternity. He was the slave of the all-mighty dollar all his life, and died, at last, without having the courage to make a will, or the grace to make, by public charities, some reparation for the selfishness of his life. His relations, who vainly, in his life-time, implored the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, will now, it is hoped, receive and enjoy the magnificent estate which he accumulated by extortion, and coined out of tears and destitution."

The third is referred to as follows:

"Cornelius Paulding was a better man than either of these. He was frigid, penurious and exacting; but he sometimes gave, and gave freely. For many years he had been a member of the Baptist Church; and, at various periods, after he removed to New Orleans, he provided a place of worship for his brethren, and tendered his house as a residence for the minister. Several clergymen came to reside with him, but, notwithstanding their habits of self-denial, he starved all out. Nor did the Church thrive any better under his auspices. The Church government of the Baptists is a purely democracy. All the power resides in the members, and even the old prejudices that exclude women from participation in government, is not recognized. All are equals; and the minister in that Church, out of the pulpit, has no more power than one of his flock. This form of government was not adapted to the disposition of Mr. Paulding. He was arbitrary and dictatorial, and the result was, that the Baptists in this city, though few in number, and poor, preferred to worship in obscure places, rather than to occupy the splendid Church which he sometimes proposed to erect for them. Mr. Paulding lived long enough to learn a useful lesson from the death of John McDonough. He read the commentaries of the press upon his unnatural, selfish and litigious will. He has wisely bequeathed the bulk of his estate to his impoverished relations; has made generous donations to the Orphan Asylum and Public Schools; and, we rejoice to learn, appropriated \$30,000 for the Baptists of this city."

Liberality is not giving largely, but giving wisely.

DOCT. WILLIAMS' LETTER.

The following letter was addressed by Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D., to the Secretary of the Bible Union, in reply to one addressed to his church asking a contribution to assist in the revision of the Scriptures.

As a scholar and thorough acquaintance with biblical literature, no man perhaps in the Union excels Dr. Williams, and none more entitled to be heard on a subject like the one upon which this letter treats.

We have seen several extended articles published in our Southern papers in favor of this revision question, but nothing against it, and as we have given some setting forth the necessity of revision, we give this article to our readers that they may see what can be said against it—but more especially because it speaks, in the general, our sentiments. H.

The Amity Street Baptist Church of the city of New York to the American Bible Union:

MES AND BRETHREN:—The letter written to us by your Secretary, and in your name, asking of us a collection in aid of your organization, and also the printed circular accompanying that letter, have been received and read throughout. In frankness let us present the views which forbid our compliance with your wishes.

Our admirable Received Version has, we think, on your platforms, and in many of your publications, been most unjustly disparaged. The only sound and trustworthy criticism to be employed in amending its minor defects, must begin with recognizing its rare and in disputable merits. Now, for its general fidelity, beauty and excellency, the existing popular version has received the highest praises from some of the most eminent scholars—Watson, and Gasell, and Culworth, when met for a proposed revision of it, and whilst allowing the existence of some defects, yet declared that it "was agreed to be the best of any translation in the world."

The greater Stellen held similar views as to its singular worth. Among those now most fluent in its depreciation, is it common to find one having even the title of the biblical attainments of either of these scholars? It may be imperfect, but can you warrant any translation that may be proffered to replace it, as being less imperfect? Have do, notoriously, a large number of changes suggested in its renderings, and which to the authors of the changes seemed unquestionable emendations, proved, in the sounder judgment of the churches generally, but misjudged alterations for the worse? Can any human version so far approach the immaculate and perfect, as to command for all its renderings the undivided and cordial assent of any one competent scholar besides, it may be, its own impartial author? Some ill-considered principles have been propounded, as to the duty of every man to correct, as all hazards, by an edition and

version of his own, whatever he may believe to be errors. But such positions, if fully carried out in practice, would make it the inevitable duty of every man who read Greek to issue his own English New Testament; would give to our churches as many varying versions as they may have classical scholars; and thus would accept as true the taunt of Romanism, that Protestantism, when fully obeyed, makes it every man's duty to prepare and issue his own separate Bible. We do not so read the Bible's own lessons, and the examples of the apostles.

When the apostles went everywhere, whilst, from time to time, they were writing the New Testament, they everywhere found a Greek uniaugmented version of the Old Testament. Greek was then the literary language of the world—the tongue of fashion, commerce and philosophy—and this Septuagint version was in the hands of educated Hebrews throughout the Roman dominions. It has faults far more grave and more numerous than can be alleged against our English version.—Paul might have turned aside from his missionary tasks to prepare, not only a better, but what none else than an inspired apostle could have given, an infallible and perfect Greek version of the Old Testament. But how does he act? At times, he quotes in Greek the Old Testament, with variations from and corrections of the Septuagint translation. At others he cites, without comment or correction, the rendering of that Septuagint, when it was not a close and exact version of the original Hebrew. Was he the servant of a base expediency, in failing to devote his life to the production of a correct translation? No, as it seems to us, some of his principles by you presented would require us to call that faithful apostle.—Later, on the contrary, saw in this disposition of the New Testament writer to coarsen himself with the general sense of a rendering of the Old Testament, which he might have made more close in its phrases, an express design of inspiration thus to and indeed reprove the evils that would insist so much on one set form of words.

Your remarks apparently proceed on the assumption that your brethren who decline sharing in your revision are guided by expediency, whilst your aim, on the contrary, is full, fearless obedience to the truth. In this you misapprehend the actual position of these brethren. When Paul determined to labor in foreign rather than in home missions, not building on another man's foundation, nor preaching Christ when he was already named, did he really do homage to a low expediency? You allow with us that his choice was just. Now, was this, his preference of the most needy field, as demanding the first labors, very unlike our own resolution, that the supply of the uncivilized heathen with the Cherokee, Burman, Karen and Chinese Bible, is an object of higher and earlier obligation; whilst we postpone to the fitting time the bettering of an English Bible, already by your own acknowledgment "good?" Are we justifi-

fied in forsaking the versions for Rangoon and Hong Kong, and in breaking down the organization that does most to supply these versions, in order to concentrate our strength on the one or more projects, at various times submitted to us, for a new revision of the English Bible? But, assuming that your projects seek to serve the truth, are you unanimous and assured that the alledged amendments are really such? To some of us many of these suggested changes appear palpably erroneous. Are we to be denounced as enemies of the truth in withstanding their rash endorsement and adoption by the churches? The advocate of a groundless and mistaken change is really assailing the truth, so far as he forces a poorer rendering into the room of a better; and the opponent of such deterioration of the divine oracles is, in fact, the defender of truth.

The alteration most sought by some esteemed brethren among you, was in the word describing the first ordinance of the Christian church. We are not convinced that expediency or truth requires the change. Supposing that, as the effect of such new rendering when once it became current, it should come to be said that the submerging of a convert in water, and his emerging, are not truly and fully designated by the word BAPTISM—that the last word has been so distorted and marred by superstitious usage of it, that it is no longer a fitting appellation for our own primitive form of the ordinance; should we not have sacrificed the truth, in the vain hope of advancing it? We believe that neither expediency nor truth demands the change of term; but that both unite in requiring the retention of the present word.

And as to the other changes, going behind this one term, can we overlook the warning testimony of Carson, as to much over which modern criticism vaunts as being emendation? "Many real improvements [he has said] of our translation in particular passages have undoubtedly been made, but BY FAR A GREATER NUMBER of pretended improvements are gross corruptions. Besides, it is in small matters they amend; in matters of the HIGHEST IMPORTANCE they pervert and corrupt." So wrote Carson to the author of a celebrated article in the Edinburgh Review. Nominal emendations may be really, and often have been, violent wrestings of God's truth. You would avoid the admission of such amongst your changes. But must we not be earnest in demanding some greater safeguard than the allowed honesty of your intentions? Mere piety without learning, or mere learning without piety, would equally endanger us, and to both these need to be added, judgment, taste, and mastery of our own rich tongue. Do we recognize the presence of these in some of the rival versions to which you appeals if with admiration? We find in the very pamphlet published in connection with the proceedings at your organization in 1850, favorable mention made (p. 27) of "the most godly and learned men" who, it is said, have been dissatis-

fied with the received version, and then amongst others, are recounted the names of "Scarlett, Wakefield and Dickinson." Now, Dickinson's work certainly incurred general reprobation, as being in every way inferior to the received version, and as exposing, by its absurdities of style, the Scriptures themselves to contempt. Scarlett's work was written in the interest of Universalism, to make it out that future punishment was not everlasting, but "*Æonian*," as he phrases it. Vidler was his pupil, and aided Scarlett in the work. Of Vidler's incompetency and untrustworthiness, as a scholar and theologian, his controversy with Andrew Fuller affords abundant proof. Abounding in Greek and Hebrew criticism, his knowledge of the tongues was wonderously and intolerably superficial. Wakefield was a Unitarian, the subject of remark in another of Fuller's works, and his renderings of the New Testament eyed and favored that system constantly and relentlessly. Must we disinter the slain whom Fuller was thought to have robed and buried, to re-animate them as guides and patrons along our critical way? Taken in the mass, these three works at least would serve, in our view, to point a warning against the enterprise, rather than to furnish an argument for it. And of the Englishman, Bellamy, (not to be confounded with his American namesake, the disciple and friend of Edwards,) whose labors on the Old Testament we have seen pleaded by some as a precedent and warrant for the present undertaking, a recent English work of much authority, Bagster's "*Bible in Every Land*," has spoken, pronouncing Bellamy's work to be "too extravagant" to "deserve mention." Now, if these be among the names which the laborers of your Society see fit to quote and honor, to what inferences are we not shut up, as it respects the soundness of judgment, and parity of doctrine, and perfection of language to be expected from a project heretofore by such outsiders and forerunners?

But you say that so numerous are the errors of our present version, that "their attempted correction constitutes a considerable share of the duty of an intelligent minister in his weekly ministrations." We cannot judge as to the duties of any ministry of special intelligence; but, as to ordinary ministers and their charges, neither pastor nor people have amongst us regarded it as any "considerable share" of the pulpit work to correct evermore the pulpit Bible. We have been rather content to acquiesce in the opinion of Carson, no lenient or incompetent critic, that "no rule can be more general," or, in other words, admit fewer exceptions, than does the maxim that he who is perpetually amending the common version is but a novice in criticism.

But you allege that "the strongest and most effective arguments of infidelity and scepticism among the common people, are founded upon mistranslations of the words or inspiration." Here, too, we must dissent. Some of us have looked much into the pleadings of infidelity, and the coun-

terpleadings of those who have resisted and refuted it. Some few renderings might perhaps be more felicitous, to exclude here and there a sceptical evil.—But we believe that beyond all peradventure, the chief quarrel of scepticism is against facts and doctrines that no just translation can put out of the Bible, and that no sound theologian or evangelical disciple would wish put out thence. And we must also add the expression of our solemn and mournful conviction, that very much has been conceded to scepticism by rash emendations and unreliable renderings, that served only to confirm the incredulity they vainly sought to propitiate and soothe. Bellamy pleaded, for the strange translation which he began off the Old Testament, the necessity of thus counteracting infidelity; and Bährd, in Germany, made the like allegation for his most reprehensible and irreverent version of the New Testament. It is possible, by awkward concessions, excisions and adjustments, to produce a result tending rather to make Christians sceptical than to convert sceptics into Christians.

As to the preliminary question, therefore, of the need of an amended version, and the bearings of expediency and truth on the present attempt, we are not in unison with you.

II. But allowing that it were—which allowance we cannot make—needed at this time, we differ as to the best mode of securing just, scholarly, and orthodox result.

You address your appeal to us for aid, as we suppose, merely because we are a Baptist church. You send no similar letters to Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist and Episcopal churches abroad. Many of the arguments in your documents and oral addresses are to our churches as a denomination. Your officers are mainly Baptists. So far, your enterprise is denominational.

Now, the history of our own and other evangelical churches; and the providence of God as shaping that history, have given to our received version more than a denominational character. It has a national reputation and authority. It has struck its roots through the British and American classics of two entire centuries. It came from a time when neither the Latitudinarianism nor Pelagianism of some later periods in the English Establishment had as yet currency and sway. The Episcopal Church of England was then evangelical, not to say Calvinistic in doctrine. The sending of delegates to the Presbyterian and Calvinistic Synod of Dort, done in that age, would not have been done in any later era of the Church. At the time of the preparation of King James' version, the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, and the Baptist, then feeble and obscure, like Levi paying tithes in Abraham, were lost from view under the broad shadow and preponderating power of the Establishment. But, as those other bodies became known and powerful, they emerged into influence, not to reject and impugn, but to accept, as a general rule, and to quote and extol the

received version. For many generations, their grateful endorsement and acceptance and eulogies of it have made it a ground of common union, and a point of mutual appeal. Any amendments now to be made would, we think, be considerate and effective only as they should not be *sectarian*, using that term as Carson, a Baptist gentleman, used it, in the innoxious sense of "*denominational*." You want, in reasoning with your neighbor who is of another Christian communion, a Bible not only that you will believe, but one that he can believe. To exercise the prophetic gifts of the Spirit profitably in the primitive Christian assemblies, the speaker having the Spirit must find hearers also. There could be no hearers, if all were at the same time speakers. Paul declared, therefore, that the speaking should be of one at a time, and that others should keep silence. Nor were the men, thus for a time kept silent, to say that the Spirit of truth in them forbade a moment's pause. God was the God of order, and not of confusion. The spirit of the prophets was subject to the prophets; and was therefore to be exercised by them in an orderly and edifying manner. And so, it seems to us, that the spirit of truth, in wise and pious critics and translators, will seek utterance in the form of a good version of the Scriptures, by such methods of utterance as will secure a hearing and a helping in other evangelical bodies, and not by such methods as would minister only discord and disorder, and profane and needless jargons. God is not a God of confusion in versions more than in prophesying.

A sectarian version of a work that has, by the common endorsement of all evangelical sects, become catholic and general, is little likely to obtain currency and confidence, even within our own denomination, much less beyond it. And by laying down, as your society is said by its friends and officers to have laid it down, that the rendering of the Greek word for baptism by another word is no longer held "an open question," but that in effect "immersion" must take the place of "baptize," does not your enterprise incur the very censure which your advocates east upon King James for his instructions to translators? You limit the consciences and restrain the unfettered judgment of your revisors.

Again, in withholding from the Baptist churches, thus invoked for help, the statement of the particular Greek text of the New Testament, which you announce yourselves to have selected as the basis of your critical labors, is the course, pursued warranted by usage or right? The Greek texts of the several critical editors widely differ as to accuracy, fulness, and orthodoxy. Griesbach was said to have one hundred and fifty thousand various readings. Scholz, consulting nearly double the number of MSS., could have little less probably than three hundred thousand.—The intrinsic weight of these variations, as affecting the great doctrines of the Scripture, is not to be supposed to bear any proportion to their number. But if

your advocates have spoken much of twenty thousand alleged errors in the English, are they entitled to make very summary and quiet disposal of three hundred thousand variances in the Greek text? And none of these several Greek texts can be considered to be now as perfect as the further collations at this time in slow progress will yet make them. If you refuse to give, like Scholz, twelve years to travel and toil in the work, is it on the ground that truth does not deserve such exertions, or that expediency does not allow the delay and cost? Equal reserve—a gross darkness that may be felt—rests upon the exact plan to be pursued in renderings and revisions. If different laborers are to translate, at several remote points; different books of the New Testament, who is to give to their independent and divergent labors harmony and final union? If a central committee in our city oversee this last task, have we not a right to inquire their names and scholarship?

And, in giving not the names even of the translators whom you employ, is it regard to truth or to expediency that dictates this remarkable and mysterious reserve? In the preparation of the received version, the names of the learned and orthodox men to be employed were published. The Jews, in their offerings to the tabernacle, knew as skillful workmen the Bezaleel and Aholiab who were to frame from their gifts the furniture of the sanctuary. When Solomon called from Tyre the highly endowed Hiram to build the temple, do we read that he introduced the architect to the tribes without a name, and wearing a mask? Why repair the goodly edifice of our Scriptures in so covert a manner? You inform us that contracts have been made with some scholars, and are about to be made with others; and you ask for funds in their aid and support. Should we not know the men whom we thus endorse and sustain? When Paul sent brethren to gather and bear the contributions of the churches, he presented them as men well-known and trustworthy, *"the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ."* If funds in *alms-giving* need known and approved distributors, do not the funds asked for *Scripture translation* deserve also as much publicity and reliability, in the case of the men who are by these funds to be sustained in work for the churches? Have we not a right to know whether those who are to interpret for us God's Word dwell in the tents and speak the dialect of Ashdod, or whether they belong to the tribes and use the tongue of Zion? Surely Baptists have not been wont to ask this implicit credence in the anonymous and unknown, nor, when it has been asked, have they been prompt to render it.

But shall nothing be done to remove errors, if may be asked? We think that, in the unfinished collation of manuscripts, in the slow evolution of a yet more accurate text, in the currency which individual laborers, in the translation of separate books of Scripture, gain in proportion to their intrinsic merits, there is an advance in the right direction far more safe and eventual

ly more speedy, than aught gained by imperfect, and precipitate, and unsuccessful endeavors on the part of rival denominations.

III. But in yet greater distrust must we hold the ALLIANCES which you have accepted in the work of revision. A religious body, most numerous at the West, the adherents of the Rev. Alexander Campbell, are associated with you. With that body, in its doctrines, ministry, and membership, our own churches have long since held no fellowship. The movement began by denouncing all creeds as one chief cause of prevalent disunion. But the body called, from their founder, Campbellites, or the Disciples, have, in various descriptions of their tenets, given what may be called virtually a creed, though disclaimed as binding the consciences of their members. We find in these statements much that is obscure, and vague, and painfully unsatisfactory as to great truths. On some minor points, as the weekly communion, and its being occasionally dispensed by a private member, they seem to lay stress. But the main peculiarity of the system we have not been able to distinguish from baptismal regeneration, which is, as we believe, one of the most baleful of religious delusions, wronging the Holy Spirit, corrupting the first germs of the Christian church, and dislocating the entire gospel, by teaching men to expect in Sacraments that kingdom of God which begins within their own spirits. The new body, on its appearance, made promises most high and large of restoring "THE ORIGINAL GOSPEL AND ORDER OF THINGS," that had for centuries been overwhelmed, and was proclaimed to be "the Reformation of the Nineteenth Century." In an article, evidently by a member, and apparently by a leader in the Connection, contributed to "Hayward's Book of Religions," and quoted in "Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia,"* it is said that they regard "TRINITARIANISM and Unitarianism as EXTREMES begotten by each other," and "cautiously avoid them as EQUIDISTANT from the doctrine and facts of the Christian institution."—The founder, the Rev. Alexander Campbell, in his "Connected View," &c.,† speaking of the Millennium, when all strifes shall cease among Christians, asks, "Will all be converted to any one sect? Will all become Unitarians, Trinitarians, Arians, or Socinians? And he answers himself, 'I presume no person of common intelligence will say Yes.'" In an article written by the Rev. James Shannon, of their body,‡ then President of their Institution, Bacon College, at Harrodsburg, Ky., and contributed by him for the "Historical Sketches of Kentucky," by Lewis Collins,§ it is stated that in that State they united with the "CHRISTIAN CONNEXION," so called, the followers of Barton W. Stone, as

being "ON THE SAME FOUNDATION," and as "PREACHING THE SAME GOSPEL," and that Stone "repudiated the orthodox views on the subject of the TRINITY, SONSHIP, AND ATONEMENT," but disclaimed Unitarianism. The union took place between the two bodies in 1831 and 1832, and in describing it, the biographer of Stone, as quoted by President Shannon, declares: "*We solemnly pledged ourselves to each other before God, to abandon all speculations, especially on the TRINITY, and kindred subjects,*" contenting themselves with the Scriptural phrases. This exclusive use of the terms of the Scripture may seem plausible.—But it was by some similar rule intended to exclude all discussion, and by the abolition of creeds, that Socinianism inaugurated its triumphs in the pulpits of Geneva, once tenanted by Calvin and his associate reformers. Now, this "*Christian Connexion*" have become avowedly Arian. "With very few exceptions," says one of their own members,|| "they are not Trinitarians, averring that they can neither find the word nor the doctrine in the Bible." The Unitarians of New England now fraternize with them; it is believed, in the support of their Theological School. In the history of the churches, Arianism has ever prepared the way for Socinianism, and the intermediate steps have been passed by a community generally in the course of a generation, and often the whole change has been perfected in the same individual; and the stealthy growth or entire triumph of such heresies has generally been marked by a denunciation of creeds. These swept away, under the plea of the union of Christians, there has been an absorption of all errorists.

The article of President Shannon was prepared for a volume first appearing in 1848, some four years since. Then the union in Kentucky was so entire between the disciples of Campbell and Stone, that Mr. Shannon groups and describes them under the one heading, "Historical Sketch of the Christian Church," as distinguished from the Baptist, whose history in the volume precedes, and from the Cumberland Presbyterians, whose article follows theirs, and from the other denominations in the State. In Rupp's work, published four years earlier, (1844,) it is claimed for the Campbellites or Disciples of Christ, that "with regard to the Divine Being, and the manifestations of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, by which he is revealed, the Disciples hold no sentiments incongruous with those of the parties who call themselves evangelical." But there seems certainly incongruity, if in a volume appearing only some few years later, they are described as "PREACHING THE SAME GOSPEL" with B. W. Stone, who "REPUDIATED THE ORTHODOX VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF THE TRINITY, SONSHIP, AND ATONEMENT," and the same with that body founded by Stone—the "*Christian Connexion*"—represented by one of their own preachers, in the same work of Rupp, four years before the appearance of President Shannon's article, as averring that they found

* Charleston, 1849, p. 195.

† Bethany, Va. 1859, p. 121.

‡ The same gentleman, it is believed, who, on the last Annual Report of the A. B. Union (for 1851) appears as one of their COMMITTEES ON VISIONS. Is this the Committee to pronounce on the fidelity of the versions to be issued?

§ Cincinnati, 1842, pp. 114—121.

|| Rupp's Hist. of Relig. Denom., first edition, p. 163.

neither the word nor the DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY in the Bible.

We would hope that there may be Trinitarians, and many of them, in the Campbellite connection; but its language and platforms seem to us to repel them and to invite the adherents of grave and fatal error. Many of its ministry and membership are commonly regarded as Arian, not holding the Saviour's equality of Godhead with the Father, nor regarding the Holy Ghost as a distinct Person.

We, and our fathers before us, are, and have been, Trinitarians. The doctrine is enwrapped about our prayers and plans for the conversion of this world, and all our personal hopes of salvation in the world to come. We may not, dare not hold it in abeyance, or leave it in doubt. Looking forward to the millennial evangelization, we believe that the faith which will then have subdued the world will be biblical, and, because biblical, therefore Trinitarian. If it be a want of "common intelligence," as Mr. Campbell charges, cherish such a hope, we, and our churches generally, do so want "common intelligence." The statement that Trinitarianism an Unitarianism are two extremes, equidistant from the doctrines of the gospel, seems to us as unhappy as would be the assertion that freedom and despotism were two extremes, equidistant from liberty, or that the Bible and the Koran occupied the two outermost points, between which the revelation of Heaven lay, parted by an equal interval from both.

Our views as to the nature of the faith requisite for discipleship, again, do not probably coincide with those of most Campbellites. What we term but historical faith, not affecting the heart or controlling the life, and existing in many of our hearers whom we do not regard as converted, they seem to consider as identical with evangelical faith, and as entitling to the admission or church ordinances. On the operations of the Divine Spirit, we find much to perplex and wound in the statements of Mr. Campbell. "A faith wrought in the heart" is, in his view, "the quintessence of mysticism."* "All the converting power of the Holy Spirit is exhibited in the divine Record."† This leads him to regard, if we can understand his words, the ordinary dependence of evangelical communions on the direct influences of the Holy Ghost, as enthusiastical. He speaks of "the enthusiasm of preacher and hearer. This is the disgrace of this age. Next to the superstition of the dark ages, is the enthusiasm of the present time. No wonder that atheists and sceptics scoff at our religion. Such an army of Lilliputians in reason, and giants in noise, verbosity, declamation, and shouting, NEVER STOOD FORTH THE ADVOCATES OF CHRISTIANITY IN ANY AGE OR COUNTRY, AS THE PREACHING CORPS OF THESE UNITED STATES. THE CAUSE is the popularity of the prayer for 'baptism in fire.' Fire, fire, holy fire, the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, is the text, the sermon, the song, and the prayer."‡ Now, although as

Baptists we may regard the phrase of baptism in fire as a misapplied one in such petitions, yet, as to the prayers themselves for the holy Ghost, in his influence as the enlightener, renewer and sanctifier, have they not been the resource and hope of the pious, in all ages of the Christian church? Do we accept, as a description of the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Congregationalist pulpits of the United States in 1835, such language, as just to the mighty and holy men then filling them and since gone home, or as duly reverent to that great Agent, the third Person in the adorable Godhead, habitually and earnestly, and not in vain, invoked by them?

If it be "enthusiasm" thus to implore and expect the influences, direct and divine, of the Holy Spirit, on worshipping assemblies, it must be equally so on translators and revisers of the Scriptures. Are our churches ready to renounce that "enthusiasm," and take shelter in this "restoration of the original gospel?" For ourselves, as a single church, we believe the great want and the one hope of our times to be the Holy Ghost, in his full, personal deity, and in his sovereign and gracious agencies. We can accept no partnership, especially in the revision of the Oracles of God, with any body heretical or even dubious on the vital truths of the gospel. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"—And the Trinitarian recognition of the blessed Comforter and Enlightener of the church, we hold to be one of the "foundations" immutable and eternal, never to be renounced as the basis of Christian fraternity and co-operation. We have heard from the lips of the Master himself, the warning, "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." The views of the gospel presented by Campbellism are not, in our judgment, a gathering with Christ, but a scattering of souls from his fold; and a scattering of vital truths from that connected scheme of doctrine, the "faith once delivered to the saints," for which we must "earnestly contend."

Nor can it be replied that the American Bible Society and the American and Foreign Bible Society, (like the parent institution in Britain,) have co-operated with Arians and Unitarians. They have admitted their membership. But they have not employed them as translators and revisors. When it had been inadvertently done in a Strasburg edition by the British and Foreign Bible Society, its detection was followed by its repudiation. But here we see Campbellism at your anniversaries; and in the Committee examining and reporting favorably on your unpublished scheme of revision; upon your Committee on Versions; and—common expectation places members of the body—among your translators. Can we safely admit such partnership, and expect the Saviour's presence and the Spirit's blessing? Whilst the suspicion of Arianism rests upon that body, and whilst their union in Kentucky with the "Christian Connexion," avowedly rejectors of the doctrine of the Trinity, remains unexplained, does not fidelity to

Christ forbid our co-operation? And our annals as a denomination, are rife with warning, that to us as a people the admission of Unitarian learnings and elements into our churches has ever wrought speedy decline. The Mennonites of Holland, once numerous, influential, and evangelical, have dwindled and pined under a blight of neology. Socinianism aided to blast our churches that were of old powerful in Poland. The General Baptists of England were shriveled almost to extinction under the same influence; and the "New Connexion" formed out of that body acquired powers and numbers and usefulness, and the Divine blessing upon them in their mission fields of Orissa, as in the towns and hamlets of Britain, only when they sundered all alliance with the intrusive and heretical elements.

You have, yourselves employed, men and brethren, urgent language in presenting what seem to you faults of the received version, and of those retaining and defending it. You will bear with the frank expression of our dissent from your views and policy. We observe that in your printed circular you disclaim any disposition to engage in "warfare with" other organizations. We accept this as a disavowal by your Union of the attacks made by some of your publications, agents, and even officers, upon a kindred institution, sustained by the great majority of our churches. We shall watch with interest to see how far this disavowal serves to repress the like attacks in the future.

Thus differing from you as to the merits of our existing version and the need of a revision: not agreed with you as to the best modes of making such revision were it not required; and, above all, distrusting the alliances with which your enterprise is entangled, we say it not in regard to expediency, but as a needed act of allegiance to the truth, that we can give to the enterprise as your publications and agents have presented and shaped it, neither sympathy; confidence nor aid. Yours, in the love of the truth.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, *Pastor*,
WILLIAM A. CROCKER, *Clerk pro tem.*

Done by order and in behalf of the church at a special church-meeting, Tuesday evening, the 6th of April, 1852.

DON'T TALK ABOUT YOURSELF.—Never introduce your own affairs for the amusement of company; it shows a sad want of cultivation, excessive weakness of intellect, or a sort of vanity always repulsive.—Some folks cannot tell a story, or relate an anecdote, or speak upon any subject, without using the insignificant pronoun *I*—for example, "When *I* was a boy *I* was at the head of the class, and *I* was never surpassed. *I* can dive deeper, can stay under longer, and *I* can come up dryer, *I* can, than anybody else I ever saw, *I* can. *I*—*I* reckon *I* am rather keen *I* do."—Reader, what do you think of such a specimen.

Here is health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all his friends desert him.

* "Connected View," pp. 365, 366.

† Ibid., pp. 367, 368.

‡ Ibid., p. 351.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

The honor, purity and prosperity of a church and congregation are intimately connected with a just and liberal support of its ministry. The unembarrassed and faithful preaching of the gospel, it will be admitted on all sides, is indispensable to the prosperity of Zion. But if the pastor is not supported, he is embarrassed—his heart is distressed for his family. He is obliged either to abandon his study, and his work from house to house, and betake himself to secular employments for his daily bread, or he must contract debts, with rather a dubious prospect of paying them.

If he abandon his books for the plough, or the bench, his mind is diverted from his appropriate work—his sermons become dull, monotonous and uninteresting, and the cause of God suffers in his hands. If he goes into business, the business man, as all experience proves, eats up the preacher, leaving the church and the congregation only the dry bones.

If he adopt the other expedient of contracting debts which he cannot pay, his reputation justly suffers reproach. His creditors regard and proclaim him a dishonest man; and through him the cause of God is reproached, and the church with whom he labors becomes a hissing and a by-word. I have known preachers, who, either for the want of economy, or a competent support, have in every field where they have labored adopted the expedient of contracting debts beyond their means to pay. Their characters have uniformly been assailed as dishonest men, and their labors have soon terminated, leaving the churches with whom they have labored in a much worse condition than they found them—sinking, sinking into morbid distress and ruin. I have known others, who, rather than contract debts in this way, have betaken themselves to some secular employment. The result usually has been, after a few years' struggle between the duties of the pulpit and the shop or farm, they have abandoned the pulpit, and given themselves up to secular employments.

Is it wise? Is it expedient for the churches to press their pastors to either of these alternatives? Is this the way to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his vineyard? When a course is pursued, which produces either of these results, the church is dishonored in the sight of God and all reasonable men. The community look on. They learn the facts in the case, and render a verdict, and that award is—"The church and congregation are mean—too penurious to provide the means of their own health and happiness!" High-minded and honorable men in the community pass them by in contempt.

I know of churches located in thriving towns and villages, where the wealth and population are rapidly increasing from year to year, and where neighboring churches are constantly growing in strength and numbers, have continued weak and tickly for almost an entire gen-

eration, and are still dying of consumption, while others of the same class have long since expired. Go into those places and inquire into the cause of this lingering death, and the intelligent portion of the community will tell you that they are constantly changing preachers—that they employ a pastor, and they soon starve him from the field, and then another, and still another, and treat them all alike, and that in the course of their frequent ministerial revolutions, their best men have died off, or left them—that they have become divided and alienated from each other, and lost all their influence for good. I could give you names and places for the original of this picture. All such churches are, and must be, a nuisance in the vineyard of the Lord, and when they die, a nuisance is abated by the visitation of the Almighty.

I put it to your common sense—how can a church and congregation, favored with numbers and means to support the institutions of public worship—how can they retain, for any length of time, an intelligent and efficient minister, if they have not the honor and manliness to support him? How can they permanently prosper, if the sin of covetousness is eating away their vitals like a cancer? How can they long remain united among themselves, if the great mass of the members contrive from year to year to throw all responsibility upon a few burden-bearers?—How can they command or retain the confidence of the better portion of the community, if they starve a preacher after preacher from their pulpit? By pursuing such a course, they dig their own grave, spin and weave their own winding sheet, and "the mourners that go about the streets," when they are gone, will be few and far between.

P. R. R.

DREAM OF THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where a few more hopeless beings than like himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nought but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes and then disappear; these were the days of his wasted life.

He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to his heart.—Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf.

Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared not longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud,—"Come back, my early days!—come back."

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream, which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real.

He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain,—"O youth return! O give me back my early days!"

RESPONSIBILITY OF CHRISTIANS.

Christians cannot too often or too solemnly, repeat the question of their Lord, "What do ye more than others?" It is not enough for them to equal, they must excel, their neighbors. They have mercies, motives, means, peculiar to themselves. They have a living principle of righteousness in their hearts; and, in their great Redeemer they have, as the fountain of their supply, "all the fulness of the God-head." It is but reasonable that much should be required of them to whom much is given. Let your whole persons, O believers, be temples of God. Set your affections on things above, where Jesus Christ sitteth at his right hand. Remember that every one who hath the hope of seeing Jesus as he is, "purifieth himself even as he is pure." Walk in love as he hath loved you. Let this amiable grace shed her radiance over your character, and breathe her sweetness into your actions,—compel by her charms the homage of the profane. Cleave not to earth, because your treasure is in heaven.—Make use of it to exercise the benevolence of the gospel, to glorify your Father who is in heaven, to diffuse comfort and joy among the suffering and diseased.—"To do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

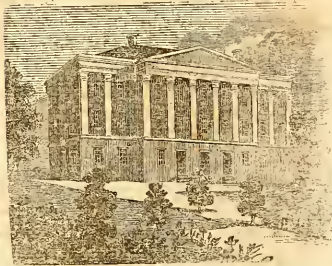
The Classic Union.

"NON DOMINUS, SED DEUS."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY.
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



MAY 1, 1852.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

There is perhaps no one principle more deeply rooted in the human heart than the love of independence. There is a pride and self-sufficient interest in our nature which spurns the thought of obligation and would fain rely on its own power and energy for the accomplishment of every desired object. This spirit exhibits itself at the very dawn of life. No sooner does the child find itself able to take a few tottering steps, than it begins to reject all proffered aid and trust to its own strength nor does it learn wisdom from its repeated experience of its weakness and inability to walk. It is seen in the youth, who soon manifests a disposition to throw off the restraints of parental authority—to spurn the counsels of those of riper years and trust to his own wisdom and experience to guide him along the path of life's first morn so thickly beset with alluring temptations and hidden snares. In manhood, the same characteristic appears in all the various transactions of life.

Nor is it towards their fellow creatures alone that men exhibit this feeling—were it confined to them it would be more innocent in its character and less disastrous in its consequences. But man desires to be independent of his Maker—he would fain persuade himself that his interests for time and eternity are in his own hands—that his eternal destiny is at his own disposal. But how absurd and inconsistent is the feeling! Even in relation to our fellow creatures there must be a mutual dependence upon one another—no one could live, much less enjoy life without

assistance from his fellow beings. The whole human world is a system of mutual dependencies. The Creator never designed that man should be an isolated, independent being, or he never would have made his happiness to turn so completely on the hinge of mutual kindness. But this feeling, this desire of independence is far more absurd when exercised towards the Creator. Why, what are we? A few days since we sprung from the dust of the earth, and very soon we will descend to our graves. Our knowledge is confined to comparatively a few objects, and can be grasped by a span. How prone is poor, vain, deluded man, in his imaginary loftiness and fancied independence, to forget that he is but a worm of the dust, which, without the constant care of God, would be crushed at every moment. How prone to forge that he is poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, and in want of all things. What have we that we can call our own? In God we live, and move, and have our being. The air we inhale, the pleasant light of day, the food which nourishes, the clothing that protects us from the rigors of climate, are all so many gifts from his bountiful hand. Nor are these all, the gift of reason, which sometimes arrays itself in pride and questions the wisdom of the Almighty, is but an emanation from him, and is liable to be dethroned at his pleasure. How often have we seen the brilliant intellect prostrated, and the strong man, like Samson, shorn of his locks, evincing all the mental imbecility of a child. Not only are we dependent on God for these natural blessings, but in a still higher sense we are dependent on him with regard to those relating to our salvation. This we must feel if we ever obtain the hope of eternal life.

There is nothing, however, more revolting to the carnal heart than its dependence on the grace of God for salvation, for pardon and eternal life. If man could bargain with his Maker, and render him a certain amount of service for a hope of Heaven, which hope should be granted in consideration of the value received, while the heart retained all its pride and self-sufficiency, very few, it is presumed, would be destitute of such a hope. But this abandonment of self—this renouncing all dependence upon our own power and humbly receiving the grace of God as a free gift—his gift which comes so directly in conflict with the natural feelings of the human heart, that the offer is spurned. Mankind have ever shown themselves

ready to do any thing rather than submit themselves to God, acknowledging with humility that they can do nothing. The most painful penances have been performed—children have been sacrificed by the hands of their own parents—thousands have voluntarily thrown their bodies to be crushed beneath the car of Juggernaut—and all to propitiate the superior power and secure an interest beyond this world. But this is not what God requires of the sinner. He asks not the mother to rend asunder with her own hands the ties which bind her to her offspring. He asks no self-inflicted torture—no sacrifice of life or any of its blessings. He asks but the renouncement of self—the giving up of those things which are the bane of our peace, and simply trust in him, followed by such a course of life as is best fitted to promote our happiness both here and hereafter,—yet so blind and erring is depraved human nature that the last thing it is willing to do is to trust in God.—Though pardon and eternal life are freely offered to all on condition of unreserved submission to the will of God, yet if left to their own free choice, without special influence of the Holy Spirit, the whole human race, without one single exception, would reject the offered Savior and sink to everlasting woe. We are powerless to save ourselves—if saved at all, it must be by the sovereign grace of God. Would that we all fully realized this solemn truth.

E.

BIBLES.

The Bible Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, has just received at the Bible rooms in Nashville, an unusually large supply of Bibles and Testaments, and can supply all demands cheaper than has ever been heretofore offered in the South. Those wishing supplies of Bibles for county distribution, Sabbath Schools, or other purposes, will find it greatly to their advantage to call at the Repository of Toon & Rutland's and furnish themselves.

H.

WORTH KNOWING.—It is a fact, perhaps not generally known to farmers; and which, at this season, is important, that there are two parts in the potato, which, if separated and planted at the same time, one will produce potatoes fit for the table eight or ten days sooner than the other.—The small end of potato which is generally full of eyes, is the part which produces the earliest; the middle or body of the potato, the late and largest ones.

CHURCH DEBTS.

There is, nothing more common than the indebtedness of churches, either for building and repairing their houses of worship, or for pastoral services. However these debts may be contracted, the indebtedness of a church is the source of great evil and frequently operates to the prejudice of their own prosperity and of religion generally. It is rarely the case that the creation of a debt is a matter of real necessity, or that it results in any benefit to the church.

We hold that a church ought not to erect and furnish a building for worship which will cost more than they are able to pay for. It would be regarded as criminal in an individual to build and furnish a house for his family merely to gratify his pride and to rival some one else, when the payment for all this labor would depend upon contingencies that might never occur. How is it less criminal in a church to contract debts for similar purposes with a prospect only contingent of paying them?

But the evils resulting from church indebtedness are so palpable aside from the mere moral bearing of the question, that reason and justice as well as religion demand that they should not under ordinary circumstances exist.

Church debts in this country are generally of two kinds, either for houses of worship or for pastoral support. The one is generally at first created by special contract, but continues to exist because the creditor has no legal process at his command by which he can force the payment, or because he is too conscientious to force a church by legal proceedings, or the force of public opinion may deter him from it. It is often the case that the members of the churches thus withholding payment are more able individually to do without the money than the creditor, and all the members combined could discharge it by each paying a very small sum. If under these circumstances debts are permitted to stand unpaid, it cannot fail to be a great drawback upon its own prosperity, and reflect upon the christian character of the individual members. They may think their excuses for non-payment are sufficient to justify their course, but the world thinks differently, and did they know all the circumstances in the case it would be, perhaps, impossible to convince them that they had a right to enjoy the labors of others without paying for it even though it cost a sacrifice. How then can it fail to create a want of respect for the

religious character of the churches, and bring a reproach upon the cause of religion?

In addition, there is rarely harmony in an indebted church. There is ever a disposition among the members to shift the responsibility, and each to reflect upon others as not doing their duty in the premises, creating heartburnings, dissatisfaction, and spiritual death.

The other source of church indebtedness, while in a moral aspect it is the same, is perhaps less excusable, and fraught with more evil to the church itself and to religion in general. In the employment of a pastor the churches usually stipulate with him for such a sum annually as will support him, or as the church may feel herself able to pay, and that amount is never more than the necessities of the minister require in prompt payment.—These promises, or necessities, are wholly disregarded or neglected, until the church finds herself in arrears a large amount and their minister involved in consequence of her delinquency similarly in debt.—The result of this state of things is often most disastrous both to the church and to the minister. With both, debts which might have been easily discharged with promptness, have become a burden; the minister's creditors will press him for payment, in turn he must press the church, the church becomes irritated, and either repudiates the debt or pays it with such reluctance and in such a spirit of complaint as to forfeit the confidence of the pastor and probably he that of his people, and the result is a dissolution of the pastoral relation. And should the minister escape from the community with his character safe, which is frequently doubtful, his usefulness is crippled, and the church disparaged by her own conduct both before the world and her fellow christians.

We hold that a church who cannot pay a pastor ought not to employ one, unless he agrees to go unpaid; and if she promises a pastor a stipulated amount she is bound to pay it promptly, as much as if it was for labor by the mechanic or for goods and chattles purchased of the merchant. And, in our estimation, there is no cause operating so injuriously to the prosperity of the churches of the various denominations throughout the country as this.—We think it is time the churches were waking up on this subject, even if they have to withdraw their contributions from other sources. Among Baptists how many destitute churches are there throughout Tennessee? The number of their

most efficient ministers who have left the State, changed their locations, or gone to teaching, is astonishingly large. And this state of things is not confined to Baptists, we see in a late number of a Presbyterian paper a sad picture of the state of the churches in that communion in Tennessee and the South-West, growing out of the same cause. The remedy for this is for churches to promise only what they can pay and to pay it *promptly*, for usually when there is prompt payment the amounts are small and easily met, and only become burdensome when they are permitted to accumulate. H.

REVIVAL.

There has been in progress, in this place for the last two weeks, an extensive revival of religion, embracing in its influence quite a large number of our citizens. The meetings have been held in the Methodist church where the work began under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Baldwin, the Pastor; but the ministers and members of all the churches have participated in the work, and have alike enjoyed its salutary influence. One striking feature in the meetings has been the entire harmony of the various denominations in promoting the salvation of souls, and the absence at any time of any sectarian influence or principle which was calculated to disturb the feelings of any.

The number of conversions we have not been able to ascertain, and though the number is quite large, we do not think so large as many have thought, least therefore, we should not approximate the truth we will not venture our opinion.

It will be pleasing to many of our patrons to learn that about 15 or 16 of the Students of Union University have been hopefully converted to God, and a large proportion of them, those of the most advanced classes, and young men of fine talents who will soon go forth into the world to exert an influence on society.—Among this number we notice three who are the sons of Baptist ministers. Many others of the Students are deeply concerned on the subject, and we hope may yet be converted to God.

So far none of the churches have given any opportunity for membership, leaving it to the parties concerned to pursue their own course after the meeting shall close, and the respective churches return to their regular services. For this display of God's mercy we are rejoiced, and feel devout gratitude to our heavenly father.

H.

AM I A CHRISTIAN?

Am I really a disciple of Christ is a question fraught with deep and thrilling interest to every human being, and many of his professed friends are filled with distressing doubts on this momentous subject during a greater part of their earthly pilgrimage. These doubts deprive them of that joy and peace in believing which it is the privilege of every Christian to enjoy. When they read the sacred volume so fraught with rich and precious promises to the faithful followers of the Lamb, they fear to appropriate them to themselves, and they cannot say with assurance "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because he lives I shall live also." Now why these distressing doubts and fears?—why this perplexity in deciding the question of personal acceptance with God? Why may not the friends of Christ know that they are his friends and enjoy that consolation which such an assurance is calculated to afford? We apprehend the difficulty lies mainly in this one fact: there is so much selfishness still remaining in our hearts that we are more concerned about our own future prospects than we are for the glory of God and the performance of our duty.—We are more ready to enquire "am I safe," than "am I obedient," and so long as our minds are directed to the question of our own safety, while we neglect any of the requirements of God, so long we may expect these doubts to hang over our future prospects and intercept those rays of hope which beam from the promises of God to irradiate the path of obedience alone. Christ has given a decisive test of discipleship. He says, "*Ye are my friends if ye do whatever I command you.*" Now we would not assert that in point of fact any Christian ever did so live for years together as to be entirely free from all doubts and enjoy perfect assurance of his acceptance with God, nor would we affirm that many of those who are distressed with these doubts and fears are not really Christians, but we believe it is the privilege of every believer so to obey the commands of his divine Master that he may at all times enjoy a comfortable degree of assurance that he is indeed a friend of Christ—that the promises of God's Word are pledged for him; and that he may safely cast all his care upon the Lord who careth for him.

We sometimes hear individuals affirm that they can love their Saviour just as well, and serve him just as acceptably, without uniting themselves to any body

of professed Christians,—that they see no use of making a display of their religion—it is all between their own hearts and God, and they prefer to serve God in secret, without making a public profession of religion. Others again admit the desirableness of enjoying church privileges, and intend at some future time to confess Christ before the world: But sometimes under one pretext and sometimes under another they delay year after year and live in neglect of the positive commands of Christ and still indulge the hope that they are his friends. We hold that an individual, as soon as he believes that God for Christ's sake has pardoned his sins, is bound to offer himself to the church—no one should wait where God has pointed out his duty. There may be circumstances by which the church may think best to postpone the admission of one who has presented himself for membership. But in such a case as this the responsibility does not rest upon the applicant—he has not postponed obedience to the dying command of Christ, and so he has not grieved the Spirit, and he may not be essentially injured if he is faithful in other respects. Whereas if he had neglected the duty voluntarily, he would soon find himself involved in darkness and doubts.

We find some who entertain a hope but do not unite themselves with the church for fear that they are deceived.—But is that hope a good one which will not warrant an open profession of religion?—They should either renounce such a hope or obtain one which they are not afraid to confess. Shall one hope he loves God and yet dare to live in disobedience to his commands. This excuse which they may offer as the reason why they do not obey the commands of God by making a public profession of religion, no doubt appears to the individual who offers it as honoring God, from the fact that he does not wish to bring a reproach upon his cause. But does it not amount to this, "I believe that God has had mercy upon me; that he has forgiven my sins and adopted me as his child;—I believe all this, but I wont obey him in order to see if it is so;—I hope that I love Jesus Christ but I will refuse to obey him to see if I do love him." The most satisfactory evidence that one can have of his conversion, is a consciousness of possessing an entire willingness to do whatever he commands—a spirit of obedience to all of God's requirements. If we do not possess this spirit we are none of his.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We have sometimes thought, while witnessing the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that there was a lingering relic of superstition connected with this sacred ordinance—that the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation was not entirely eradicated from the minds of Protestants.—We do not suppose this sentiment is really entertained by any Protestants, but there is still a phraseology in common use which would seem to indicate that the influence of this Papist dogma has not wholly lost its hold on the human mind. With many there appears to be an undefined idea that there is a peculiar sacredness attached to the elements as connected with this ordinance which does not belong to them under other circumstances. How frequently have we heard the prayer, "Lord set apart a portion of these elements from a common to a sacramental use." Now what is the import of that petition? Is it not calculated to leave the impression upon the minds of the hearers that some mysterious change is wrought in the elements? Again, the petition is often offered that God would bless the *bread* and the *wine*. This may be traced to the expression of the Evangelist, "He took the bread and blessed it." The pronoun "it" in this passage is in italics, which shows that it was added by the translators and is not found in the original. What then is the meaning "He took bread and blessed?" Another Evangelist in giving an account of the same transaction says, "He took the bread and gave thanks." The meaning is doubtless the same in both passages, though the expression is varied. We do not suppose that the bread itself was blessed, but that it was made a blessing to those who, in obedience to the command of the Saviour, and with faith in that atoning sacrifice which it was designed to commemorate, should partake of it.

E.

LIVING TO THE SAVIOUR.—It is in this state of existence only, that we can testify our gratitude to the Saviour by suffering and dying ourselves for him. Oh! as we draw near eternity, and the bubbles of earth recede from our dazzled visions shall we not lament that we have done so little for Christ? That we have been willing to deny ourselves so little for His sake who gave up His Life for us? Oh! Let us live for the Saviour, and then, after a short separation on earth, how sweet to meet at God's right hand, to part no more for ever.—Selected.

THE PRAYER WAS TOO LONG.

Well, that is a fault. We have no model in the Bible for a long prayer. The longest on record is that of Solomon upon the momentous special occasion of the dedication of the temple. The deliberate offering of this would scarcely occupy eight minutes. One of the shortest, that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," may be offered in one breathing; and it was heard and answered.—"Lord, save I perish," and "Lord help me," are patterns of earnest effectual prayer. Earnestness utters its desires directly, briefly, even abruptly. We are not heard because of "much speaking."

The prayer was too long. It is certainly difficult to concentrate our thoughts with the intensity that devotion requires for a long time, or maintain without weariness the proper attitude of prayer. He who leads in public prayer, representing not simply his own desires, but those of the congregation, should go no farther than he may reasonably hope to carry with him their thoughts and devotions. All beyond this, if it be sincere, is private devotion, and should be uttered in the closet; if it be not sincere it is hypocrisy.

The prayer was too long. Perhaps the good brother did not know it. In the self-forgetfulness of devotion, perhaps he took "no note of time." As the prayers of the social meeting are generally too long, he was but extending a bad custom. Now, if you were kindly to mention it to him, not complainingly, but as though you really desired to promote his usefulness and influence, might it not have a good result? Just try it, and if he is a reasonable Christian, he will thank you for it.

The prayer was too long. Perhaps your own heart was not in a proper frame to sympathize with the devotions. You did not pray in private before you came to the public meeting, and consequently you wanted a praying spirit. There has been but little fellowship of spirit between you and the brother who sought to express what ought to be your desires, and if his heart was warm, and yours cold, it is no wonder you thought the prayer was too long.

The prayer was too long. Was there any preaching in it? Sometimes brethren aim to instruct the congregation, and substantially turn the prayer into exhortations or statements of doctrine. I think in all such cases it would greatly add to the interest and profitableness of the meeting, if a division were made, and the things that differ were separated.

The prayer was too long. Was it formal and heartless? Without unction and earnestness. Did it seem as though the brother prayed merely because he was called upon, without appearing to have any special errand to the throne of grace? Did he seem to pray merely to fill up the time, or to perform his part in the prescribed routine of service? Was it the same old stereotyped prayer which he always offers, as though circumstances never changed, and our wants and supplies were always the same? If it was so, then the prayer was too long, even if it occupied only one moment.

There may not be much poetry, but there is common sense and piety in the following stanza:

Few be our words and short our prayers,
When we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotions sweet."

BUSINESS HABITS OF AMERICANS.

It is an acknowledged fact, with all classes of foreigners that have visited this country, that there is no nation on the face of the earth so restlessly enterprising as the American. This is, no doubt, partially owing to the many avenues continually opening to the industrious man, and the constantly increasing demand for products of every kind. But if there is no country at the present time where fortunes are so rapidly acquired, there is also none in which positive success in business is less certain. It is a strange admission to make, but we believe the assertion to be strictly true, that there are more failures in America in one year, than there are in the same length of time in the whole continent of Europe. Something of this arises, doubtless, from the greater number of persons in business among us, in proportion to population; but the main reason lies in the dashing manner in which business is carried on, the loose system of credit, the slender capital upon which a large amount of business is usually based, and the extravagance and speculative spirit of the people. The consequence of this state of things is, that there is so absolute a dependency placed upon the facilities, usually rendered by Banking institutions, that immediately a serious money crisis takes place, half the business men of the country are either ruined utterly, or so seriously crippled in their resources, that many years must pass before they can fully recover their former position. If their reverses have taught them to operate in future with caution and prudence, it may be a lesson not too dearly bought after

all. But would it not have been better to have conducted business cautiously and prudently from the beginning? A man who plants one foot firmly in advance, before he lifts the other, is in little danger of a fall; but he who dashes ahead hurriedly, without looking both before and about him, runs a constant risk not only of stumbling himself, but of dragging down others with him.

THE DYING BISHOP.—Bishop Butler, when on his death bed, having sent for his chaplain, observed that though he endeavored to avoid sin and please God, yet from the consciousness which he felt of perpetual infirmities, he was still afraid to die. "My lord," said the chaplain, "you have forgot that Jesus Christ is a Saviour!" "True," replied the bishop, "but how shall I know he is Savior for me?" "My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'" "True," responded the worthy prelate, with admiration, "and I am surprised that though I have read that passage a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy."

EXPULSION OF THE POLISH REFUGEES, AND CONDEMNATION OF DR. JOANS KING, D. D., UNITED STATES CONSUL AT ATHENS.

We have news of the expulsion of the Polish refugees, and the trial and conviction of Rev. Dr. King, a missionary of the American Board, who also holds the office of U. S. Consular Agent. Dr. King is a native of Massachusetts, near 66 years of age, of great learning, and in all respects highly estimable. His offense is the publication of a book, consisting chiefly of extracts from the ancient Fathers, showing that the Virgin Mary is not entitled to divine honors. It is certain, we are told, that the unjust sentence was previously resolved upon by the Austrian, Russian and French Embassies.

The case of Dr. King is one which will call for the interposition of our government. Dr. King had a perfect right to preach the Protestant faith, but he had really said nothing offensive to the Greek church. Of course there is an end of even the pretence of toleration in Greece. On the day of the trial, March 4th, says a correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, it came to the knowledge of the Consulate, that a hand-bill was being distributed about the city, inviting all "Christ-loving people to come to this singular trial, where were to be proved against this false apostle all the follies that he had said against the Mother of God; against the Saints, against the images, and in general against all the Sacraments, dogmas and traditions of our Holy Church."

PREACH THE GOSPEL.

It cannot be possible that any who are really Christians, enjoying the hope of happiness in eternal communion with Him who has begotten this hope in them and feeling the evidences of this hope in the evidences of His love to them, which are continually manifested manifested to their heart, can feel indifferent as to their neighbor's reception of the same blessing.

The purity of the joy which they experience must beget in their hearts a fervent, sincere love to Christ, the bestower of this joy, and also for their fellow-men.—The Christian must love. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "His love is perfected in us." How blessed the feeling! love for all, for every one; no cares, no sorrows can overcome the gentle, kind, sympathetic feelings of the heart of love. It is as a fountain; nay, it is as a fountain pouring out favor after favor, kindness after kindness, gentle acts of friendship after friendship's gentle acts, and yet the more, the livelier, the greater, the more abundant.

Christian love, like the waters of a fountain, becomes purer by allowing it to flow freely, the more copious, the sweeter the taste. But how many of us do not think so; how many of us shutting up this fountain let its waters become dull, insipid, and bitter. How great the loss, both to ourselves and to those who might have been benefited by its healing waters. Did we but let it flow, happiness, comfort, joy, and many other blessings, would be scattered abroad and enjoyed by many.

But how may we make this influence felt, these blessings to abound? Jesus marks out the way. Preach the gospel. You can preach it; plead not then your inability; you should preach it; refrain not then thy hand from the work.

1st. YOU SHOULD PREACH IT TO YOUR FAMILY.

These must needs be nearest to your heart's love. You cannot wish to enjoy happiness in heaven, and be willing that they should suffer eternal misery in hell. No, your natural affection will not allow it; your Christian love must far exceed your natural affection. Your praying for your family is not sufficient; you must show your faithfulness and sincerity by your acts. Your prayers for, will not impress the minds of your family; your prayers with, and in the presence of your family, may reach the heart. Then be persuaded to hold family prayer daily, it is the neglect of this on the part of many of our church members which causes "Zion to weep," for the weak reasons which are offered as excuses for this neglect cannot but displease God, and how can we hope for a blessing when God is angry with us. Search, we beseech you, your reasons, and if they are not all either the foolish, sinful suggestions of Satan, they arise from a feeling of shame or bashfulness. And why should either of these cause you to neglect, at so great a peril, your plainly evident duty. Family

worship will be in your home family preaching.

2d. PREACH TO YOUR NEIGHBOR.

Your family may, by their constant intercourse with you, fully appreciate your Christian qualities; he who knows you no so well. If then, you would show them your Christianity and the truth of religion, you must meet them and deal with them through the intercourse of qualities which are directly opposite to their own. For anger, you must return love; for spitefulness, kindness; for harsh rebuke, mildness of speech; for cursing, blessing. You must meet them more than half-way; you must exceed them measure; you must overcome evil with good. At first it may be a hard task; it is not natural; it calls for a subjection of that temper which is so uppermost in us by nature; it is self-denying, but sweeter than the sweetest pleasure which earth and the natural feelings of the heart can ever be imagined to bestow when gratified to their utmost limit. Though self-denial, it is a blessed foretaste of heavenly delight, and gives joy purer than the purest conception can conceive. Ask the man man, the Christian who has felt this, and you will find that he cannot express in language his heart's feelings. I reach then by this to your neighbors.

3d. YOU MUST PREACH TO THE WORLD.

And here let me urge you to consider, and not raise in your mind any objection whatever; if you do you cannot judge without prejudice. Your family and your neighbors may know you and your feelings by your intercourse; the world as large knows only your deeds. Reasoning naturally, you think it is impossible to expect you to do anything for so great a field; yet here God shows us the truth of his declaration, "My ways are not as your ways." We think so great an object must require an immense influence to accomplish it—so far we think correctly—but this immense influence is the result (in God's wisdom) of little means. As great, hardy, and indestructible oaks are the produce of the tiny little acorn, so the little tract, the little Bible, the little paper, the little sentence, nay, the little weak word, are appointed of God to bring about this immense influence which is to accomplish immensely wonderful blessings.

"A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump."

These little means you must set in motion by your gifts. A gift awakens joy and lively emotions in the heart of the recipient, and the gift of thy heart shall awaken new life among these little means, and thy heart shall be cheered and refreshed with their joyful effects. Benevolence unchecked shall increase from the little rill to the flowing brook, the broad, deep river, the boundless ocean of universal love.

Then "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that," and if it prosper thy heart shall be rejoiced to behold the favor of thy God, and many in eternity shall "call thee blessed."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

EARLY PIETY.

A pious son or daughter, who turns the Christian profession, is an inestimable blessing to a family, rendering most efficient aid in the right training of others.—A wicked son or daughter is a curse, and it will be a singular deliverance if they turn only themselves.

Besides present usefulness, a speed conversion will greatly increase their power to be useful in time to come. Doing good is an art for which we need to be trained, as for most other arts. The earlier children enter into the service of Christ, the more complete will this training be; they will have a greater amount of Christian knowledge, and a larger experience of the truth—and having been accustomed in early life to make the glory of God their end, and his Word their rule, they will not have formed those sinful habits of feeling or conduct which even grace itself does not wholly eradicate.

Conversions in late life seldom make as useful men in Church or State. The active, leading men in our several congregations are those, as a general thing, who enter early into the Church. Early piety also affects much the acquisition of useful skill and learning. A Christian, in the nature of things, cannot be a drone.—He serves a Master whom he loves, and whom he desires to serve with all his powers. He is therefore disposed to qualify himself for such service. If, therefore, we desire children to become good scholars, good mechanics, *good anything*, we should desire and aim to make them first good Christians, servants of Christ; for nothing furnishes a more powerful stimulus to improvement than religion.—*Dr. Hutton.*

FANNIN'S MASSACRE.

These words will doubtless arrest the attention of every one who had relatives that were butchered on that memorable occasion.

A friend who was present at a recent address, delivered at Huntsville, (Ala.,) by General Sam Houston, informs us, that Gen. H. stated a fact which seems to be not generally known—to wit: that the State of Texas, years ago, passed an act, giving to the next of kin of each soldier who fell in that massacre sixteen hundred acres of land, to be located on any of the appropriated public lands belonging to that State. He requested those present to give as much publicity to the fact as possible. In a conversation with our informant, after the speech was delivered, Gen. Houston recommended him to call the attention of the people of Georgia to the fact, as very many of Fannin's men were from this State, and the information would probably benefit the heirs of those ill-fated heroes. "We hope our contemporaries of the press in Georgia will give the subject a suitable notice in their columns.—*Constitutionalist and Republic.*"

In Sweden, when a man gets drunk for the third time, he is deprived of his right to vote.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

As the sufferings of Christ satisfy the sentence, and so remove the guiltiness of sin, so he hath by them purchased a deliverance from the tyrannous power of sin, which detains the soul from God, after all the way made for its return.—And he hath a power of applying his sufferings to the soul's deliverance in that kind, too. "He opens the prison doors in them that are led captive;" and because the great chain is upon the heart willingly enthralled in sin, he, by his sovereign power, takes off that, and frees the heart from the love of sin, and shews what a base, slavish condition it is in, by representing, in his effectual way, the goodness of God, his readiness to entertain a returning sinner, and the sweetness and happiness of communion with him.—Thus he powerfully persuades the heart to shake off all, and, without further delay, so to return unto God, as to be received into favor and friendship, and to walk in the way of friendship, with God, to give up itself to his obedience, to disdain the vile service of sin, and live suitably to the dignity of fellowship and union with God.

But what shall they think who have no assurance, they doubt that Christ is theirs, and that he suffered for their sins? I know no way but to believe on him, and then you shall know that he is yours. From this arises the grand mistake of many; they would first know that that Christ is theirs, and then would believe; which cannot be, because he becomes ours by believing. It is that which gives title and propriety to him. He is set before sinners as a Saviour "who hath suffered for sin," that, they may look to him and be saved; that they may lay over their souls on him, and then they may be assured he suffered for them. Say, then, what is it that scares thee from Christ? this thou seest is a poor, groundless exception, for he is set before thee as a Saviour to believe on, that so he may be thy Saviour. Why wilt thou not come unto him? Why refused thou to believe?—Art thou a sinner? Art thou unjust?—Then he is fit for thy case: he suffered for sins, "the just for the unjust." Oh! but so many and so great sins! Yes, is that it? It is true indeed, and good reason thou hast to think so: but, 1st, Consider if they be excepted in the proclamation of Christ, of pardon, that come in his name; if not, if he make no exception, why wilt thou? 2ndly, Consider if thou wilt call them greater than this sacrifice: "he suffered." Take due notice of the greatness and worth, first of his person, and then of his sufferings, and thou wilt not dare to say thy sin goes above the value of his sufferings, or that thou art too unjust for him to justify thee. Be as unrighteous as canst be, art thou convinced of it? Then know that Jesus the just is more righteous than thy unrighteousness. And, after all is said that any sinner hath to say, they are yet, without exception, "blessed, who trust in him." (Ps. ii. 12) ii. 119.

There is from these sufferings of Christ

such a result of safety and comfort to a Christian, as makes them a most effectual encouragement to suffering, which is this: if he "suffered once," and that was "for sin," now that heavy intolerable sufferings for sin is once taken out of the believer's way, it maketh all other sufferings light as nothing in his account. "He suffered once for sin," so that to them who lay hold on him, this holds sure, and sin is never to be suffered for in the way of strict justice again, as not by him, so not by them who lay hold on him; this holds sure, and sin is never to be suffered for in the way of strict justice again, as not by him, so not by them who are in him; for he suffered for "sins once," and it was for "their sins," every poor believer's. So now the soul, finding itself rid of that fear, goes cheerfully through all other hazards and sufferings.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

MIRABEAU'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

He was tall of stature, sparely and massively built. His head, which exceeded the ordinary proportion, was rendered still larger by an enormous quantity of powdered curls. He wore a plain coat, of which the buttons, in colored stone, were of exaggerated dimensions; the buckles in his shoes were equally large. His whole toilet, moreover, was remarkable for an exaggeration of the fashion of the day, and harmonized ill with the good taste of the people about the court. The ugliness of his features was increased by the marks left by the small pox. His glance was shrouded, but his eyes were full of fire. In wishing to be polite, his demonstrations were excessive, and his compliments affected and vulgar. In a word, he possessed neither the manners nor the language of the society in which he found himself; and although his birth placed him on a par with his host and the other guests, it was plain that he wanted the ease which is acquired in the *grande monde*. During dinner, the conversation was confined chiefly to common-place subjects, which, however, did not prevent Mirabeau from making many clever and witty remarks, though he spoilt their effect by affectation and exaggerated politeness, his failure in this respect being most conspicuous when he addressed his observations to the ladies. But after dinner, when the policy of the administration was discussed, all that appeared ridiculous in the manners of Mirabeau disappeared in an instant—nothing then was observable but the fertility of his ideas and the justice of his opinions, and he carried everybody away by the brilliancy and energy with which he delivered them.

Mirabeau has painted a portrait of himself less flattering even than this. "I look," he said, after surveying his features in the glass—"I look like a tiger who has had the small-pox." M. de Chateaubriand's description of him in the *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, is scarcely less forcible.—"The seams scored by the small-pox on his features, seemed more like scars left there by fire. Nature appeared to have moulded his head for empire or the gibbet, to have fashioned his arms to strangle a

nation, or carry off a woman. When he shook his mane, as he gazed on the people, he at once arrested them; when he raised his paws and showed his talons, he excited them to fury. In the midst of the frightful turbulence of the National Assembly, I have seen him in the tribune, sombre, hideous, and immovable; he reminded me of the Chaos of Milton, without form or motion, in the centre of its confusion.'

DISCOVERIES AFRICA.—A very interesting letter from the Rev Mr Livingston, a missionary in South Africa, was read by Mr Leavitt before the American Geographical Society, at the University in New York, on the 13th inst. It contains an account of various rivers discovered in Africa, some of them of great length and width, and of various tribes of Africans.—The reverend gentleman had made two excursions, in company with Capt Oswald and another officer of the British army, into the central part of the continent.—They describe the Barotsi tribe as "very black, very large, and strongly developed, but peaceful, and more ingenious than the Cape people." The letter says: "The Baloe tribes melt large quantities of iron, and are very good smiths. There are some tribes who have the singular custom of knocking out the upper front teeth of both sexes, at the age of puberty; some one of them knock out the teeth from both jaws. These tribes have a few domestic animals, where the tsetse, (a sort of fly, which kills cattle,) does not abound.—Natural food is every where abundant.—The Portuguese have never been up the Seshoe to trade, and there is a fine chance for Christian traders up these great streams."

The reverend gentleman intends to send his family home, and go himself as a missionary reside in the heart of the country.

SPEAKING TELEGRAPH.—An exchange says:—The French and English journals are speculating more or less upon the practicability of turning the electric telegraph that connects England and France via the Channel, into a medium of conversational intercourse. The *modus operandi* is this: A plate of silver and one of zinc are taken into the mouth, one above the other below the tongue. They are then placed in contact with the wire, and words issuing from the mouth so prepared, are conveyed across the Channel by the wire—in a whisper, we suppose, though the account does not say. It has been tried it is said with successful results.

STRANGE ISN'T IT?—As long as a man gets six dollars a week, he can live, and get along rather quietly and contented; but as soon as his wages reach twelve dollars a week, he needs twenty-four—gets in debt, "and bursts up" at that!—Man is a high pressure engine, vanity's the steam, money the fuel, apply the principle and you have the facts. Make a note on't.

A Revery.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

'Tis midnight past,

And, Phoenix like, to-day is sprung of yester;
That yesterday which but a moment fled, is yet
As far beyond recall as that which fled the
First of all away!

Time!

What is it? It is a never ceasing worker
At a continual grave—burying itself—
Dying at every breath, yet never dead;
The only nurse of life—Death's sole purveyor—
The cradle and tomb of each born hope;
A breath, flash, spark, and yet eternity:
A thing for ever going, never gone;
A mountain builder forever levelling;
The sole annihilator—the only annihilated;
A something, a nothing:
The slowest and fastest of all things;
A giver of all—a taker of everything;
A reaper of yesterday's, a planter of to-day's;
A thing having all things, yet not to-morrow;
The undecaying throne of Immortality:
Marking and marked, but still, a markless thing:
The oldest, yet the youngest;
The effect without a cause,
The shade without a light,
The light without a shade:
A thing firm rooted to the present,
Having no past, and knowing no future—
The ring that circles being.

Now night is morn,

And in the soft glory of the mellow moon
The shadows seem as if they were asleep;
Upon the closed eyelids of the gentle flowers,
Bright drops of living light hang trembling;
The whispering breezes linger on the wing
To drink the perfume of the flowers' sighs—
A grateful coolness fills the fragrant air,
And holy spells come stealing from above
As fast as Angels' tear-drops—dew.
Sweet memories come floating o'er the soul,
And with their light and noiseless tread, glide
Among the ruined altars of the heart,
Dropping warm tears upon their ivy vines.

New Shrines,

That lift their painted arches o'er the piles
Of spring-time's wrecked, tho' pure white altars,
Like rainbows fade away before the gaze
Of those keen searching memories;
And like daguerreotypic images, the forms
Of early hopes and joys are taken from
The shadowy past and made to glow upon
The mirror of the present!
Soft, gentle whispers stir the jealous veils
That hide the precincts of that sacred spot
Which is the heart's bright Eden—Love's—
And like the repetition of some joyous lay,
Whose music thrilled in childhood, a strain
Floats softly out from the sweet holy place,
To which the long, long silent things of that
Æolian

Harp, whose niche is in the inmost of the heart,
Vibrate and tremble till from excess of bliss
And woe, a phantom of a sound escapes—
Half laugh, half wail, which dieth faintly down
And endeth with a sob.

The sky is like a sieve,

And seemingly, we through the interstices catch
Glimpses of heavenly splendor!
The shadows on the earth have crept around,
As if to hide them from the saintly moon:

Upon the ear there falls the solitary sound
Of some lone Katy-did's unceasing prayer;
A thin white cloud is sailing in the sky,
Like some pale spirit, sent to note the dreams
Of sleeping mortals, or hide away from sight
Some rays that come too boldly, brightly out
From heaven's punctured curtain.

Night!

I love thee for thy dark and deep mysterious
beauty!
When first thou comest, chasing twilight off—
When on thy brow that single jewel haags—
The bright star of the west, thou seemest
Too lovely for conception! And yet
Thy woodrous beauty keeps increasing:
Thou puttest on thy gorgeous robe of stars,
And with a dash of drap'ry, made of clouds,
Lit by the moon that hangs about thy neck,
Thou rid'st the heaven's midst a track of light,
A thing of sombre glory.
Thou lettest loose upon the world, a host of
Sleep-angels, and each one forth with woos
A mortal to that sorrow-soothing bliss—
Oblivious slumber. Guilt even sleeps:
Sweet dreams are sent to bless the weary hearts
Of those whose fate is wretched, or horrid ones
To haunt the restless sleep of guilt,
Until the sleeper with sweet-headed brow,
Starts from their frightful terrors with a yell
And fears to sleep again.

I love thee, night!

For now the noisy world, at last is still,
And thy fond soul can drink the magic spell
Until 'tis drunk with beauty! 'Tis now
The mind opens wide its iron gates, and thought
Aspiring, cleaves infinitude and space,
And in the wildness of immortal night,
With sponge-like power and thirst, absorbs
The dreams of other worlds!

EXEGETICAL.

2 Tim. iii: 18, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction for instruction in righteousness."

This is a very important passage in reference to the inspiration of the Bible, inasmuch as it contains not only the term *theopneusty*, or divine inspiration, but also the idea or conception.

Although there is some variety of explanation given to this verse, yet on any plausible interpretation it remains a proof-text or classical passage in all discussions of the doctrine of inspiration.

By the term *scripture* we are to understand the *Holy Scriptures*, a definite class of writings, well known to the Jews: in the preceding verse that Timothy had been instructed from a child.

We learn from Josephus, the Jewish historian, that such writings existed, and also what they were. They were what we call the *Old Testament*. Whether the term *scripture* includes also any portion of the writings of the New Testament is entirely uncertain. But from the providence of God for the preservation of the Old Testament, we may fairly infer a similar providence for the New Testament.

According to the usual translation of this verse, the divine inspiration of these scriptures is directly affirmed. The original Greek, however, permits another render-

ing: "All scripture given by inspiration of God is also profitable for doctrine," &c.—In this case the inspiration of the Jewish scriptures is assumed instead of being directly affirmed. But the fact of inspiration remains the same.

Although the exact nature of the *theopneusty* or divine inspiration is not defined, yet thus much is certain: 1. That these writings, in the view of the apostle, differed from all ordinary writings; 2. That in consequence of divine inspiration, they were "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; and were; profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." 3. That they were inspired in such a sense as to be authoritative; for the sacred writers constantly quote them as such, and declarations of the scripture are ascribed to God or the Spirit; and 4. That they were inspired in the sense in which the Jews already regarded them, and in which Timothy had been taught to receive them, for otherwise the language would have been calculated to mislead.

2 Pet. i: 21, "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

This passage, next to 2 Tim. iii. 16 is perhaps the most important ode relating to the doctrine of inspiration, especially of the Old Testament. The following remarks naturally arise from a careful perusal of it.

1. The nature of inspiration whether in a spoken or written communication, seems here to be accurately described. "Holy Ghost," that is, the prophets themselves speak, while yet they are moved by the Holy Ghost. So by analogy, the prophets themselves write, while yet they are moved by the Holy Ghost.

2. The inspiration here spoken of by Peter, extends to what is written, as well as to what is spoken; for he had spoken in verse 19 of the *words of prophecy* as existing objectively, and in verse 20 he speaks of the *prophecy of scripture* or written scripture.

3. As all the writers of the Old Testament are called *prophets*, and their writings *prophecies*, in the Hebrew acceptance of these terms, there is no reason for restricting the language of the apostle to predictions merely, but it may be fairly understood as applying to the whole Old Testament.—*Independent*.

THINGS LOST FOREVER—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slightest years—stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

If you wish for care, perplexity and misery, be selfish in all things; this is the short-road to trouble.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

From the N. O. Delta we copy the following account of the most remarkable case we have ever heard of:

"This lad, when born, was a twin child, and attached to the side of the other child, which, also, at birth, he is remembered, was ALIVE. The contact between the children extended from the *manau* to the *spine* of the *iliac*, and there was a free interchange of *nerves* and *blood-vessels* passing over from one body to the other. The former (the nerves) had their origin in the *dorsal region* of the *vertebrae*, and the latter (the blood-vessels) rose from the *arch* of the *vorta* and emerged into the *vena cava ascendens*. There was but one *umbilical dissepiment* between the twins, and that was situated in the centre of the vital connecting *septum*. In all other respects, we believe, the conformation of the twins was normal.

These children, thus singularly united, were large and healthy, at birth, and bade fair to live. But six months after birth, when dentition was beginning with both, one of the twins died. Dr. Smith was sent for, to separate the living child from the little corpse at its side. On examining the lifeless body, however, he discovered, to his surprise, that pulsation still continued in it, even in the extremities—as the temples, feet, and wrists: He hesitated, therefore, for a time, to resort to the knife.

Yet there could be no doubt, here, of the death of this one of the twins. Formerly, from its birth to the moment in discussion, it had nursed, cried, smiled, showed signs of consciousness—in short, as evidently as any infant possessing an independent and distinct vitality. But, after this moment, it never smiled, it never showed a sign of consciousness.—Its eyes remained hermetically sealed, its mouth closed, and all physiological functions terminated.

Still, the body did not decay. It did not grow any more, on the contrary, it rather diminished in bulk. It shrivelled up, until it assumed the shape of one of those interesting in-anule, mummies that Professor Giffon unfolds when he gives an exhibition to the scholars of the public schools. The circulation of living blood from the surviving twin, it would seem, preserved the body of the dead one.

In this manner, the lad lived three years, as we have stated, carrying his brother, a living tomb, at his side. Few, besides his family and physician, knew of these extraordinary circumstances.—It was a conceit of the mother; originating in her grief and anxiety, that the child that first died, did not in truth die, (since there was no bodily decomposition,) but that its life—its spirit—receded into the body of the other, which became, then, the tabernacle, so to speak, of a *diut soul*.

No mental phenomena characterized the lad we have described. In every respect, except the anatomical peculiarities we have described, he was like ordinary children.

We hope to see a more extended account

of this phenomenon, from the pen of Dr. Smith, published in some of the medical journals."

"NO LUCK" IN BOYLE COUNTY.

Our very worthy and efficient county Judge, S. S. Fry, Esq., has thus far refused all applications for license to sell ardent spirits in this county, and we understand will pursue the same course in regard to all who may in future apply.—This places our noble little county in the front rank of temperance in Kentucky, side by side with Garrard, Casey, Russell, Spencer, Rockcastle, and perhaps others. Judge Fry, by taking the stand he has, may, probably bring upon himself the denunciation of some of those who have put money in their pockets by dealing out the "liquid death" and "dislulled damnation" to their fellow men, but the large majority will applaud his praiseworthy decision, and he may rest assured of being sustained by every intelligent citizen who desires the moral and social improvement of the community.

Danville (Ky.) Tribune.

W. R. McFADDEN,
Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,

HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line; to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to principal dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received.

April 15, 1852.

CHURCH BELLS.



CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND LOCOMOTIVE BELLS constantly on hand, and Bells or Chimes (of any number) cast to order. Improved Cast-Iron Yokes, with moveable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly, and Springs also, which prevent the clapper from resting on the Bell; thereby prolonging its sound. Hanging complete (including Yoke, Frame and Wheel) furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business, by their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best form for Bells, the combination of metals, and degree of heat requisite for securing in them the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious tones; which improvements, together with his very extensive assortment of patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who have grown up in the business, and who will use every endeavor to sustain reputation which the establishment has heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign countries; the bells from which have repeatedly received the highest awards of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society and American Institute; and at which were completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which they will have constantly on hand an assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Compasses, (plain, nonious and improved,) &c. Also Brass or Composition of any size cast to order. All communications promptly attended to.

ANDREW MENEELY'S SONS.

West Troy, Alb. Co. N. Y. 1851

R. D. REED,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,

East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers.

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST
MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. D. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted but that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent Brick Building, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c..... \$8 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c..... 12 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c..... 16 00

Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$6 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or a short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,

JOHN C. ROGERS,
W. MOORING,
JESSE GRAY,

Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1852. Committee.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)

Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Sauffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

P. E. T. BINFORD. J. M'DERMOTT.

BINFORD & M'DERMOTT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS.

EAST SIDE THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tennessee.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at any hour, night or day. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. jan51

G. D. CROSTHWAIT,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
IOWA CITY.

Will attend to the location of Military bounty land Warrants. His charges are \$10 for 160 acres, \$8 for 80 acres, \$5 for 40 acres. He will use every means to select lands which will do best keep of soil. aug16-1f

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

JNO. C. SPENCE. JACOB B. SLACK.
JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Prompt attention given to all goods consigned to their care. jol4

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, MAY 15, 1852.

NO. 17.

[For the Classic Union.] THE PASTOR'S TRIAL.

The Rev. Mr. O. received a call to become pastor of a Church in the thriving town of S. Mr. O. was a devoted and faithful minister of the gospel, and he viewed in this call the hand of Providence, directing him to a field of labor, where the prospect of extended usefulness was spread out before him. He had a lovely wife, and several interesting children, for whose comfort and happiness he regarded it his most sacred and imperative duty to provide. But as the town of S. offered facilities for the education of his children, and as the Church to which he was called pledged themselves to the payment of a salary, which, with strict economy of his part and prompt payment on theirs, would be sufficient for the supply of his temporal wants, he accepted the call, and entered with ardor upon the duties of his sacred office. The Church were delighted with his ministrations, they praised his sermons, and thought themselves highly favored of the Lord to have secured so estimable a pastor. He spared neither labor nor study to advance the interest of the Church. He nightly laid upon his pillow, a weary, aching head, from the intensity of his mental labors, and his anxious and prayerful solicitude for the welfare of his flock. The blessing of God followed his faithful labors. Additions were made to the Church, and the older members of the Church regarded him as instrumental in the salvation of their children, or other cherished friends. He stood by the bed-side of the dying, and poured the consolations of faith and hope into the ear of the departing, and strove to bind up the lacerated and bleeding hearts of surviving relations. During the first year of his services, his salary was paid with tolerable promptness, and his mind, in a great measure, relieved from pecuniary embarrassments. Indeed so highly did the Church

esteem his services, that of their own accord they voted to raise his salary. They seemed unwilling that one so deservedly esteemed should be subjected to restrictions and self-denials, for want of means, from which they as individuals were exempt. During the second and third years, there was no diminution of zeal and faithfulness on the part of the pastor at S., and no abatement of the commendation bestowed upon him by his people. Indeed they thought his preaching had greatly improved since his first settlement among them, and not one of them could be persuaded that his equal could any where be found. One trial only marred the happiness of Mr. O., and that was a sensible falling off in the payment of his salary. After the first year, though the amount promised was greater, yet scarcely any thing was paid. A very few members paid their individual subscriptions promptly, but this amounted only to a small sum, which was soon exhausted.—He feared to fall into the bands of the grim monster debt, but what could he do? His children were crying for bread, and worn out garments must be replaced by new ones. Mr. O. was a modest man, and did not like to be continually obtruding his necessities upon the ears of his congregation. He frequently made application to the officers of the Church, and they as often replied "Certainly, this matter must be attended to, our minister must be paid, we will see to it immediately." And this is the last he hears on the subject, until again pressed by his necessities, he renews his application, only to be put off in the same manner. In the mean time his wife and children must have food and clothing, a house to shelter and fuel to warm them; he obtains these things on a credit, and presently a host of debts with their grim visages are staring him full in the face. He can no longer walk abroad in the community, like an honest man, who owes no one aught but good

will. He fears to emerge from his dwelling, lest he should be met by a dun. Still the necessities of his family press upon him, and still his indebtedness increases, while the apathy on the part of the Church in reference to paying him his dues, seems rather to increase than diminish. While in his study, the embarrassments of his position crowd upon his mind, and depress his spirits. His pulpit preparations require far more laborious effort, than if undertaken with a mind at ease. His countenance becomes haggard and careworn, and he is about to sink under the crushing weight of mental anxiety which presses upon him. He sees the members of his Church surrounded by an abundance of the comforts and luxuries of life. They deny themselves no indulgence which money can procure, and yet they make no effort to pay him his just dues.—They pay butchers and shoemakers, and tailors and milleneries, but the promised equivalent for his soul-wearing and exhausting labors is withheld. Yet the members of the Church love their pastor very much, they have every confidence in him, and would not be willing to exchange his services for those of any other minister in the whole circle of their acquaintance. Mr. O. is just at this moment in this very trying predicament.

Now, dear reader, what can he do?—What would you advise him to do? If he resigns his charge, and removes to some other place, leaving his debts unpaid, the reputation of dishonesty will follow him, and mar his prospects for future usefulness. If he remains in his present position, it will only be to involve himself deeper and deeper in a labyrinth of inextricable difficulties.

Reader, is not Mr. O. your pastor? If so, resolve immediately what you will do, for his case admits of no delay.

Mrs. E. M. E.

SOMETHING FOR THE CURIOS.—The word "warrant" will spell one hundred and sixty-seven grammatical English words.

From The New-York Organ.
THE DOCTOR'S FIRST PATIENT.

The caprices of fortune towards those who court her, and the humiliation she sometimes imposes as condition of success, are rather oddly illustrated in the following history, which an old English physician gave recently of his personal experience "long time ago."

I had completed my studies, and taken my diploma, when I found myself in the great sea of London, with twenty pounds in my pocket. I took the lower part of a small house in an obscure street at the back of some gorgeous squares—and paid out ten pounds in furniture, fixtures, and drugs, reserving the other ten to pay my half year's rent.

"The first week I sold a few pennies' worth of rhubarb and magnesia, and lived on bread and milk. The next week was no better—the next—and as the month was coming to a close, I was determining to shut up the shop and go as an assistant, when a livery servant came, in for a shilling's worth of the best magnesia and some smelling salts, and took my card.

"Next day he called again, and bought some powdered starch, and had a bit of a talk with me. Next day was ever-to-be-mentioned Saturday. I had just cleaned my place and self, when, in came, in a hurry, my new friend the livery servant. He said his mistress wished to see me, soon as possible, on something very pressing. I asked him if I must go as I was. "Put on your Sunday coat," said he, "and go with me."

"I went with him to a great house in Ports-mouth Square, and was shown up stairs into a splendid drawing room. A middle-aged lady of much suavity and graciousness, soon entered, and apologised for having sent for me, but hoped, from what her servant said of me, I should not be offended.

"I thought she little knew my feelings, to imagine I should be offended at being sent for, and assured her I was most happy to render her any service in my power. She told me she had a favorite parrot that had broke its leg, and she had asked the doctor who attended her, to help to set it and he had felt himself insulted, at being thought a bird doctor. She said she had no intention to insult him, and only wished for information what to do. She told me that if I would set her bird's leg, and charge her the same as for setting her own, were it broken, she should be most happy to employ me. I

thought the terms proposed too liberal, but she insisted on no less, and I consented.

"Home slips of whalebone and a little tape enabled us to set the creature's leg, and I attended my first patient with an assiduity and carefulness which I have not since surpassed. A fortnight's services were rendered, and my patient was restored. The lady now insisted on my making out my bill against her. I did so, and charged her what she bid me—the usual sum for setting such a lady's leg. I trembled when I gave it to her. It was ten guineas. She thanked me, and presented me with twenty—saying, the other ten were for my modesty, civility and kindness.

"She then remarked, that she had an opportunity of making my acquaintance and estimating my abilities, and if agreeable to me, she would engage me as her family physician, for her former doctor had many hundred pounds from her, and might have shown a little kindness to her bird—but as he had made his fortune, he could do without her patronage, and she preferred to give it where, it was appreciated and was serviceable.

I blushed, and hesitatingly informed her that my residence, and my position, were not equal to the station she was going to put me in. She told me all that would be bettered, and she saw I was deserving of it. She bade me look out for a better residence, and promised she would help me to obtain the necessary furniture and fittings. She told me the amount for medical attendance on herself and household was never less than eighty or a hundred pounds a year, and that she could secure me several families.

"I took a house—she did all that she promised, and laid the sure foundation of my future prospects. She was my constant friend until she died, and left me something handsome in her will. I have retired from business, and my fortune all arose from setting that poor parrot's leg."

FEELINGS OF AGE.

"If I only had religion, I would not care how soon I died," said an aged man of threescore and ten. And so has said or felt many an old man besides him, when the sun of life was far down in the west, and the nightfall of death was near. And we scarcely know of a more pitiable object of contemplation, than a hoary-headed individual; tottering with age, and yet destitute of religion. He has spent a long life in this world of probation.—With the Bible in his hands, he has neglected its holy teachings. He has lived

on from year to year, heedless alike of the warnings and the invitations of the gospel. He has lived for himself and for this world, and not for God and eternity. With the imperishable riches of heaven offered to him, and pressed on his acceptance, he has toiled all his life to lay up treasures on earth, from which he must soon be parted forever. The ample means of grace which he has enjoyed, have been all misimproved. The years which God gave him in which to learn the language of heaven, and be educated for the exalted society and employments of the coming world, he has wasted and misspent. His years on earth are gone. Youth, manhood, and vigorous age, are all fled, and have left only the poor remnant of his days, in which bitterly to reflect, that after all he has done, he has neglected the great and only errand on which he came into this world. He is about to leave this state of trial wholly unfitted to enter on the solemn scenes which lie before him.—As the evening of life draws on, with its cold, and frost, and death, that old man wants the consolation and supports of religion. But alas! he cannot find it. He sighs for it, it may be; but that heavenly influence which in his young days might have moulded his soul anew, and tuned it for immortality, is far away, and the powers of his mind, long trained in the service of the world, refuse to rouse up to the mighty effort of preparing for its solemn exit. He sees the grim messenger in the distance, coming on apace to summon him away to his last account.—Every day brings him nearer to the dread hour of his departure, which he would not so much fear if he only had the supports of religion.

In like manner we fear that some of the readers of our journal are so spending life, that the evening of their days will be dark and cloudy, leaving them destitute of those rich consolations which the gospel furnishes, and which makes the sun of life go down clear and without clouds, giving tokens of a bright and glorious day beyond this vale of tears.

Let us learn to fill up life with usefulness, and with doing good to the sick, the poor, the helpless and those who are apt to be forgotten. Then when we die and are buried, the green sods which cover us may be moistened by the widow's and orphan's tears.

It is very interesting to see two persons get into a passion and scold half an hour, and then to discover that the whole quarrel arose from a mistake, and that neither of them knows what he has been talking about.

From the New-York Organ.
ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY FELIX.

"All is for the best," said one to a merchant who had met with heavy losses.

"It is not for the best that I should lose my property;" indignantly replied the merchant.

"The Lord's providence deals intimately with the affairs of men," said the other, "and all these dealings are for good."

But the merchant spurned the sentiment. His heart was placed on riches.—He looked upon money as the greatest good. Loss of wealth was, therefore, in his mind, the greatest evil that could befall him.

"It is not for the best," he said in his heart; and with something of the spirit in which the fool said—"No God!"

The disaster proved total. The merchant yet quite a young man, became bankrupt. Nor was this all. A marriage contract in a wealthy family was broken off, thus visiting him with a double calamity.

"All for the best!" he said to himself, bitterly, recurring to the sentiment which had been uttered in his ears. "No! It is not for the best. Why have I been dealt with so harshly? of what crime have I been guilty? Whose ox, whose ass, have I taken unjustly? I have been frowned upon without a cause."

In this state he remained for months, and then made another effort. On a few hundred dollars he commenced business once more, and with hard labor and slow progress made his way again along the road to success. She to whom he had been engaged in marriage, was united to a more wealthy lover; and he sought a union with one whose external circumstances corresponded with his own. In wedding, he wedded happily. The partner of his bosom was a true woman, and their hearts were joined in the tenderest affection.

Years came and went, and many precious children blessed their union. Prosperity crowned the merchant's efforts. He gathered in wealth, but prized it less for its possession than its use.

"What now?" said the one who had previously referred to the dark dispensation of providence. "Is all for the best? or does your heart still doubt?"

"I see it clearer now, yet, sometimes I doubt," said the merchant.

"But for your loss of property," said the other, "you would have married the daughter of Humphrey."

"Yes."

"And she would have been the mother of your children?"

"Yes."

"Have you heard of her conduct?"

"No. What has she done?"

"Yesterday she deserted her husband, leaving a babe three months old, and has gone off with an opera singer."

"It cannot be!"

"Alas! It is too true."

"Wretched creature! Oh! Who could have believed her heart so corrupt."

"Was not the loss of your wealth a blessing, seeing that it has saved both you and your children from disgrace and wretchedness?"

"A blessing? Thrice a blessing! Yes, yes. It was for the best. I see, I feel, I acknowledge it."

"Heaven knows what is best for us, and orders all for good, if we only perform our duty. Not however, our mere natural good, but our spiritual well-being. God is spiritual well-being. God is spiritual and eternal, and all his providences in regard to his creatures look to spiritual and eternal ends. Thus, while the saving of you and your children from this calamity, may conduce to your higher good, its permission to fall up on another man and his children may be the means of their spiritual elevation. All that occurs in each one's life, is designed to react upon his peculiar character; and this is the reason why one man is visited by calamity, while another is spared; and is the reason why one man is permitted to get rich, while another, struggle as he will, remains poor. God directs and overrules all for good, in individuals as well as nations. All is under his eye, and not a sparrow falls without his observation."

A WISE JUDGE.—A certain merchant left his testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons, according to the following proposition:—The first was to receive half, the second one-third, and the youngest a ninth part of the whole. But when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that to comply with the terms of the will without sacrificing one or more of the animals was impossible. Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to the Cadi, who, having read the will, observed that such a difficult question required time for deliberation; and commanded them to return after two days. When they again made their appearance the judge said, "I have considered carefully your case, and I find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each more than his strict share; and yet not one of the animals shall be injured. Are you content?" "We are, O Judge,"

was the reply. "Bring forth the seventeen horses and let them be placed in the court," said the Cadi. The animals were brought, and judge ordered his groom to place his own horse with them. He bade the eldest brother count the horses. "They are eighteen in number, O judge," he said.—"I will now make the division," observed the Cadi.—"You, the eldest, are entitled to half, take then nine of the horses. You, the second son, are to receive one-third; take, therefore, six; while to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part, namely, two.—Thus, the seventeen horses are divided among you; you have each more than your share, and I may now take my own steed back again." "Mishallah!" exclaimed the brothers, with delight, "O Cadi, your wisdom equals that of our Lord, Suleiman Ibn Daood."

UNKIND WORDS.—They come too often to our lips, and we give them utterance, when we had far better have been silent. Do we think how many tender chords we rudely touch; (causing sorrow in hearts that are true to us,) by our selfish disregard of the feelings of others? I fear not, or we would be more careful.

I had a sister near my own age. She was early called to a better world. During her last illness, once I spoke very unkindly to her; she forgave me; I repented, but never forgave myself. My unkind words haunted me long; and often has the sad remembrance of them, checked the daunting expression in after life, and I would turn away and weep.

"Oh! ye who meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasure to some heart,
Deal gently: ere the dark days come
When earth is but for one a home."

A CORRECT TASTE IN CHILDREN.—In many ways the mother can contribute to the formation of a correct taste. The first hymns she teaches to the lisping, and even the earliest notes which she sings for its lullaby, should be chosen with care. The pictures with which the walls of the nursery are adorned should be selected with a studious and cultivated regard for real beauty. Likenesses of excellent men and woman—whose names you would choose to have your children love—are a very desirable ornament. A few elegant historical pictures which might be used as introductions to general history, or which are calculated to inspire noble sentiments, would be found of great utility in every family, able to have them. A few well-furnished landscape pieces would also tend to foster a love of nature in its cheerful and sublime aspects. There is a refining and effectual influence arising from a daily familiarity with the scenery of nature, whether it glows before us in its original loveliness, or in there presentation of the genuine artist.

[From the True Union]
THE HOLY LAND.

JERUSALEM.—MORNING'S WALK.

Leaving the city of Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate we descended into the Valley of Hinnom. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like doorways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the Fountain of Siloam, that in the days of Jewish idolatry children passed through the fire in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Tophet in Scripture—fit to be spoken of, as it was, as an image of hell. Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where he hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the image of terror—"the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." The scene is very different now.—The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with springing wheat; and the spreading olives and fig-trees cast their shadows on the rich though stony soil.—Streams were led from the Pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hellish spot. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers by the priests to whom Judas returned his bribe. For the burial of strangers it was used in subsequent ages: for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed, but a charnel-house marks the spot.

The pools all around Jerusalem are beautiful, the cool arching rock-roof of some, the weed-tufted sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The Pool of Siloam is still pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man, sent to wash there, opened his eyes on its sacred streams. The Fountain of Siloam is more beautiful than the pool. It lies deep in a cave, and must be reached by broad steps which wind down in the shadow. A woman sat to-day in the dim light of reflected sunshine, washing linen in the pool. Here it was, that in days of old the priest came down with his golden picher to draw water for the temple service—and hither it was that the thought of Milton came, when he sang of—

Siloa's brook that flowed,
Past by the oracle of God.

We were now in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and we crossed the bottom of it, where the Brook of Kedron must run when it runs at all; but it seems to be now

merely a winter torrent, and never to have been a constant stream. When we had ascended the opposite side of the Valley, we were on the Mount of Olives.

The ascent was steep;—now among tombs, and now past fields of waving barley, flecked with the shade of olive trees. As we ascended, the opposite hill seemed to rise, and the city to spread. Two horsemen in the valley below, and a woman with a burden on her head, mounting to the city by a path up Moriah, looked so surprisingly small as to prove the grandeur of the scenery. Hereabouts it was, it is said, and may reasonably be believed, that Jesus mourned over Jerusalem, and told his followers what would become of the noble city, which here rose upon their view, crowning the sacred mount, and shining clear against the cloudless sky.—Dwellers in our climate cannot conceive of such a sight as Jerusalem seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The Moab mountains, over-towards the Dead Sea, are dressed in the softest hues of purple, lilac, and grey. The hill-country to the north is almost gaudy with its contrasts of color; its white or gray stones, red soil, and crops of vivid green. But the city is the glory—aloft on the steep, its long line of wall clearly defining it to the sight, and every minaret and cupola, and almost every stone marked out by the brilliant sunshine against the deep blue sky. In the spaces unbuilt on within the walls, are tufts of verdure; and cypresses spring here and there from some convent garden.—The green lawns of the Mosque of Omar are spread out small before the eye, with their groups of tiny, gay moving people. If it is now so glorious a place to the eye, what must it have been in the days of its pride!—Yet in that day, when every one looked for the exulting blessing "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces!" there came instead the lamentation over the Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned the messenger of Jehovah, and whose house must be therefore left desolate.

The disciples, looking hence upon the strength of the walls, the massiveness of the Temple buildings, then springing 480 feet from the bed of the brook below, and the depth and ruggedness of the ravines surrounding the city on three sides, might well ask when those things should be, and how they should be accomplished. On the fourth side, the north, where there is no ravine, the Roman army was encamped. We could now see that rising ground, once covered with the Roman

tents, but to-day with corn fields and olive grounds. The Romans encamped one legion on the Mount of Olives, but it could not do any harm to the city; and the only available point of attack—the north side—was guarded by a moat and three walls. The siege was long; so long that men's hearts failed them for fear, and at last one famished woman ate her own child, and at last the city was taken and nearly destroyed; and of the temple, not one stone was left upon another. Now we were in the midst of three scenes to-day! We stood where the doom was pronounced; below us was the camp of the single legion I have mentioned; opposite was the humbled city, with the site of the temple courts; and over to the north was the camp of the enemy. Here was the whole scene of "that great tribulation, such as was not known from the beginning of the world."

From the summit of Olivet we went down to the scene of that other tribulation—that anguish of mind which had perhaps never been surpassed from the beginning of the world. "When Jesus had spoken these words" (his words of cheer after the last supper) "he went forth," we are told, "with his disciples, over the brook Kedron, where was a garden."—This garden we entered to-day from the other direction, and left it by crossing the bed of the brook."

It is a dreary place now, very unlike what it must have been when "Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples." It is a plot of ground on a slope above the brook, enclosed with fences of loose stones, and occupied by eight extremely old olive trees—the oldest, I think, that we saw in all our travels. I do not mean that they could have been growing in the days of Christ. That is supposed to be impossible; though I never could learn what is the greatest age known to be attained by the olive tree. The roots of these were supported by little terraces of stones, that neither trees nor soil might be washed down the slope by the winter torrents. But little remains of these once fine trees but hollow trunks and a few struggling branches. It is with the mind's eye that we must see the filling up of this garden enclosure where Jesus "oftentimes resorted thither"—its orchard fig, pomegranate, and olive trees, and the grass or young springing corn under foot. From every part of it the approach of Judas and his party must have been visible. By their lanterns, and torches, and weapons, gleaming in the light, they must have been seen descending the hill

from the city gate. The sleeping disciples may not have heeded the lights and foot-steps of the multitude; but step by step as it wound down the steep, and then crossed the brook, and turned up the garden, the victim knew that the hour of his fate drew on.

By the way the crowd came down we now ascended toward the city, turning aside, however, to skirt the north wall, instead of returning home through the streets. Not to mention now other things that we saw, we noted much connected with the siege: the nature of the ground—favorable to the encampment of any army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw missiles into the town. The scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls; and an Arab, with a soft, mild countenance, was filling his water skins at the pool, called the sheep pool, near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and the despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike them both. As he stooped under the dim arches of the rock, and his red cap came into contrast with the dark gray of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day and to a sense of the beauty we meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see something of what it is to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

THE SOULS OF CHILDREN.

The relation between parents and children is deeply interesting and important. Parents have been instrumental of introducing their children into an existence which can never terminate. That existence is to be as happy or miserable as the capacities of the soul will allow. For this endless existence of joy or sorrow, the brief span of the present life is the only season of preparation. The character and condition of each individual for eternity is decided here on earth. Hence the vast importance that right example and influence should surround the young existence of the child, and mould and impress his character, growing up and ripening for immortality. "Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," is a maxim as true in prose as in poetry—in the moral as in natural world. Every parent has laid up

on him the solemn responsibility of fitting his child in a great measure for the world of joy or the world of woe. And this solemn work is to be done in a few short years at longest—it may be much less, for the parent cannot know what day or what hour may sunder the tie, and remove himself or his child to a returnless distance.

It is to be feared that few parents are sufficiently impressed with the force of these truths. They are plain and obvious, and only need to be looked at seriously by any parent in order to make him feel how inalienable and unutterable are the claims which children have upon the affection and watchfulness of their parents—upon their prayers and tender fidelity to the welfare of their souls. No father or mother is at liberty to seek the salvation of them who are ready to perish, at the expense of neglecting the souls of their children. The claims of impenitent neighbors or of distant heathen are not rival claims; they are entirely compatible with fidelity to the souls of children. Many Christians, indeed, who do *most* for their neighbors, do *least* for their own families. Still, there are in the churches, individuals who will talk and pray with any one sooner than with one of their own family.—They will pray and exhort at a distance, and not open their lips at home. 'I am not likely to love religion, whilst you give me such an unlovely specimen of the spirit of your religion,' said an unbelieving wife to her professing husband in presence of their children, when he wrongfully reproached her for her faults. The children showed by their actions what was the injurious impression on their young minds. And so it always will be when parents fail of their duty to God and their children by a pernicious example. Whenever parents act unworthily of their Christian character, by an unholy example, by worldliness, by apathy in their profession, or by neglect of any of their appropriate duties as followers of Christ, they may thus inflict an injury on their children which shall result in the ruin of their souls.

INTELLECTUAL DEMANDS OF THE PULPIT.—One great hindrance of the gospel is, the unwillingness on the part of those who hear it, to submit to the intellectual labor it requires. True, the chief obstacle lies in the heart, but the head is not altogether blameless. The preaching, which we are blessed in this country, is generally of a character that makes some demands upon the intellect of the hearer.

To follow the progress of a well-composed discourse, to appreciate the pertinency or beauty of an illustration, or to pursue a process of close logical reasoning, is a work which requires some effort of thought. Truth does not usually float on the surface; and that preacher poorly discharges the functions of his office, whose ministrations never take an aspect, or sustain a character that makes draughts upon his audience. The great truths which he must discuss, explain, and enforce, are not of such light and trivial import as to be comprehended without attention, or digested without thought. The profound themes of theology, the great task of vindicating the ways of God to men, cannot be properly treated without such reasoning and discussion which must require care and study to comprehend.

But how few are disposed to address themselves to such labor. If the subjects of the pulpit do not sufficiently commended themselves to the feelings nor fears, passions nor principles of those who hear, to secure their attention, no wonder that so much preaching is wasted. If the soil the preacher cultivates is so "stony" as not to yield to his preparatory labors, how can the seed cast upon it bring forth any other fruit, than that which because it hath no root, withers away? A temporary interest may be called forth by a solemn warning, or a pathetic entreaty; but no impression can be permanent, if sufficient attention be not paid to understand the doctrines and principles from which the appeal is drawn. Feelings which have no more substantial basis than the fervor or eloquence of the preacher, are but little to be trusted, and will poorly endure the ordeal that shall burn the wood, hay, and stubble. Without a degree of attention which will often cost an effort, it is not to be expected much profit will be derived from the ministrations of the pulpit, however profound eloquent, or popular.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied; 'I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society.' Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, cressy satern: 'It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have any chance of growing up good for anything, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example.'

THE WORD OF GOD IN THE HEART.

A man without the word of God in his heart, is like a person, the main-spring of whose watch is out of order. Or rather, perhaps, he is like a man without a watch, like a town without a time-piece. A man who has not Christ in his heart is always out of order. It is a very beautiful and striking expression of the Psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee. There is the place for it, in the centre of the heart, as the main-spring, then all goes right."

"It is not enough to have it outside, and to look at it as a rule; it must be within, as an inner, self-regulating rule and movement. Then everything goes right: A Christian's irregularities and inconsistencies, the falls, and stoppings, and glidings backward in his journey, are all owing to the want of the Word in his heart. It is as when the main-spring of a watch is pushed aside, or is out of order. The man sets his watch by the town-clock, and for a little while it goes well; then it stops, and he sets it again, and wonders at it. Then it goes too slow, and again he sets it; then it goes too fast, then it stops again. If he could be always looking at the town-clock, and always turning the hands of his watch with his key, then he might make it keep time; but it wants the soul of time; it wants the inner regular controlling and impelling principle and movement. So is a man's external morality, his conduct, without God in his heart. So is a Christian's piety without the Word and the Spirit of God within him. He may set it externally, set it by other Christian's, set it even by the precepts of God's Word, and he may endeavor to do this every day; but still, without the Word in his heart, it goes wrong. Sometimes it goes too slow, sometimes it stops, sometimes it runs down.—It wants the inner soul, the regulating, animating impulse and rule, the main-spring, not on one side, but in good order, in its right position.

This is God's work, to put his Word in the heart. His Word is there, except Christ is there, for Christ is the Word, the Truth, and without Christ the Word is but the letter, the dead letter. But the Word in the heart, Christ in the heart, is power. This is the power of God's ministers, and the reason why they have so little power, is because the Word is so little in their hearts. When the Word is in the heart, it is preached from and goes to the heart. When it is merely preached from the Scriptures, it is without power. Not indeed always, for God can give it power, and often does, though it were spoken by nothing better than a wooden image. But ordinarily, that which is to reach human hearts must come from the heart, must be the heart's own, and a man is very much mistaken, who thinks that by playing upon God's Word as on an instrument, though ever so skillfully, he can touch the heart. The instrument may be a living instrument, set in his own heart, and ever playing there, as a fire burneth, and then its tones, though God's tones, will come through the heart, as the

heart's tones, and will reach the heart, as God's.

This is the philosophy of preaching.—He only is the true preacher, who preaches from the Word of God in the heart.—All such preachers, have had power.—This was Baxter's power, the Word of God burning in his heart. This was Edward's power, the Word of God burning in his heart. Burning, burning, burning; Thy word was as a fire in my bones.—While I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue. This fire in the heart is what is needed. A man may be a great speculative theologian, without it. No doubt of that. He may be the very personification, the incarnation, of dead orthodoxy, and he may fight for a creed, for a form of sound words, and may preach it as mathematically strict and right as an algebraic formula, yet not have the fire in the heart.

God only can kindle it. It is God's great gift, and not to be gained without effort. But the gaining it, and making it burn brighter, deeper, more absorbing, ought to be the great care of ministers, for it is the secret source of their power over the souls of others, and when men see it burning, when they find an altar where that sacred fire breaks out, thither they gather, for even in their sins they love to see it, and to feel its arrowy flames darting upon themselves. Was it not so with Luther? But O, what watchfulness and prayer, what close waiting upon God, what "hard following after him," what walking and talking with Christ, what earnestness, and strife, and wrestling with the Spirit, what self-discipline before God, what pondering of his word upon the knees of the soul, what conflicts, are needed, to have this fire and power of God's word in the heart!

Fire in the heart! Fire in the heart! Ye ministers of Christ, it will fill your Churches, it will be the revival of God's work in your congregation, it will break out on the right hand and on the left.—Burn yourselves, and others will burn around you. But if you go to your ministrations without this fire, are you not like the seven sons of one Sœur, a Jew? And do not the evil spirits in the hearts of your hearers sit undisturbed in their places, mumbling amidst the services, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye? But the moment this sacred fire leaps out, the moment the tone of the Word in the heart is heard, then you begin to have power! and Christ's own presence is felt and acknowledged. Fire in the heart! Fire in the heart! This is what is needed.

A GOOD OLD LAW.

It was expressly prohibited under the Mosaic law to bring the proceeds of certain infamous avocations and vices as a contribution to religion. Any Jew who should dare to offer to God the grains of his or her infamy, would only add to his criminality in the view of the Searcher of hearts.

The principle of that prohibition is doubtless obligatory now. God will not accept the wages of iniquity. The man

who makes money by any wicked bargain or course of action, and then offers it or a portion of it, to God or the service of religion, virtually asks his Maker to become a sharer in his guilt. If the old maxim be true that the receiver is as bad as the thief, then we see not how a man could offer a grosser insult to the Most High, than to give Him the proceeds of wickedness.

Now apply this to the case of those professing Christians who rent their property to rum-sellers, and from the proceeds contribute to the support of their minister, or to the cause of missions.—There are such men in this city, and probably they imagine that if they only give pretty liberally of their income to religion, it will atone for the sin of letting their property for ungodly uses. What a mistake! It is only adding insult to injury. It is inviting a holy God to become a partner in a base and wicked transaction. So far from atoning for the sin committed in acquiring it, is an aggravation of that sin.

Could we trace back some of the money that is put into the missionary box, or minister's fund, we should find that it had come through hands which left the stain of blood upon it. We should trace it to the rum-seller's till, and could it speak its history we should learn that it had been wrested from famishing children, from wretched wives and mothers, and had been taken as the price of misery and death to some forlorn drunkard. How can any one imagine that God will be pleased with such contributions?

If the coin in the mission or church box could tell its own story, we should have some awakening revelations in many of our churches, and much as money is needed to carry on religious enterprises and support churches, we suspect few boards of trustees or directors would venture to accept some of the offerings. And they would be right. Religion asks no such aid. She demands that those who shall do it with clean hands. She spurns the gift which comes stained with tears of wives and children, and the blood of souls. She abhors the wages of iniquity, and hurls a double curse at him who insults her with a share of his plunder of society.

METRICAL GRAMMAR.

Three little words we often see,
Are articles, *a*, *an* and *the*.

A Noun is the name of anything,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty* *white*, *brown*.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
John's head, his face, my arm, your hand.

Verbs tell of something being done—
To *read*, *write*, *count*; *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the Adverbs tell—
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As *men* and *children*, *wind* or *weather*.

GEN. WASHINGTON—WHO KILLED HIM?

I shall here give in illustration, the observations on the medical treatment of General Washington's last illness, by John Reid M. D., physician to the Finsbury English Dispensary, and professor of theory and practice of physic.

In reading the official report of the death of General Washington, as stated in the newspapers, &c., I should imagine there were few medical persons who do not feel astonished at the extraordinary manner in which that great man was treated by physicians during his last and fatal indisposition.

Some time in the night of the 13th of December, it is said, the General was seized by a disease called the cynanche trachealis, (croup.) During the same night there was sent for a bleeder, who took from him twelve or fourteen ounces of blood. Next morning a physician was sent for, who arrived at Mount Vernon at eleven o'clock; when, imagining danger in the case, he advised the calling of two consulting physicians. In the interval, however he thought proper to employ, in spite of the twelve ounces that had already been expended, two copious bleedings. Now, when we consider that these are called croupous, and the other is not noticed as such, and all indifference with which a future most corrosive bleeding is afterwards mened, we may presume that each of these was twenty-five or twenty ounces at least.

After this, "two moderate doses of calomel were administered." I know not exactly what an American moderate dose of calomel may be, but if it is fair to presume it to be in proportion to the bleedings, we may conclude that it was at least very considerable.

Upon the arrival of the first consulting physician, it was agreed that, as there was no sign of accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs, they should try another bleeding.

Now this appears to be perfectly inexplicable. As there were at present no signs of accumulation in the lungs, they were driven to another bleeding. Hence it will be seen, that this last bleeding was to produce an accumulation in the bronchial vessels of the lungs. There was great inflammation; but as there was as yet no accumulation in the lungs they were determined to induce that also, and, as a likely means of inducing it, had recourse to the most extravagant effusion of blood.

This is not an unfair interpretation of their words; but that it could not have been their real meaning it is impossible to discover. In addition to all their previous venesections, thirty-two ounces are now drawn. The medical reader will not be surprised to find that this was unattended by any apparent alienation of the disease.

In the next place vapors of vinegar and water were frequently inhaled. Two doses of calomel were already given; but this not being deemed sufficient, ten grains of calomel are added; nor is even this sufficient. Repeated doses of emetic tartar; amounting in all to five or six grains, are now administered. It is said that the powers of life now seemed to yield to the force of the dis-

order. To many it may appear that the powers of life now seeming to yield, up the vital principle, in these circumstances, was not altogether owing to the force of the disorder.

The patient lying in this feeble and nearly exhausted state, is to be still further tormented.

Blisters were next applied to his extremities, together with a cataplasm of bran and vinegar to his throat. It is observed that speaking, which was painful from the beginning, now became scarcely practicable. When we reflect upon the extreme weakness to which the patient must, by this time, be reduced, and that he had both a blister and a cataplasm of bran and vinegar to his throat, can we wonder that speaking would be scarcely practicable, respiration grow more and more contracted and imperfect, until after eleven o'clock at night he expired without a struggle?

Think of a man being, within the short space of little more than twelve hours, deprived of eighty or ninety ounces of blood; afterward swallowing two "moderate" doses of calomel, which were accompanied by an injection; then five grains of calomel, and five or six grains of emetic tartar; vapors of vinegar and water frequently inhaled; blisters applied to his extremities; a cataplasm of bran and vinegar applied to his throat, upon which a blister had already been fixed; is it surprising that when thus treated, the afflicted general, after various ineffectual struggles for utterance at length articulated a desire that he might be allowed to die without interruption.

To have resisted the fatal operation of such herculean remedies, one would imagine that the venerable old man ought at least to have retained the vigor of his earliest youth.—*American Practice.*

SOLEMN RESPONSIBILITIES.

There is no station in this world more important, there are no responsibilities greater or more solemn than those of a minister of Christ. There are none on which are suspended more awful and momentous results, when considered in reference to the coming world. There are done which require qualifications so peculiar, and a combination so great of talents and learning, of zeal and devotion, of ardent piety and deep humility, of faith and prayerfulness, of patience and tenderness of spirit, of love to God and love to souls. Without the necessary qualifications, and fidelity to God and to the souls of men in view of the judgment, a man had better be in any other office on earth than in the ministry. On this point the language of the Bible is deeply impressive. "It gives us to understand that the blood of souls will be sought for and found in the skirts of the unfaithful watchmen." In view of the present low state of religion in the churches, is there not occasion to pause and inquire, each one for himself, concerning his duties and responsibilities? And here we use the appropriate language of Dr. Hawes, who on this topic discourses as follows: Brethren in the ministry, are we as serious, as earnest and direct in this business, as its infinite importance

demands? There never was a day when there was more need of entire faithfulness in this matter than the present; and never, perhaps, was there a day when the temptations to unfaithfulness were greater; and it becomes us to be continually on our guard, lest through fear or favor, or lack of fidelity and skill on our part, the world of truth fall of being rightly divided by us, and thus its appropriate influence on the people be lost. Our office is no ordinary one. Its duties are severely laborious; its responsibilities awfully great.—We are charged with a message from the God of salvation to our dying fellow-men; it is a message of pardon and life. Consequences of eternal moment are depending on its delivery. A few days, and we pass from these scenes of probation, and I with the people to whom we minister, enter upon the scenes of eternal destiny. Well might an apostle exclaim, Who is sufficient for these things? What rare qualifications, my brethren, are demanded for the work to which we are called of God? What profound knowledge of the Scriptures; what deep acquaintance with one's own heart; what keen discernment of character; what skill in adapting truth to each one's particular case; what patience of labor and study; what fear of God and fearlessness of man; what piety, and zeal, and entire devotion of soul are demanded of him who speaks in the name of God to dying men, the world alone, by which they can be saved? Brethren, the time is short. A few more opportunities to speak to our people the word of truth, and our ministry with the fruits of it will be sealed up into the judgment of the great day. Let us speak with that day in view, then shall we speak plainly, solemnly, successfully, and when that day shall come, we shall be able to give up our account with joy, and not with grief.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—"The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; and it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly reason and discreditable to every just feeling, for any one to depreciate the unmarried condition."

We do not know who is the author of the above sentiment, having found it among the wailets of an exchange; but it is full of truth. Some of the pleasantest recollections of our life are connected with a maiden aunt, the noble, generous being, who divided among a host of nephews and nieces, the affections which, if she had been married, would probably have been monopolised selfishly by her own children. And now, in some families, we see what a blessing a maiden aunt is! Who so ready to act as nurse in sickness; to forward the young folks in getting up a party; to be at once the companion and adviser of her nieces as they approach womanhood; to form the manners of her nephews; and to do hundreds of other kindly acts? What would many a household do without its maiden aunt? Often, too, the character is hallowed by some great sorrow, such as the death of a plighted lover in youth.—May heaven bless all of the class.

ANECDOTE OF LYMAN BEECHER.

When in the early years of his life, the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher was living in Litchfield, Connecticut, he spent a Sabbath in New Haven. He was accustomed to dress with great simplicity, and was very diffident in conversation; so that it was no easy matter to judge of his quality. The Rev. Dr. Strong was then settled over the Congregational church in that city, and professional usage required that he should entertain the young clergyman at his house, and invite him to his pulpit. He looked distrustfully upon the plain country pastor, and lamented the terrible necessity; but there was no alternative but in the violation of courtesy.—The morning and afternoon services passed by without Mr. Beecher taking any part in them; in the evening Dr. Strong coolly intimated, that if he chose to do so, he might preach, and was shocked by his instant acquiescence. "A man who will accept an invitation tendered in such a way as this," thought the Doctor, "cannot preach a sermon fit for my congregation to hear!" He was mistaken. Mr. Beecher had hardly less pride than genius, and he keenly felt the coldness of the great man. The evening came on; the church was brilliantly lighted, and thronged with the beauty, fashion, and intelligence of that home of pendency and learning. Dr. Strong had offered the opening prayer, and was sitting in stern ill-humor, while the choir were singing the hymn to precede the sermon. Mr. Beecher became restless, and his face was flushed with a sudden excitement. He turned to the Doctor and inquired, in a low and hurried voice, if the sermon could be for a few minutes deferred—he had left his manuscript in his chamber. "No!" said the Doctor, with exultant sharpness—and grasped the Bible to select a text for himself, glad that an accident was to relieve him and his congregation from the mortifying infliction he had dreaded. He was too fast; his young brother had been stung to the heart by his manner, and recognizing the words of the last line of the hymn, sprang to the desk, and before Dr. Strong had recovered from his astonishment, announced his text for an extemporaneous discourse. "It is the will of God," thought the vexed and humbled pastor, and prepared himself to listen with Christian resignation.—For a few moments the young preacher spoke with a slight hesitation, as if, while giving his introduction, he was revolving in his mind an extended argument. Soon his voice rang clear and loud, his sentences became compact and earnest, and his manner caught the glowing fervor of his thought. All was hushed but his impassioned tones; the great assembly was still as death; and leaning forward with blended wonder and admiration, the pastor felt stealing over him from the hushed air the rebuke of his Master, for his harsh judgment and cold treatment of his young brother. In after life, he used to relate the story, and confess that he had never heard such eloquence as that of the homespun young Mr. Beecher.

Here is a fact of a very opposite des-

cription. Father Moody was settled at York, Maine, in 1700, where he remained till his death, fifty years afterwards. A young clergyman was once visiting him, and the morning of the Sabbath, was invited to preach. "Oh, no, Father Moody," was his reply, "I am traveling for my health, and wish to be entirely relieved from clerical duties. Besides, you, sir, are a distinguished father in Israel, and one whom I have long wished to have an opportunity of hearing, and I hope to-day for that gratification."

"Well," said the old clergyman, as they wended their way to the meeting-house, "you will sit with me in the pulpit?"

It was unimportant, the young minister replied; he could sit in the pulpit or the pew, as Father Moody preferred. So, when they entered the church, Father Moody stalked on, turned his companion up the pulpit stairs, and he himself went into the parsonage pew.

The young minister, when he found himself alone, looked rather confused, and waited a long while for his host to "come to the rescue." But there Father Moody sat before him, as straight and stiff as a statue; and finding there was to be no reprieve for him, he opened the Bible and went through with the exercise. Perhaps the excitement caused by this remarkable treatment might have enlivened his brain; at all events, he preached remarkably well. After the conclusion of the services, Father Moody arose in his pew and said to the congregation,—"My friends, we have had an excellent discourse this morning, from our young brother; but you are indebted to me for it."

One introductory anecdote more, and we will look at the doings in the pulpit.—In Dr. Patten's Reminiscences, we are told, that sometime after the distinguished Dr. Samuel Hopkins had sent his manuscript "System of Divinity," to be printed, it was necessary that he should visit Boston to correct the press. While there, Dr. Clarke, who had been the colleague, and was then the successor of Dr. Chauncy, invited him to preach the Thursday morning lecture for him. Dr. Hopkins declined; he admitted that his health was good, but knew that even then some superficial hearers looked more at the manner than the truths of the preacher, and was unwilling to meet their frowns. Dr. Clarke urged the matter, and at length Dr. Hopkins said, "Since you are so candid as to wish me to preach, I will tell you why I decline. My manner is not polished, and my doctrines do not agree with yours; and I cannot accommodate myself to the occasion as your substitute; and if I preach at all, it must be as I am accustomed to preach in my own pulpit; and this, if it be not a mortification to you, might bring on you some reproach."

"I do not wish," was Dr. Clarke's reply, "that you should attempt to accommodate yourself to any one; you cannot gratify me more than to preach your own doctrines, in your own way. This is precisely what I wish."

"Then," said Dr. Hopkins, "I will preach."

It fortunately happened, that a Scotch gentleman of Roxbury, father of Governor Sumner's wife, was at the lecture.—On leaving the house, he expressed strong approbation of the preacher; said he was such a looking man, and such a preacher as he had been accustomed to hear in Scotland; and on learning his name, and that he had a small precarious salary, made him a present to the amount, it is believed, of five or six hundred dollars.

THE RAT.

No other animal is placed in circumstances which tend so continually to sharpen his wits, as the rat; nor does any other appear to be of a more improvable nature. He is of a most intelligent family, being related to the beaver. And in civilized countries he is not a wild creature; for he follows the progress of civilization, and adapts his own habits of life to it, so as to avail himself of its benefits.

Whosoever man goes, rat follows, or accompanies him. Town or country are equally agreeable to him. He enters upon your house as a tenant at will, (his own, not yours,) works out for himself a covert way in your walls, ascends by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger apartments, takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an entresol for himself. There he has his parties, and his revels, and his gallopades, (merry ones they are,) when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of rat-land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbors, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney-piece or under your hearth-stone; retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the order of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing that the spot so appropriated will henceforth be used either as a common cemetery, or a family vault. In this respect, as in many others, nearer approaches are made to us by inferior creatures than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some distant port; rat goes with it.—Great Britain plants a colony in Botany Bay, Van Dieman's Land, or at the Swan river; rat takes the opportunity of colonizing also. Ships are sent upon a voyage of discovery; rat embarks as a volunteer. He doubled the stormy cape with Diaz, arrived at Malabar in the first European vessel with Gana, discovered the New World with Columbus, and took possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigated the globe with Magellan, and with Drake, and with Cook.—*Southey's "Doctor."*

A LITTLE FORTUNE.—Mrs. Wilson Taylor, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., it is said, has received information from Washington, that upon making the proper application, she will receive some \$10,000; it being due to her father, Mr. Noah for military services during the Revolutionary war.

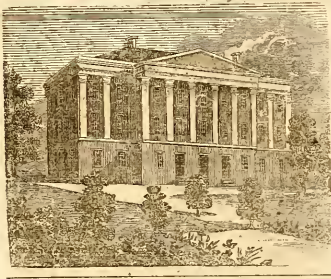
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



MAY 15, 1852.

THE INFLUENCE OF MONEY.

It is passing strange what a potent influence the "almighty dollar" exerts over human actions. To accumulate property—to gain wealth, seem to be great object of many, the sole aim of all their efforts. To this one object they bend all the energies of their minds and all the powers of their souls. We do not regard it as sinful or improper to make money. There is an original propensity in human nature to gain possession of objects around us, and when this propensity is kept within the proper limits, regulated by reason and conscience, it is not only innocent, but may be even virtuous. It too frequently happens, however, that mankind suffer this desire to accumulate to gain an ascendancy over all the other propensities of the mind, and become the ruling and absorbing passion of the individual.—This desire not unfrequently blinds the moral sense, and leads many to do those things which their conscience and better judgement condemn. Men will reason correctly on other subjects, but when money mingles itself with any moral question, it either makes such a jingle as to drown the voice of conscience, or glistens so brightly as completely to absorb the attention from the consideration of any other topic. How else can we account for the fact that many merchants will bring on and sell articles of no utility, the use of which they would unhesitatingly condemn, and the sale of which would lower the purchaser in their estimation. They know that these articles will be purchased by the vain and foolish who possess more

property than brains, and because profit can be made upon them they are willing to minister to this vanity and thus injure the character of their fellow creatures.

What else but the blinding influence upon the moral sense which money exerts will induce some editors to publish advertisements setting forth at what places intoxicating liquors can be obtained or some splendid prizes to be drawn in a lottery, and then calling the attention of their readers to these advertisements and commending them to their consideration.—This they do for the sake of a few dollars, while at the same time as private individuals they regard the practice of selling intoxicating drinks as immoral and an outrage upon the decencies of society; and they know that lotteries are outlawed by the State, and they believe the legislature acted in accordance with the best interest of the people in making them unlawful.—Could any thing but money cause them thus to divide their individuality into two personalities. They must reason after the following fashion: "Here is an advertisement setting forth the attractions of a place where intoxicating liquors are sold. The traffic in ardent spirits ought to cease—it is inflicting woe and misery upon thousands—no man who respects himself or the good of society would engage in the traffic. By publishing this in my paper I shall perhaps induce many to resort thither who otherwise would not. But let me see, this list of liquors will take up three squares, which, at two dollars per square, will make six dollars, and then a dollar more for each insertion. I cannot afford to lose this amount. If I do not publish it, my neighbor over there will. As an individual, my conscience would not allow me to aid in the least, in promoting this practice, but as an editor, I can do it." Little does he dream that it is money that thus influences his judgment.

There are those who bring on books of the most corrupting and debasing kind, and sell them to young misses and weak minded young men. They do not entertain a doubt but that these books will be injurious and demoralizing to the characters of those who read them, still they will sell them merely because a profit can be made on them. They are very careful that these books shall not be introduced into their own families, but they are careless how much intellect and moral ruin they may work in others. These very book sellers would express great indignation if any one should charge them with acting contrary to the strictest principles

of moral rectitude, so blinded are they by the love of gain. What a harvest of damnation will such men reap!

We are pained to witness the influence which money exerts even within the sacred enclosures of the Church. A man of wealth is sometimes retained in the Church because he is rich, or because he pays his subscription liberally, while none have any confidence in his piety. Acts are sometimes overlooked in such a man, for which a non-paying member would be arraigned. These things ought not so to be. We should have a single eye to the right and pursue it with undeviating firmness, whatever may be the consequences.

E.

CHARMING PICTURE.

In the delightful series of articles in Sharpe's London Magazine, entitled Deborah's Diary, we have many life-like and exquisite daguerreotypes of Milton's private life and thoughts. Deborah is his amanuensis, and is kept busy writing Paradise Lost at his dictation. Anne is a retiring, shrinking disposition, and the blind poet can only know her by what she says and does, not by what she feels. He is therefore less attached to her than to Deborah. In view of this state of things Deborah says:—

I wish Anne were a little more demonstrative; father would then be as assured of her affection as of mine, and treat her with equal tenderness. But no, she cannot be; she will sit and look piteously on his blind face, but alas! he cannot see that; and when he pours forth the full tide of melody on his organ, and hymns millious praise, the tears rush to her eyes, and she is often obliged to quit the chamber; but, alas! he knows not that. So he goes on, deeming her, I fear me, stupid as well as silent, indifferent as well as infirm.

I am not avised of her ever having let him feel her sympathy save when he was inditing to me the commencement of his third book, while she sat by at he sewing. 'Twas at these lines:—

"Thus with the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But clouds instead, and ever during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Out off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank."

His brow was a little contracted, but his face was quite composed; while she, on the other hand, with her work dropped from her lap, and her eyes streaming, sat gazing on him, the image of woe. At length, timidly stole to his side, and, after hesitating awhile, kissed both his eyelids. He caught her to him, quite taken by surprise, and, for a moment, both wept bitterly.

STATISTICS OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

The result of the contributions of Christians to the various benevolent Societies which recently held their anniversaries in New York and Philadelphia are as follows:

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions received from all sources \$144,059.

They employ fifty-four ministers; assistant missionaries, eighty-one; native assistants, twenty-five; scholars two thousand six hundred and forty-seven—of whom in boarding schools, five hundred and thirty-five; church members reported, four hundred and forty.

The American and Foreign Christian Union has received \$59,656. It has twenty-five missionaries in foreign lands and eighty-five at home, laboring for the conversion of Romanists and the diffusion of the Bible among them.

The American Tract Society composed of all denominations has received the past year \$342,858.

The American Home Mission Society has received the past year \$160,000.—This Society has in its service 1,064 ministers in 28 different States and Territories. The American Bible Society has received \$308,744, being \$24,130 more than ever received before in one year. The American Sunday School Union received during the year \$139,946.

The American Baptist Publication Society, has received \$42,358. Forty-one new publications have been printed or stereotyped during the year; 20,000 copies of the Baptist Almanic, and 32,000 of the Baptist Record have been published. The whole number of publications are 333, in English, German and French.—37 Calporteur missionaries have been employed; 33 libraries valued at \$10 each, have been granted to ministers and Sunday Schools, and grants have been made to various Foreign Mission Societies.

The Society resolved to raise \$2000 for the purpose of furnishing 200 libraries of the value of \$10 each to distribute to ministers.

When all the contributions and labors of the various other Societies not included in these statistics are taken into the account, there will be shown a large amount of christian liberality and enterprise for the conversion of the world. And still how little is done compared with the ability to do!

CHOLERA.

Reports having gone abroad of cholera at this place, calculated to alarm those

who have sons and daughters here at school, we take occasion to state the facts in the case for their relief.

A young man, not a resident of this place, arrived in this neighborhood from Texas, having traveled on the river where he contracted a severe diarrhea, and imprudently attempted to walk several miles into town, the fatigue and exertion was such as to increase the vigor of his disease, which prostrated him on the road and rendered it necessary for him to be brought into town on a wagon. When medical aid was procured he was so far prostrated as to render it ineffectual, and on Sabbath he died. As to the existence of Cholera there has been none, (unless this be so called,) nor is there any apprehension of its appearance.

SCHOOL GIRLS.

On Saturday the teachers and a large number of the pupils of the Baptist Female Institute of Nashville, arrived at our depot, on the morning train of cars, where they were joined by the teachers and pupils of the Baptist Female School of this place and those of Union University, and proceeded to the beautiful grove at the Sand Spring in this vicinity for a "pick nick."

When collected in the grove there seemed to be an assembly of perhaps two hundred and fifty persons, mostly school Misses and young gentlemen from college with their teachers parents and friends. It was soon decided by the young folks that a speech was necessary as an introduction to their amusements and recreations, whereupon our young friend, J. W. Thomas, Tutor in the University, who generally has something on hand for such occasions, was called out, and selecting a large rock for a rostrum, entertained the company for thirty or forty minutes in an eloquent and beautiful address, on the capacity of the female mind for the highest degree of intellectual cultivation, which was of course, received with great applause by the ladies.

The remainder of the day was spent in walking, romping, talking and the various contrivances of young folks to keep up the spirits and while away the time pleasantly—to which was added ice creams, confectionaries, sweet meats of various sorts; and a comfortable supply of the more "material aid" to appetites rendered keen by the fatigue and fastings that had preceded its arrival.

At the approach of 5 o'clock all hands repaired to the depot to see our Nashville friends off for home. The whistle soon

announced the approach of the "Iron Steed," and the hour of departure arriving, the company bowed a separation, our Nashville friends moving off by steam to meet their friends at home, and those of Murfreesboro' departed gratified with the recreations and pleasures of the day, and qualified to enjoy a more comfortable night's sleep than for months before. We are decidedly in favor of these "pick nicks."

BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE AT WINCHESTER.—We made a short visit to Winchester a few days ago, and took occasion to visit this school, which is under the special patronage of the Duck River and Liberty Associations of Baptists. The school is flourishing and popular, and numbers a pupilage of perhaps one hundred and thirty or forty. We were pleased with the exercises of the pupils which we witnessed, and doubt not their rapid progress in their studies. The President, Wm. Graves, seems to be a laborious and enthusiastic instructor, and well qualified to discharge the duties of his position.

DUCK RIVER MALE ACADEMY.—Our friends of the Duck River Association of Baptists, took steps at their last meeting to establish within their bounds an academy for the education of their boys and young men preparatory to entering College.—The enterprise they have pursued with great zeal, and have located the school at Fairfield, Bedford county. At a meeting of the Board of Trustees at Wartrace a few days since, a building committee was appointed and authorized to put under contract an edifice for their purposes to cost three thousand dollars. We trust our friends of Duck River may not be disappointed in their anticipations of a flourishing school. We are gratified at the increasing interest on the subject of education being every where manifested. H.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone; not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more, or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures.

[For the Classic Union.]
CHINA MISSION—ARRIVAL OF MISSION-
ARIES.

It will no doubt be matter of rejoicing to the many friends of the Shanghai Mission to know that our brethren arrived, safe and well, at Hong Kong, China, on 27th February, where they were received by brethren Dean and Johnson, of the Northern Board, and expected to leave soon for Shanghai.

We give below some extracts from Burton's Journal: D.

JOURNAL OF DR. BURTON.
SHIP HORATIO, Atlantic Ocean,
December 7, 1851. }

THOUGHTS OF HOME.—Another Sabbath is being numbered with the past; I will not allow it to close, however, without writing to you, although our ears have not been greeted by the sound of church bells, to which we have been accustomed to listen with pleasure; neither have we had preaching aboard to-day—the wind being too high; still I hope the day has not been allowed to pass without profit, certainly not without enjoyment. In reading and thinking of the story of Ruth this morning, I could not refrain from looking back to my home and her who hath ever been its chief attraction, and regretting that a sense of duty should prevent me from exclaiming with the Moabitish damsel, “Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge,” but an Allwise Providence has decreed otherwise, and we shall endeavor cheerfully to submit to His will who doth not willingly afflict.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—Wednesday evening a sail was discovered and soon her colors were hoisted—indicating that her master wished to speak to us. Thinking from the course she was steering that she was bound for some of our Southern ports, some hasty memoranda were prepared to send home. It turned out, however, to be a British barque bound for Cork, Ireland, 163 days from California, and was short of bread in consequence of having hers damaged in a storm. Our boat was lowered, manned, and loaded for her relief. The second trip I accompanied the mate. We were very politely received by the Captain, but formed no very favorable opinion of the cleanliness and conveniences of the cabin of the *John of London*. We had a very pleasant ride in the jolly boat, of about two or three miles, the ships having drifted away from each other.—The wind rose about the time we reached the barque, and I enjoyed riding the waves exceedingly. We went off gaily nine or

ten knots (miles) an hour, and have had a fair and steady breeze ever since.

CLIMATE.—My health is very fine, not having been even sea sick.

We are in a delightful climate, and while enjoying the pleasant breezes we have had, I can scarcely realize that it is December, and that its winds, though grateful here, are probably cold and piercing around my old home. We are clad in linen, and the ladies are beginning to use their fans freely.

FLYING FISH.—During the last few days, we have seen large flocks of flying fish. At a distance, they look very much like small white birds; several have flown aboard. They are from six to ten inches in length, and in color, shape and taste, resemble our trout. Their wings, or side fins, are much larger in proportion to their size than those of any other fish I have seen. They fly fifty or a hundred yards without touching the water, when they either go under, or wet their wings and fly again. I suppose they do this to prevent their wings from becoming stiff. We expect to be in the neighborhood of homeward bound vessels in a day or two, (they go one route and come another,) and will keep a letter ready to send.

SAILORS AND STORMS.—Dec. 14.—We have had, most of the time, good breezes and pleasant weather, an item about which persons at sea are excusable, if any one is, in being particular, for under no other circumstances does one's safety and comfort so entirely depend upon it. The Captain and hands had a busy time Thursday in putting up a new top-gallant mast in the place of the one cut away during the storm off the Bermuda Islands.

Bro. Crawford preached to-day. Most of the sailors were in attendance, and were very attentive, though as a class, they are certainly the most thoughtless, wicked fellows I have ever seen.

Our Captain is very obliging and polite, as is, also, his lady; though at sea, we have to bear it any how, but it is much more agreeable to have a pleasant skipper.

Although we left New York in November, we had our ice-house filled, and it is exceedingly healthful and refreshing now. Fresh provisions—meats and various fruits—were laid in, enough for the voyage, or as long as they will keep, unless our voyage should be unusually long.

DESPISED YET MIGHTY.—We think it may be safely said that the Jews, after all that has been done to crush and annihilate them, are at this day wielding a mightier

influence upon the affairs of the world, than they have at any time before within eighteen centuries. We cannot avoid reflecting with the author of the *Hand of God in History*, that whether it be in pecuniary ability or financial tact, or in the higher walks of learning, or in military prowess, or in political or diplomatic skill, the Jews are not wanting in men thoroughly furnished for every exigency. The Minister of Finance in Russia is a Jew. The Minister, Senor Mendizabel, of Spain, is a Jew. The late President of the French Council, Marshal Soult, was a Jew. No great intellectual movement in Europe has taken place in which Jews have not greatly participated. So it has been in the late revolutionary struggles in Europe. Indeed, not a small share of human activity is this day kept in motion by Jews. That mysterious Russian diplomacy, which so alarms Western Europe, is organized and chiefly carried on by Jews. The mighty reformation now preparing in Germany is developing itself under the auspices of Jews.—The daily political press in Europe is very much under the dominion of Jews. As literary contributors, they influence almost every leading continental paper. In Germany alone they have the exclusive control of fifteen public journals. An intelligent writer speaks of the “magic power” of their present intellectual influence in Europe. The great universities of Germany are and have long been largely supplied with Jewish professors, and still more important is the fact that the money kings of Europe are principally Jews.

YOUNG MEN.—The most anxious moment in the history of a young man is that moment when he forsakes the paternal roof, and goes forth into the world to seek a livelihood. The interests of life are crowded into that period. The tears of a mother, the counsels of a father, consecrate that eventful moment. Away from old associates, and settled in some new home, how apt the former restraints are to be thrown off?

The trial of virtue now comes. The test of principle is now applied. If he hold fast his integrity, the prayers of his father and mother, rising oft when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings as thick as the manna that fell round the camp of the Israelites down upon his path.—But if he prove faithless, then will memory embitter his life, then will his parents welcome the grave that they may hide their dishonor in the dust.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

[For the Classic Union.]
MINISTERIAL DUTIES.

In sending you a few thoughts for a place in your excellent paper, I will first mention a few things that should not constitute ministerial duties, and yet, lamentable to tell, many who, at times fill the sacred desk are found engaged in them.

Where shall we go to find the proper authority to determine in what they *should* and in what they *should not* be employed? In vain do we search the book of Nature; Philosophy is silent upon the subject; and we shall have to examine the Word of God, from which, no doubt, a correct conclusion can be formed. In the commission given by the blessed Savior to those whom he had selected to preach the Gospel, the first injunction is to be found. What is that injunction and how does the commission read? Does it say, "Go ye into some wealthy neighborhood and take charge of a school of high character that will yield its thousands?" Does it say: "Go ye and search out a beautiful situation in some desirable portion of our country and locate?" Does it say "Go ye and tear down your old barns and build new ones, say to your soul, 'soul, take thine ease for thy income is immense?'"

In looking over the world and observing the conduct of hundreds of those who profess to be the ambassadors of Jesus Christ, we are constrained to believe that they are working under one or more of the above commissions. But the command given by our Lord and Master contains no such language. It says, Go ye into *all* the world, and preach my Gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded.

Here is the starting point, and where is the minister of the cross, who feels it to be his duty to warn "sinners to flee the wrath to come," that can with a quiet conscience fail to obey the heavenly calling? If the great head of the church has sent him forth as a messenger of mercy to a ruined world, he should "lay aside every weight," and not be entangled with the affairs of earth, for a "double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

First, he is not to stay at home, but 'go,' and as he goes, 'preach.' Here is a field spread out before him in all its shades and colors, as boundless as eternity. Then the true minister of the New Testament has no time for any thing save the cultivation of his Master's vineyard. The Agriculturist devotes his whole time and energies to repairing the unrepaid and keeping down the obnoxious weeds that

would destroy the crop. The Messenger of the Lord need not expect to till the field by laboring only one day in seven and frequently not that. The field is the *whole* world, and the time appointed for its cultivation is the fleeting space of our existence. Read the 6th and 31 of Nehemiah, where that faithful servant of the Most High, set an example so worthy of our admiration. The enemies of the Lord having failed to accomplish their desires *vi et armis*, attempted to persuade to terms of compromise. Nehemiah would not meet them in the plains of Ono to consult whether it was right to obey God, but sent messengers to them saying, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down to you: why should it cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"—If any have left the work assigned them to do, and gone down to hold converse with the world, the flesh, or even *Diabolus* himself, let them hasten back and plant themselves beneath that banner all crimsoned in hallowed blood. Let them remember, if the watchman shall see the sword menacing the sinner's blood, and warn him not, he shall sullenly be destroyed, but his blood demanded of the watchman.

Would to God all the professed ministers of the Lord could feel like Paul felt, when he exclaimed in all the earnestness of his soul, "We is me if I preach not the Gospel!"

I will close by making one more quotation from this same writer, which is as applicable to *all* ministers, as it was to the one to whom it was addressed.

"I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, *preach the word*; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." H. B. D.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night, by one of the ladies of his congregation:

"Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am not very ill, I am only nervous, and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the clergyman. "Oh, sir, you always *put me to sleep* so nicely when I go to church," that I thought if you would only *preach a little for me!*" They say that the parson "made tracks" in less than no time.

☞ Experience is the best adviser, but it is better to learn by others than our own.

ROADSIDE PHILOSOPHY.

"Good morning, sir, a hearty good morning to you, sir," said a man who was working away in the field and who had not until this salutation, observed me.—"I beg pardon for not seeing you sooner, you seem to have been standing for some time, I was so busy, singing, digging, and thinking, that I had not time for much else. But you look tired, come and sit down on this bank; don't make an excuse, you are too tired now to walk, and you'll walk all the better for a rest." Being really tired, I accepted the invitation, and took a seat on the grass. "You find it unpleasant laboring so hard in such warm weather, do you not, friend?"

"Yes, sir, it is pretty hard, but you know we must eat, and that is impossible without labor. Now, stranger, you seem to have traveled considerably, did you ever see any person that was contented without labor?"

"Never."

"No, nor any body else; if they don't work, they must beg or steal, and come to misery and wretchedness in this world and that to come. But did you ever see a rich man that lived at his ease, happy and contented?"

"Never."

"Exactly so. Now you see by this, friend, that labor is absolutely necessary to happiness, and I know from experience that I am always happier after a hard day's labor, than at any other time. And, sir, I can eat heartily and sleep soundly, with no night-mare, no gout, no dyspepsia to harrass me, no creditor to dun me, and no evil conscience to torment me. But my labor is not for myself alone, I have a good wife and four pretty children, so you see it is a labor of love. How glorious it is to meet the little things to fling out to see me when I return from work, they are so glad to see me, and—But, stranger, I am tiresome to you."

A clergyman once said to one of his Church, "Deacon —, you do not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity, do you?" "Why?" asked the astonished officer of the Church. "Because," replied the minister, "I often observe, that while the Christian doxology is sung at the close of our services, you are occupied in getting your hat and walking cane, so as to be ready to go, all of which would seem to indicate that you are not disposed to join in that part of Divine service."

☞ Confine your expenses, or they will confine you.

DESERTED OF GOD.

I had just entered upon my ministry.—I was making my first round of pastoral visits to the families of my congregation. One gloomy afternoon in October, I turned my horse off the main road to visit some families in a retired neighborhood.—I called at the house of Mr.—a man about thirty years of age. He was the eldest son of one of the first families of the parish, of good education and polite manners. His mother and his wife were members of the church, and his three children had been offered to the Lord in baptism. I found him sitting in an easy chair, and my first glance at his countenance convinced me that he was a victim of the consumption. He was evidently gratified to have me call, and told his children to sit down and be quiet, that our conversation might not be interrupted. I inquired about his health—"he was comfortable yet—able, on pleasant days, to amuse himself with his gun, for an hour or two, in the neighboring woods—liked to take air an exercise as much as he could." I passed to the subject of religion. He conversed with great frankness—confessed that he was a sinner—that he had no hope, and expressed a strong wish that he was a Christian. I urged upon him an immediate attention to his soul's concerns, in view of his state of health, and as a matter of duty and comfort. He listened attentively, and assented cheerfully to all I said. After conversation and prayer with the family, I arose to depart. As I was passing to the door, Mr. R. turned to me, as he sat in his chair, and addressed me in substance as follows: "Mr. X., I know that I am a dying man. I am aware of my disease, and what must be the issue. I have no hope in Christ, and I know that I must become a Christian or be lost. I wish you would visit me frequently, be faithful to me, and help me all you can." I was surprised at this address, at his frankness and earnestness; and after a few words more, readily promised to see him often, and do him all the good in my power.

He declined slowly, and I saw him frequently for more than a year, showing him, as well as I could, the way of salvation by Christ, and urging him to embrace it. He was always polite, always glad to see me, always ready to listen, always assented to the truth of my words, but always said that he *could not feel*. This was his constant complaint. *He knew it all, but he could not feel.*

At one time he said to me, "Mr. X. I

wish you would tell me all about hell and the condition of the lost. I have been thinking that it might awaken some feeling." I did as he requested. As I spoke, he fixed his eyes on the hearth, as though determined to give the closest attention. After I had said all I wished, I inquired what were his feelings. His answer chilled me. "I know all this to be true, but I have no more feeling about it than that hearth-stone."

Some few weeks before his death, I visited him frequently in company with a brother minister, temporarily in the place. One day after we had conversed and prayed with him, and were passing out of the house, I remarked to my brother, "There seems something singular in this man's case; it looks to me as though he might have grieved away the Holy Spirit—as though God had deserted him." My brother had the same impressions. It was proposed to go back and ask him.—We re-entered his room and sat down by his side. I said, "Mr. R. there appears to us something singular in your case, and we thought we would take the liberty of asking you one question, and you may answer it or not, as you please." As he expressed a perfect willingness to answer any question in his power, I said "Mr. R. did you ever grieve away the Holy Spirit?" If I had drawn a dagger and presented it to his breast, he would not have been more startled. He turned his keen black eyes upon me, sparkling with the unnatural brightness peculiar to his disease, then dropped them to the floor, and answered, "Yes, I have." My feelings were so solemn and awful, that for a moment I could not speak. I then inquired if he was willing to relate the circumstances, and in reply, he told us that some six years before, in a time of revival, he became deeply anxious for his salvation, and *did many things*; that in a fit of impatience he resolved to have nothing more to do with religion at that time, and his anxious feelings soon left him. We departed, but we gave him no hint of our fears, that he had done despite to the Spirit of grace. From that time, he seemed to cease all efforts to feel.

I continued to visit him as he declined, always pointed him to Christ, as able and willing to save to the uttermost, all that would come unto him. He would listen, but had little to say.

A short time before his death, with his consent, the prayers of the church were solicited in his behalf, and such were his peculiar circumstances, and such his fami-

ly connections, that a general interest was felt for him.

I was with him in the evening of the night in which he died. We feared he would not live till morning. He was sitting up, conversed freely, and I prayed with him as usual. He appeared quite calm in view of his end, and before leaving I said, "Mr. R. should you die to-night, have you any hope of heaven?" He replied promptly, "No, I should go to hell." Before morning he was a corpse.

After the funeral, good deacon W. said to me one day, "Somehow, I could not pray for Mr. R., I tried to pray for him, but I couldn't." Others made similar remarks, in relation to their own feelings.—The Lord seemed to put his hand on the mouths of his people as say, "You shall not pray for him."

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.—It has been well and truly said that if the disposition to speak well of others was universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house and neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed. Envy, Jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips go forth on their missions like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Surely Christians, who profess to be renewed in the spirit and temper of their minds should have some power in restraining the "unruly member," and present to others the example of speaking well of the others, or, at least, in holding their peace.

"I wished," said a minister once, "to address every portion of my flock in a manner which should impress them most deeply; and accordingly gave notice that I would preach separate sermons to the old, to young men, to young women, and to sinners. At my first sermon, the house was full, but not one aged person was there; at the second, to young men, every lady in the parish was present, and but few for whom it was intended; at the third, a few young ladies attended but the aisles were crowded with young men; and at the fourth, addressed to sinners, not a solitary individual was there except the organist and the sexton. So I found that every body come to Church to hear his neighbor scolded, but no one cared to be spoken of to himself."

THE TIME AND ITS WORK.

It is our fortune to live in an intensely interesting period of the world's history—a time when those causes and influences which are to move the world to its centre and spread in their effects through all time, are being set to work. Thus we see one class of efforts aiming at the spread of the Bible and Christianity over the world—another class promotes the education of the masses—another set of means are diffusing the principles political of freedom—and yet another set of influences are working for the rescue of communities and nations from the curse of intemperance. All these are working harmoniously and affectively, and must, in time, achieve their purposes. And in some future period not very distant from this, men will look back to the time in which we live, and to the moral means we see in operation, and will read with wonder and gratitude, and praise to God, of the efforts then made in behalf of human happiness.

We should never lose sight of this thought, that we live and act and lend our influence for good or evil in this peculiar and remarkable time, when every thought, word and deed seams big with consequences to our fellow men. We read of an immense mass of rock in a certain place in Europe, which weighs thousands of tons and would require the strength of millions of men to remove it, yet so nicely is it poised upon another rock that a child can disturb it, and cause it to vibrate and rock. So, it seems to us, is the moral world at the present moment—the touch of a child's finger may cause it to tremble or to rest.

We are told that at times travellers on the lofty declivities of the Alps are required to proceed in silence not daring to laugh or speak, lest the vibrations of the sound should loosen some mass of ice and snow and rock and launch it forth in a reckless thundering avalanche upon the travellers and their homes in the vale beneath.—Something like this is seen in the moral world. The voice of the devoted orator, or the glad shout of the friends of freedom or of reform, in some shape, shakes loose from its hold some mighty crust of error or iniquity, and away it dashes in thundering, leaping bounds down to low-est Orcus. The earnest word of the humblest, obscurest man may thus, in these peculiar times of the world's history, break up some system of fraud and falsehood which has been hundreds or thousands of years in building itself up. The child of poverty whose entire education was obtained at his mother's knee and in the vil-

lage school may come forth and, uttering a few fresh and heartfelt appeals in favor of truth and humanity, may rend the mountains of antiquated tyranny, and cause them to sink down in hopeless ruins. Such things are happening frequently in our times, and will continue to happen till the march of truth and the triumphs of humanity are completed.

IMPROVING THE PSALMODY.—A down east chorister set some music of his own to Watts' psalm in which occur these lines:

"O let my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling on his pastor, who had more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had proposed. He suggested to read them as follows:

"O let my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintained his gravity as well as he could, he said he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner these lines:

"O let my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred riddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his parody, retired, and will probably for the future sing the psalm as it stands.

WE ARE SCULPTORS ALL.—"Little" as many of us think about it, or intend it, we are all, like the sculptor, giving shape to some object, if it be only our own souls, and happy would it be for us and our fellow men, if every exertion of our influence were made with the care and precision of the artist who labors to produce from the inanimate marble an image of breathing, moving life. We know not who is the author of these lines, in which the thought just hinted is so finely expressed:

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up, with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream, on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light, the sculptor shone:
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life, are we, as we stand,
With our souls, uncarved, before us,
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life dream shall pass o'er us,
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

There is no need to dwell upon the power of that influence which is exerted in our day by the newspaper press. It is one of the most distinguished of the controlling agencies under which the mind of our vast population is educated, by which the seeds of thought are scattered broadcast in all directions, by which reflection is induced and warmed into resolute and enthusiastic purpose and effort. The periodical press is the chosen and indispensable instrument of the politician and statesman, and not less so of the philanthropist and Christian. A cause however good and patriotic, without the press to aid it, to define its principles and urge its objects, can expect no success. In all cases the press, by common consent, is indispensable.

If then the press exerts such a prodigious influence in moving the minds of men in the ordinary walks of life and on all the great questions of political economy, of religion, of war and peace, of commerce and trade, much more must it be a powerful instrument, for good evil, when it acts upon the comparatively flexible and plastic material of which the family is composed. What will be its effect upon the opinions and conduct of youth? How certainly must it give a character and direction, which no other influence can change, to the minds which are, as it were, in their infancy.

How incalculably important therefore must it be to every right-minded parent, to every lover of virtue, to every patriot, that the paper which comes into his family should be one which can be trusted for the safety of its counsels, for the purity of its morals, for the elevating, refining tendency of its teachings. Parents cannot too seriously or carefully guard their households against intrusion of corrupt and corrupting periodicals. And if they neglect their duty in this respect or show any indifference to the subject, let them not be surprised if hereafter they find their children growing up familiar with all the substance of depraved life. We entreat parents especially to think of these things.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

When first the marriage not was tied,
Between my wife and me;
My age was to that of bride,
As three times is to three.

But now, when ten and half ten years,
We man and wife have been,
Her age to mine exactly bears,
As eight is to sixteen.

Now tell, I pray, from what I've said,
What were our ages when we wed?

The Preposition stand before
A Noun—as in or through a door.

REASON AND INSTINCT.

We could never see any good reason for the common reluctance to credit the inferior creation with intellect and reasoning powers in various degrees. Whenever a dog, or a horse, or bee, does a thing which in man would be attributed to his reason, it is merely instinct, and by instinct is meant a blind impulse towards some end which the agent does not aim at or perceive. This philosophy looks to us as if it sprang from that vanity and egotism of human nature which delights in considering itself the only really important being in the world. For our part we think it ought to satisfy us to consider the difference between ourselves and the other animal existence here, as one of degree, rather than of kind.

We have before us a couple of examples of brute reasoning, which cannot be called anything less than reasoning without utter contempt for the meaning of terms and the proofs of rational action.—The first is related by Archbishop Whately from his personal knowledge.

The feats of sagacity of a cat, which lived many years in my mother's family, were often witnessed by her, my sisters, and myself. It was known, not merely once or twice, but habitually, to ring the parlor bell whenever it wished the door to be opened. Some alarm was excited on the first accession that it turned bell ringer. The family had retired to rest, and in the middle of the night the parlor bell was rung violently: the sleepers were startled from their repose, and proceeded down stairs with poker and tongs, to interrupt, as they thought, the predatory movements of some burglar. But they were agreeably surprised to discover that the bell had been rung by pussy, who frequently repeated the act whenever she wanted to get out of the parlor.

Another instance more striking still, is furnished us by Dr. Crouch, of the Royal Geological Society, London.

There was, within my knowledge, in the house of my parentage, a small cupboard, in which were kept milk, butter, and other requisites for the tea table; and the door was confined with a lock, which, from age and frequent use, could be easily made to open. To save trouble, the key was always kept in the lock, in which it revolved on a very slight impulse.—It was often a subject of remark, that the door of this cupboard was found wide open, and the milk or butter greatly diminished, without any imaginable reason, and notwithstanding the persuasion that the door had been regularly locked; but it was accident that led to the detection of the offender. On watching carefully, the cat was seen to seat herself on the table, and by repeated putting on the side of the bow of the key, it was at last made to turn, when a slight pull on the door caused it to move on its hinges.

Dr. Whately also mentions the fact of a dog, wishing to get to a boat out in a swift river, running quite a distance up the bank before plunging in, evidently that he might have the benefit of the rapid flow, to carry him to the boat.

Prohibitory Law.

The legislature of New York is once more appealed to by a large proportion of the people speaking through the State Society and other temperance organizations, to take such a stand in relation to the liquor traffic, as the advanced stage of the temperance reform calls for, and the enlightened public sentiment of the state demands.

The petition of the State Society is, that the legislature will enact a law prohibiting entirely the sale of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, with proper provisions for the sale of distilled spirits and wines for medicinal, mechanical, or other useful purposes; and they ask that this law may be made uniform in its application to all the cities, towns and villages of the state, with mild penalties, but sufficient provision for their enforcement.

We believe this petition is expressive of the will and wish of a large majority of the voters of this state. Four years ago, when the popular sentiment was allowed an opportunity to express itself on this subject, a majority of nearly seventy thousand declared for no license, and virtually for prohibition. Since that time, the sentiment of opposition to intemperance and the traffic which sustains it, has grown stronger and more universal among all classes, and if there is any seriousness or sincerity in the maxim that the will of the majority shall govern, then it is high time that the statute book recorded this opposition to the sale of liquor as a beverage. But admitting the possibility of our being mistaken in regard to the side on which the majority stands, the friends of prohibition are perfectly willing to submit the question to the popular vote, and if defeated, will bear their disappointment with what philosophy they can summon to their aid. They neither ask nor wish a prohibitory law, except under the conviction that a majority will array itself for the support of the law.

It is a fact too obtrusive and oppressive to escape notice, that under the present license laws, crime and pauperism are fearfully on the increase, outgrowing all the provisions made for the maintenance of the one and the suppression of the other. And another fact, conceded on all

hands, except by a few interested parties, is that the rum traffic is the great source and fountain-head of at least three-fourths of all the crime and misery which are threatening to overwhelm us. What folly then to hesitate a moment in putting this traffic down by the strong arm of the law! What downright oppression to compel the people of this state to support, year after year, the enormous burdens of taxation imposed by the direct influence of the traffic.

I DON'T CARE.

It is very strange that notwithstanding all the admonitions and counsels which may be inculcated by parents and teachers now-a-days or at least attempted to be inculcated into children and pupils, we see so many decided failures. It cannot certainly arise from want of time and opportunity, of books, of means, of examples and incitements to urge them on to the completion of something. No, it originates from a spirit of "DON'T CAREISM." From the son of the Judge, to the veriest vagabond boy of the arrant drunkard, that remarkable saying of *I Don't Care*, is proverbial. Tell the one if he never studies that he will never improve, or the other if he does not abandon his ways that he will become equally as trifling as his parent—and ten to one the expression of both would be "*I don't care*." Tell the tippler to beware or he will become a drunkard—his answer is, *I don't care*.—Tell that young man of property, who dresses so well, and sports so freely, if he is not more frugal, that he will be apt to run through, his response is, *Well, I don't care*.—Tell Miss So-and-so to mind how she acts, or she will acquire the name of a coquette—her reply is, *I don't care*. And so it is, and will be, on to the end of the chapter. There is not a surer mark of a lazy, trifling fellow, insignificant, no account chap, than in hearing him always drawl out that expression, at everything of which you may remind him. We never saw or knew a man in pursuit of life that accomplished anything at all—even if it was only learning his A, B, C, or making rat-traps, who was infected with don't careism. It is the fore runner of everything that is evil, base, lowlife, and sordid.—Whenever we hear a boy making use of the expression, we wish to apply to his back a good dose of hickory oil—to teach him that he shall care.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As Oh! how pretty, Ah! how wise.
The whole we called nine parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking teach.

R. D. REED,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,
—ALSO—

Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East Side the Square, GREENSBOROUGHL, TENN.

Family Residence for Sale.

IN a beautiful portion of the city. The house is neat and new. For particulars inquire at his office. kb28

The Bursting of the Bud.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
 With her sun shine and her showers;
 Heaven is ringing with the singing
 Of the birds in brake and bowers;
 Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
 Flowers on the field, and bloom on trees,
 O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
 Nature holds her jubilee.
 Soft then stealing, comes a feeling
 O'er my bosom tenderly;
 Sweet I ponder, as I wander,
 For my musings are of Thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
 With her mornings fresh and light;
 With her noon of chequered glory,
 Sky of blue and clouds of white.
 Calm, grey nightfall, when the light falls
 From the star bespangled sky,
 While the splendor, pale and tender,
 Of the young moon gleams on high,
 Still at morn, at noon, and even,
 Spring is full of joy for me,
 For I ponder, as I wander,
 And my musings are of Thee.

Still on Thee my thoughts are dwelling,
 Whose earthly name may be;
 Beautiful, beyond words telling,
 Is thy presence unto me.
 Mornings' breaking finds thee waking,
 Wandering in the breeze's flight;
 Noontide's glory mantles o'er Thee
 In a shower of sunny light:
 Day light dying, leaves Thee lying
 In the silvery twilight ray;
 Stars look brightly
 Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute
 Feel I near Thee, lovely one;
 In the lark and in the linnet
 I can hear thy joyous tone.
 Bud and blooming mark the coming
 Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
 And thy presence, with life's essence
 Makes the forest's heart to fill:
 Low before Thee, I adore Thee,
 Love Creative, Thee I sing:
 Now I meet Thee, and I greet Thee
 By the holy name of Spring!
 [Dublin Miscellany.]

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. D. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted but that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent Brick Building, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance, are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c.....	\$8 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c.....	12 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c.....	16 00

Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$6 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or a short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,

JOHN C. ROGERS,

W. MOORING,

JESSE GRAY,

Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1852. Committee.

DR. McCULLOCH,
 (OFFICE ON SHELBYVILLE PIKE,)

FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE,
 Murfreesborough, Tenn.

W. R. McFADDEN,
Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,

HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to punctual dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received. April 15, 1852.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
 NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
 (Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)
 Nashville, Tennessee,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
 IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine,
 Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
 Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars,
 Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent
 Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental
 Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for
 Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percus-
 sion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches,
 Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND
 LOCOMOTIVE BELLS constantly on hand,
 and *Pests or Chimes* (of any number) cast
 to order. Improved Cast-Iron Yokes, with mo-
 veable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that
 they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly,
 and Springs also, which prevent the clapper
 from resting on the Bell; thereby prolonging its
 sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke,
 Frame and Wheel), furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business by
 their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best
 form for Bells, the combination of metals, and
 degree of heat requisite for securing in them the
 greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious
 tones; which improvements, together with his
 very extensive assortment of patterns, are now
 held by the subscribers, who have grown up in
 the business, and who will use every endeavor to
 sustain reputation which the establishment has
 heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign coun-
 tries; the bells from which have repeatedly re-
 ceived the highest awards of the N. Y. State
 Agricultural Society and American Institute;
 and at which were completed Chimes and heavy
 Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and
 Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still
 be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which
 they will have constantly on hand an assortment
 of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Com-
 passes, (plain, notious and improved,) &c. Also
any Brass or Composition of any size cast to order.
 All communications promptly attended to.

ANDREW MENEELY'S SONS.
 West Troy, Alb. Co., N. Y. 1851.

W. P. McDANIEL & E. S. BUTLER,
TAILORS.

SOUTH SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,
 (NEXT DOOR TO JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.'S.)
 Murfreesboro', Tenn.

THOS. WALSH, Resident Dentist,
 Murfreesborough Tenn.

Rooms—In the New Building adjoining
 the Methodist Church.

N. B.—He has been engaged in the practice of
 his profession for the last eleven years. Charges
 moderate. July26

Dr. Wm. H. Lytle,

HAVING permanently settled in Murfrees-
 boro', offers his Professional services to the
 citizens of the town and vicinity in the practice
 of the various branches of his Profession. His
 office is on the south side of the square, next
 door to Reed & Elliott's. His residence, the one
 formerly owned by Dr. B. W. Arent.
 an17-6m

500 SACKS CORN—for sale by
 ap24 LEIPER, RANSOM & CO.

BENJAMIN SMITH & SONS.

GRATEFUL for past favors, and
 solicitors for a continuance of pa-
 tronage, would respectfully announce
 to the public generally, that they are prepared
 to carry on, in a more extensive way than heretofore,
 the manufacture and repairing of Car-
 riages, Rockaways, Phaetons, Barouches, Double
 Seat Buggies, Single Seat do, Prince Alberts,
 and Cabs; having received a splendid and ex-
 tensive stock of materials direct from the East,
 and secured the labor of some of the best work-
 men to be found here, or elsewhere. They con-
 fidently assure the public that they will use
 none but the best materials, and will furnish any
 thing in their line on as good terms for cash, or
 to punctual men on time, as any other establish-
 ment of the kind in the State. They have on
 hand, in addition to their splendid stock New
 Work, a number of second handed Barouches
 and Buggies, which they will sell very low.
 Citizens of Rutherford and adjoining coun-
 ties are respectfully advised to call and examine
 their stock and learn their prices and test the
 truth of the above, before purchasing elsewhere.
 If Good cash notes received for any work.
 jan3-6m Shop opposite Sublett's Inn.

REED & ELLIOTT,

DEALERS IN

Fancy, Staple, Foreign & Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Murfreesborough, Tenn.



FINE BOOTS!

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish the
 best quality of fine Calfskin Boots at short
 notice; also, every variety of Shoes, and all
 kinds of Leather usually kept in this market at
 the lowest possible rates for cash.
 feb28 JOHN T. WARREN.

G. D. CROSTHWAITE,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
 JONES CITY.

WILL attend to the location of Military
 bounty land Warrants. His charges are
 \$10 for 160 acres, \$8 for 80 acres, \$5 for 40 acres.
 He will use every means to select lands which
 will do to keep or sell. aug16-tf

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
 South Side the Public Square,
 4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

B. L. CARNAHAN,
AUCTIONEER,
 And General Agent for Sale of
LAND, NEGROES, &c.,

TENDERS his sincere thanks to the citizens
 of Murfreesborough and Rutherford county,
 for their liberal patronage heretofore extended to
 him, and respectfully informs them that he is
 ready at all times to attend to the sale of Land,
 Negroes, &c. He solicits a continuance of public
 patronage. feb7

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS—
 EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
 Murfreesborough, Tenn.

JNO. C. SPENCE. JACOB B. SLACK.
JNO. C. SPENCE & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
 MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Prompt attention given to all goods consigned
 to their care. jcl4

100 Barrels Hydraulic Cement,
 SUITABLE for Cisterns and laying founda-
 tions—a first-rate article—warranted and
 sold at Louisville prices, with charges added—
 for cash. LEIPER, RANSOM & CO.

D. W. TAYLOR & CO., Printers,
 TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
 Spring Street, South-west Corner of the Square

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, JUNE 1, 1852.

NO. 18.

THE RAINY SUNDAY.

Half disagreeable and half delightful is the rainy Sunday. We wake in the early morning, listen a moment to the patter of the large drops, and then drop to sleep again, glad of any excuse to remain awhile longer in our cosy beds. Long after sunrise we are up, the windows are dimmed with trickling drops; the trees wave heavily to and fro, and the long windrows of surging vapor chase each other by like huge waves; the furniture is clammy, clothes are damp and limpy, boots are shrunken and obstinately refuse to be drawn on, and we are fain to seek the parlor in morning-gown and slippers. Here the atmosphere is still and hot; the flies salute you with a general buzz and cling to one like a dun. Abroad all is quiet save the sharp rattle of the milkman's cart or the drowsy cry of the newsboy standing on one leg under the next awning. Over the way is a garden, where flowers and young trees are sadly distorted by the wind; and under a corner of the wood-shed you see a group of melancholy and hungry hens, with bedraggled feathers, standing respectfully apart from chantieeler, whose efforts to look brave and wise are in comical opposition to his ruffled plumage and half-mast tail.

Now the breakfast comes in with wonderful volumes of steam, and the window-panes are quickly covered with semi-dianthous curtains; the tumblers retain the breath of the drinkers, and the unfortunate wearer of spectacles finds himself "seeing through a glass darkly." Now Dick the boot-black works harder than ever, and wonders why "de pollish can't come on;" and Betty, the cook, complains that the knives are all rusty, but she is sure they were wiped dry yesterday. Now the bells begin to ring doubtfully, as if they didn't care if any body come, and Sunday School children look sorrowfully from their bright new clothes to the falling rain; and ask mamma if it will stop soon,

and say that it is very provoking that the rain should always come on Sunday. Now the parson gathers the gown closely about him, and puts on his overshoes, and gets his largest umbrella, and runs with most undignified speed to the nearest door of the church, where the sexton meets him with a short and gruff "good morning," in prospect of a deal of mud to be swept out next day.

Now the time is quite up, and the parson looks solemnly down upon his dozen of auditors, scattered here and there, like sentinels on an outpost; and then the good man sneezes and looks at his watch and at the door, and finally speaks, and his voice sounds thrillingly loud and solemn as he says he will dispense with the singing since none are there to sing. Now his sermon is produced, but it is not the elaborate and eloquent production that had cost him a week of close labor—it were a pity that that should be waste upon so few—so he has brought a good enough make-shift, as sailors carry extra storm-sails for cases of emergency; and so he doles out his few tropes and quotations, which mingle lazily with the ceaseless murmur of the rain and the sonorous snore of the moiety of his brief congregation, while half the other half nod obliviously "ayes" to all that he propounds. Now the benediction and the sexton have roused the assembly, and they rub their eyes, and stop a moment on the top step, and then spread their umbrellas like wings and plunge like fish-hawks into the flood and are seen no more; and then the great doors shut with muffled bang, and the clock begins to talk of noon, and the sexton evaporates, dangling at the end of a bunch of glistening keys.

Now the steam of cookery comes creeping through carefully closed doors, smelling of something nice for Sunday dinner; and children are getting uneasy, and don't know what to do, and talk loud, and get cross; and dozing fathers, roused from easy chairs and lounges and sofas, growl

gruff orders and close their eyes again with something that sounds not exactly like a blessing on flies. Now the bell jingles for table, and the people lounge sleepily in and lop down in their places, and complain of having no appetite, and want to know if any body ever saw such weather, and wonder when it will stop, and try to laugh over 'the second deluge,' and jocosely pity poor old Noah, and then grandmother says it's Sunday and people shouldn't talk so, and then the dinner is finished in silence, except when the children want more pie, and Jane says that Tommy has got the biggest piece, and Tommy says so he ought, because he is a boy.

Now the men go to the piazza to smoke, and lean back and watch the miniature clouds that they raise, and smoke and spit and say nothing; and the grandmother gets asleep with her spectacles on and the great Bible open on her lap, and it slides down and falls upon the cat, and then the good old lady starts up and drops her specks and goes straightway to her bedroom for a doze. Now the mother reads the Saturday's paper; now the children are allowed to play in the kitchen, and are charged not to make a noise and not to go near the sweet-meats; and the mother goes often to see that they do no mischief.

Now the young ladies read old letters and tell fortunes by the hand, and wish it may clear up before evening, and wonder who will call if it does, and hope that stupid Mr. Smith won't come, and plait each other's hair, and make love curls, and set traps for the flies, and plague the cat, and pin dust-sloths to father's pocket, and remark that it will never be night, and guess that it will clear up at sunset. But at last the wind changes, a large rent appears in the clouds through which the blue sky is seen, and old Boreas scatters the storm, and the sun locks in just in time to say "good night," and his beams revive the dull-spirited and awake the sleeping, and doors are opened, and windows thrown up, and every body is looking for the rainbow, for the Rainy Sunday is over.

[For the Classic Union]

DUTY AND EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

In all ages of the world, and under all circumstances, man has been found to pay adoration to some Supreme Being. Living anterior to the time, when revelation dawned upon the world, and the enlightening influence of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, with all its omnipotent power, made its appearance, men were accustomed to deify and worship some particular objects.

When a sloop of war would go out to fight at sea, they would pray to the God of wars, feeling it a duty obligatory upon them, having faith and confidence to believe that their success entirely depended on his sanction in their favor. When the seeds were deposited in the earth, the God of the harvest was invoked that the seeds might produce a copious crop.—And in fact, the ancients had so much confidence in the efficacy of prayer, that a separate and particular duty was assigned to each Deity. If, then, men in that benighted time of ignorance and superstition felt it their duty to pray, how much more we should feel it a duty in the nineteenth century, under the remedial dispensation with all the light of eighteen hundred years, thrown on our pathway to inspire our souls for glory, immortality, and life eternal.

Prayer is a duty because it is commanded by our Lord Jesus Christ. "Men ought always to pray and not faint." He simply means, I suppose, by this, that they should not become weary in discharging this duty. "Lord teach us how to pray as John taught his disciples." It seems they looked upon it as a duty which they had to discharge in order to enjoy the divine favor.

"Watch ye therefore and pray always."

And when we turn our attention to the epistles, we see it enforced. Paul, when writing to the Thessalonians, commands them to "pray always without ceasing." "I will therefore that men pray every where lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting." We come to the conclusion from the above quotations that the duty of prayer is binding upon all intelligent beings.

2. The influence it has on ourselves and others. Who has known a Christian to advance in all the christian graces without supplicating divine favor and assistance! Indeed it is as essentially necessary for our spiritual growth, as food is necessary to sustain and invigorate our physical constitution; and we can no more

advance in holiness without this spiritual food, than we can sustain the body without nourishment. In the language of the poet—

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer."

Prayer makes the Christian more religious, confirms his hopes and strengthens his faith, banishes the clouds that hang around his moral sky, and throws light and joy upon the troubled soul of the weary pilgrim, and brings life and immortality within the vision of the eye of faith. And when we come upon the threshold of eternity, when this old world with its once loved objects is receding from our sight, and the light of the eternal world is bursting upon our enraptured vision, and the soul her lovely sonnet sings, "I am safe at home," then we can look back and rejoice, when contemplating that it was by the power of prayer in your world that we gained heaven and ultimate glory. Its influence upon others. Look, if you please, at that pious father and mother, who take that fond one by the hand and lead it into the closet, and then invoke the blessing of God upon it, they leave an influence that will tell on its future destiny, and when they have left the stage of action, and their bodies are confined to narrow limits of the charnal-house of the dead, while their souls are flourishing in perpetual bliss, those influences, though made whilst young, will be instrumental in bringing the lone wanderer to the foot of the cross all hallowed with blood.

3. The efficacy of prayer. To prove the efficacy of prayer, we have only to refer you to a few examples. Take, if you please, the case of Peter. When he had been preaching the gospel of Christ for many years, and after Herod had slain James, he thrust Peter into prison, and bound him down in fetters and chains; but while he was in prison, the Church engaged in prayer for his restoration. No doubt while a prayer was ascending to the throne of God, an angel was dispatched from the eternal worlds to rescue him from his incarceration. Again, take the case of Paul and Silas, although imprisoned, they sang hymns of praise to God, made the walls that once echoed with blasphemies now resound with doxologies of praise to the most High, and while importuning the divine favor with such vehemence, God displayed his power so wonderfully miraculously as to make the foundation of the prison tremble and quake to its very center. "Praying breath is never spent in vain." W. J.

THE CHEROKEE NATION.

[From the Greenville Patriot we copy an interesting article which throws considerable new light on the history, manners, and condition of the Cherokee tribe of Indians. It will be found to be worth reading.]

I avail myself of the first leisure moment since my return from the Cherokee Nation to comply with my promise to give you a sketch of the general condition and unprecedented advances in the career of civilization of that remarkable and interesting people—advances, I am sure, without a parallel in the history of any other people. Thirty years ago I had occasion to spend some time amongst them. Their general condition was at that time little different from that of other Indian tribes. They lived almost entirely in little Indian villages, in miserable hovels, and subsisted almost exclusively on the little game their country afforded. Agriculture could scarcely be said to exist among them.—With few exceptions, there were no farmers, but a few little patches of corn, cultivated mainly by Indian women;—the men ignorant, indolent and generally drunkards. It was very rare to find an Indian who could either speak or understand English; now they have a regularly organized government, with legislative, executive and judicial departments; a written Constitution,—copied generally from our own models; churches, schools, hotels, and stores; and will compare favorably, in other respects, with any of the new States that I have visited. The population is between 17,000 and 18,000, exclusive of 1,844 slaves, and 54 free negroes. From a census recently taken, I selected the following statistics: 27 schools, 38 churches, 65 blacksmith shops, 14 grist mills, 10 saw mills, 2 tanyards, (fine salines) 5,770 horses, 18,605 cattle, 35,832 hogs, 233 mules and asses.

The census includes only the emigrant Cherokees, or those who have removed since 1835. Those who emigrated prior to that time would doubtless exhibit a larger list in these particulars. But no general table can give an adequate idea of the general appearance of thrift and comfort of this so recently barbarous people.—Their houses are generally built of hewn logs, covered with shingles, and with stone chimneys, and neatly furnished; the farms all in good order and indicating industry and care. The hunter's life is entirely abandoned, as is also the Indian dress. I was three weeks in the Nation, and did not see any one dressed in the old Indian costume of leggings and hunting dress out of more than a thousand that I saw, and what is more, I did not see a ragged, a dirty, or a drunken Indian. The temperance laws are extremely stringent. It being a penal offence to keep ardent spirits, aided by a general public opinion, these laws have entirely extirpated that vice, so pernicious every where, but especially to the Indians.

The nation is divided into eight judicial and election districts, with circuit and appeal judges. The court houses are good brick buildings, and justice is ad-

ministered in all respects as in the States. Each district sends three members to the lower house, and two to the upper. The Legislature was in session when I was there, and I have never seen business conducted with more despatch. The President of the Committee (Senate) and the Speaker of the council understand both languages, and translate the speeches of the members. If delivered in English, he repeats them in the Cherokee, and *vice versa*. The Senate or Committee consists of sixteen members, all most respectable and substantial looking men. The two principal debaters were Wm. P. Ross, a graduate of Princeton College, and Mr. James Kell. Mr. Ross is a graceful, clear, and decidedly able debater, and would be so considered in any body of which I have been a member. Mr. Kell has not had the same advantages of education, but is in all respects a remarkable man. His appearance is uncommonly striking and prepossessing; his head and face marked by unmistakable indications of talent and character, and a general propriety of dress and manners, very remarkable, considering the disadvantages of education and culture, which he has to encounter. Both he and Mr. William Ross are men of the highest and purest character, both in public and in private, and are destined, I have no doubt to render important services to their country and people.

In the lower house, decidedly the first man is Mr. Pott, and I have no hesitation in saying that, as a clear, perspicuous and strong debater, he would take a high stand in any of our State Legislatures.—And then comes my old friend Six Killer, a full-blooded Cherokee. I could not understand his language, but in voice, countenance, gesture, bearing, and more important than all, enthusiasm, I have rarely seen his equal. I have heard Keokuck and other celebrated Indian Orators, but never any one so much to my liking as Six Killer.

The schools are all maintained at the expense of the nation. Besides three at least in every district, and the two high schools near Talequah, the Capitol. As you approach the distance of some six miles, after having travelled through a dreary and thinly inhabited country, you catch a glimpse, at the distance of two or three miles, of two splendid buildings, looming over the broad expanse of a magnificent prairie, and then remembering that you are in the Indian country, the effect is most striking. The main building is eighty feet diameter, with two wings, each forty feet, and surrounded by a fine colonnade, all built in the most perfect architectural taste and style. One of these institutions is dedicated exclusively to the education of females. Each accommodates one hundred students, who remain four years. Twenty-five leave annually, and the same number are admitted—always keeping up the number of one hundred—and all educated at the charge of the nation. I attended religious services in the chapel of the female school, and heard an excellent sermon.

It was really delightful to see those modest, well-dressed and well-behaved Indian girls, thus preparing themselves to be the future matrons of their country. These schools, and most of the other great and useful improvements, are the works of that remarkable man, John Ross, and amongst the many evidences of his enlightened forecast and patriotic devotion to his country, I know none more wise and important than these schools, especially the female. No people can have so reliable a security for virtue and happiness as the general enlightenment, education and virtue of their women. It may with special truth be said of that influence, *emulit mores nec sinit esse ferus*.

When I remember what the Cherokee people were thirty years ago, and see what they are now; then a rude, barbarous, profligate people—now courteous, educated, religious, and thoroughly civilized; it really seems as if some power more than human had accomplished these wonders. But it is only another proof of how much may be accomplished by high intellect, animated by a fervent and self-devoted patriotism. Such a rare blessing have the Cherokee people had in the person of John Ross. The late Mr. Calhoun used to say that "he was a great man who had founded a small family." I believe it was Thales who said, "he was a great man who raised a small State to the rank of a great one." Mr. Ross has done more than either or both together; he has raised a people from a comparative barbarism to a high degree of civilization, morality and virtue. It would be unjust to other enlightened Cherokees, both contemporaries, and those who have gone before him, to arrogate all the credit of these remarkable results to him. No one man could have accomplished it. But his has been the ruling spirit.

I must not pass over without noticing the name of the Indian Calhoun. There are many words and sounds in the Cherokee dialect which cannot be expressed by characters of any known alphabet. Hence the necessity of a new one, which was invented by an Indian, whose name, I think, was Guest—very much the most remarkable achievement of Indian intellect; one so extraordinary that it is yet a mooted question whether it was possible that the first alphabet was the work of unaided human intellect or of inspiration. I confess my own opinion inclines to the latter hypothesis. Intelligent and educated Cherokees tell me that the alphabet is perfect in its adaptation to the Cherokee language. The weekly newspaper published at Talequah is printed one-half in this new character.

The name of the capital, Talequah, is taken from an ancient town of that name on the Holston river, in Tennessee, the site of a celebrated fort, commonly pronounced Tellico. This old town was a city of refuge, was so called, and so in all its circumstances and the laws connected with it. There was no crime so atrocious that impunity was not secured if the criminal could reach it—another proof, of which there are many more, particularly

amongst the tribes of the far West, of the Jewish origin of the American Indians. I am not aware of any other instance of the kind amongst our Indian tribes. This may be relied on, as the tradition is fully authenticated.

To give any sketch of the Cherokee people without a special notice of John Ross, would be like the old story of the play of Hamlet, the part of Hamlet omitted by special request. In doing this, I perform a duty grateful to a long standing friendship, as well as an act of justice to a man whose patriotism, courage, and integrity have carried him through no ordinary trials. In the year 1846, Mr. Polk appointed three commissioners to examine into causes of the murders and strife in the Cherokee Country—and to negotiate a new treaty. Two of these commissioners told me when the business was concluded, that their chief objection to entering upon the duty, was that they entertained so great a prejudice against John Ross that they were not able to do full justice; but that the full investigation which they had of the whole matter had left them with the highest admiration of his character. Few men have had as many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the character, motives and purposes of another, as I have enjoyed in relation to Mr. Ross, and I freely endorse the high opinion of him expressed by these gentlemen.

He is now the principal chief—only another name for a President of the Cherokee Nation. His salary, I believe, is only \$400. He is very anxious to relinquish the trust, and only prevented from considerations of public duty. He is a man of good but not liberal education; an accurate, I might say an elegant writer; a man of a high order of intellect, unflagging energy and indomitable courage; perfectly temperate; and his private character without spot or blemish. He is now married to his second wife, who was a Miss Slaughter, of Delaware, a pious, estimable, and accomplished lady. He has by this marriage, two lovely and beautiful children. He resides about four miles from Talequah, in a very spacious wooden house, furnished with great taste and elegance. I have seen very few men who perform the office of chief with such a combination of ease, dignity and cordiality. The whole establishment, house, furniture, host and hostess, are a perfect pattern of the residence of a country gentleman.

I had not an opportunity of visiting his only brother, Lewis Ross, a very wealthy merchant, who has resolutely and wisely refused to engage in political life. He is universally beloved and honored by his people. I am told that his establishment is almost princely, his house, plate, servants, &c. are equal to any private residence in this country.

I find that I have extended this sketch much further than I had intended. I cannot suppose that your readers will take the same interest in my Cherokee friends that I do. If they do not, I am sure it will only be because they do not know them as well as I do.

THE SHORT SERMON.

A minister in one of our large cities, had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the special benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was known to be of a sceptical turn of mind. The sinner listened unmoved to the well turned sentences, and the earnest appeals, but his heart was unaffected. On his return from church, he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter whom he tenderly loved, and inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ? my child," he asked.

"Why, she said he came down from heaven and died for poor me!" and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood, she added, "Father, should I not love one who has so loved me?"

The proud heart of the sceptic was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired to give vent to his own feelings in a silent but penitent prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle where, with brokenness of spirit he asked the prayers of God's people. When he came to relate his Christian experience, he gave this incident, and closed his narration by saying, "under God, I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity, that I ought to love one who had so loved me."

The minister on returning from his meeting, took his sermon and read it over carefully, and said to his family, and to himself, "There is not enough of Jesus Christ, in this discourse."

THE WORD SELAH.

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word SELAH which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it; and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance—because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning eternally, forever. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent,

perhaps, to the word repeat. According to Luther and others, it means silence. Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instrument play and the sinners stop." Wherever regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*—up my soul. Somer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognises in every case "an actual appeal to the Jehovah." They are calls for aid; and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire distinctness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear Jehovah! awake, Jehovah! and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear," &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah, itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used Higgaion indicating the sound of stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

HOME.

BY HENRY GILES.

Home is a genuine Saxon word; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that cluster within it so many and so stirring meanings, that calls into play, and powerfully excites so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "Home,"—say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "Home,"—play but its tunes and the bearded soldier, that bleached out in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. "Home," murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delicious strife for possession of the spirit. "Home,"—what does it not stand for, of strong est, of most moving associations!—for childhood's grief and gladness, for youth's sports, and hops, and sufferings, and passions, and sins,—for all that brightened and tranquilized the breast; for a father's embrace, or for his death bed,—for a mother's kiss, or for her grave,—for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship,—for hours wasted, or hours blest,—for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadows of perdition. Home when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination in its fairest pictures, would find nothing to exceed. But in many a spot called home neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home histories, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all these home histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

—And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five leaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The vestiges of early home thoughts are the last to quit us.

A quaint old writer says that complaints "are like a new cart, which creaks and cries, even when it has no burden but its own wheels; whereas, that which is long used, and well oiled, goes silently away with a heavy load."

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—An Irish schoolmaster, who, whilst poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to certain poor children, when increased in worldly goods began to complain of the service, and said to his wife he could not afford to give it any longer for nothing,—who replied, O! James, don't say the like o' that—don't; a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft, homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to let them in."

A sentiment so beautiful could not fail to express itself beautifully. The prosperity which contracted his heart enlarged hers. Her love was moved by it; it turned her serving into joy:

"As the great sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the first bound waters.—The glad
treams
Flow to the ray, that warbles as it flows."

FATHER HAYNES AND THE UNIVERSALIST.—A Universalist preacher, who prided himself on his ability to propound perplexing questions to orthodox ministers, had sought an interview with the Rev. Lemuel Haynes. Upon being introduced, Mr. Haynes said, somewhat abruptly:

"You are the man who teaches that men may swear, steal, get drunk, and do all other like things, and yet go to heaven; a't you.

"By no means," replied the preacher.

"I teach no such thing."

"Well, you believe it, don't you?" rejoined Mr. Haynes.

The man could not say No; and there the debate ended.

THE ORIGIN OF SIN.—Two divines were once conversing together, about the various theories concerning the origin of sin, when one interrupted them by saying:

"It seems to me that it would be far better for ministers, instead of puzzling themselves to know how sin entered into the world, to unite their efforts, and try how much of it, with God's blessing, they can drive out."

"You remind me madam, said one of clergyman, of my aged deacon; who, after listening to a sermon, in which I had endeavored to explain why God suffered sin to enter the world, being asked what he thought of my theory, shook his head and replied: 'Ah, sir, all I know about it is, I am a sinner; and I wish I wasn't.'"

When a German prince was told confidently that he had dirty hands, he replied with the liveliness of a conscious triumph, "Ah, do you call dat dirty? You should see my toes!"

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

OBADIAH LAWSON and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within a half mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and a Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design.—The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn-field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man, whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes, Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck; that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly-employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly, was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted,

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment,

and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of reprimand escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob—right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning, my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd a shot her!" retorted Watt readily, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered gold of the other, "let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

The Mother's Last Lesson.

"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L., as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the sick chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L. was very ill—indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with her pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men, spoken of in its pages.

"Hush! hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to every thing transpiring around her, the sobs of her darling roused her stupor, and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son and lay him on her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother.

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying woman, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it:—'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.' The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold, almost rigid features before him, and went quiet to his little couch. The next morning he sought as usual, his mother, but he found her stiff and cold.

This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it; he probably never will.—He has grown to be a man—a good man, and now occupies a post of much honor and profit in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother.

STARVATION OF A PARTY OF MISSION-ARIES.

The London papers contain a heart sickening account of the death of a party of Missionaries from hunger. We condense the particulars:—

An English officer, Capt. Gardner, of the Royal Navy, who was sent out with six companions by the Patagonian Missionary Society, to the neighborhood of Cape Horn, has been literally starved to death;—he, and his companions with him. The party consisted of Capt. Allen Gardner, R. N., superintendent; Mr. Williams, surgeon and catechist; Mr. Muldiment, catechist; John Irwin, carpenter; John Balcock, John Bryant and John Pearce, Cornish fishermen. They left England in September, 1853, in the bark *Queen Jane*; it having been promised that stores should be forwarded to them in June, via the Falkland Islands; should they be unable to maintain their position at Picton Island, Beagle Channel, was supposed that being provided with partially decked launches, they would fall back on Satan Island.

The ill-fated party landed on Picton Island towards the conclusion of the year 1853. From the first, they seem to have been annoyed, in some measure, by the natives, and to have been hunted backwards and forwards from the little island to what may be called the mainland of Terra del Fuego. About the middle of April, 1854, Capt. Gardner begins to record in his diary, which has been presented to us, that they have provisions enough to last for two months, but some are very low. They have but a flask and a half of powder, their fishing net washed away. They shoot an occasional toad, which serves them for food; and, besides, if they do not destroy the animal, he would do his best to steal the remainder of their little stock of provisions. The scurvy breaks out among the party. They are driven to take refuge in a cavern; but the tide rolls in, and Capt. Gardner and Mr. Muldiment, the catechist, are obliged to swim out, for their lives, and take refuge upon a clump of rock, round the base of which the waves of the South Atlantic are breaking. Upon this rock the two poor creatures kneel down in prayer. John Balcock, a Cornish fisherman, dies. By July 4th, the party have been seven weeks on shore allowance; their only hope is in the expected ship from the Falkland Islands; but no ship comes. They greedily eat a Penguin, a shag, a half-devoured fish washed upon the shore. Six mice are spoken of in the journal as delicacies. The green-seeds have been used for broth, and are all spent. Mussels and limpets are the next resource—and then rock-weed is boiled down to a jelly. Irwin, a carpenter, and Bryant, another Cornish fisherman, die. Two of the party, Mr. Williams, the surgeon, and Mr. Pearce, a third Cornish man, had gone away from the main body of the party, for some object or other, probably for the discovery of fuel. Their dead bodies were discovered at Cook's River, some distance off. The presumption is they must have died

about the same time Captain Gardner himself, who probably expired on the 6th of September. The last entry in his diary is on the 5th of September, and in this he mentions that he had not tasted food or water for four days. Mr. Muldiment, the catechist, had died a few days before.—As it was the 6th of January, 1852, before Captain Morshead, to whom orders were sent by the Admiralty in October, arrived at the Island, the value of the prosecution which had been taken for maintaining the expedition can be left to the public judgment.

After many hours of fruitless search on the coast of Picton Island on the 20th of January, some writing was seen by Capt. Morshead's party on a rock across a river. The words were, 'Go to Spanish Harbor.' On another rock adjoining, was, 'You will find us in Spanish Harbor.' On a third piece of rock, 'Dig below,' which they instantly did, but found only a broken bottle, without any paper or directions.—

On searching one of the numerous wigwags in the neighborhood, they read one of their poles, "A bottle under this pole," but they could not find it; but it was evident, from some fragments of scores found on the spot, that the mission had rested here.

On the following morning Capt. Morshead sailed for Spanish Harbor, where they saw a boat lying on the beach, and where they found the bodies of Capt. Gardner and Muldiment, unburied. On one of the papers found was written legibly, but without a date, 'If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river at the head of the harbor on the south side. Delay not—we are starving.' Close to the spot where Capt. Gardner was lying was a cavern, to which attention was directed by a hand pointed on the rock, with "Psalm lxxii. v. 53." under. Here were found the papers referred to, and two unfinished were written to his son and daughter by Capt. Gardner. The remains were buried close to this spot by the ship's company.

THE TRUE DEFENSE OF NATIONS.—The bulwark of America is not the army and navy of the United States, with all the men at public cost instructed in the art of war; it is not the swords and muskets idly bristling in our armories; it is not the cannon and powder carelessly laid by; no, nor is it yet the forts, which throw in all their grim barbarity of stone along the coast, defacing the landscape else so fair, these might all be destroyed to-night, and the nation be as safe as now. The more effectual bulwark of America is her schools. The cheap spelling book, or the vane on her school-house is a better symbol of the nation than the star-spangled banner! The Printing Press does more than the cannon, Press is mightier than the sword. The army that is to keep our liberties,—you are part of that, the noble army of Teachers. It is you, who are to make a nation greater, even wise and good, the next generation better than their sires.

THE EAGLE AND HER YOUNG.

Moses speaks of God's care over his people, and compares it to that of the eagle over her young, as they leave their eyrie. (Duet xxxii. 12.) Turn to the verse and read it. She roasts them to exertion and to the exercise of their powers as soon as possible; watching and directing, with interest and care, their first efforts to fly. All—the feathered tribe, more or less, do this, but especially the eagle, whose soaring is more adventurous and lofty than that of any other bird.—"Stirring up" the nest, probably denotes the efforts made by the parent eagle to awaken her brood from inactivity. Her "duttering" over them indicates her setting them the example which may incite them to their nest. There first efforts she aids by "bearing them on her wings" when they tire in their efforts, till they are stimulated by her example, and become sufficiently confident to dart into the air, and soar aloft for themselves.

Sir Humphrey Davy had an opportunity of observing the proceedings of an eagle these circumstances, in the mountainous districts of Scotland. He says, "I once saw a very interesting sight, above one of the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in the pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring, (two young birds,) the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain, in the eye of the sun; it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this kind of sublime exercise till they became mere points in the air, and were, both parents and children lost to our aching sight."

What an instructive lesson to Christian parents does this history read! How powerfully does it excite them to teach their children betimes to look towards heaven and the Sun of Righteousness, and to elevate their thoughts thither, more and more, on the wings of faith and love; themselves all the while going before them, and encouraging them by their own example!

LESSON IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

CARE as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is the rich, and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it. In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and of fathers, whose private worth in capacities is justly lauded to the skies.—But bring him here, upon the crowded deck. Strip from his fair young wife her silken dress and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheek with care and much privation, array her in coarsely patched

attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread, so many poachers on his scanty meal, so many united to divide his early sum of comfort, and farther to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweetest aspect, heap upon him all it pains and wants, its sickness and ills, its fretfulness, caprice, and querulous endurance; let its prattle be not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold, and thirst, and hunger; and if his fartherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender, careful of his children's lives, and mindful always of their joys and sorrows—then send him back to parliament, and pulpit, and to quarter sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labor hard to do it, let him speak up, as one who knows, and tells the beholders forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be high angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to heaven at last. Which of us shall say what we would be, if such realities, with small relief or change all through his days, were his! Looking around upon these people—far from home, houseless, indigent, wandering, weary with travel and hard living—and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children; how they consulted ever their wants first, then half supplied their own: what gentle ministers of hope and faith the women were, how very seldom even a moment's petulance or harsh complaint broke out among them. I felt a stronger love and honor of my kind come glowing on my heart, and I wished to God there had been many atheists in the better part of human nature, there to read with me this simple lesson in the book of life.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.—When Balstrode Whitelocke was embarking, in the year 1653, as ambassador for Sweden, he rested at Harwich on the preceding night, which was stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a good and confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said: "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, don't you think that you may trust him to govern it properly as long as you live?"

To this last question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but turning himself about, soon fell fast asleep, till he was called to embark.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

"Well, Augustus," said Marianne, as the former entered a little room, which, without carpet, curtain, or ornament, of any kind, served as kitchen, sitting-room, and nursery, "we are really settled down at house keeping. Don't it seem comfortable after so many privations?"

"Yes," answered the young husband, trying to smile, as he first glanced at his handsome wife, and then at the neat little pine supper table, and then at the cradle, where slept a little charming boy of six months; "but mine is such a life of toil, that I have not time to enjoy anything—not even to play with Fred."

"But it seems to me," returned the wife very thoughtfully, "that it need not be so just now. We are not in debt; we both have health, and I am willing to be very economical, in order that we may have time for enjoyment and improvement.—Say, shall we try the experiment?"

She handed him a cup of tea as she spoke, and looked up into his face with a sweet smile; but his face was deadly pale, and an unbidden tear stood in his eye as he answered moodily—

"I don't know how that can be. Every moment taken from my labor is so much taken from our scanty income. We cannot afford to attend places of public amusement; in our present low style of living, we cannot mingle in the first society, if we live alone, and as for improvement, my education was so neglected in my childhood, that I have little taste for reading, and besides, we have nothing to read."

"Oh, yes," said the wife, "we have enough to begin with. Here is our beautiful new gilt Bible, which we must read every morning and evening; and here is our Saturday's paper, with good improving matter enough to last one or two evenings in a week, and you can easily have a share in a public library to fill up the rest."

"But how shall I find time, my good planning wife?"

"Thank you, Augustus, for the compliment, and now I will plan on: We will rise early, and work diligently all day.—Then, if you think you need to work longer, you can bring your work into my room, or I will take Fred into the shop, and one of us will read and tend the baby while the other works. Won't that be a good plan?"

"I rather think it will," said the husband, beginning to show a little more interest, "but I'm thinking also, that my blundering manner of reading will not be very edifying to you. I shall make sorry work of it."

"Well, suppose you do, I have a Webster's dictionary, and we shall have that open before us, and look out every word of which we do not understand, the meaning. If our progress is slow at first, we shall have nobody to laugh at us, and we shall soon find ourselves improving rapidly."

Augustus smiled incredulously, but seemed disposed to encourage his wife to go

on; "You are indeed a noble planner; but what shall we do on the Sabbath? I suppose you expect to advance fast the 'march of mind,' when we have a whole day to ourselves!"

"Yes," said Marianne, "I think we may; though our arrangements must be somewhat modified. You know we have a seat in Dr. C——'s church. You must join the young men's Bible class, and prepare the lesson in the morning, while I attend the meeting.—Then I will stay in the afternoon, and let you go to the afternoon service and Bible class. In the evening we will read."

"I've no objection to that, but as a compensation for my Bible class, you must join the ladies' sewing circle, and I will take care of Fred one afternoon in the week to let you go."

"Thank you, dear husband, I will gladly accept your offer, if you will let me stay alone one evening in the week, while you attend our excellent lyceum lectures.—And now let us begin this very evening. I feel that every moment is lost till we do. We have much encouragement. Only think of the many learned men who have educated themselves, and risen to respectability and usefulness, wholly through their own exertions, even after they were somewhat advanced in life. Roger Sherman for instance, and Elihu Burritt, and a host of others."

The young wife became quite enthusiastic as she proceeded, and would have spent the whole evening in her disquisition upon self-education, had not Freddy, awakening from his nap, required some maternal attention.

Augustus took up the Bible, and read a good chapter in Proverbs, on the practical duties of life, and declared that he had never before read such a chapter. The plan was fairly begun.

Augustus was a pale, spare young man of nine and twenty. His education, as he said, had been sadly neglected in his youth. He had been bound apprentice to a rough shoemaker in the country, and had unhappily settled the question in his own mind, that he was doomed to ignorance and a low and degrading employment for life. He had imagined, also, that his relations were willing to lose sight of him, and his sensitive nature was stung to the quick. After a few years of vexation and toil, he wandered far away from home and friends and familiar association; and a wonder it was, that he was not hurried away by the awful whirlpool of error and vice, and dashed upon the rocks of utter destruction!

He had, however, been favored with the instructions and prayers of a Christian mother, and had seen examples in his family, of high purpose and noble and successful effort. He had, therefore, preserved an unsullied reputation, had acquired a little property, had married an intelligent, cheerful, healthy girl of twenty summers, had removed to a "city of shoemakers," where his occupation was honorable, and where his aspirations after respectability and independence might hope to be realized.

But on the afternoon preceding his conversation he had been unusually annoyed. He had suffered some embarrassment in getting settled in his humble tenement—had sustained some losses, and heard a bitter sarcastic remark from an aristocrat of that place, which crimsoned his pale cheek and sent him home through a cold rain-storm, wearied in body, depressed, vexed in spirit, and almost determined never to make another effort.

He was, and supposed he ever must be, a poor shoemaker of L—.

Twenty years had elapsed, and a family group were arranged around a marble center table, in the parlor of a magnificent house in the city of L—. A gentleman of some fifty years had just divested himself of his outer garments, and dressed in a rich velvet gown and embroidered slippers, sat reading the journals of the day. A lady some years younger sat by his side, her face beaming with intelligence, benevolence, and gratified pride, and she gazed at her dignified and honored husband, and then at the dowered group of children around the table. One was a noble youth, just returned to spend his college vacation home, another was a tall, graceful girl of sweet sixteen, who had finished a long recitation to her brother, and was preparing to cheer the circle with her ever welcome music on the piano. A bright boy of twelve was performing a problem in mathematics, and a little cherry-cheeked girl was drawing pictures on her slate, and teasing every one to teach her.

Presently the door bell announced a visitor. A person entered and presented a subscription for religious charity. "Put me down a hundred dollars," said the good man, and the collector departed, blessing the giver. When he was gone, the gentleman said, "my dear, did you think to send the coal and flour to the poor woman on the corner?" "Yes, and Frederick and Mary have been round to that sick family, and carried the clothes and the medicines." "Yes, papa," said little Kate looking up from the house she was drawing, "they carried away my new stockings." "Shall I send and get them back again?" said the father. "O no, indeed," said the child, "I sent them 'Poor little Charley's feet were cold and bleeding.'"

The father now remarked that it was time for family worship. In a moment all was silent—books, slates, papers, and work were all laid aside. A neat gilt bible, bearing the marks of constant usage was brought. The son read an interesting portion. The whole family joined in a familiar hymn, and the father led in prayer, and worshipped the Father of mercies in spirit and truth, from the fullness of a grateful heart.

After an interval of silence, the son looked up as if from a reverie and said: "Father, I think I have heard you say that your youth was neglected, that you were once poor, illiterate, almost an infidel, and entirely discouraged. It would be extremely interesting to us to learn by what means the Mayor of this good city,

the honored trustee of our College, the Superintendent of our Sabbath School, and the deacon of our church has arisen from so unpromising beginnings to his present station."

The eyes of the good man filled with tears, his lips quivered, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and for some time no whisper was heard from the astonished audience around him. He was thinking of the poverty and ignorance of his early days—of the religious errors which had well high caused his destruction—of the way in which a kind watchful Providence had led his thoughtful steps, amid all the dangers around him—of the blessing he had received in his lowly, admirable wife, of the days of toil and nights of hard study, in which she had shared and cheered him on like an angel of light and love, and lastly, of the countless blessings and honors which now surrounded him.—At length he uncovered his face, and amid stifled sobs said to his wife, "tell the children, dear, the conversation we had together just twenty years ago to-night, around our little pine tea-table."

He was the shoemaker of L—.

THE PIG USED UP.

A TRAVELLING correspondent of Fraser's Magazine writes from Cincinnati, and thus describes the economy by which the hog is used up:

What Crocodiles were in Egypt, what cows are in Bengal, or storks in Holland, pigs are here, with this trifling difference—their sacredness of character lasts but as long as their mortal coil; and this is abbreviated without ceremony, and from the most worldly motives. In life the pig is free—is humored; he ranges the streets; he reposes in thoroughfares; he walks between your horse's legs or your own; he is every where respected; but let the thread of his existence be severed, and, shade of Mahomet what a change! They think in Cincinnati of nothing but making the most of him. How many of his kind perish annually to cement the vast prosperity of this city, cannot be told. About fifteen years ago, when it contained only one fifth of its existing population, a few bold speculators began the trade. Selecting the hams and the sides of the animal, they made pickled pork; of the rest they took small account: soon, however, the idea occurred to one more acute than his fellows, that the heads and the feet, nay even the spine and the vertebrae, might be turned to account. Trotters and cheeks had their partisans, and these parts looked up in market. About this time the makers of sausages caught the inspiration; they found these luxuries saleable; and so many pigs were to be slaughtered that the butchers were willing to do it for nothing; that is to say, for the perquisite of the entrails and offal alone. The next step was due to the genius of France. A Frenchman established a brush manufactory; and created a market for the bristles; but his ingenuity was outdone by one of his countrymen, who soon after arrived. This man was determined, it seems, to share the spoil; and, thinking nothing else left, collected the fine hair or wool, washed,

dried, and curled it and stuffed mattresses with it, but he was mistaken in thinking nothing else left, as yet little was done with the lard; they invented machines and squeezed oil out of it—the refuse they threw away. Mistaken men again! this refuse was the substance of stearine candles, and made a fortune for the discoverer of the secret. Lastly came one who could press chemistry into the service of mammon; he saw the blood of countless swine flowing through the gutters of the city; it was all that was left of them; but it went to his heart to see it thrown away; he pondered long, and collecting the stream into reservoirs, made prussiate of potash from it by the ton. The pig was used up.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR SAVIOUR

--Of the personal appearance of the Redeemer of mankind people generally have but the most vague conceptions, such as have origin in the numerous painted portraits passing as likenesses of that divine personage, who "spake as never man spake." He is thus described by Lentulus, a ruler in Judea in a letter addressed by him to the Senate of Rome, during the reign of Tiberius Caesar: "Conscript Fathers—appeared in these our days, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst, and of the Gentiles, is accepted for a prophet of the truth, but his own disciples call him the son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, and in proportions of his body well shaped, and his hands and arms delectable to behold, with a very reverend countenance, such as the be older may both love and fear. His hairs of the color of a flint fully ripe, to his ears, whence downwards it is more orient of color, somewhat curling or waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head there is a seam or partition of hair after the fashion of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate. His cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed. His beard is thick, of the color of hair; not of great length but forked. His look is innocent and demure. His eyes are grey, clear and quick. In reproving, he is awful; in admonishing, courteous and friendly; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, though many have seen him weep. A being for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

COLLEGE EXAMINATION.—B—, who has since made quite a noise in the world, while at College was called upon to undergo an examination in astronomy. On emerging from the ordeal, one of his companions asked him how he got off. "First rate," said B—; "they only asked me two questions, and I answered them both promptly and correctly." "What were the questions?" "The first was, 'What was a Parallax?' and I told them I didn't know! and the second was, 'Can you calculate an Eclipse?' to which I said no! I'd like to see any body answer two questions more correctly than that!"

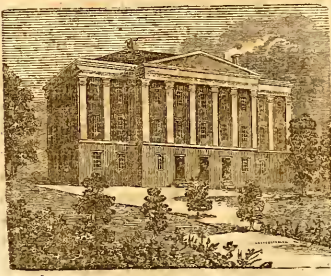
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance.



JUNE 1, 1852.

CHRISTIAN DECISION.

Nebuchadnezzor, King of Babylon, set up a golden image in the plains of Dura, and he commanded all the Princes, Governors, Captains, Judges, and Counsellors of his vast Empire to assemble on a certain day, and at the sound of the instruments of music they should fall down and worship the golden image, and if any one refuse to obey the decree he should be cast into a burning fiery furnace. A countless number assembled on the fertile plains of Dura on the appointed day.—At the sound of the music the vast multitude prostrated themselves and paid adoration to the man-made idol. Three young men could be seen standing erect—they refused to bow the knee to any object or being save to the God of the Heavens.—They calmly cast their eyes over the prostrate thousands, pitied alike the base idolator and the fawning, unprincipled sycophant. The King was told that there were three Jews who disregarded his word—who refused to bow down and worship the golden image. He was wroth. His anger was excited at the thought that any dared to disobey him. The young men were brought before him, and he found that they were those whom he highly regarded. He offered to give them another trial—to forget the past and give them a chance to save their lives. Said he, pointing significantly at the fiery furnace near by to awe them into submission, "who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" The young men replied, "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God

whom we serve is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hands, O King. But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Nobly said, brave young men! Notwithstanding the wrath of the King was enkindled against them—notwithstanding the furnace was ordered to be heated seven times hotter than it was wont, and they were about to be plunged headlong into the midst of the flames, yet they shrank not from the performance of a well known duty. They knew idolatry was contrary to the commands of the God whom they served, and they determined to obey him let the consequences to themselves be what they may.

That was Christian decision—a firm, unwavering determination to act right, no matter what the results might be. How easy would it have been for these three young men, had they possessed the pliable consciences that are too prevalent at the present day, to have reasoned themselves into the belief that there could be no harm in just prostrating their persons before the idol in compliance with the King's orders and the prevalent example of those around them, so long as in their hearts they worshipped none but the true God. Our example, they might have said, can lead no one astray,—if we refuse, we shall be singular and alone, and draw upon ourselves not only the wrath of the King but also the contempt of the whole nation, whereas by yielding to this harmless caprice we may save our lives and secure the popular favor. But no; there was a principle involved. God had said "thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images, thou shalt not bow down unto them nor worship them;" and they could not conciliate the favor of the King without direct disobedience to the mandates of Heaven, and they dreaded less the burning fiery furnace than the displeasure of that King who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Behold them as they pass with unflinching steps along to their fiery doom. Their countenances are not blanched with fear, although they know not that a miracle will be performed for their rescue, but this they do know, that duty is theirs, and events are God's. Who does not admire such an instance of firmness as this?—Here is true courage—not the courage falsely so called that blanches with fear at the frown of the world and madly defies the authority of Heaven, but a courage

that dares to do right under all circumstances, though earth and hell opposed.

Kindred to this is the conduct of the young Hebrew Daniel, when the proclamation of King Darius was uttered that if any man should offer any petition to any being save himself for the space of three days, he should be cast to wild beasts. Daniel, as his custom was, proceeded to bow in humble supplication before his God, without any precautions to conceal the fact that he did so. His enemies knew well that in all things in which no principle was involved, no one was more yielding or conciliatory, but they knew also that he was a decided servant of the most high, and if they would find an occasion against him they must devise something that would interfere with his duties to God, for in this he would not yield to save himself from a most cruel death. Here, in this case, there is a noble example of Christian decision worthy of imitation.

There are those who feel that could they enjoy such an opportunity to make a signal display of their zeal in the cause of Christ, they would act with equal promptness and decision. They would meet death at the martyr's stake, rather than renounce their religion or deny their Savior. It is very possible that they might do this and yet not be decided Christians—other motives beside love to the Savior might induce one to act promptly on a great and striking occasion. The real disposition of the heart is better tested by the trivial occurrences of every day life. Few husbands can be found who would not rush into the flames or plunge into the waves to rescue a perishing wife, but to anticipate her wishes and provide for her convenience and comfort in some trifling matter, the neglect of which would be unobserved by the world, would be a far more eloquent proof of tenderness and affection, so the real disposition of the Christian is better shown by his desire to conform to the will of God in those minor particulars which might be neglected without any outward impeachment of his Christian character, than by occasional display of love and zeal on great and striking occasions.

E.

BLUNDERING ON THE TRUTH.—A shrewd little fellow, who had only recently begun to "learn Latin," occasionally mixed his mother tongue with a spice of the dead language.—It thus chanced, as one day he was reading aloud to his master, that he astonished him by the translation:—"Vir, a man, gin, a trap, vir-gin, a man trap." "You young rogue," exclaimed the pedagogue, "your father has been helping you with your lessons."

CABINET OF UNION UNIVERSITY.

Walter Brady, Esq., of Missouri, has presented, through Col. Keeble of this place, 41 specimens to the Cabinet of Union University. They were mostly obtained from Pilot Knob, Iron Mountain, Mine Le Motte, Fredericktown, and P. Mines, and are very handsome presents, such as "make glad the heart" of the Geologist.

Among others are the following:

1. *Cuprum Octahedrum*, Native Copper.
2. *Pyrites Pyramidalis*, Copper Pyrites.
3. *Phenago Scriptoria*, Graphite.
4. *Phenites Cubicus*, Galena.
5. *Cronalus Rhombicus*, White Lead Ore.
6. *Azarpia Dolachedra*, Bleude.
7. *Tinulus Rhombohedrus*, Calamine.
8. *Gypsalus Niveus*, Snowy Gypsum.
9. " *Aciculus*, Needle "
10. *Pyrites Cubicus*, Iron Pyrites.

Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Esq., also sent a duplicate of Nos. 4 and 5.

The above is only a tithe of what our friends could do for us, if their attention and energies were only directed in the right channel. To those not conversant with geological matters, it may seem strange that it should be an easier and less costly undertaking to procure a good assortment of American Specimens on the Continent of Europe, and particularly in Germany, than in the United States, but such is nevertheless the fact; and it arises from the proper organization of collectors and travelers. The time was when a collegiate education was a matter of no small moment, and a cabinet of the most modest pretensions was the work of a lifetime. Now, happily for the cause of Science, the means of traveling are so much improved and economized that a few years of diligent collection will lay a foundation worthy of any Institution.

If all the graduates, students and friends of Union University, would send us all the specimens that fall in their way without any particular trouble or expense, they might furnish, in a comparatively short period, by far the best cabinet in the South. That they will do this, we have the assurance of many; that they have done so, we have pleasure to say, that we have received specimens from Middle, East, and West Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Central America, California, West Indies, Greece, &c., &c., within three years, and we have the pro-

mise of fine collections from the extremes of both the Eastern and Western Continents, by persons who have excellent opportunities for obtaining; and to whom it is by no means a new thing. Shall the vast resources of our country remain undeveloped because unknown? What an easy matter to pick up a rock or a piece of mineral, or fossil bones, or petrified wood, and note the locality of the same, and forward by a friend, or some trusty conveyance. And yet this is all the case requires. Who will assist? Have you not some rocks lying on your mantle-piece, or shells, which, though of no great value to you, may be of untold value to the man of Science?

Geology saves money in two ways:—it prevents, in most cases, a foolish outlay of money in digging for mistaken treasures, and enables the mind to proceed with something like certainty in extracting that which is really valuable. We were recently shown a specimen of beautiful yellow gold ore, valued at \$20, which a drop of acid proved to be not worth so many cents, and another, lightly esteemed, which was literally "worth its weight in gold;" and many will recollect the large amount lost in California, by a number of persons, by purchasing "fools gold," or sulphuret of iron.

But the value of Geology is well known, and in order to make it more valuable and generally understood, send any rock or shell or fossils you may have about your place, or laid up as curiosities, and you confer a lasting favor on hundreds of your countrymen every year. D.

THE DESIRE OF LIFE.

The desire of life is universal. It has been implanted in the human heart for wise and benevolent purposes. It is found not only in man, but also in the lower orders of creation. Every animal that walks the earth or inhabits the mighty deep—from the leviathan and elephant down to the insect that flits in the sun-beam, will avoid every danger that is comprehended to be such and cling to life with a tenacious grasp. Without this universal instinct, there would not be that precaution against danger and that attention to the laws of health which are necessary to the continued existence of the race, and for the accomplishment of the great ends of that existence.

The grace of God in regeneration does not remove from the mind of the Christian this desire of life which he possesses in common with all animated Creation, yet

notwithstanding this, the language of his heart is, "I would not live always." It is not because he knows as a matter of fact that he cannot live always, and therefore forces himself to be resigned to that which is inevitable. The votaries of a heathen philosophy that revealed no hope beyond the tomb, have done this. In view of the certainty of the fact that they must die, they have wrapped themselves in the mantle of stoicism and met the grim monster with sullen composure; yet most gladly would they have lived always in this world had they conceived such an event as possible. But not so with the Christian—if the alternative were presented, his language would still be, "I would not live always." It is not because life to him is not desirable. To him life has even more charms than to the worldling. The world is as admirably adapted to gratify his wishes and promote his happiness. To him the sun-light is as cheering and the grateful shades of evening as refreshing—his heart rejoices in the glad some return of spring, when the earth is robed in vernal beauty and the air is redolent with the breath of flowers, and he is cheered by the rich abundance with which autumn clothes the landscape—his heart is opened to the sweets of social intercourse—to the delight of friendship, and to all the endearments of domestic life.

In addition to these ties which bind him in common with others to the earth, he has other objects for which he desires to live. He wishes to do good to his fellow men—to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom—to labor to bring back a revolted world to their allegiance to the King of kings, and to glorify his Creator by reflecting his image, and by setting an example of obedience to his commandments. But the Christian would not live always, because he wishes to enjoy more light than he can here experience. He here sees through a glass darkly. He here walks by faith, and even faith, amid the perplexities and trials of life, sometimes staggers at the promises of God, but in that world to which he is bound, all the events which seemed so dark on earth will be seen, when reviewed in the light which emanates from the throne of God, to have been directed by infinite wisdom and boundless benevolence.

The Christian would not live always because he longs to be free from the lingering complaints of his carnal nature, which often cause him to cry out in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh! wretched man that I am," "when shall I be deliv-

ered from the bondage of sin?" and he sings

"I would not live always thus fettered by sin, Temptations without and complaints within."

John Foster in writing to a friend said, "I congratulate you and myself that life is passing fast away. What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would, to my view, be darkened into midnight melancholy. O! the expectation of living *here*, and living *thus*, always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair. But thanks to that decree that dooms us to die—thanks to that gospel which opens the vision of an endless life, and thanks, above all, to that Savior friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the second trance of death into scenes of everlasting delight." E.

There are many wonderful things which take place upon the surface of this mundane sphere, but none more surprising to the unsophisticated than the fact that men, notwithstanding their strong attachment to life, will die, when by stepping in almost any apothecary's shop they can obtain for a small trifle a sure specific for every "ill that flesh is heir to."

To take up any hebdomadal and cast the eye over the list of advertisements, one would conclude that he who would allow the breath to leave his body is guilty of the second degree of suicide, and coronor's verdict should be, "Dead from unbelief in Patent Medicines." He can find not only one specific for all diseases, but scores, which have never failed to remove the disease under which he suffers, and which have snatched thousands from the very jaws of death and restored them to a degree of health never formerly enjoyed.

Another wonder is the enormous quantity of these infallible preparations—these health restoratives, disease killers, and death exterminators that are consumed by the good people of these United States.—The amount is absolutely beyond all credibility. More than fifty thousand individuals are busily engaged in making pills, and as many more in preparing tonics, drops, and bitters, and these are unable to supply the demand.

Man ought to be defined the animal that swallows pills, devours lozenges and drinks sarsaparilla. This definition we regard as decidedly more appropriate than

the celebrated definition of Plato, "a piped without feathers," or that of some other distinguished savant, "a forked radish with clothes." There is no doubt the people of this country take into their stomachs annually enough of sarsaparilla and balsam to float the British navy; and if all the pills which have passed human lips could be collected in one mountain mass, it would be a spectacle worth contemplating. But notwithstanding all this vast consumption, men still die;—the daily list of mortality has not sensibly diminished, nor has human life been materially lengthened. There is a mystery in all this. E.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

The magnificent king of day had run his course through the blue heavens, and had triumphantly passed his western goal, but was still sending back the refulgent rays of his fading glory, when lo! a little star surpassing in splendor the milder tints of twilight, burst forth from its celestial abode, to declare unto man, the greatness of that power which had spoke it into being.

The sable curtains of night were gently drawn o'er the face of nature, and star after star, as it were, sprung into existence, until the overhanging canopy of heaven was fretted with golden gems, and the little star, whose light first surpassed the splendor of the superior orb, now shows itself to be, a bright and magnificent luminary whose distance is inconceivable and whose dimensions are incommensurable.

Though the mind of man is said to be able to sweep beneath the depths of everlasting woe, and soar aloft even to the throne of the "Eternal One," it fails in its loftiest flight, in its nobles endeavors, to form a conception of the distance of this fixed star; but in this it so far succeeds, as to be able to prove demonstratively that if that glorious fountain of light, whose splendor forbids it to be looked upon by mortal eyes, were placed in its stead, it would sink into oblivion, and become utterly invisible. With this inadequate conception of this celestial orb, who for a moment, can indulge the supposition, that it was created by an all wise being, merely for the purpose of illuminating the nights of this earth, whose mass when compared with that of the illuminating body, is but an atom, as incommensurable on account of its smallness as the other is on account of its vastness? And is it not much more in accordance with that universal law of correspondence, which we

observe through all nature's works, to suppose that our sun, together with the vast system of worlds of which it is the centre, revolves around this superior orb, and this with its attendant circles of wheeling systems, around another still superior, and this around another and another; and so on until the whole material universe revolves in one great and glorious union around the throne of the Eternal God who is the source and fountain of all light. T.

EXAMINATION.

The examination of the Students of Union University will commence on the 6th of July. The commencement exercises will take place on the 15th, in the Baptist Church. The annual sermon will be delivered on Sabbath the 11th, by Rev. J. R. Graves. On the evening of the 14th an address will be delivered before the Literary Societies, by the Rev. J. B. Furgeson. Patrons and friends of education are invited to attend.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of Union University will meet in the Chapel of the University building on the 14th of July, at 2 o'clock, P. M. J. H. EATON, Pres't.

A MOTHER.—Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy, guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to the affections of her offspring are founded in nature, and cold must be the heart that can deny them.—Over the grave of a friend, of a brother, or of a sister, I would plant the primrose, for it is emblematical of youth, but over that of a mother I would let the green grass shoot up unmolested, for there is something in the simple covering which Nature spread upon the grave that well becomes the ailing place of decaying age.

POPULATION OF LONDON.—In every seven minutes of the day, a child is born in London, and in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies! The population of London is roundly 2,362,000. If the averages of the last fifty years continue in thirty-one years from this time, as many persons as now compose its population will have died in it, and yet about thirty-nine years from this time, if the present rate of progress continue, the metropolis will contain twice as many persons as it does now. The increase between 1841 and 1851 was 413,000

DOING GOOD FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

The noble sentiment that virtue is its own reward is almost as common upon men's tongues as the merely economic one, that honesty is the best policy. But after all, how little is there of disinterested virtue, or of doing good for its own sake, for its own reward merely. Men too generally want pay for doing good, either in gratitude, affection, or the reputation for benevolence, or the hard coin itself. There are many that will not persevere in doing good, unless they are getting paid for it in some one or more of these ways. Yet to the truly benevolent, doing good cannot possibly be paid for, but is continually paying itself, and leaving the well-doer still indebted for more well-doing,—verifying the fine saying of Milton, that

A grateful mind,
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.

The world wants more of such benevolence as this; there can never be too much of it, nor will its stock in the market ever be at a discount. The more, too, it is increased, the more of genuine gratitude will there be.

Yet patient continuance in well-doing for its own sake—disinterested acts of virtue and charity for charity's sake,—are not enough. For—

He who works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids;
My benefactor, not my brother-man.

We ought to do good, not only, but to do good cheerfully, fervently, heartily, sympathizingly; thanking God all the time that we can be so much like himself as to be doing good, sharing our ample reward in the good done. Nor should we dally in doing good, or be so fearful lest our charity should be wasted, as to let the fountain of our sympathy freeze over while we are waiting to inquire all about the matter. Better to make a mistake sometimes, and throw our charity away upon an unworthy object, than to let the ice gather around our own hearts while we are coldly looking at a case, or to let a worthy person suffer whom we might at once relieve. That very prudent philanthropy which hesitates giving or uniting in a plan of benevolence until there can be demonstration afforded that its charity will be profitably invested, may be good in its place, but it is too cold for the exigencies of ordinary life. Its prompt, impulsive benevolence for its own sake, with all its mistakes, that will ever do the most good. The pleasure of doing real good one time in ten, of conferring substantial benefit in a single instance, is worth making many mistakes for.

It is like a Christian and a philosopher in one, that Charles Lamb finely exhorts in this wise: "Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature, outwardly and visibly such, comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether 'the seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy help, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all he pretendeth, still give, and under the personated father of a family, think, if thou pleasest, that thou has relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not." It were better often to throw away a gift or favor upon the unworthy, than to let one truly deserving person go unhelped, or an opportunity of doing good escape us unimproved. And then if benefits are thrown away sometimes, upon the vicious and ungrateful, what of that? We are to consider others' ingratitude as only the crucible in which our own best virtues can be tried and purified. Be deceived, and meet with base ingratitude a hundred times; yet persist and do good the hundred and first, and you will prove yourself a man, virtuous for virtue's sake, charitable for charity's sake.

A POET'S TOMB.—There is a painting at Munich of Warler, one of the poets of ancient Germany, which shows the figure of the poet reclining on a tomb. About it are flying little birds, which the children of the choir are feeding, in accordance with the last will of the poet, which directed that the birds should be fed at stated times on his tomb, and which for a long time was done. A tree with heavy branches bent over the tombstone, and in its foliage were sporting thousands of little birds, drawn thither by the water and food. At a latter period this birds' food was altered by the monks into loaves for themselves!

Currie Gregg has the following poetical and truthful lines concerning Poe;

One a poet was, and gifted,
While on earth. But darkly drifted
O'er his head the storms of life.
And each burning word he uttered
Seem'd a wounded form that fluttered
From an inner world of strife.

Gray hairs, says Jean Paul, seem to my fancy like the light of a soft noon, silvering over the evening of life.

Men who look on nature and their fellow men and ery that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colors are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and require a clearer vision.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL JACKSON.—The influence of this woman over her husband is said to have been very extraordinary. She was of obscure origin and totally uneducated. Yet she inherited from nature those fine and noble traits of her sex to such perfection that her power and fascination were very great. Gen. Jackson was attached to her in early life, but, by some means or other the matter was interested and she married another, who proved a villain and the connection most unhappy. Gen. Jackson became again interested in her; the consequence was a divorce, when he was married to her. She is said to have possessed none of those accomplishments that are supposed to adorn fashionable life; reared in the backwoods, seeing and knowing little of elegant and refined society. Yet her fine person, strong affections and good sense, the three great essentials of a woman, enabled her to take and hold with irresistible force the passions of the bold, turbulent, strong and fiery warrior and statesman to whom she was wedded. It was the Lion held the embrace of the Fawn. The influence she exercised is said to have bordered on the superstitious. He imagined that no power or acts of his could succeed, or be carried out, averse to her will, or in opposition to her feelings. She seemed his guardian angel, by day and by night; holding in her hands his life, his fate, his all. An intimate friend of his, says that so long as he lived he wore her miniature near his heart, and never alluded to her except in a mannerso subdued and full of reverence, that the listener was deeply impressed with her transcendent worth.

ARTESIAN WELL.—There is an Artesian well at the cotton factory of Joel Matthews, Esq., in Dallas county, Ala., which is 710 feet 10 inches in depth, and which discharges 600 gallons of water per minute, or 764,000 gallons in twenty-four hours—exceeding any well in America.—The water flows out with such force that if pieces of stone as large as an egg or half-dollar are thrown in, they are immediately ejected. The sand, gravel, &c., made by the augur are also forced out by the water, which is perfectly clear, limpid and pleasant to the taste. The diameter of the well is little over six inches; and it is Mr. Matthew's intention, as soon as he has had it tubed the entire distance now completed, to have the boring continued to a greater depth. This will make it, it is believed, the most wonderful Artesian well in America.

WHAT OUR YEARNINGS PROPHESY.—It is pleasant, it is ennobling, to reflect that the yearnings of the human soul after ideal purity, beauty and blessedness, are in themselves prophetic indications that these longings are to be realized, and that the home of the soul will at length be found in a state and in experiences agreeing with these deep yearnings. A bitter mockery it would indeed be, after all the longings of the heart at the name of a lovelier and purer world, we should be destined never to see it. No; the fact that we often muse upon eternal loveliness and beauty, and sigh to possess them, is at once foretaste and assurance that we shall attain them.

GATHERING THE FRUIT.

A gentleman, not a great while since, in passing through a small village on a journey, met with a slight accident to his carriage, which detained him there sometime in getting it repaired. While there he entered the lowly habitation of one of the villagers, the occupant of which was an intelligent woman, and a widow. Her own domestic circumstances being attended to, she said that her family had once been wretched in the extreme; and intimated to the stranger, in a feeling and delicate manner, that her husband in early life contracted habits of intemperance, and died under their influence—that her son, her only son, followed in the footsteps of his father and became a sot.

After the death of her husband, a friend at a distance had sent her a little book; after reading it herself with intense interest, she induced her son and several other individuals in the village to read it also. Her son, soon after, became a reformed man, and has continued so every since. Such was the case also with several others who read it: A temperance society was soon formed, to which a multitude of all classes promptly joined themselves; and this little village experienced an entire moral renovation, through the influence of this single little book.

On being inquired of by the stranger, what the little book was that produced such happy effects, she said she had kept it very close in her desk—"For," said she, "next to my Bible, I prize it above all other books." She soon produced it, and taking off the paper, in which it was carefully enveloped, presented it to the stranger, who immediately recognized it as a familiar friend. It was "My Mother's Gold Ring," and the stranger who had held it was Lucius M. Sergeant, the author. What emotions of delight must have filled his bosom! Who would not value such feelings infinitely more than all the unhallowed gains that were ever realized from the traffic in ardent spirits?

Before leaving the cottage of the widow, Mr. Sergeant presented her the entire series of his Temperance Tales. We had the above facts from Mr. Sergeant himself, in a recent delightful interview.

CRUEL BOYS.

"Don't kill it, don't kill it."

"There he goes, catch him; knock him down."

"Don't kill it, don't kill it."

"Take care, get away, let me throw, I can fetch him."

"Yonder he is, up in the top of that little oak; give me a rock, I can make him wink."

"O, boys, don't kill it, poor little thing, don't you hear how it begs?"

"Pshaw! go long away. Knock him out, boys, it's nothing but a little old jaybird; kill him, kill him."

My attention was attracted the other day, by the above conversation which might have been heard two hundred yards. I heard also hallooing and whooping, loud enough to "alarm the natives." On looking out, I saw about a dozen of schoolboys after one little young jaybird. Among the whole crowd, there was but one boy who sympathized with the little half-feathered chirper. He begged for him manfully, saying: "Don't kill him, don't kill him." But in vain did he plead for the innocent little creature.—The harder he begged, the louder the other boys hallooed, "Kill him." One threw stones, another sticks, while a third tried to shake him out of the tree, the rest hallooed, and watched the frightened little creature as he made his escape from one point to another, seeking safety from his pursuers.

Shame! Shame! said to myself. A dozen great big boys after one little bird! How would you like, now for a parcel of bears to follow you, when you were out from home, and nobody to protect you? If they did not catch and kill you, would you not be scared almost to death? Well, now the little jaybird is just as afraid of you, as you are of a bear; and it loves to live just as well as you do. Why then engage in this cruel sport?

The little fellow that pleaded so earnestly, saying, "Don't kill it, don't kill it," deserves credit. That single act has raised him in our old man's estimation, at least fifty per cent. I venture he is a good boy to his mother; he is kind to his

brothers and sisters and will, if he lives, make an amiable man. He'll pass through the world, without ever having many scratches on his face, and, as I trust, will be loved, honored and respected by all—both small and great.

THE HEALTH OF PREACHERS.

It is very much to be regretted that so many preachers—"good men and true"—are invalids, feeble, nervous, and dyspeptical, and especially since good health is so important to the vigorous prosecution of their arduous and important work. The cause of this, in nine cases out of ten, is their close application to study without their right kind of physical exercise. Let that unfortunate, ministerial dyspeptic, whose body and mind are being shattered into nervous debility, adopt and perseveringly practice the following rules, and he will soon begin to be a man—a man in appetite, in strength, and in energy.

1. *Take the right kind of physical exercise daily, for at least an hour.* Rapid walking is good, but not sufficient. It fails to exercise and invigorate the abdominal muscles and the digestive organs. Riding on horse-back is excellent, but gardening and preparing wood for the fire are the best. Preachers in the country should have a plot of ground for cultivation, and take good care of it, and no man, with wood saw and axe in hand, should be allowed on his premises except himself. Physical exercise is indispensable to vigorous health, and is a thousand times better than pills and nostrums.

2. *Take a cold bath daily.* The skin must be kept in good order. The time and trouble are but little when you have first made your arrangements, and obtained your own consent. You do not need a shower bath. It is not the right kind of a bath. Its shock is too powerful for weak nerves, and it produces a powerful reaction of blood upon the brain. The whole apparatus needed for daily ablution are a bathing tub, a large sponge, a crash towel, and a bucket of pure water. A common wash-tub will do, but a regular bathing-tub, made in the shape of a Quaker's hat, costing about \$3 00, is much more convenient. Thus equipped, step from your bed in the morning into the tub, and with the sponge make a faithful application of the water to all parts of the body, rub well with the towel, drink a little cold water, and take exercise enough before eating to produce a good reaction. It is now the right time of the year to begin. It may be a little trying to the flesh at first, but it will soon become a rich luxury, lasting the year round. It purifies the skin, invigorates and equalizes the circulation. A bath, however, should never be taken on a full stomach or when weary. Bathing alone, in most cases, will cure the dyspepsia, as I can testify by happy experience. Baptist preachers are not afraid of water. Why should they be?

3. *There should be, of course, an intelligent, common sense regard to diet.* The stomach should not be taxed with labor beyond its strength.—Plain, simple food is best. If my brethren in the ministry, suffering with debility and dyspeptical difficulties, will but adopt the above three rules, and persevere, they will in no wise lose their reward. Will you but try it?

FLINT SOUP.

"Now, Mary," said my husband, when we were first married, "I must lay by for rent, and for firing, and for clothing; and here is the remainder for you to make the best use of for our supply through the week. But mind you do not run in debt, and have always a fresh loaf in the house before you cut the last. We cannot afford to cut new bread." I got things very comfortable, and as I thought very frugally, but the next Friday evening after supper, I had to say to my husband,—"What must we do? The money is all gone, and we have nothing in the house for to-morrow's dinner. I am sure I have made it go as far as I could." My husband was very kind; he found no fault; but said we could have some flint soup for dinner. He asked if there was any bread in the house. "Yes," I said, "a whole loaf and a piece." "That's well," he said, "and, perhaps you have a little oatmeal or flour?" "There is a little." "Good again, and plenty of herbs in the garden; we shall do." So we washed a couple of flints very clean, and

set them on with some water and onions, and a carrot or two. When the roots were tender he put in the meat, and some pepper and salt; and parsely and thyme, and a piece of stale bread, and I assure you we had a good dinner. "But what was the use of the flints?" Why not leave them out and call it herb porridge? That's what I could not understand at first. Well, next Saturday matters were much the same, so we again contentedly dined on flint soup.

"In the course of the week, having picked some bones of meat, I was going to throw them away, when the thought struck me, that if they were chopped up and put in the soup, they would give at least as much goodness as flint. My husband thought so, too, so we tried, and found they improved the soup, and from that time we never wasted a bone; and in the course of a few weeks we found the money held out for Saturday's dinner, and even allowed a trifle to lay by. My husband was pleased when we got into this course; and when we were thoroughly settled in frugal habits, and not before, he told me real use of flints in the soup. "There are two things," said he, "which I have always resolved against, as being the ruin of many poor people—*debt and waste*. So, from the day I took to providing for myself, I determined always to keep bread in the house, and to live on bread and water, rather than to run in debt. But instead of eating dry bread, and drinking cold water, I set myself to make it into soup; for I thought, if I tried to boil down the flints, which could not enrich the liquor, it might sharpen my wits to make the best use of any thing that I could." "I be, lieve," continued the good woman, "it was to sharpen my wits rather than his own; and I can truly say, that flint soup has taught me to turn to good account many things, that are often thrown away as if they were as worthless as stones."

SEEMING AND BEING.

Did it ever occur to your thoughts, respected reader that a small measure of the effort made by most persons to appear well before the world, would accomplish the object much more certainly and quickly if the aim were actually to be, instead of appearing to be, this or that particular character? For example, here is a man who ties every act and makes many a sacrifice to appear respectable, or to be esteemed respectable by the community in which he lives. He may accomplish his end, and he may not. But if he had taken half the pains to be, in truth, a man of worth and superior excellence, who would think that he would stand higher in general regard than he could by any amount of seeming?

This, to say the least of it, is a subject worth thinking about, especially by the young who have yet to form their characters and establish a standing in society. Let all such resolutely purpose to do right—let them aim at a high mark, and prescribe for themselves a lofty and pure standard of moral worth, and they need give themselves no anxiety about the opinions of men. They need not ask what men will say or think of us if we do thus and so; they may spare themselves that torturing apprehension which the mere seekers of the favorable regard of others always suffer. For, depend upon it, the truly worthy will not escape observation, nor will they in the long run be misapprehended or misrepresented, even by bad men. The genuine coin will be recognized—the counterfeit also.

What a pity that there should be all this struggling for the appearance instead of the reality—all this effort to seem to be, instead of honest endeavor to be true and worthy men. What a nest of counterfeiters we have in every community stamping their base coin with the title and likeness of virtue. Let us come out from among them, and be what they are only trying to seem to be.

HUMAN NATURE.—JEAN JACQUES says that when his wife died every one in the neighborhood offered to console him with one of their daughters; but that a few weeks afterwards his cow having shared the same fate one over thought of replacing his loss by the offer of another—thereby proving the different value people set upon their cows and their children.

TWO SUNDAYS COMING TOGETHER.

When the first English missionaries went to Tahiti, they passed round the Cape of Good Hope, to the East; and the American missionaries to Hawaii passed round Cape Horn, to the West. As a necessary consequence, there is between them the difference of one day and one night, in the reckoning of time. And hence, for thirty years there has existed, and still exists, in the Pacific Ocean, this singular fact—two groups of islands, lying in nearly the same degree of longitude, and no farther apart than New York and London; and yet their inhabitants, who are Christianized, observe the Sabbath on different days of the week. This singular fact may be explained, even to the comprehension of children. The most of our young readers are sufficiently acquainted with astronomical geography to know that the succession of day and night is caused by the apparent revolution of the sun from east to west, or the actual revolution of the earth on its own axis, from west to east. If, then, a person should set out and travel entirely around the world, in the same direction with the earth's motion, he would gain one apparent revolution of the sun, or exactly one day and night. Or, if he should go in the opposite direction, or with the sun, he would lose one apparent revolution of the sun, or one day and night. Therefore, if two persons should travel around the earth, in opposite directions, when they met at the point they started from, they would differ exactly two days in their reckoning of time; the one being one day ahead, and the other one day behind the reckoning of those who had remained stationary in the place. Or, if they had met on the other side of the globe, and compared notes, they would have differed one day; the one having gained, and the other having lost, just half a revolution of the earth on its axis.

This consideration fully explains the above remarkable fact, now existing in the evangelized islands of the Pacific Ocean. If you should go west to the Sandwich Islands, you would find them keeping the Sabbath on the same day with yourselves. If, then, you should pass almost directly south, to the Society Islands, you would find that their Sabbath has occurred the day before yours. Or, if you go from here east, and stop first at the Society Islands, you would find them keeping Sabbath on the same day with yourselves. Then pass north to the Sandwich Islands, their Sabbath would occur the day after yours.

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF DOGS.—Some years ago, it was not uncommon in Connecticut to employ dogs as motive power to light machinery. A Mr. ——— had a pair of dogs which he worked together, on a sort of tread mill, to drive some machinery. After a while the motion of the machine was noticed from time to time to be considerably retarded. The tender would go to the tread mill, to see if the dogs were going duly. Everything would be going on right. After a little time, however, there would be another interruption—the speed of the machine would be considerably diminished; and so it continued, until the owner began to suspect that his dogs were playing some trick on him. He accordingly set a watch where all the movements of the animals could be seen; and the mystery was soon explained. After the dogs had worked together some time, one of them was seen to step off the tread mill and set himself where he could catch the first warning of any approaching footstep. After he had rested awhile, he took his place on the wheel again, and allowed his associate to relieve himself.—And if during this resting process any noise was heard, as of some one approaching, the resting dog would immediately jump upon the wheel and go to work as usual. Thus these sagacious creatures had contrived to bear one another's burdens. And, had they known a little more about mechanics, and kept the wheel in a little quicker motion, the trick might never have been detected.

PLEASURE IS CHEAP.—Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure?—Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children; send in half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him, and he mourns sadly: help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face!—A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil; and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully; and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you

pass along the street, you meet with a familiar face; say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap; who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers, all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—"I never can keep anything!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things away, and loses them." (She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.)

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things—I dare say now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time, but you have not even looked for them. You have not only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—but you have accused somebody, very unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear, when you have mislaid any article; keep cool, and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you should lose all the little property you possess—getting in a passion never brings anything to light, except a distorted face, and by losing your temper you become guilty of folly and injustice. The latter is sin. So you are guilty of two sins when you get into a passion, and accuse somebody of being the cause. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her own work-bag.

"Why, mamma!" she exclaimed, "here they are. I might have been sewing all this time, if I had kept my temper."

OLD MAIDS.—Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest, truest, and best women we have ever known, were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is even cruel, to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart would not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman. Alas! how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids! Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection, the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love has kept many a woman single for life.

FAREWELL.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

"Farewell!"—how the word fills with sorrow the heart!

'Tis the last word that's spoken when loving ones part;

And in aftertime, oh! there doth lling'ringly dwell,

On the ear the low sound of that murmured—"Farewell!"

"Farewell, Mother dear!"—and her sad kiss we feel,

While the hot tears of anguish down her furrowed cheeks steal;

And when years have rolled o'er, oh! how memory will dwell,

On the sob that accompanied our Mother's farewell!

"Farewell, Sister dear!"—the crushed heart feels a weight,

And a whirlwind of sorrow makes all desolate;

And when bright hope is blasted and youth's meteor has fell,

On the ear rings the sound of that half choked—"Farewell!"

"Farewell, dearest Love!"—the heart's beat is hushed,

And fled is the rose on the cheek that late flushed;

And the kiss makes the heart in the bosom so swell,

That we scarcely can murmur a broken—farewell!

BLESSED BE THE HAND.

The hand, we mean, which prepares a pleasure for a child, for who knows when and where the pleasure may bloom up for him again? Does not almost every one remember some benevolent man, who treated him with kindness in the quiet days of childhood? The writer of these lines beholds himself transported, at this moment, a bare footed boy, to the lattice fence of a small and modest garden in his native village; he looks longingly after the flowers which bloom so silently on the cheerful Sunday morning.

The owner of the garden steps from his house; he is a wood cutter, and labors all the week in the forest; he comes to pluck a flower that he may take it with him to church. He sees the boy, he breaks off the handsomest carnation, holds it up,—it is spotted with red and white—and reaches it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver uttered a word, for the boy ran with all speed homeward, and now, here in the far distance, after so many changes, so many years, the gratitude which then filled the boy's breast, finds its way upon paper; the carnation has long since faded, but now it blooms freshly again.

Reflect, dear reader, if the sweet odor of flowers does not breathe upon thee from the days of thy childhood, and repay it now to the children around thee.

NOT BAD AFTER ALL.

It seems to be considered a religious duty, or at any rate an evidence of religious devotion, to speak disparagingly of this world, and to represent it as a vale of tears, an abode of sorrow, sin, disappointment and vexation. The man who can speak most gloomily, and paint in the most sombre colors the world and its allotments, is considered in some quarters, and probably considers himself, as coming under the denomination of those who are piously dead to this world, and alive only to spiritual beauties and heavenly glories. We have often heard

prayers in which the suppliant seemed to think he was doing God service by blackening this world and setting it forth as a scathed, withered and desolated spot, a sort of Siberia of the universe, in which no honest man could wish to stay for a moment.

We are free to confess that we cannot join in this deprecating view of the world we live in. To us it seems that mind must be diseased which can see nothing here but a heap of uncomely ruins. We do not understand how a glad, and grateful, and rejoicing heart, can fail to discover manifold beauty and brightness on every side, for which a perpetual hymn of praise is due to the Maker and Preserver of all. It seems to us that any intelligent being introduced to the scenes which our eyes daily and nightly behold, would break forth in expressions of wonder and admiring gratitude, and his only surprise would be that such a magnificent abode had been provided for such puny and ungrateful tenants as men prove themselves to be.

OUR NOTIONS OF TIME.—It often happens that subjects the most commonplace, and which we suppose we understand too well and too thoroughly to admit of a question, are precisely those in regard to which we are most vague and ignorant. Such a subject is time. What is it? What does the word mean? What idea have we of it? We speak of the shortness of time. We compare our three score and ten to a vapor, a flower, to all that is evanescent. But rightly considered, is not time our own conception of the past, and is not the same number of those arbitrary reckonings called years or months, much longer to some minds than to others?—showing that it is not in the years, but in our own contemplations of the past that the length or brevity exists? It is Talfourd, we believe, who says the power of imagination supplies to us the place of ages. We have thoughts which date beyond the pyramids. Antiquity spreads around us her mighty wings. We live centuries in contemplations, and have all the continents of six thousand years in our memories. It is only because our minds nurse the vast instinct and expectation of eternity that we ever conceive of time as short. If our mental eye looked unceasingly at the great past, it would find no horizon to its illimitable plains.

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.—There was a little old woman in the city of Glasgow who much admired Dr. Chalmers, and diligently attended all his sermons, on Sunday and week days, whether they were doctrinal or practical, theological or astronomical. One day she came home in great perplexity. Dr. Chalmers had dwelt much upon a "moral lever," with which he wished to uplift human nature. What a "moral lever" was, the little old woman could not divine. A friend took the poker, and placed it on the bar of the grate, trying to realize the idea and make the imagery palpable. The old woman panned, mused, and at last the fire burned. She thought of the indignity of the pulpit, and the subject, the doctor, and herself, by so gross a materialization of the "moral lever," and bursting with indignation, she asked: "Do you mean to tell me that Dr. Chalmers would preach a hale hour about a poker?"

WOMAN'S GREAT OFFICE.—Women are before all things mothers, says one; to them is committed the whole cradle-time of humanity. It is their teaching, their impress, which is given to the generation about to inherit the future. It earnestly concerns women to keep their inner life free from mean aims and unworthy thoughts, that they may go from strength to strength, and accomplish the work which is given them to do. We see the mother constantly reappearing in the children—and so it will be to the end of time. The only way in which we can look for a noble, high minded race of men, is through the impress of noble and lofty minded mothers.

A GREAT HOG.—The Roman historians relate that Vitellius, one of the emperors, expended six millions of pounds sterling for his table alone, in the space of seven months. Tacitus calls him in plain Latin a hog, and so he was

undoubtedly, but he was not the last of his race. The good Book speaks of a class of men who make a god of their belly, and whether a man spend much or little, if a petty be thurling power, he belongs to that category. What an idea is this! What a degrading idolatry, when one stoops to the worship of his stomach? That a man should live to eat, and make appetite his god, is one of the lowest steps towards complete self-degradation ever conceived of.

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth, Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

So wrote glorious John Milton, the blindness of whose bodily eye shut him in with spiritual existences, and forced him to far-reaching sympathy with ethereal and invisible realities. We feel in our best hours as he did. At the twilight hour, when we sit alone in musing mood, how often do we feel that between ourselves and the spirits of the loved and lost there is endearing communion. In the chamber where a wife or mother has yielded up life, the bereaved son or husband will often feel as if the spirit of loved one still lingered, reluctant to break away from earth. So speaks the poet;

Then the forms of the departed

Enter at the open door,

The beloved ones, the true hearted,

Come to visit us once more.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,

Comes that messenger divine,

Takes the vacant chair beside me,

Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,

With those deep and tender eyes,

Like the stars, so still and saint-like,

Looking downward from the skies.

One must have time to recover himself from the tender inspirations of such thoughts, before he can do a wicked thing or form a wicked purpose.

BEAUTIFUL METAPHOR.—The comparison of the journey of life to a transit across a desert, is very felicitously expressed in the following lines from Charles Wesley:

Here in the body pent,

Absent from Heaven I roam;

Here nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

GORGEOUS VICE.—Says an ancient philosopher, when thou beholdest a viper, asp or scorpion, in a box of gold or ivory, thou neither lovest nor callest it happy for the rich material about it, but thou loathest it and avoidest it, because its nature is destructive. Thus, too, when thou shalt see vice, compassed about by wealth, and by the loveliness of fortune, admire not the magnificence around it, but despise the baseness of the character.

THE SCRIPTURES.—Read God's holy word! reflect upon it, remember it, and obey it! it will be a light to your feet and a cordial to your heart. It will strengthen you when you are weak, and raise up when you are bowed down. It will be a friend, a guard, and a guide to you.

Without this guide, we lose our way In darkest night or brightest day.

The Sailor's Dog.

One day while walking with little Maria, we met a sailor who had a beautiful dog. Maria was greatly taken with it, so I bought it for her.

From that day, Maria and Frisk were always together. When she walked, he ran by her side. When she slept, he lay on the foot of the bed, to keep her little feet warm. There never was a dog that loved a little girl so well as Frisk loved Maria.

Thus they lived together five or six months. When the sailor came home from sea, he came one day to ask if he might see Frisk. The little dog knew him, and jumped upon his knee, and licked his hands. This made the poor sailor cry. He said he was very sorry that he had sold Frisk; for he had a little girl at home about six years old, and when she heard the dog was sold, it almost broke her heart.

"I have promised my little Dolly that I would try to buy Frisk back again," said the sailor; "for Dolly is a good girl, and she is sickly now, and pines after the little dog all the time. When she sees me, her first question will be whether I have brought Frisk back; and it makes me feel very bad to see my little Dolly cry."

Maria stood looking in the sailor's face all the time. When he had done speaking, she made up a very grievous lip, and came and leaned in my lap, and whispered, "Is that man going to take my Frisk away?" I told her she must tell the sailor whether he might have the dog, or not; but she must remember that Dolly loved Frisk very much; and perhaps poor little sick Dolly had nothing else to love or play with.

Maria listened to me when I said this; and she stood still and looked very serious. At last, she said to the sailor, "Has Dolly got a canary bird?" "No, miss," said the man. "Has she got a Maltese kitten?" "No, miss," said he.

Maria ran out of the room as fast as her small feet would carry her; and a minute after, she came back with her kitten in one hand, and her bird-cage in the other. "You may give both these to Dolly," said she; "and then perhaps she will be willing that I should keep Frisk."

The sailor wanted to please the kind girl, but he did not know what to do. I said to Maria, "Dolly does not love the canary bird and the kitten, because she has never lived with them. But she does love Frisk, and she will cry if her father does not bring him back; for poor little Dolly is not well."

Maria thought a little, and then she kissed the dog, and put him in the sailor's arms, and said, "You may carry him back to little Dolly, because little Dolly is sick."

The sailor almost cried. He kissed Maria, and thanked her, and called her a blessed little girl, and promised to bring Frisk to see her, whenever he could.

When he had gone, Maria sat down in a corner, and cried. But I took her out to walk, and we went to the Museum, where we saw many pretty things. She came home very tired and sleepy. When I had undressed her, she said, "I am glad I sent Frisk away. I suppose the sailor's little sick girl is very happy with him; and I have got a kitten, and a bird, and a rose-bush, that I can water with my own little green water-pot."

"Yes," said I; "and better still, you have been a kind little girl, and made another little girl happy."

AN EXTINGUISHER.—Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, said to John Newton: "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of the atonement, which you hold, is there and I have not found it."

"I am not surprised at this," said Newton. "I once went to light my candle with an extinguisher on. Now prejudice, from education, learning, &c., often forms an extinguisher. It is not enough to bring the candle: you must remove the extinguisher."

CHURCH BELLS.

 **CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND LOCOMOTIVE BELLS** constantly on hand, and *Peals or Chimes* (of any number) cast to order. Improved Cast-Iron Yokes, with moveable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly, and Springs also, which prevent the clapper from resting on the Bell; thereby prolonging its sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke, Frame and Wheel) furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business by their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best for Bells, the combination of metals, and degree of heat requisite for securing in them the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious tones; which improvements, together with his very extensive assortment of patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who have grown up in the business, and who will use every endeavor to sustain reputation which the establishment has heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign countries; the bells from which have repeatedly received the highest awards of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society and American Institute, and at which were completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which they will have constantly on hand an assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Compasses, (plain, nonions and improved,) &c. Also *Brass or Composition* of any size cast to order. All communications promptly attended to.

ANDREW MCNEELY'S SONS.
West Troy, Alb. Co., N. Y. 1851.

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. D. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted but that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent *Brick Building*, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance, are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c.	\$8 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c.	12 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c.	16 00

Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$6 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or a short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,
JOHN C. ROGERS,
W. MOORING,
JESSE GRAY,
Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1852. *Committee.*

W. R. McFADDEN,
Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,
HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to particular dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received.
April 15, 1852.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)
Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes. Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

R. D. REED,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, and Fancy Articles,

Agent for Periodicals and Newspapers,
East side the Square, MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

J. O. A. BOEHMS

IS now manufacturing and will keep constantly on hand, an elegant assortment of SADDLERY, Carriage, Buggy, and Wagon HARNESS, and all that sort of thing, which he will sell for Cash, lower than was ever offered in this market. Good Notes and all kinds of Barter taken in exchange. Also a few Land Warrants wanted. Shop on the Shelbyville Pike, Murfreesborough. mrg-4

D. W. TAYLOR & CO., Printers,
TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
Spring Street, South-west Corner of the Square

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, JULY 15, 1852.

NO. 20.

[From the American Messenger.]
NEW PHASE OF INFIDELITY—"SPIRIT RAPPINGS."

Sceptics have been driven from one strong-hold after another, but have as often entrenched themselves in some new fortress of error. The discoveries of science have furnished successive positions for assailing the authenticity of the Bible; but when the indistinct utterances of science have become clear and intelligible, and have confirmed the scriptural records, infidelity has taken new ground. Reason is deified, and the supernatural is denounced. Miracles are declared impossibilities; prophecy is scouted as an absurdity; inspiration is regarded as the fancy of the credulous mind, there can be no revelation from heaven; regeneration by divine influence is scorned as a weak superstition.

With characteristic inconsistency, infidelity has again changed front, and has become the preacher of "spiritualism."—Having denied the possibility of revelation for ages, it now claims hourly communication with the spirit-world, and utters its denunciations of the Christian scheme from the portals of that eternity it had derided, and through the lips it had doomed to annihilation. Availing itself of the love of the marvelous, stimulated by the wonders of science which characterize the age, and turning to account the superstition which pervades a community but imperfectly instructed in revealed truth, and the curiosity as to the unseen world which exists in all minds, a system of imposture has been set on foot blasphemous in its pretensions, absurd in its processes, and destructive in its tendencies, under the name of "*spirit-rappings*," and thousands are caught in the snare. We cannot discharge our duty as Christian journalists without a brief exposure of the cheat.

So long as the delusion retained the comparatively harmless form of mesmerism, animal magnetism, *clairvoyance*, "*biology*," or "*mental alchemy*," and served

only to amuse the vulgar mind, or to fill the pockets of clever jugglers, the evil was less mischievous and alarming. But when these absurdities pass the boundaries of the show-room, and make merchandise of the affection for the dead, trifle with the most sacred realities of the eternal world, and assail the very foundations of a revealed faith, it is time to raise the voice of warning, and drag into the light the wicked anti-scriptural humbug.

The pretence is, that departed spirits have power to communicate with surviving friends by audible signs; or by direct impulse through some human "*medium*," who passively records the revelation from the spirit-world. Sometimes the messages are slowly spelled out by the alphabet; sometimes questions are answered by loud raps; and sometimes the "*hand of the 'medium'*" is used by some power or intelligence entirely foreign." The external tokens of the presence of the spirits are said to be the lifting of tables without visible cause, the dancing of pokers and sadirons, loud noises, and sundry other phenomena of equal dignity.

The bare statement of these claims will carry with it their refutation to the mind instructed in the laws of being, or in the book of God. But let us look at them for a moment.

There is palpable *absurdity* in the whole scheme of "*spirit-rappings*." There is dignity in truth. There is a veil of awe spread over the grave and eternity. But the grotesque and ludicrous accompaniments of this charlatany mock the understanding. And the pretended utterances from the spirit-world, instead of bearing the stamp of solemnity and wisdom befitting messages from beyond the grave, are usually the frivolous common-places of a gossiping curiosity, or the ravings of infidelity. The reserve of Paul and John when speaking of the world beyond, into which they were permitted to gaze, has no counterpart here; but

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The littleness of ignorant minds, and the errors of depraved hearts are protruded into the gloom of eternity, and reflected back to earth from the murky clouds which surround the throne of darkness; and we are asked to receive these as the teachings of disembodied spirits. The assent of our reason is challenged to a revelation without an end or object, unless it be a bad one; and our faith is demanded on insufficient evidence, for a scheme which no amount of evidence can sanction, inasmuch as it is intrinsically absurd.

We reject these pretensions because they are *anti-scriptural*. The Bible bases its claims to be a revelation from God on evidence so incontrovertible that ages of sceptical assault have only added strength to the lines of argument that circumsulate and defend it. It brings to us all that the infinite Mind has seen fit to unfold of the mysterious eternity—all that it is safe or needful to know in order to holy living, happy dying, and future blessedness. All its utterances are distinct, consistent, worthy of the God who gave them, and of the infinitely solemn subject of them. But these modern peepings and mutterings and rappings come with no such attestations, and bring no new and worthy truths from beyond the grave; nay, they seek to weaken our faith in the only source of certain knowledge respecting the world to come, and in seeking to destroy our fears of future woe, dash to the earth our hopes of future and endless happiness.—If God's book is true, this scheme is false: We know that we have "*a sure word of prophecy*" in the Book of books, the word of the living God; and we repudiate and denounce these pretended teachings of the dead as a shameless imposture.

The "*spirit rappings*" are *incoherent, contradictory, and infidel*, and hence we reject them. At one time we have the imaginative dreamings of Swedenborg.—Then some scheme of baptized infidelity is bolstered up, and the Savior is reviled

and dethroned, or the endless punishment of the wicked is denied. Soon the philosophy of Spinoza or Paine will have an advocate. Hear the infidel cant put into the mouth of John Wesley by one of these "mediums," who professes to be a follower of the great founder of Methodism: "The voice of reason is the voice of God; it will never mislead; it renders the souls unpeakably happy who exercise it." "The study of *nature* is the occupation of all the inhabitants of the spirit-world." "Salvation is progressive. Christ is a principle. Heaven is a state. Reason is a divine attribute of the soul." "The Bible has more good teachings than any other work, and *has more evil*." And Matthew Henry is made to say, "Matter is eternal, it ever *was*, it ever *will be*.—Matter is refining. So is mind. But it will never arrive at its *ultimate*."

"We should think that mind had arrived at its 'ultimate,' when such infidel ravings can be foisted on the spirits of Wesley and Henry, and find credence among sane men. Alas for poor human nature, when it can gaze without pity or contempt on the antics of the players in this soul-deluding farce."

The whole thing is *wicked* and destructive. It engenders and fosters superstition. It seizes upon the most sacred feelings of our nature—the love of departed friends, and the desire to penetrate the veil of time—and converts them into the playthings of ignorant and designing men. It does violence to reason and common-sense. It fills the imagination with idle fancies—not unfrequently unbinging the intellect, and landing the victim in the mad-house. It is unchristian in every aspect and influence. The curse of God is denounced against those that "use divination, or consult with familiar spirits, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." "And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, I will even set my face against that soul: As the favor of God is desirable, as the 'sure word of prophecy' is certain, as the retributions of eternity are absolute and hourly impending—away with the false, useless, absurd, and wicked bawling of "spirit unfoldings."

For the Watchman and Reflector.
NEVER KNOW YOUR ENEMIES.

During the Jackson administration, when party feelings were very much excited, and it was thought almost an unpardonable offence for a minister to allude in public to the administration, a brother in the ministry prayed for our rulers in the

following language, as nearly as memory serves me: "O Lord, Father of all light, give unto our representatives and senators heavenly guidance in all their arduous and important deliberations, to our governors and the chief magistrate of the United States sound sense, that we may rejoice in them, and under their administration lead quiet and peaceable lives." An individual of much influence came out of the meeting house in great excitement, and after condemning the "Whiggery," as he called it, of the prayer, declared in excited language that he would never hear our brother again. The fact soon spread among the church members, and some of the fearful and covetous were not slow in their condemnation of the "imprudence" of the minister. It soon reached the pastor that Mr. A. did not like his praying that the governors and president might have sound common sense. Said the clergyman in reply, "Why sir, I am astonished. What is common sense? Suppose I had prayed that our rulers might have wisdom, would Mr. A. then complain?" "Oh, no."—"Well, what is common sense but wisdom? If I understand the expression, it means understanding, reason, moral perception, strength of natural reason." The next day the pastor met Mr. A., and addressed him as though nothing had happened.

"Mr. A., I am going on an exchange next Lord's day over to —, and I very much desire your company. You have quite a number of old acquaintances there who would, I have no doubt, like to see you. Please think of my proposal, and Saturday afternoon I will call and see you. Good morning."

At the appointed time our friend called and asked, "Have you made up your mind to go with me to —, to-morrow, as I proposed, Mr. A.?"

"I have," was his prompt reply.

"I am pleased, and to-morrow, early, I will call and take you in my carriage."

"No, no," said he, "you must go in my chair."

"Very well, I will go any way to suit you."

The exchange was made, and the opposer heard three earnest and timely discourses, and returned to speak as highly of his minister as he could have wished. *Never know your enemies.* SIMEON.

TWO WAYS OF DRIVING.

The "Editor's Table" in the Knickerbocker is generally the most *taking* department of that popular periodical. In the July number, we find the following amusing anecdote:

"Many readers will remember Mrs. Kirkland's anecdote in her 'New Home,' of the Michigan stage-driver, who 'drew

rein' in a violent autumn-storm at the gate of one of the far-scattered cabins of a western forest, into which he ran, leaving his passengers, a burly Englishman and two querulous 'stuck up' daughters, to follow him, as best they might. The doughty John Bull came in after him, leading his daughters, with rueful faces and sadly-bedraggled skirts, all three looking grouchy and glum enough. 'I say,' said the Englishman to the driver, who had ensconced himself in a warm and cozy seat by the fire, 'I say, that luggage ought to be brought in, ye know.'

'Wal, I should think so, tow. Ift was mine, I should bring it in, any how.—'T may get spilet.'

'Well, fellow, why *don't* you bring it in?' 'Why don't I *bring it in*?' said the other slowly, and with an unmistakable sneer; why, I aint your servant, *be* I? Guess, *not*—that's a berry that don't grow on the bushes about these diggings. I *drive* you Squire, and I don't do nothin' else!

This incident came to mind a few moments ago, on hearing a friend relate the following anecdote. He said, that soon after the revolutionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former captain in the service, happened to be at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and while there was invited to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant. There was a large number of guests at the table, and among the rest an English lady, who was anxious to appear as one of the 'knowing ones.' On understanding that an American was sitting near her, she expressed to one of her friends a determination to quiz him. She fastened upon him like a tigress, making numerous inquiries touching our habits, customs, dress, manners, mode of life, education, amusements, etc. To all these queries the officer gave courteous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the company, with the exception of the lady herself.—She was determined *not* to be satisfied, and went on.

'Have the rich people in your country any carriages?—for I suppose there are some who call themselves rich.'

'My residence,' replied the captain, 'is in a small town upon an island, where there are but few carriages kept, but in the larger towns and cities on the main land there are quite a number maintained, suited to our republican manners.'

Indeed replied his fair questioner, in a tone that was both interrogative and exclamatory; 'I can't fancy where you find coachmen; I shouldn't think the Americans knew *how* to drive a coach?'

'We find no difficulty on that account Madam,' calmly rejoined the captain; 'we can have plenty of drivers by sending to England for them.'

'To England!' exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; 'I think the Americans ought to drive the English, instead of the English driving the Americans.'

'We *did*, Madam, in the late war,' rejoined the officer; 'but since the peace, we have permitted the English to drive us!'

There was no more quizzing of the American during the dinner. He wasted in vain for the next question.

MYSTERIOUS POISON.

THE CURARE IS A VEGETABLE POISON, prepared by some of the tribes, chiefly ~~tribes~~ who inhabit the forests bordering on the Orinoco, the Rio-Negro, and the Amazon. It is a solid black matter, of a resinous supposed to be procured from a species of thorn abundant in the country. Such at least is the origin assigned to it by Baron von Humboldt. This illustrious philosopher has given a relation of the feasts of the Indians upon their going each year to gather the plant *Lasiostoma curare*, which produces the poison in the forests of Javita. He also minutely describes the method of extracting the curare, and the singular effects of this poison, which may be taken into the stomach with impunity, while, if introduced by a puncture under the skin, it causes almost immediate death. New details have since been given by travellers, but much doubt and uncertainty still rests upon the subject.—The recent experiment of a learned Frenchman goes far to confirm the marvels related of the poison, at the same time that they appear to complete its history.

Upon infusing a liquid solution of curare into the veins of an animal, death ensues instantaneously, without the creature uttering a cry, or manifesting any species of convulsive agitation. If the poison be introduced under the skin, its effects manifest themselves more slowly; but death invariably supervenes with similar and very singular symptoms. The animal appears not to feel the wound: a bird will fly as usual; but at the end of a few seconds it falls dead without uttering a cry, or giving the least sign of suffering. A rabbit or a dog will go and come, after the infliction of the fatal puncture, in its ordinary manner; but it soon appears fatigued, and lies down as if to sleep. Then respiration ceases; sensibility and life disappear; and it dies without a struggle.

In general, when life ceases suddenly the nerves retain for some time the power of reaction under the influence of chemical stimulants. If a nerve of motion be excited, convulsions supervene in the corresponding muscles; if the skin be pinched, certain special movements follow. After death by curare, none of these phenomena can be induced: there is a complete annihilation of all the properties of the nervous system. The nerves of the still warm animal that died but a minute ago, are inert as those of one that has long been cold and stiff. The blood is completely black, and so much altered, that it coagulates with difficulty.

This is certainly a very terrible poison;

and yet one can eat of the curare with impunity. 'Its flavor is an agreeable bitter,' says Baron von Humboldt; 'and Bonpland and I often swallow small portions of it. There is no danger where the lips and guanas are healthy. The character of the poison,' which is the name they give to the old Indian charged with the preparation of the curare, tastes the liquid every instant, and judges of its quality by the degree of bitter. . . . The Indians regard it as an excellent stomachic. . . . Upon the shores of the Orinoco they never eat any birds but those shot by a poisoned arrow. The missionaries themselves pretend that the flesh of animals killed in any other way is not so good.'

Seeing the complete innoxiousness of the curare when introduced into the stomach, one is apt to believe that it may be modified by the gastric juice, to the extent of totally destroying its deleterious properties; but nothing of the kind occurs. A fragment of curare having been given to a dog afflicted with a fistula in the stomach, after a little time the experimenter separated the poison from the gastric juice, and found that it still retained its peculiar properties. By a special privilege, the mucous membrane covering the duodenum does not admit the venomous principle of the curare. The mucous parts of the nostrils and eyes are equally antagonistic to its entrance; the pulmonary membrane is a few drops of the poison into the lungs, death supervened with the same rapidity as if the animal had received the venom under the skin by a wound. This membrane possesses a special texture, and is deprived of the protecting mucous that lubricates the other membranes communicating with the exterior.

From all this, it results that the curare acts upon animals in the manner of venoms and virus, and that, with the exception of their intensity, its effects present a striking analogy to the phenomena produced by the venom of the viper. But here an interesting question presents itself:—It is generally admitted that animal poisons alone possess this property of being taken with impunity into the digestive tube.—All the others, on the contrary, applied externally or internally, however little soluble they may be, poison the subject.—Thus strychnine invariably produces the same effects, whether it be applied to the excoriated skin, or introduced into the stomach. The curare forms the sole exception to this law, and though belonging, according to Humboldt, to the same vegetable family as strychnine, it acts like an animal poison. A doubt thus occurs, whether

there we are quite right as to the composition of the curare, and if it be really a vegetable poison after all. New searches would make us believe that the Indians, after having prepared the extract of *Uncaria*, mix, with it a few drops of venom collected from the vesicles of the most dangerous serpents.

It is necessary to have seen the rapidity with which the curare destroys an animal, to comprehend the danger of the experiments undertaken by M. Bernard. The idea that a single accidental movement, that the minutest puncture, would instantaneously kill the experimenter, without any human power being able to bring him succor, is alarming in the extreme; for there is not a possible antidote against a poison that destroys so suddenly.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*.

THE DYING STATESMAN.—The Washington correspondent of the Presbyterian makes some well timed and appropriate observations in relation to Mr. Clay's present state of health and the scenes which were transpiring around him at the time of writing. He says:

"Mr. Clay is sinking so gradually that the changes from week to week are scarcely perceptible. What a contrast may be witnessed to-day in different apartments of our 'National Hotel'! Its public saloons and drawing-rooms are crowded with political friends of the great sage of Ashland, on their way to the National Convention. The intense excitement of politics scarcely permits them to remember that they are under the same roof with him who was by them 'only not adored,' but who is now dying; and if an inquiry is now and then made, 'How is Mr. Clay to-day?' it subdues and softens but for a moment the hearts that still revere him, but which are now agitated by thoughts of other men, and other things than sickness, death and eternity. In the apartments of the dying statesman, all is quiet, peaceful, subdued. There lies the emaciated form of him who very lately was the cynosure of all eyes. For him, the world, politics, diplomacy, honors, pleasures, earthly aspirations, are all things of the past. The present and the eternal only are now of importance to him. One drop of atoning blood is to him far more valuable than presidential or senatorial honors, one whisper from the Saviour, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' sweeter, more transporting far, than the plaudits of the murmuring multitude. What a contrast between the living politician, tossed upon the troubled sea of popular excitement, driven before the gale of passion or of prejudice, and struggling amid the conflicting waves of interest and policy, choked with their foam and soiled by their filth, and the dying statesman, with all this turmoil and noise hushed behind him, the calm, awful solemnities of the death bed around him, and eternity just before him! Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!"

[From the Home Journal.]

POSITION OF AMERICAN CLERGY.

The Christian Inquirer of this city, a paper conducted with ability, and pervaded always by a liberal and humane spirit, concludes an article upon "the American Clergy" with the following words:

"We believe that the voluntary system in this country is as yet in a very crude and undeveloped state, and that far more decided measures than is generally thought are necessary to guard against imminent dangers, especially to resist the intrigues of a foreign priesthood, who know too well the weak points of our system, and who, however much under authority, are in some respects *free from our dependence upon the congregation*. We intended to pursue the subject, but our columns are so crowded as to forbid at present."

We italicise a line of the above, because there the writer had his finger upon the sore place. That is the very core of the difficulty, "*our dependence upon the congregation*." We regret that the *Inquirer* did not "pursue the subject," and yet hope to see in its columns the frankest and fullest exposition of its opinions upon this most important subject.

We have another paragraph lying before us, clipped some time ago from the *Olive Branch*, which states the case in eloquent burlesque. It is signed "Fanny Fern," who must be a clergyman's wife or daughter, so thorough an understanding has she of the complicated difficulties of a clergyman's position:

THE MODEL MINISTER.

"He never exchanges; is not particular whether he occupies a four-story house or a ten-footer for a parsonage. Considers 'donation parties' an invention of the adversary, preaches round and round the commandments in such a circular way as not to hit the peculiar-istics of any of his parishioners. Selects the hymn to suit the singing choir instead of himself; never forgets, when excited in debate, that pulpit cushions are expensive articles.—Visits all his people once a month, and receives their visits whenever they choose to inflict 'em; brings forth things 'fiew and old' every Sunday, more particularly *new*. Knows by intuition, at a funeral, the state of mind of every distant relative of the deceased, and always hits the right nail on the head in his prayer.—When he baptizes a girl baby, never afflicts the anxious mother by pronouncing *Louisa Louizy*. Frowns upon all attempts to get him a new cloak. Looks upon 'bronchitis throat complain's' and 'jour-

neys to Europe" as modern humbugs; never wears a better coat than any of his parishioners. *Submits his private personal expenses to the committee of the greatest dunderheads in his congregation*. Has the eloquence of Paul, the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the constitution of an elephant, and—lives on \$200 a year!"

We were wrong in calling the above a burlesque. We know, and a large number of our readers know, that it is an almost literal statement of facts.

There are certain subjects upon which it is dangerous, in this nation, to speak; because it is universally supposed that we are so absolutely and finally at rest in our view of them, that to express even a timid and modest doubt respecting the correctness of the popular opinion is regarded as a species of impiety, if it is a religious matter—or treason, if the subject is political. The subject named at the head of this article is one of these. Sanctioned, however, by such high religious authorities as those just quoted, we may perhaps be pardoned for offering a few observations on a matter most intimately connected with the preservation, not to say the progress, of civilization in this Western world. So far in our history the preservation of civilization, amid the manifold tendencies to barbarism incident to the settlement of a new country, is due mainly to the labors of the clergy. At this moment there are vast regions in the Western country where the sole hope and stay of civilization is the Methodist pioneer preacher; where the tidings that there is a better life than that of earth, nobler pleasures than those of sense, worthier aims than worldly fortune, reach the ears of the people through him alone. But whether the clergy are destined to carry on to completion what they have begun, or whether the clerical profession is to become extinct, and a wholly different religious organization is to take its place, depends simply upon this—whether the pecuniary support of the American clergy shall or shall not be placed on a better, juster, and more independent footing than it now is. At present, as is well known, the tendencies all are to the extinction of the profession.

There are three ways now practiced in the Christian world of supporting the clergy. One is for the Government, as in France, to pay the salaries out of the ordinary revenues, just as the civil officials are paid. Another is the English method of tithes and livings, the right of the clergyman to the tithes, or its commuted

equivalent, being recognized and protected by law, and the clergyman holding his living for life, or "good behavior." The third is the voluntary system, in which the pastor is the hireling of his flock, is appointed by his flock, holds his place at the pleasure of his flock, and is subject to all the whims and caprices of his flock, whom he must *please or leave*. Under all of these different systems, the clergy, as a class, have always been poor; and, to their honor be it said, have never, as a class, complained of their poverty. It is wages enough, they have always felt, to be occupied immediately in the affairs of the soul, and be exempt from worldly distractions. Nor is it of their poverty that our clergymen are accustomed to complain; though they might well do so, Heaven knows! It is the *insecurity* of their position, their dependant, semi-pauperlike condition. They are aware, of course, that a man with an income of four hundred dollars a year, upon which a family, and perhaps an indispensable horse, are to be maintained, can preach with little effect to a man who exults in an income of ten thousand, particularly in these days when money is the *only* thing to which *sincere* homage is paid. But if that annual pittance of four hundred dollars were wholly, indisputably, and for life, *his own*, then the pastor, intrenching himself in the inherent dignity of his position, could safely defy his proud parishioner, and preach forth the words of truth and righteousness, without fear or favor. Can he do so now? Yes, if he is strong and unmarried. But who can help being a coward when his children's bread, perchance his aged mother's, hangs upon the will, the whim of a purse-proud "dunderhead?" In such a case cowardice is virtue and martyrdom is base.

And here, if space permitted, what a catalogue of painful facts could we adduce! What tales of anxious trimming between interest and duty! What instances of venerable and saintly men turned out to die like worn out horses, after very many years of devoted herculean, self-forgetting labors! It was only a few months ago that a remark was addressed to ourselves by a learned New Englander, that illustrates in a most forcible manner the unstable and dependent nature of a clergyman's position. Said our friend:—"It is an unhappy thing for the peace of a village for a new doctor to settle in it, for generally he turns out the minister in the course of two or three years." The new comer, he explained, is usually a new light, and the old doctor is always a stickler for

the old practice. Parties are formed and contention rages. The young doctor marshals on his side the young and rising members; the old practitioner is strong in the confidence of the "respectable" and moneyed brethren. All goes well, till the minister himself requires the attendance of a physician, and then he finds himself in a painful dilemma. If he summons the old gentleman he makes enemies of the young doctor and all his set, who call him an "old fogey," and think he is "behind the age." If he employs the new light, then he loses the "confidence" of that part of his congregation from whom the greater part of his living is derived. They style him a new light, and say he forsakes the "old paths," &c. The result is, that, to use the current phrase, he finds "his usefulness at an end;" or, to adopt a more expressive language, one party or the other "makes the place too hot to hold him." And accordingly he requests his "dismissal," which is granted for the sake of promoting the harmony of the church!

We agree with the *Christian Inquirer*, in the opinion that "far more decided measures than is generally thought" must be adopted before the evils at which we have hinted will be remedied. The nature of those remedial measures should be a subject of discussion by the religious press, and of reflection to all clergymen, particularly those whose position, from their commanding talents or private fortune, is impregnable. There is no possibility, we are well aware, of return to the *past*. No titles or government stipends are to be looked for here. The divorce of church and State on this continent is final. The question is, how can the clergy enjoy the independence, the security, and the respectability of position possessed by the incumbent of an English parish, without the aid and the English interference of the government? It is our entire conviction, as we before remarked, that if the united wisdom of clergy and people shall prove incompetent to the practical solution of this question, the quality of clerical teaching and clerical character will depreciate more and more, until in the lapse of time some new religious organization now unthought of or dimly guessed will arise, before the vitality and power of which the profession of a clergyman will cease to be.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have met the following in the *Puritan Recorder*:

THE AGED PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.—A

few days since an Ecclesiastical Council convened at Sheffield, Massachusetts, for the purpose of dissolving the pastoral relation between the Rev. James Bradford and the Congregational Church and Society of that place. Of this Council the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, was Moderator, and the Rev. Mr. Clark, of South Egremont, was Scribe. The grounds on which the expediency of this dissolution was placed were solely and entirely the age and infirmities of the pastor. The Council deeply regretted that it had not occurred to the people that it would have been more honorable and becoming had they retained the aged pastor and settled a colleague with him; a measure seemingly connected with good.

DISTRESSING CONSUMPTION CURED.

The Puritan Recorder describes a form of disease which is said to be somewhat prevalent in the families of clergymen.—The disease reaches in its influence far beyond the minister, and all his flock suffer in consequence, though often ignorant of the cause. It seems strange that so much evil should be allowed to come on the people by a disease so easily cured.—We quote from the Recorder:

"There is a dreadful case of sickness at the parsonage," said Aunt Dorothy, as she shut the door of her dwelling, after an hour's absence, and sat down in the midst of the family. This announcement created no small consternation, and half a dozen voices cried out in a moment—Who? who is sick there?" "Is it our pastor?" is it his wife?" "Pray, what is the matter?"

"Very sick—very poor and emaciated, scarcely anything but skin and bones! It seems as if the patient would certainly die. No, it is not our pastor, nor his wife that is sick, but it is a very dear member of the family—one he sets a store by—one with whom he spends a large portion of his time—one that has been of great service, and would have been of still greater, had there been better health—one that has been a great comfort to him, and may yet, if spared and cared for as such a friend can be, and ought to be.—No cholera, nor fever, nor gout—no, it is a dreadful consumption, and not much, nor ever was, to be consumed either.—But the poor sufferer must not die, must be cured—can be cured—*shall be cured!*"

Thus ran on, with fervent volubility, our honored aunt, till a gap, having occurred, it was instantly filled by a good old grandmother, who had been startled at the first announcement, but who had cooled off while the maiden lady was in utterance. It had flashed through her mind who this sufferer was whom aunt Dorothy had found, and dropping her specs, and looking up with a face that had lost all its alarm, and was restored to a

quiet smile, calmly affirmed that the patient could certainly be no other than the *Pastor's Library*. To this aunt Dorothy bowed assent, and the consternation of the family circle subsided.

The case was not indeed one which bade every body fly off, in all possible directions, for any relief which could be found handiest. Yet the case was a painful one.—The patient was a great sufferer—was a mere skeleton, and the danger was that there would be sad results if nothing was done. But Miss Dorothy's compassions were kindled, and something must be done, and would be done.

And when one of the good ladies of one of our congregations—it is not necessary that she should be a maiden lady—gets thoroughly roused to the doing of a good thing—why it has got to be done. That is all about it.

But as for our patient, the pastor's sick library. It was an auspicious morning for that sufferer when aunt Dorothy set about finding relief. Had I time I could interest the reader mightily in the nature and progress of this work of love. I could tell how Blackstone, the lawyer, gave the fair applicant a sunny smile of approval with a valuable volume; how Topsail, the captain, divided his purse; how Sincw, the blacksmith, let his hot iron cool when he searched for and handed over a donation; how Index, the judge, decided the case in favor of the patient, and Dr. Pestle made a noble prescription for the sufferer; and how M., the merchant caught also the fire of benevolence, and emptied his till; how F., the farmer, stopped his cart before the parsonage, and paid the patient a visit; how the matrons and the misses, how the whole parish, in short, were awakened to the most substantial kindness toward the skeleton which aunt Dorothy found at the pastor's house.

It was not five days before the bones ceased to be visible, and in a few more, the flesh came again, and from being as gaunt a spectre as had ever been in a parsonage the sufferer became of portly bearing and noble dimensions. It was a perfect cure to the unutterable astonishment of the pastor. He had seen, for years, poor man, such images of want and woe, of consumption and emptiness in his study, that he could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw that dreadful consumption cured, and that want and emptiness had taken their departure and left not a vestige behind.

A BONELESS BODY.—The London papers describe an inquest held by the Coroner, on Elizabeth Virgois, aged 5 years. The body presented a horrible spectacle, being one lump of flesh twisted and distorted. Deceased's father stated that, soon after her birth, a girl three deceased over her back to the ground. Since the occurrence she assumed a curved position, could eat nothing but bread and butter, and when touched her bones appeared to snap. She has been under medical treatment for a long time, with deriving any benefit. He found her dead in bed. Mr. Harrison, surgeon, made a post mortem examination. There were no bones in the body; the limbs were purely of gristle. It was an aggravated case of what was called "rickets."

For the Watchman and Reflector.

"I AM A CHRISTIAN."

"I am a Christian." Are you? Perhaps you are mistaken. An error of judgment is quite common, even where there is no secret bias. You have often reversed your judgment; are you sure that your opinion, in this matter, needs no reversal? You have often misjudged the characters of others; is it then always easier to pass righteous judgment on one's own character? Partiality, in a judge is always a disturbing element; are you wholly free from it? Is there no wish to make out a case? It is probable that thousands are deceived; is it not possible that you are? What a mistake—to imagine yourself a Christian and yet an heir of perdition!

"I am a Christian. God be praised!—It is His doings and not yours. The same wisdom, and power, and love, which once joined in a triune effort to render it just to justify the ungodly, have combined on you. God has sing'd you out as a special object of his electing love; Christ's blood has procured you remission; and you are now in the hands of the Holy Ghost for the completion of the change already begun in your nature. Again I say, God be praised! What peace is yours—what hopes—what joy! Sin rooted from your moral system! Hell become to you as though it had no existence, save by its contrast to heighten your eternal consciousness of safety and bliss! Yours are what promises—what provisions—what providences! Yea, all things are yours, length, breadth, height, depth—things present and things to come—the exhaustless riches of infinity and eternity! Yes, God himself, in all his plentitude of love and power, happiest himself in making you happy! O Christian! as you move along in your pilgrimage, look for a door of hope in every Achaz, and a bow of peace on every cloud.

"I am a Christian." You follow in the steps of illustrious predecessors. You stand in the rank of heroes whose fame is sung by seraphs: Enoch, and Abraham, and Moses, and Samuel, and David; and Daniel, and Paul, and Brainerd, and Carey and Judson—such are your fellows, men of vast ideas, vast plans, and vast deeds, co-workers with God in the moral rescue of man. These belong to the phalanx of the past; to the phalanx of the present. Be worthy of your position, holy, earnest, energetic, full of love—to the future what the past has been to you.

"I am a Christian." So exclaimed one wearily, and he added, "I cannot fight."

It was reason enough against wrong, and invective enough, also; reason enough and invective enough, though the alternative was the galley, the cross, or hungry beasts. Would the public or party urge you against your sense of right? Be the answer ready—"I am a Christian, I cannot violate the higher law of my being." Is a syren voice luring you to the ball-room, or to any place that shuts out God? Break the spell by the stern and solemn resolve, "I am a Christian, I cannot go."

Are you urged to join in a social glass, just as a ceremony of friendship? Boldly reply, "I am a Christian, I cannot drink." Is some business transaction of dubious morality throwing its meshes around you by considerations of large and speedy gains? Arouse yourself with the exclamation, "I am a Christian," and tear away from the danger like the waking lion from the half-spread net.

A SISTER'S VALUE.

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship, which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence as portrayed in the following words:

"He who has never known a sister's kind misadiration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountains of pure feelings flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the tender emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind."

"That man has grown up among affectionate sisters, I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich developments of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some accident awakens within the soft tones, the glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expedience, and even weep for the gentle influences which had moved him in his earlier years.

CCS—The contemplation of distresses softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind; corrects the pride of prosperity; and bends down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

[From the Presbyterian.]
MOUNT VERNON.

BY JOHN KNOX.

"Into what times, what regions shall we roam
To find thy peer—Leonidas in fight,
Pure Cincinnatus, mock retiring home,
Fabius the wise, or Cato the upright?
Nature have culled the best Greece and Rome,
And moulding all their virtues into one,
Gave to her infant world a Washington."

One bright morning, during our Washington visit, we embarked in the steamer "Thomas Colyer" for Alexandria, distant six miles. A delightful sail of half an hour over the broad smooth waters of the Potomac, which were sparkling in a southern sun, brought us to our destination.—Procuring a carriage, with a most obliging colored man as driver, we proceeded on our way to Mount Vernon—a place sacred to every patriotic heart as once the residence of America's noblest son, and the world's purest patriot. How full of interesting associations is the name—associations of him of whom one has said, that he "cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook, and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, or integrity, nor by the sacrifice of a single principle." And, if anything, more interesting still, as the place where his ashes repose.

The road is about as rough as one as I ever traversed—in fact, a great part of the way there did not seem to be any road at all, but just a kind of opening through a forest of brushwood and miniature trees. The fording on our way, of a stream of considerable size, afforded no little amusement to my juvenile companions. At one place, went a little out of our course to visit a romantic little spring in the middle of the wood, about three miles from Mount Vernon, where Washington used frequently to resort. The water, clear and cool, and of which we drank freely, flows along a little wooden spout, said to have been placed there by the General himself. The distance from Alexandria to Mount Vernon is about eight or nine miles, which distance was accomplished in two hours.

We felt like treading hallowed ground as we entered the gate. Every thing wears an antiquated look, and seems to have remained pretty much as Washington left it. This is as it should be—but it does not necessarily follow, that every thing should run wild and go to ruin and decay, as at present they seem to be doing. It is greatly to be regretted that Congress has not the patriotism to purchase this most interesting spot from its present owners; and keep it in a condition that would credit on the gratitude of the Republic. It seems that the family to whom it at present belongs (descendants of one of his brothers) own two or three large estates on which they live the greater part of their time, and consequently Mount Vernon is neglected. How different it must have looked when he was living, whose memory gives it all the inter-

est! The venerable mansion which is of wood, two stories high, stands on a lovely knoll, overlooking the peaceful Potomac. I should suppose the main building to be about one hundred feet in length, by thirty or forty in width, with wings at each end extending backwards, used as kitchens and sleeping apartments for the servants. Across the centre of the house runs a wide hall, from which a broad stairway runs to the second story. We were shown as a specimen of the interior, the drawing-room and sitting-room, by a polite little colored woman. Both are very small.—The furniture, most of which being what Washington used, has an old fashioned look. It would be considered a plain house in the present day, but well accords with the character of him who occupied it. The rooms though small, have an air of snug comfort about them, which we seldom see in the mansions of eminent public characters. The drawing-room walls are of oak, while the ceiling is of ornamental plaster. In the hall hangs the key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette. Behind the house is a large garden, and before it a beautiful lawn, extending towards the river. Altogether, the position is a very charming one, and would be, if kept in proper order, not only an interesting (which it is of necessity) but a beautiful place, and one of which every American might well be proud.

A little way further down the river, and overlooking it, is the vault which contains the earthly remains of George Washington. They were removed to this vault from another in which they were first deposited, in 1837. It is built of plain brick, with a double iron gate in front, between the bars of which we saw the marble sarcophagus that contains the precious dust. It is covered by no eulogistic inscription—it has on it only the name WASHINGTON, and it needs no more. To the right, in the same vault, lie the remains of his wife, with the simple lettering, "Martha, wife of Washington." Without the enclosure are monuments to several other members of the family. A more secluded and peaceful spot could not well be imagined. The quiet beauty and stillness of the scene was very affecting.—The language of a celebrated writer, when speaking of Napoleon, came to my mind, as, with the alteration of a single word, much more applicable to the great man at whose grave I stood:—"His ashes now repose on the banks of the Potomac, among the people whom he loved so well." A nation is the protector of that tomb, and by them it will be guarded. In after ages, when the moss shall have covered the vault where these ashes lie, a fainter of his character from distant lands will be paying their pilgrimages to his tomb—for while the history of our world continues to be written the name of Washington will not be forgotten, nor will its lustre grow dim.

It seems a painful circumstance that no descendant of so illustrious a man should survive to possess his name and estates; but for this there is double consolation.—

The descendants of great men are seldom like their illustrious parents; and as it now is, no descendant can bring disgrace on the name of George Washington. And again, as it has been eloquently remarked, "He had no child, that a whole nation might call him father."

From Sparks' Life of Washington I learn that Mount Vernon was originally the property of his eldest brother, Lawrence, and was by him thus called after Admiral Vernon, under whom he served. Subsequently it came into possession of him, with whose memory it will ever be associated. Washington resigned his commission at Annapolis, on the 25th of December, 1783, and on the following day retired to Mount Vernon, from which he had been absent, fighting his country's battles, for eight years. He seems to have been greatly delighted at his relief from public labor. On writing to Lafayette about this time, he says:—"At length I am become a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac; and, under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in the pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all; and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

Though constantly consulted about public affairs, he yet spent, in comparative quiet at Mount Vernon, about five years, or till near the commencement of 1789, when he was elected to the Presidency.—During this period he devoted himself to the improvement of this estate. Sparks says: "The first year he applied himself mainly to farming operations, with a view of restoring his neglected fields, and commencing a regular system of practical agriculture." (If he were living now, he would find that his work needed doing over again, for certainly a more neglected looking estate I never saw.) "He began a new method of rotation of crops, in which he studied the particular qualities of the soil, in the different parts of his farms, causing wheat, maize, potatoes, oats, grass, and other crops to succeed each other in the same field, at stated times." So exact was he in this method, that he drew out a scheme in which all the fields were numbered, and the crops assigned to them for several years in advance. It proved so successful that he pursued it to the end of his life, with occasional slight deviations by the way of experiment."

He seems next to have commenced planting and adorning the grounds around the mansion, "selecting the choicest trees from the woods on his estates, and transferring them to the borders of the serpentine walks, arranging them in such a manner as to produce symmetry and beauty in the general effect, intermingling in just proportions forest trees, evergreens, and flowering shrubs." His next care was to replenish his orchards and gardens and greenhouses with rare fruit trees, vegetables, shrubs, and plants. This, when the country was yet a wilderness, must have been very difficult work; but horticulture being a favorite pursuit with him, he pursued it with much zest during his life.—The author from whom we have already quoted so freely, says: "Pruning trees was one of his amusements, and in the proper season he might be seen almost daily in his grounds and gardens, with a pruning hook or other horticultural implements in his hands."

For eight years he discharged the duties of President, and in 1797 again retired to Mount Vernon to end his days.—His health continued good, and though much of his time and thoughts were taken up by the rupture with France, which took place at this time, he yet devoted much of both to his favorite estate, till the fell destroyer, suddenly, though we trust he was not unprepared, arrested his labors on the 14th of December, 1799.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—What can be truer or more beautiful than this tribute to woman? It is from the pen of Daniel Webster:

May it please your honors, there is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creation who for the object of her love is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most depressing circumstances woman's weakness becomes mighty power, her timidity becomes fearless courage, all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamant-firmness—when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affections.

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.—Saves under ladies' bonnets as it they had stolen the lining from him; takes the inside of the walk; wears his hat in the presence of ladies; takes a particular interest in watching them while they navigate the streets in muddy or windy weather; considers himself privileged to utter impertinences to pretty seamstresses and shop girls; is deaf, dumb and blind to all who call upon his gallantry. If the applicant is over twenty or has the misfortune to be ugly; accomplishes the puppyish achievement of wearing a glass wound into one corner of the eye. Baubs his sisters, calls his father "the old governor," swears at all that is lovely in women, boasts of his conquests, drives tandem, is death on mint juleps, chews, smokes, drinks and swears.

WHITFIELD.

The North British Review for February, recently re-published, contains a full and able review of Isaac Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism," from which we extract the following valuable sketch of Whitfield, satisfactorily exhibiting the reason of his great success in preaching the Gospel.

Whitfield was inferior to Wesley "in point of talents, and he founded no scheme or system that survived himself but the singular beauty of his evangelistic labours, his extraordinary powers as a preacher, and the remarkable success with which he was honored in the conversion of sinners, must ever invest him with a peculiar and surpassing interest. Our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the perusal of the following extracts concerning him:

"Whitfield must be allowed to occupy the luminous centre upon the field of Methodism. Besides his personal claim to this distinction, which we think is clear, there is a ground on which those who would award this position rather to Wesley, might be content to relinquish it in his behalf; for if it be true that his ministerial course furnishes peculiar evidence of the reality of the Gospel which he preached, and of the presence of Him who 'worketh all in all,'—if it be true that Wesley's glory was, as one may say, an effluence of Christianity itself the same may more emphatically be affirmed as to Whitfield, whose natural endowments were fewer, and whose success as a preacher of the Gospel was not less, perhaps greater.

"Whitfield's natural powers and gifts were indeed extraordinary; nor is it known that the same have been possessed in a higher degree by any one; but then they were of that sort which, if they had been exercised in any secular line, could have won for him nothing more than an ephemeral reputation and its immediate worldly recompense. His name as an orator might have a place, casually on some page of the annals of his time; but no faculty did he possess which could have given him a permanent renown among the distinguished men of his age, whether in the senate, at the bar, or as a popular leader: much less could he have secured a lasting fame in the walks of literature or science. But Wesley might no doubt have earned a great reputation either in the Senate or at the bar.

"The endeavors made to give a sufficient reason for Whitfield's power over the thousands that crowded around him—while the true and the principal reason is rejected, or is put out of view—are quite futile. His natural gifts, although extraordinary, were yet limited in their range, and were employed upon subjects that move the human mind from its very depths, when they move it at all; but they so move it only when an energy works with the word which no orator, however gifted, can command, and which, again and again, the most perfect pulpit oratory has wholly failed to engage on its side.

"If Whitfield had possessed any one of those higher intellectual endowments which might be pained as an adequate

cause of the unexampled effects produced by his preaching, we of this age would be reading his sermons with delight; but in fact they have sunk out of all recollection—they are never read. Neither the imaginative nor the ratiocinative power did he possess in more than an ordinary degree; and as to the fascinations of his voice and manner, a five year's popularity, if resting on this basis alone, would have been its utmost term. All instances that might properly be adduced in such a case show this. But Whitfield, with the Gospel message, and that only, on his lips, drew thousands around him, go where he might; and he did so from the first year of his ministerial career to the very last.

No preacher, whose history is on record, has trod so wide a field as did Whitfield; or has retrod it so often; or has repeated himself so much, or has carried so far the experiment of exhausting himself, and of spending his popularity, if it could have been spent; but it never was spent.—Within the compass of a few weeks he might have been heard addressing the negroes of the Bermuda islands, adapting himself to their infantile understandings, and to their debauched hearts; and then, at Chelsea, with the aristocracy of rank and wit before him, approving himself to listeners such as the Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. Whitfield might as easily have produced a Hamlet or a Paradise Lost, as have exorcised a sermon, which, as a composition—a product of thought, would have tempted men like these to hear him a second time; and as to his faculty and graces as a speaker, his elocution and action, a second performance would have contented them. But in fact Bolingbroke, and many of his class, thought not the hour long, time after time, while with much sameness of material and of language, he spoke of eternity and of salvation in Christ.

"The same subjects, in the same phrases, held the ear of men in the same manner from the date of his first sermon in St. Mary de Cyript to that of his last in New England, a period of thirty-four years. The crowds that thronged the churches of Bristol or London, at his first appearance, were constituted, for the most part, of the constant frequenters of churches and meeting-houses, and they were persons upon whose thickened organs of hearing sermons enough had beat, from Sunday to Sunday, from their youth up. But then from these congregations he passed to Moorfields and Kensington Common, and there found the reckless savages of civilization: thence he went to Kingswood. One might follow him across the Tweed, and find him preaching the same Gospel in the midst of a people too fully instructed in the right ways of the Lord to have anything to learn, one might suppose, from this raw teacher, who knew nothing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and who had received Episcopal ordination! Yet so it was, that alike noble wits, Kingswood colliers, and seceding congregations, broke down before Whitfield. Floods of tears moistened cheeks; rough and smooth; and sighs, suppressed

or loudly uttered, gave evidence that human nature is one and the same when it comes in presence of truths which bear upon the guilty and the immoral, without distinction." Pp. 97, 98.

"The history of Whitfield's ministry is in a word this—the Gospel he proclaimed drew men around him, in dense masses, at the moment when he commenced his course; and it was the Gospel; not the preacher's harmonious voice, not his graceful action, not his fire as an orator, that gave him power over congregations to the very last. No intellectual faculty of a high order lent him its aid in sustaining this popularity.

"Let those who think they may succeed in such an attempt undertake the task of searching among things real, or among things which it may be possible to imagine, until they find objects (other than those constituting the Christian system) upon the ground of which such a man as Whitfield could have gathered thousands around him—keeping always close to his topic—and could hold them in his hand, time after time, and could do so through a course of four and thirty years.

* * * * *

"And now is it not time that the world should deal righteously with itself as to its ancient quarrel with one like Whitfield? The world has a long score to settle in this behalf, for it pursued him, from first to last, with a fixed and furious malignity; and even now, where Wesley is spoken of with fairness, and perhaps with commendation, a line of reluctant praise, coupled with some ungracious insinuation, is the best treatment Whitfield can obtain after he has been eighty years in his grave!—No one can dare to say that his life was not blameless; and that his intentions were benevolent is manifest. His temper was not arrogant; for meekly he received rebuke, and patiently he endured so many revilings. It was with the courage of a noble nature that he confronted violence; and with the simplicity of a child that he forgave injuries. Yet among those who by their flagitious vices and outrageous crimes have the most deeply sinned against society, it would be difficult to find a wretch upon whose guilty pate has been showered so much rancorous abuse as, year after year, was heaped upon the head of the love-fraght, self-denying and gentle-natured Whitfield. There is a mystery here which 'philosophy' should do its best to clear up; or, not succeeding in this endeavor, should ingeniously acknowledge that as, on the one hand, it can give no intelligible account of Whitfield's motives, so neither can it show reason for the world's hatred of him."—Pp. 108, 109.

Old Mrs. Pilkins, was reading the foreign news by a late arrival. "Ootton is declining!" exclaimed the old lady.—"Well, I thought as much—the last thread I used was remarkably feeble."

The total vote of the United States for President, in 1845, was:—Whig 1,362,242; Democratic 1,223,755; Free-soil 291,378.

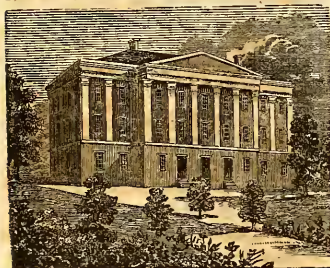
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance.



JULY 15, 1852.

TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The examination of the pupils of this excellent school occurred on the 1st and 2d inst. Notwithstanding the high reputation of Mrs. Eaton, the accomplished superintendant of the school, as an unsurpassed instructress, the proficiency of her pupils during the past session has greatly enhanced it, and can but win for the Institution a large increase of pupils. We would not omit saying that Miss Goodrich, who has had charge of a number of the classes, has won for herself the esteem of all, and proved herself competent and efficient as a teacher in all the branches Female Education.

This examination was conducted most impartially, and as is usual for the purpose of *hiding* the ignorance of the pupils, but to test their real knowledge. After the teachers had conducted their examination through the various studies in which they had been engaged, they were severally given up for cross questioning to the audience, and after a rigid examination by competent gentlemen, proved themselves to have been well instructed. We would not draw distinctions between the classes, but, without disparagement to others, we must award to the classes in Algebra, Latin, Greek, and French Languages and Moral Philosophy, as having surpassed any thing we have before witnessed. We were also highly delighted with the reading of Compositions, as well with the manner in which they were read as the excellency of the Compositions themselves.

We know not the merits of other Female Institutions, and while we would not detract from any, we must say that in our opinion there is no school in the country presents more inducements for patronage, or will so surely insure thorough scholarship to the pupils.

The next session of the Institution will open on the 1st Monday in September.

H.

TRIP TO THE TUNNEL.

We attended the celebration at the opening of the Tunnel through the Cumberland Mountain on the 3d. At an early hour we took our seats in the cars detailed for the purpose, and were soon attached to a train arriving from Nashville, which, with the addition of one more car at Christiana, give us a train of eight cars literally crowded with passengers, and arrived at the Tunnel in about four hours. When all the trains had arrived there were some forty or fifty cars loaded with human beings, all eager to pass underneath the mountain. As we approached the opening in the mountain the excitement became intense, and one universal shout from the crowd rendered the occasion one of "noise and confusion," which was kept up until we saw day-light on the opposite side.—We regret, however, that all the noise and shouting was not for joy or amusement, for many of the ladies, not having anticipated such thick darkness, at the disappearance of day-light became affrighted, and did just as women usually do on such occasions, exercised their "right" in crying for "mercy" and "help." We will do the ladies the justice, however, to say that some of the sterner sex were not altogether composed, and we are not certain if a number did not "foot it" over the mountain rather than try it again.

Aside from the passage through the Tunnel, the vast crowd, numbering perhaps then thousand, were entertained with speeches, beautiful barbecue which had been prepared by the citizens of Franklin county.

In the afternoon all hands resumed their seats and by night were all safely returned home at the various depots along the line. We heard of no serious accident happening, and presume that none occurred. We saw a number, however, who had lost their hats, and had their heads covered with handkerchiefs or ladies' veils.

The Conductors deserve great credit for their care in protecting from accident the vast number of human lives which were committed to their charge.

H.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The *Classic Union* will hereafter, owing to an arrangement of the publishers, be printed on the 15th and 30th of each month.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are still prepared to furnish to all who desire a complete file of the *Classic Union*, the back numbers, commencing with the first number. Our friends, in sending us new subscribers, will please state if they wish the back numbers.

THE QUALITIES WHICH COMMAND SUCCESS.—One of the great aids of the hindrances to success in anything lies in the temperament of a man. I do not know yours; but I venture to point out to you what is the best temperament—namely, a combination of the desponding and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secretly they rely upon nothing and upon nobody. There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, "What shall I do if that which I count upon does not turn out as I expect?" The foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution.

"CRY HERE."—A minister of the gospel, not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, who is remarkable for shedding tears in the pathetic part of his discourses, accepted an invitation to occupy the pulpit of a neighboring pastor on a given Sabbath.—On this way to fill the appointment, with the sermon in his pocket, all neatly written out for the occasion, by some accident he lost his document on the highway. A person passing shortly after found the document, and of course took it home to peruse. On reading it, he found several of the pages these words, enclosed in brackets, [*cry here.*] The artificial and artistic character of our modern sermons has often been the subject of criticism and censure, but this is the first instance we have ever known of a preacher noting in the body of a discourse (for fear he might forget it,) when the matter of his discourse needed to be accompanied with tears to make it effective. A pretty good commentary this, on the devotional preaching of our day.

Every woman was made for a mother; consequently babies are as necessary to their "peace of mind" as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.

ANNUAL SERMON.

The annual sermon, connected with the Commencement exercises of Union University, was delivered on the 11th instant by the Rev. J. R. Graves of Nashville.—His text was Isa. 21: 11–12: “Watchman, what of the night,” &c. The topics discussed were the obstacles in the way of the triumphs of Christianity, and the encouragements to perseverance in seeking to overcome them. The discourse has been spoken of as an able, eloquent production. The following extracts which we are permitted to give, while they fail to give a correct idea of the sermon, we commend to the consideration of our readers, as interesting on the topics of which they treat: H.

* * * * *

“The two most powerful obstacles obstructing the progress of Republicanism in this country are Religious Hierarchy and Rationalism.

Look at the progress of Papal Hierarchy. Popery is nothing more than the Clerical Hierarchy of Protestantism fully developed, exercising openly all its assumed authority and power. That the Papacy is violently antagonistic to our free institutions, no intelligent man will deny. It cannot exist in the majority without overthrowing them. That Catholic Europe is disgorging millions of her leige subjects upon our shores, is witnessed, and that too, with astonishment and apprehension by both Christians and patriots. It is for us to witness the exodus of nations by voluntary sequestration.—What will be the result, God only knows. The influence of this enormous mass of foreign element essentially opposed, in political and religious principles, to our institutions, and under the absolute dictation of a corrupt and designing priesthood, must be immense, and if uncounteracted, eminently dangerous. Apprehensions, fears, and regrets will not meet the case. We must act, and act promptly and efficiently. We must understand in what consists the “great strength” of the Papacy, and boldly attack and destroy it. What is it but the absolute influence of the *Clergy* over Catholic mind, dwarfing it by ignorance and discouragement of free thought, beclouding it by superstition, and terrifying it with the terrors of the Inquisition and the fires of purgatory.—That power can only be attained and maintained by an early seizure and occupation of the human mind and conscience, planting principles to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. The Papa-

cy, therefore, like every other Hierarchy, depends for its existence and power upon kidnapping and enslaving the infancy of humanity in its cradle,—taking forcible possession of its first biases and prejudices, blinding its reason, warping its judgment to its creed and catechism, and impressing its conscience with the sanctity of a priestly ritualism.

The Papacy knows full well, for it has studied human nature in order to enslave it, that:

“Just as the twig is bent the tree will grow.”

and hence the ingenious and subtle machinery of sacerdotal cunning and intrigue to secure this early distortion.

Such priestly strategy, by *whomsoever practised*, is opposed to every principle of our Holy Religion, which teaches that each man is a sovereign, and so treats him, by addressing him, not through parents or priests, but *personally*. It calls upon each one, without prejudice, to *think, investigate, and to obey for himself every command*, as though there was no other creature in the universe. This, infantile rites render impossible. The unfortunate subject of them cannot think differently from his first training and prepossessions, until he has conquered the most powerful influences which can control the human mind,—parental, religion and authority, and priestly influence and early educational bias. To think otherwise than he has been by these *forced* to think, is to admit that his parents are deceived and in error, his catechism a *knock* and a falsehood, and those infantile rites by which he was given to the church a mockery and solemn farce, and his minister a false teacher. Is it not rather a matter of astonishment that any are emancipated from pedobaptism, whether Catholics or Protestants, than that none are not?!

And will an American Christian say that it is right to deal thus with the human mind? Is it not opposed to the religious freedom of conscience? Does it not destroy it altogether? Does it not transfer the obedience of the gospel from the child to the parents or priests? Does it not most admirably prepare the subject for an easy and willing submission to the support of a Clerical Hierarchy and yield himself without thought or reflection to the dictation of the priest? Is it not a main “*part and pillar* of Popery?” O, tell me, in the name of heaven, is it not enough that clerical craft, sophism and intrigue may be employed upon the ignorance and credulity of the masses, that the nursery

must be besieged, the sanctuary of infant innocence deformed, and unconscious humanity seized and enslaved to a creed and sect, by a clerical horde of Church pirates? This infant *slave trade* must be abolished, if we would redeem the Catholic. Against this strong pillar we must level our mightiest blows and play a deadly and incessant fire of artillery, until it yells and falls. We must arm parents against the invasion of the cradle by the clergy, and teach them to stand over and guard it from approach with the authority of Gods Word as “cherubim with fiery sword girdled the tree of life.” * * *

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

From the facts presented we may learn our duty as Christians and citizens.

1. Since each generation is becoming more generally and thoroughly educated, the duty is imposed upon us to educate our sons and daughters, to enable them to maintain a position in society of equal influence. A new *aristocracy* will characterize the age to come,—not the sordid, inflated, self-important, contemptible, and *self-alone-respected* aristocracy of *wealth and blood* that now obtains, but an aristocracy of nature's true nobility, educated men, and genuine merit. It also lays the necessity upon us to provide for a more generally educated age, a more thoroughly educated ministry, or the membership will be better able to teach the ministry than the ministry the Church.

2. The young men of this age are to be the Presidents, Supreme Judges, Senators, Statesmen, Physicians, Lawyers, &c., of the next. Into their hands are soon to be committed the direction and destiny of this vast and glorious Empire of thirty-one noble nations. If we desire its perpetuity and glory we must educate our youth.

3. We look to our ministry to supply us from its numbers with presidents for our colleges, professors for our theological schools, editors for our religious Journals, and missionaries for our Home and Foreign fields, and the authors of our religious literature. Upon the ministry depends the religious character of the coming age. Ought it not to, and *must* it not be educated, thoroughly educated?

4. But we see the great issues more rapidly precipitating themselves upon us and issues that *must* be successfully met by us and those who follow, or results the most disastrous to humanity, to religion and to liberty will follow. We need a race of moral titans to wield the influence of the Pulpit and the Press.

An unarmed soldiery cannot fight bravely or successfully. Why is it so difficult to engage our ministry in conflict with clerical Hierarchy and tradition? Some are limited it is true, but is it not because our ministers feel unprepared, not for the want of Scriptural truth, but of those educational qualifications that prepare them to address large assemblies upon such occasions with equal advantage. Had our fathers been supplied with ammunition, they would never have been driven in defeat from their ramparts on Bunker Hill. Send our ministers into the approaching conflict without arms and though they may not be conquered, they will be driven in mortification from the field.

They are to become by "study" workmen that need not be ashamed, and soldiers that cannot be overpowered.

5. We see that in the pre-eminently great work of the age is the Faculty of Union University and the active friends of Education in Tennessee, engaged. Yonder University heaves its massive proportions to the heavens, a great moral Eddy Stone in our midst, pouring its Drummond light upon the moral and intellectual darkness of this age, lighting the way of Young America forward and upward to more sublime and transcendent heights of greatness, grandure and glory in the next. It stands there a proud monument to the benevolence and christian enterprise of our denomination in Tennessee.

Go on, then, in your noble work of preparing American youth to deserve well of their country by being able to preserve and direct it onward to the wonderful destiny that awaits it.

Press on, encouraged by the past, the present, and the still brighter promises of the future, in your missionary work, preparing under God. Educate missionaries to combat paganism and plant the rose of Sharan on every heathen shore, and ministers to meet the fierce onsets of Rationalistic and Hierarchical Antichrist in our own Great West. May the whole denomination warmly rally around and liberally aid you in the great work.

With an Educated ministry and membership, bringing two of the most powerful engines of moral power known to man, the *Pulpit* and the *Press* in full and deadly play upon opposing Antichrist, how soon would his dark legions quail before the triumphant banner of the Cross radiant with Bethlehem's Star and striped with the blood of Redemption! As the Apostolic Julian, when dying upon the battle field, seeing one after another of his standards go down before the victorious foe,

exclaimed "There is the field, oh Gallien!" so, when Antichrist falls before the brightness of truth and the last *d'ee pouring charge* of the church militant, and expires amid his dismantled and routed hosts, will be forced to exclaim "Thou and thine have conquered! Thine is the field, the sceptre of the world, Oh! thou Crucified Nazarene!!

GETHESEMANE.

Lieut. Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea, in 1848, visited the garden of Gethsemane, about the middle of May. He says:—

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know, to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove.—High above, on either hand, towers a very lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them.—Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead.

"Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt and prayed and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here.—The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here, the Christian forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad, yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give ample food for contemplation—for they tell of the suffering and the ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

HORRIBLE CUSTOM.—The custom in Asia of widows or widowers burning themselves, is of the most remote date. The following description of one of these funeral rites is given by a traveller of undoubted veracity, who was present on the occasion—

A young woman, twenty years of age, having been informed that her spouse died at two hundred leagues distance, resolved

to celebrate his obsequies by burning herself alive. In vain was it presented to her that the news was uncertain: nothing was capable of making her change the resolution she had taken. We saw her arrive at the place of her suffering with such extraordinary gaiety and confidence, that I was persuaded she had stung her senses with opium. At the head of the retinue which accompanied her, was a badge of the country music, consisting of hautboys and the kettle-drums. After that came several virgins and married women, singing and dancing before the widow, who was dressed in her richest clothes, and whose neck, fingers and legs, were loaded with a profusion of jewels and bracelets.—A troop of men, women and children followed, and closed the procession. She had previously washed herself in the river, that she might join her husband without any defilement. The funeral pile was made of apricot-wood, mixed with branches of sandal and cinnamon. She beheld it afar off with contempt, and approached it with apparent composure; she took leave of her friends and relations, and distributed her ornaments amongst them. I kept myself near her on horseback, along with two English merchants. Judging, perhaps, by my countenance, that I was sorry for her, to comfort me she threw me one of her bracelets, which I luckily got hold of. When she was seated on the top of the pile, the attendants set fire to it, and she poured on her head a vessel of fragrant oil, which the flame immediately seized on; thus she was stifled in a moment, without being observed to alter her countenance. Some of the assistants threw in several cruises of oil to increase the fire, and filled the air with frightful cries. When she was entirely consumed, her ashes were thrown into a river near by.

TURKS AND TEA.—The following curious description of a Turkish tea-party is given on the authority of a recent traveler. The writer had just dined with the Turks and thought to give a treat in his turn:

As we had brought apparatus in our baggage, we now procured some hot water and entertained our hosts with a dish of tea, which they had heard of but never tasted. We sweetened a cup in the most approved manner with sugar and softened it with milk, and then presented it. A Turk never takes any thing of this kind, but coffee without milk or sugar, which is as black, thick, and bitter as soot; when, therefore, he filled his mouth with the mawkish mixture we made for him, his distress was quite ridiculous. He could not swallow it, and he would not spit it for a Turk never spits in company, so he could keep it no longer; he then made a pretext for going out, which he did as fast as a Turk can move, and got rid of it over the stairs. When he returned, however, he said the ladies of the harem requested to taste of our tea also. So we sent them a specimen; we soon heard them bursting into loud fits of laughter at the extraordinary stuff; and we are informed they liked it as little as the men.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the home so dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence I had grown, from a mere child and baby of my mother's—for I was her youngest—into a rough, careless, and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although, for a few days, he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to get my hat and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane into a fine open field—a favorite play-ground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the middle of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy.—That rock stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon, that if it were not as a warning to you I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors."

"My father died when I was a mere child. I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by every body. I remember her pale, beautiful face—her sweet, affectionate smile—her kind and tender voice. In my childhood I loved her intensely; I was never happy apart from her, and she fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to the high school in the village. After associating a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a measure, my fondness for home, and my reverence for my mother, and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it an indication of manliness to resist her authority, or to appear to feel penitent, although I knew that my conduct pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was *girl-boy*. I could not bear to hear it said by my companions that I was tied to my mother's apron-strings. From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, roistering boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fireside, attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but I did not heed it.

"It was on an afternoon like this, that, as I was about leaving the dining-table, to spend the intermission between morn-

ing and evening school in the street, as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly but firmly, 'My son, I wish you to come with me.'—I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet, and said to me, 'We will take a little walk together.' I followed her in silence; and, as I was passing out the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother sulkily, till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow of this huge rock.—O, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my whole life, gladly would I exchange all that the world can offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But, no! like this huge, unsightly pile stands the monument of my guilt forever.

"My mother, being feeble in health, sat down and beckoned me to sit beside her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sullenly beside her. 'Alfred, my dear son,' said she, 'have you lost all love for your mother?' I did not reply. 'I fear you have,' she continued; 'and may God help you to see your own heart, and me to do my duty!' She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears and entreaties, and prayers, she tried to make an impression upon me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men; she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. I thought, 'what will my companions say, if, after all my boasting I yield at last, and submit to be led by a woman?'

"What agony was visible on my mother's face, when she saw that all she had said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached her own door. 'It is school-time, now,' said she; 'Go, my son, and once let me beseech you to think upon what I have said to you.'

"I shant go to school," said I.

"She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly, 'Certainly, you will go, Alfred, I command you.'

"I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your own room, and keep you there, till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it, you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, and laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me, I will kick you,"

said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said!

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, and grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—O, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot, and kicked her—my sainted mother!—How my head reels, as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! May God forgive me for I can never forgive myself. She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. 'O, heavenly Father,' she cried, 'forgive him he knows not what he does!' The gardener just then passed the door, and, seeing my mother pale and almost unable to stand, he stopped; she beckoned him in. 'Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his own room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me—it was a look of agony, mingled with intensest love—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

"In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, stiffened by the damp night air, and terrified with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dissipated, and I became bold in resisting all good impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry—let me tell mother that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

"I won't be driven to school against my will," said I.

"But you will go, if she wishes it, dear Alfred," said my sister pleadingly.

"No I won't," said I, 'and you needn't say a word more about it.'

"O brother, you will kill her! you will kill her, and then you can never have a happy moment again."

"I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but I still resisted their kind influence. My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed to pass another wretched and fearful night. O God, how wretched! how fearful I did not know.

"Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother."

"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.

"I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, which thrilled through me, melted the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood beside me. 'Get up, Alfred. O don't wait a minute! Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying!' I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was all on fire. My sister threw her arms around me, and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of my mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me, and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. 'Mother, mother,' I shrieked, 'say only that you forgive me.' She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward.—I fell on my knees beside her. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me.—She comforted me, for she knew the heavy load of sorrow at my heart—heavier than grief for the loss of a mother, for it was a load of sorrow for sin. The joy of youth had left me forever.

"My son, the suffering such memories awaken must continue as long as life. God is merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a canker-worm in the heart, that preys upon it forever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his face in his hands. I saw and felt the bearing his narrative had upon my own character and conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys, who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for your future years.

A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, sent her husband in great haste to a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

BUNKER HILL—AN OLD-TIME BALLAD.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,
When the 'minute-men,' from Cambridge came,
And gathered on the hill:
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us
frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within
our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly
we said
'We will be numbered with the free, or numbered
with the dead!'
'Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch
it on the sward!
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we
utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mat-
tock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a
sound is made:
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a
whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard
him cry, 'All's well!'
And here and there a twinkling port, reflected
on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen
guns asleep.
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless
slumber lie:
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-
work broad and high:
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the
French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburg, and thundered
in Quebec!
And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy
word we'll trust,
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll
humble in the dust;
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy
brood,
'The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled
with our blood!'
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal
is all in vain:
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every free-
man slain;
And when o'ertrampled crowns and thrones they
raise the mighty shout,
This soil thy Palestine shall be! their altar this
redoubt!
See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the
sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats
in silence by;
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and
they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thun-
der from her side:
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every
bosom thrill.
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and
boatswain's whistle shrill;
Aid deep and wider grows the trench, as spade
and mattock ply.
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the
time is drawing nigh!
Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PAR-
SONS stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it
with his hands:
Up with the shout! for PUTMAN comes upon his
rearing bay!
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join
the fray.
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and
face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youth-
ful glory yet.
But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer
of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou, (the youngest
of thy peers)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to
act a patriot's part.
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood
to the heart!
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with lead-
ers such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to
lead the way—

As once before, scarce two months since, we fol-
lowed on your track;
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in
going back.
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew with
hands accursed,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe
she nursed,
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and perish-
ed in the strife,
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a
freeman's life;
By Tanner brook, and Lincoln bridge, before the
slut of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed—a score
for every one!
Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the
wharf
Are crowded with the living freight—and now
they're pushing off—
With clasp and glitter, trumpet and drum, in all
its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er
the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across
the deep.
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile
transports sweep.
And now they're forming at the Point—and now
the lines advance!
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished
bayonets glance;
We hear a-neighbor the throbbing drum, the bugle
challenging ring:
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and
rolls from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremen-
dous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.
And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten ri-
des, length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stub-
born strength,
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged
rampart burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe ac-
curs!
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-
born people's ire;
Then drank the sword the veteran's life, where
swept the yeoman's fire;
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their ser-
ried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the
reaper's steel:
And then arose a mighty shout that might have
waked the dead,
'Hurrah! they run! the field is won!' 'Hurrah! the
foe is fled!
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch
a neighbor's hand.
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home
and Native Land.
'Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice
a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of
victory rose!
And though our swift fire slackened then, and
reddening in the skies,
We saw from Charleston's roofs and walls, the
flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still main-
tained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that
blood-stained height.
What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the
nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records
a warrior's grave.
What though the day to us was lost? Upon that
deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every lad
and age
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast
them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified
the trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of
freedom pour.
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea
and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid
the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Pow of Prom-
ise rise.

THE WEAVER'S DEATH-BED.

John Hastie was the only son of a pious mother, who became a widow when he was quite young. As it was necessary for him to work with his own hands in order to obtain a livelihood, he was apprenticed to a weaver. The master to whom he was apprenticed was an infidel. Doubtless this fact was unknown to his pious mother.—And yet it would seem that due inquiry would have revealed it. No parent should place a child under the influence and control of one whose principles and character are not fully known. If the mother was negligent in this matter, as she probably was, a fearful visitation was the consequence. The master was not only an infidel himself, but he sought most earnestly to propagate his principles. He lost no opportunity of bringing forward objections to the Bible, and of sowing and watering the seeds of unbelief. He was very successful in his efforts. He had about twenty men under him, all of whom adopted his principles.

Among this unhappy number was John Hastie, the pious widow's son. Ere long he married his master's daughter, who, shocking to relate, was as bold an infidel as her father. The influence to which Hastie was now subject, led him rapidly along in the path of wickedness. He soon lost all regard for the feelings of his mother, and would, in her presence, blaspheme the holy name of Him in whom was all her trust. She did not remain long in conscious agony. Her reason gave way under the fearful visitation, and she died in the lunatic asylum. Such were among the first fruits of the infidelity of her son.

The cruel son went on in this reckless course, till his eldest child had approached the years of manhood. Then his own health began to fail, and soon it appeared that consumption had fastened its grasp upon him. He was convinced that he must die. Eternity was before him. His infidel principles failed to support him in view of the appalling prospect. The recollections of other days, of a mother's affectionate instructions and fervent prayers, filled him with remorse. He no longer attempted to find relief in the heartless, soul-destroying creed he had cherished through life. He sent for a minister of that religion which had so many years been the object of his ridicule and scorn.

The minister who was called in did not prove to be one skilled in ministering to a mind so diseased as was that of the poor weaver. He attempted to reason him out of his infidelity; but the sophistry which had been so long cherished was not to be

removed by any logical processes. His soul was burdened by a sense of guilt.—There needed to be an address to his conscience, and not to his reason. The infidelity of the mind is most frequently overcome by abating the infidelity of the heart.

It happened that the miserable man lived in a district of the town of Glasgow which was assigned to one of Dr. Chalmers's most valued Elders. That Elder, in his visits, discovered the dying infidel, and found that his case was one that required the most skilful management. He accordingly brought Dr. Chalmers to his humble dwelling. The Doctor, by his sympathy and his simple-hearted piety, so similar to that of the mother's, whose reason her son's abandonment of God had overthrown, soon won the confidence of the dying man and drew from him a history of his life, and especially a history of his unbelief. The Doctor presented the truth as it is in Jesus to the acceptance of the wretched sinner. Once each week, for three months, did he visit him, and labor most assiduously to alight the presentation of the truth to the perverted, disordered, guilty, and almost despairing mind of the weaver. The blessing of God manifestly rested on those efforts.—As the man drew nearer the grave, Dr. Chalmers grew more and more satisfied that his soul had been renewed by the grace of God, and that he was rapidly preparing for heaven.

The interview which both felt would be the last on earth came. "Doctor," said he, lifting his Bible off the bed, on which he lay, "will you take this book from me as a token of my inexpressible gratitude?"

"No, sir," said Dr. Chalmers, after a moment's hesitation—"no sir: that is far too precious a legacy to be put past your own son: give it to your boy."

It was not likely that the Doctor's advice would be disregarded. "Give me a pen, said the dying man. His request was complied with. Gathering up his remaining strength of mind and body, he wrote, on a blank leaf of that Bible, the following homely, but, from the circumstances in which they were written most interesting lines:—

"To thee, my son, I give this book,
In hope that thou wilt from it find
A Father and a Comforter.
When I do leave thee here behind.

I hope that thou wilt first believe
That Jesus Christ alone can save,
He bled and suffered in our stead;
To save from death Himself he gave.

A strong desire I now do crave
Of thee to whom thy charge is given,
To bring thee up to face the Lord,
That we may meet at last in heaven."

Having written those lines, he laid his head back on his pillow and expired.

Through the wonderful grace of God, that soul was, we trust, saved from death at the eleventh hour. He had spent a life in infidelity and sin; and what an unhappy life it must have been! A life of toil, without any of the sweet consolations and encouraging hopes which Christianity inspires. Would any one wish to lead such a life, even if it were certain he could find pardon on a dying bed? Would any one wish to feel that he had been the murderer of his mother? No one surely will feel himself encouraged by such a narrative as this; to delay repentance to a dying hour; all ought rather to be warned by it to repent without delay. Suppose this man had sought the Lord in his youth, and, instead of marrying an infidel, had married one with whom he could have walked to the house of God in company, and who could have aided him in ministering to the wants, and soothing the last days of his pious mother; would not his life have been a far happier one?

In regard to death-bed repentance, the following is the testimony of Dr. Chalmers: "I never met with one decision evidence of a saving change in a malefactor's cell; and, out of many hundred, I can quote exceedingly few in the chamber of a last and fatal disease!"

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.

These words of Bernard Barton are good. Often good and wise men in other things have rendered their old age cheerless and unlovely, from a want of attention to them.

"The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years, is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, to increase my circles of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness, to find out all I can which is amiable and loveable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it. It may fall very far short of what I was once wont to dream of; it may not supply the place of what I have known, felt, and tasted; but it is better than nothing; it seems to keep the feelings and affections in exercise; it keeps the heart alive in its humanity; and till we shall be all spiritual, this is alike our duty and our interest."—Bernard Barton.

MARRIED.—On Thursday evening, by Rev. J. H. Mason, Mr. J. W. Thomas to Miss Elizabeth J., daughter of Wilson Thomas of this city.

MAY I STAND FOR HIM.

SOME years ago, when conducting an infants' school in town of S—, I had occasion to reprove a little boy for bad conduct. Finding reproof would not do to improve his behaviour, I sentenced him to stand in the corner of the room for a quarter of an hour. Just as the little fellow was going to the place, another little boy, named J—R—, (not six years of age) came up to me and said—

"Please, sir, may I stand in the corner for him?"

This, I need not say, very much surprised me. I however, said—"If I allow you to take his place, I shall keep you in the corner all the time I have named, and a quarter of an hour is a long time to stand in the corner."

This did not move him from his purpose, and he replied—

"Sir, I dot mind that."

I then pointed out the naughty-boy's corner; that when ladies and gentlemen came in to see the school, they would say, "There stands a naughty boy." But nothing could turn him aside; he still asked to stand in the place of his naughty school-fellow, and to the corner he was allowed to go. In silent prayer I asked for that wisdom that cometh from above, to enable me to turn this event into some useful lesson.

When the quarter of an hour was passed, I called the little fellow to me and said, "Now, tell me, did the little boy ask you to stand in the corner for him?" "No, sir." "Did he not deserve to be punished for being so naughty?" "Yes, sir."—"Then why did you offer to go in the corner for him?" With all simplicity he replied, "Because I love him!"

At this time all the other children were looking on with great interest. I then called the little offender to me, and said to him—"Now you go and stand in the corner for being so naughty." Then some of the little ones cried out, "That would not be fair, sir." "Nor just," said one. "Why not," inquired I, "has he not been a very naughty boy?" "Yes, sir; but you have let another boy be punished for him, and therefore you must not punish him!" My point was gained. Turning to the children I said, "Does this event put you in mind of anything?" "Yes, sir," said several voices; "of Jesus Christ dying for our sins." "What do you call J—R— in this case?" "A substitute." "What is a substitute?" "One who takes the place of another." "Now one place did Jesus Christ take?" "The place of sin-

ners." "J—R— tells me the reason why he was willing to stand in the corner for his naughty school-fellow was because he loved him. Now, can you tell me what led Jesus Christ to be willing to die for sinners?" "Love." "Can you give me a nice text to prove that?" "He loved us; and gave himself for us." "Very good. You told me just now that it would not be fair of just to put the naughty boy in the corner after I had punished another boy in his stead, and you said rightly. Can we learn any lesson from this?" "Yes, sir, God can never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ." "And he never will," said a little fellow, "for it says, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"—*Presbyterian*.

THE WAY TO FORTUNE.

OR "IT IS BETTER TO WORK THAN TO BEG."

Let no poor boy, after reading the following interesting fact, ever despair of making a respectable living.

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P—, when a beggar loudly craved for a few coppers for a night's lodging. The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man and inquired, "Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging."

"Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment." "Nonsense!" replied the gentleman, "you can work if you will."

"Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown piece, and said to me, 'Work, and don't beg; God helps those that help themselves.' I immediately left P—, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me his help by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and with part of my five shillings, bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger, and now I have got more than ten thousand crown pieces that I can call my own. One great thing that has contributed to my success is this, I have kept from drink and tobacco."

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work and never let me see you begging again. If I do, I will hand you over to the police."

Years have passed since the gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day when travelling through P—, he

entered a respectable looking bookseller's shop in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many moments in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, "Sir, are you not the gentleman who several years ago, gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?"

"Yes; I remember it well."

"Then, sir, this house, this well stocked shop, is the fruit of that five shilling piece." Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependence on God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags, to selling papers and tracts in the streets, then to keeping an old book shop, and ultimately to be owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy party separated, the large, old family Bible was brought, out of which a Psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent around the family altar. Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments, silence, intermingled by subdued sobs, evidenced the gratitude to the almighty Disposer of all events, which was ascending to heaven.

When they rose, and bid each other farewell; the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true, 'God helps those who help themselves.' *'It is better to work than to beg.'*"

THE WIDOWS LAMP.

SOME years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window, looked out, upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp, many a crew were saved from perishing. That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much active service for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old or teach the young would but walk worthy of Him who hath called them to His kingdom and glory how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened, and their hearts encouraged? We are told that the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus. Lazarus does not seem to have been either a teacher or a preacher, yet his very presence was a convincing proof of the power of the Lord of glory. Still, not all who have known the power and grace of Him, who stills the tempest and the darkness, that men may have true knowledge of their hearts they have been with Jesus?

PUBLISHING A SERMON.

A poor minister, in a remote county in England, had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so exceedingly acceptable to his hearers, that they entreated him to print it; which after due and solemn deliberation, he promised to do. This was the most remarkable incident of his life, and filled his mind with a thousand fancies. The conclusion, however, of all his consultations with himself was, that he should obtain both fame and money; and that a journey to the metropolis, to direct and superintend the great concern, was indispensable. After taking a formal leave of his friends and neighbors, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in town, by great good fortune, he was recommended to the worthy and excellent Mr. Bowyer, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and requested to know how many copies he would choose to have struck off?

"Why, sir," returned he, "I have calculated that there are so many thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may safely venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies."

The printer bowed, the matter was settled, and the reverend author departed in high spirits home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two weeks was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination, that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly he wrote to Mr. Bowyer, desiring him to send the debtor and credit account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. B.'s perfect convenience.

Judge of his astonishment, tribulation, and anguish excited by the receipt of an account charging him for printing thirty-five thousand copies of a sermon, 785l. 5s. 6d., and giving him credit for 1l. 5s. 6d., the produce of 17 copies, being the whole that had been sold. This left a balance of 784l. due to the bookseller.—All who knew the character of this most amiable and excellent printer, would not be at all surprised to hear, that, in a day or two, a letter to the following purport was forwarded to the clergyman:

"Rev. Sir,—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but fifty copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome, in return for the liberty I have taken with you.—I am, &c."

LAST HOURS OF DR. JOHNSON.—A short time before his death, Johnson asked Dr. Brocklesby, his physician, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he would recover. "Give me," said he "a direct answer."

The doctor, having at first asked him if he could bear the entire truth, declared, that in his opinion, without a miracle, he could not recover.

"Then," said Johnson, "I will take no

more physic—not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."

For a while, in pursuance of this resolution, he took only the weakest kind of sustenance. He was told this was likely to have the very effect he dreaded; and he then said, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenance."

Mr. Sirahan and Mr. Hoole attended him to the last. He asked Hoole to write down Reynolds' compliance with three requests which he solemnly made of him—"To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him, to read the Bible, and never to use his pencil on a Sunday."—*From Dr. Johnson's Religious Life and Death.*

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

CHRISTY & STEWART,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS
EAST SIDE
PUBLIC SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

CHURCH BELLS.
CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND
LOCOMOTIVE BELLS constantly on hand,
and Peals or Chimes (of any number) cast to order. Improved Cast-Iron Yokes, with moveable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly, and Springs also, which prevent the clapper from resting on the Bell; thereby prolonging its sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke, Frame and Wheel.) furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business by their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best from for Bells, the combination of metals, and degree of heat requisite for securing in them the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious tones; which improvements, together with his very extensive assortment of patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who have grown up in the business, and who will use every endeavor to sustain reputation which the establishment has heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign countries; the bells from which have repeatedly received the highest awards of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society and American Institute; and at which were completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which they will have constantly on hand an assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Compasses, (plain, nonious and improved.) &c. Also Brass or Composition of any size cast to order. All communications promptly attended to.

ANDREW MENEELY'S SONS.
West Troy, Alb. Co., N. Y. 1851.

PLASTERING.

H. W. B. MITCHELL would respectfully inform the citizens of Murfreesborough and vicinity that he is now prepared to carry on the **PLASTERING BUSINESS** in all its various branches: He warrants all of his work to stand as well as any done in the State. Cisterns, Houses, &c., will be plastered at the shortest notice. Those who have no water convenient would do well to give him a call, as he is confident he can make it to their interest to do so. He is prepared to plaster Cisterns in a superior manner. No pay will be received until the Cistern is tried. He has already plastered several Cisterns in this city, which those who are disposed will please examine. m-13-tf

DR. McCULLOCH,
(OFFICE ON SHELBYVILLE PIKE.)
FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE.
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

FURNITURE STORE.
New and Splendid Arrival.

THE undersigned, in addition to his former stock, has just received from Cincinnati an extensive assortment of Sofas, Divans, Bureaus, Pier Tables, Centre Tables, Side Tables, Lounges, Wardrobes, Desks, Chairs, Bedsteads, Wash-Stands, Safes, and Picture Frames, with a variety of other articles in the **FURNITURE** line, too tedious to mention, which he proposes to sell cheap for Cash, at his old stand, North-east corner of the Square.

He requests his old customers and the public generally to call and examine his new stock.
febls **WM. B. VAUGHAN.**

Medicine and Dental Surgery.
Dr. E. D. WHEELER,
Office, West Side of the Public Square,
Jal-ly **MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.**

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST
MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. D. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted but that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent *Brick Building*, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance, are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c.	\$3 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c.	12 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c.	16 00

Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$6 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or a short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,
JOHN C. ROGERS,
W. MOORING,
JESSE GRAY,
Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1852. Committee.

W. R. McFADDEN,
Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,
HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to punctual dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received. April 15, 1852.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)
Nashville, Tennessee,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

D. W. TAYLOR & CO., Printers,
TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
Spring Street, South-west Corner of the Square

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, JULY 30, 1852.

NO. 21.

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I never was a man, of feeble courage. There are but few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have stood on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending the oaks from their rocky cliffs, and scattering to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that reckoned not danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for mortal courage in lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature; her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as if in joy upon the rising gale; her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the woodland hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her young hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away a tired nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she

was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay forgot their undulating, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hand of Peri, from the far off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and blue sea lay abroadness, and the peaceful sky hung over them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the note of some favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings.— The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until noon. Then, for the first time, the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest.— Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a large cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant a hollow roar came down on the winds as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The clouds rolled on like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to a mighty oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent; but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who

stood beside me, shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. In a few minutes the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us. I looked and saw an amethystine peak! and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe, filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the thunder-cloud came in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills. I rose and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there; the dear idol of my infant love; stretched out on the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her.— The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom, told where the pathway of her death had been.

At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness. Her bright disheveled ringlet clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and I pressed it to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were water. I have but a dim recollection of what followed; I know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times,

with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looks upward to the sky, as if calling to the clouds for drink, is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. One year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered—and Oh! there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of man instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"Oh! if I had known she was to die so young."

Few professed Christians will be likely to read the following, without some quickening or compunction of conscience.

I was spending a quiet afternoon in a friend's room, when a letter was handed her. It was from her distant home, and, begging my indulgence for a few moments, she broke the seal. But as she hastily ran over the contents, I saw the flush of pleasure fade from her cheek, and the smile disappear from her countenance. "I hope you have heard no unpleasant news," said I, as she slowly folded the letter, and sat gazing into the fire, as if utterly unconscious of my presence. She seemed to collect her thoughts, as if aroused by the sound of my voice from some painful reverie, and looking at me intently replied, "Emma D. is dead." I still did not understand the cause of the emotion that I witnessed, as I knew the individual mentioned was no relation of hers; and from the disparity of their ages, not likely to be a particular friend. "Did she die suddenly?" I asked, hoping to get some clue to the mystery. "Yes, suddenly to me," was the reply; "I knew that she was sick when I left home, and that her friends were anxious for her; but I had no idea that she would die." She then relapsed into silence, and so visibly was the anguish of her soul depleted on her countenance, that I dared not again interrupt it.

At length, with a deep sigh, she murmured, "Oh! if I had known she was to die so young." I now thought I saw a

glimpse of the true state of the case, and determined to make an effort to relieve her mind from the one idea that had oppressed it ever since she received the sad intelligence, I inquired, "Was she an intimate friend of yours?" The question seemed to arouse her to a consciousness that her conduct must appear unaccountable; and, resuming something of her usual manner, she replied, "She was my daily pupil for two years, and that, too, after she had acquired considerable maturity of intellect. How many opportunities I might have had to speak to her of her soul's concerns; and now she has died and left no sign of evidence of preparation for eternity!" I knew that my friend was by no means careless of her influence as a Christian, and that many pious mothers considered it no small privilege to place their daughters under her care; and hoping to comfort her, asked, "Did you, then, never make any effort to lead her to the Savior?" "Oh! yes," said she; "occasionally a few general remarks to the school on the importance of religion, and I did once address to her a note on the subject, but she did not answer it, and I feared individual conversation might be irksome to her, and hoped that at some future time she would be disposed to attend to the subject. But oh! if I had thought she was to die so young!" Here her feelings were too strong for control, and she hastily left the room.

Oh! thought I, as I mused alone, that I could speak in the ear of the thousands in our land, I would say to each, cast your eye over the group of immortal beings that daily look to you for instruction, and if you cannot fix upon one who you know will not die young, then watch for the souls of all as one that must give account.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas relates the following incident, which occurred in the boat in which he embarked from Louisville:

"After I had got on board, a few moments before we started, my attention was drawn toward a group of friends, with whom I became very much interested. It was a family party with a daughter and sister, who was a bride, and was leaving the home and friends of her childhood, to cast her lot with one she loved, and seek another home in the far, far West. She appeared to be an only daughter—at least, there was no other sister there; and the parting of the mother and child was one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. They sat for an hour side by side in silence—the heart was too full to

speak—waiting for the boat to start, and appearing anxious to remain together as long as possible. At length the last signal was given; they then arose, and, with a look of grief that I will never forget as long as I breathe, they regarded each other for a moment, and then, enclosing themselves in each other's arms, stood for a while trembling in their parting anguish, as if in fear lest to sunder that embrace, would tear every heart-string loose. But at last, summoning strength, they bade each other the sad farewell, in a tone and manner beyond the power of words to describe, such as told all the depth of a mother's and a daughter's love, and such as subdued the whole company who saw it into sadness and tears. The father then came and gave his parting blessing, and bade his sad farewell, and then took the mother, and they moved sadly away. When they had got to the cabin door, she turned to take that last, long, lingering look, that the heart loves to, and will take, when parting with some dearly-loved object, though we feel that in doing so, the tide of grief and woe, and anguish will pour with tenfold force around the soul. Their eyes met, and if they should never meet on earth again, that lingering look will be remembered till both hearts are cold and still in death, till they meet again in Heaven. The brothers, two of them, remained on board to take their parting at the foot of the Falls. The eldest brother—almost a man—tried to part with manly dignity, but the last embrace was too much—he quivered for a while like an aspen leaf and then bade farewell in tears. The youngest—a small boy—gave loose his anguish, and sobbed, as if his very heart would burst,—after kissing her again and again left her as though he had left the sweetest and dearest friend on earth, as though he had met with his first, sad, great loss—and I doubt not, that amid all the storms of life, that parting hour will be remembered forever. After they had got on shore they stood on a point and waved their last adieu till they were lost sight of in the distance. Then, no doubt, a full sense of her loss coming home with all its power to the young girl's heart, and feeling that she was alone in the world with the man she loved, (who stood by her with his arm around her,) she hid her face in his bosom, and gave way to all the agony of her grief.

Then I thought, what will woman not do when she loves with all her heart?—And what a treasure that man could call his own when he held that young girl in his arms, and knew that she suffered all

that anguish for her love for him; and then I thought what a *base heart* his must be if he could abuse that love, and betray that trust and confidence. Yes, base he must be, if he does not love her more than his own soul, and if he would not sacrifice every selfish joy on earth to make her happy.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

In one of our Western towns, a minister of Jesus Christ was one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a near neighbor, was very sick, near to death, and asked if he would not go in and see him. "I hardly know what to do," said the good man; "his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation, and are, besides, greatly opposed to the doctrines which I preach. I fear my visit would not be well received." "But," rejoined the wife, when you were sick a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire how you were, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son." This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady and said, "This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet, madam; he should not be excited in any manner." "Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer?" At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the child, but on second thought knelt at the bedside, and uttered a few petitions in His name who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word. The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning the first intelligence which greeted him was, that little Frank had died during the night.

He had become extremely interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother the following facts:

She had two children. Frank was the oldest, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with

some companions in the neighborhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor, "Come Alice, kneel down with us and say, 'Our Father' before we go to bed." The child, bewildered by their words and kneeling attitude, answered, "But I do not know what 'Our Father' is." "Well, don't you want to learn it?" said one. "O yes," said Alice; and, being a bright little girl, she soon committed to memory the precious form of prayer which has gone up from so many lips since the Saviour first uttered it. The next morning, full of animation, and delighted with her new acquisition, she returned home; and the moment her brother Frank appeared from school, she began to tell him about her visit, and beg him to learn "Our Father," and say it with her. From that time, the mother said, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord's prayer, with great earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested. A few days before he was taken sick, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand and said, "Oh mother, here is a beautiful prayer, will you let me, read it to you?" It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister would pray by the bed of her suffering boy, and this was the secret of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. He continued thus tranquil a long time, but at length his distress returned, and the hour of death drew near. About midnight, suffering and agonized, he begged of his mother to send for the good minister to pray again. He must have somebody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last the mother went up stairs, and taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother's bedside, and told her what Frank wanted. Immediately she knelt down, and slowly and solemnly repeated the prayer which they both so much loved, and then, unasked, said—

"Now Franky lays him down to sleep.
I pray the Lord his soul to keep;
If he should die before he wake,
I pray the Lord his soul to take."

The first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his spirit fled.

Witnessed earth ever a sublimer spectacle? At the dead hour of night, in the chamber where waits the king of terrors, surrounded by weeping friends, the infant of five summers, roused hastily from the sweet slumbers of the night, knelt in her

simple night dress, and undisturbed, unterrified, lips in childish accents the prayer which heaven accept, and on whose breath commissioned angels bear upward the ransomed soul.

I would learn a lesson. They labor not in vain who sow precious seed in the fresh soil of youthful hearts.—*Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine.*

MIND WHAT YOU SAY.—It is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper. But it is especially so before children. And here, parents as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them: What they hear they are apt to repeat, and as they have not discretion and knowledge of the world enough to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that little boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor, in language that you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you blush by a repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him, as was usual, her happiness from his visit. Her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee and said to him—

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Why not, my little man?" he continued.

"Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

"Indeed! how did you come to know that, George?"

Here the mother was crimson, and looked daggers at her little son. But he saw nothing and replied—

"Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon put in requisition, and he left with the impression that "great is truth, and will prevail."

Another little child, looking sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied;

"I wanted to see whether you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say that you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of the fathers guests who lived next door to him; and when heard his name, he asked if he was not a fool.

"No my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why do you ask that question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were a neighbor to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."—*Oliver Branch.*

[From the True Union.]
REMARKS OF DR. FULLER ON THE
DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

We have received the following from the unknown correspondent, which it affords us much pleasure to insert:

MR. EDITOR:

I send you a short hand sketch of a passage, or two which I heard last Sunday, in the Seventh Baptist Church. Dr. Fuller's text was "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.*" Alluding, at the close of the sermon, to the day (4th of July) and to the death of Mr. Clay, he said:

"My friends, I am not indifferent to the recurrence of this anniversary. I hail its reminiscences, and feel its admonitions.—We do well to hallow each returning fourth of July as a national festival. Forever sacred be the day! Forever let its rising sun dawn on a great people, free, united, and reverently prostrate before the throne of God! Honored be the day! Unfading honors entwine and bloom around the memory of those heroic men who, amidst general disbelief, believed; and whose faith in truth and God gave all, and perilled all, for our liberties!

But how insignificant the events of this day, when compared with the mighty transaction of which I have been speaking. Our revolution—how unimportant, when compared with that moral revolution which Jesus hath wrought. Spiritual liberty—the liberty with which Christ makes us free—freedom from sin—this, this is the only liberty which really deserves the name.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Let us rejoice in this truth. The most guilty *may*—be saved by this blood. It seems all combination. The most ignorant African will tell you, if he be a Christian, that his hopes are in this blood; and to this blood the most towering intellects turn, in their hour of need, confessing that salvation is only there.

"My friends, do you understand me?—Do you take my allusion? My brethren, the Metropolis of this nation has lately been the theatre of a most instructive spectacle. Twice, in so many weeks, has that city been thronged with two contending factions, each inflamed with settled hostility to the other, and each carrying in its own bosom elements of intense bitterness and strife. In quick succession Washington was crowded with these parties; and hotels, and domestic hearths, and the haunts of business, and the very

air swarmed with the hum of the eager and expecting multitudes.

In a silent chamber of one of these tumultuous inns lay, stretched on his last couch, a sick and dying man. A man the pride and ornament of this nation—he pride and ornament of our nature.

"My fellow-citizens, I am no politician. I am here to 'watch for your souls as one that must give account.'—Should any great question arise, affecting the integrity of this Union, or the moral health of my fellow-men, I would not be found wanting in political zeal and devotion.—But I am here to watch for souls, and cannot consent to be mixed up with the feuds and jealousies, and conflicts of factions. I speak now not as a politician, I speak as a citizen, as a man. And, as such, I will say that never was the mighty heart of a mighty empire bowed down in grief for a nobler, truer, purer patriot than Mr. CLAY.

I go farther. I will say what you all know to be true, and what is a higher eulogium than any national grief, any inscription carved upon monument or mausoleum. I will say, that never did the death of any public man—Washington excepted—open in so many bosoms, fountains of profound grief, of tears gushing from loving hearts.—Compared with the tribute paid to this illustrious and venerable patriarch, the "customary suits of solemn black," and all the funeral pomp and pageantry which nations display at the death of a monarch, are only a magnificent parade and mockery. Those who knew Mr. Clay no more expect to see another like him, than the traveler, when the sun goes down, looks to another quarter expecting to see another sun there.—Other lights will rise and shine, nor will they be unhonored; but we do not look to them to supply his place. We rather turn our eyes, instinctively, and pensively, there where the orb of day has just sunk—to the heavens still warm and glowing with his light, to the fading colors which still linger and play along the path where the great luminary has set.

But let me turn from this digression into which my feelings have betrayed me unconsciously. We are at Washington.—Crowd after crowd arrives. Conclave after conclave gathers. Day and night all is busy with political cabals and canvassings. And the tides and waves of these agitated stormy waters are beating against the walls of that silent chamber where the expiring patriot lies.

And he—what and where are his thoughts? Are they on this political con-

test? Does his soul turn to the arena of party conflicts? Does he, like one we have somewhere read of, bid his attendant bear him to the window, to see how the battle fares? No. His thoughts are on a very different subject. One thought engrosses him. He is feeling after Christ. He is turning his pale face to the wall, and lifting his trembling hands, in penitence and faith, to the cross of a crucified Savior.

Oh! with that throng of eager hearts and clamorous tongues under the same roof; with the excited and scheming multitude all around—a multitude who were once his worshipers, but few of whom have now time even to enquire after his health—how hollow does he feel the friendship of this world to be, how inestimable the friendship of Jesus Christ.

And with all the past of his eventful life rising behind him in review, and with the future with all its tremendous realities about to burst on his vision—how worthless to him the honors of this world.—Thanks be to God, and, under God to a pious father and mother and brother, he feels that all is contemptible compared with an interest in the great atonement.—One drop of that blood *now*! One drop of that blood *now*! This, his pastor tells us, was all his desire, his hope, his consolation. One drop of the blood of Christ was more to him than all the splendors of this world; worth more than all the starry glories of the skies—could their glittering jewelry have been gathered, and poured in a blazing avalanche at his feet."

DESTRUCTION OF THE "OLD FORT."—We regret to announce that the venerable old Block House, the last relic of Wayne Fort at this place, is being pulled down. The timbers are perfectly sound, and the building might have stood for another generation, to point out the spot rendered famous in the annals of the West by many a scene of heroic bravery and daring.—Nothing will remain to show that this was once "Mad Anthony's" strong hold in the very heart of the the savage enemy's country. Its memories will in a few years vanish: the "old settlers" will be removed, and the new ones be ignorant of the past history of this once celebrated post.—*Fort Wayne Sentinel*

It is proposed in a Boston paper, that every man should constitute himself a self-examining committee to enquire into his own conduct. It is believed the business each committee would have to transact would keep it constantly and usefully employed.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]
SATAN'S SOLILOQUIES.

CHAPTER V.

There is that young man again. He is altogether too active and devoted in the cause opposed to mine, and how shall I manage to check his zeal and cool off his ardor? He attends all the prayer meetings, has a class in the Sabbath schools, and is always at his post, rain or shine.—He also goes round distributing tracts, conversing with people about religion, inducing children to attend the Sabbath school, and is very busy in working for his Master in a great variety of ways. But it won't do. I cannot let things go on so any longer. I must contrive some way to lay him one side, or, at any rate, to bring him into a more worldly and cold spiritual condition.

Let me see, there is Anna —. She is a beautiful girl, as gay as a lark and as giddy as a whirligig—full of fun from morning till night. No serious thoughts ever trouble her; no, not all; for I have taken particular care thoroughly to convince her that youth is the time for pleasure, and that she should put off religion till old age.

Now, if he would become interested in her, my heart's desire would be fulfilled, for that would soon kill him off as a Christian. Instead of being at the prayer meeting, he would spend the evening with her, and as she takes no interest in the Sabbath school, he would find it after a short time, *too inconvenient* to be a teacher any longer. That's it—I think he already regards her somewhat favorably. Well, I'll bring it about in this way. He is very fond of music, and she is a splendid player and singer. Now he will be caught in this snare. I am sure of my game, for he cannot withstand the fascination of such singing as he will hear from her. If he can, he is made of different materials from most young men, for I have caught hundreds in a similar snare. No, no; he has too sensitive a heart—a heart that relishes too keenly the beauties of music, to hold out against Anna —'s singing.

They tell about—"When music, heavenly mail was young." Well, all I have to say is, that if she is a heavenly maid, she is a real good mail for me—for I make a great deal of use of her to help along my plans. She has helped me catch hundreds and thousands of the young in traps; such as the opera, Sunday evening concerts, &c., that I have set for them. I like such heavenly maids as she is, when I can use them. I wish a good many more like her would come to earth. I don't

care how much they abound among the children of men. The more the better, as far as I am concerned. J.

[For the Classic Union.]

THE MILLENIUM.

Like Eden beautiful and fair
The earth again shall be
When Christ and his redeemed shall dwell
Therein all peacefully.

What lovely lakes shall then expand
Where dreary wastes now gloom,
On all their shores the swelling hill
Shall lift a rosy bloom!

The temples of the blessed Lord,
Of marble pure and white,
Shall shine amid the forest green,
All beautiful and bright.

Around their columns tall, shall drop
The foliage dark and green,
The pluming foliage that decks
The richest Orient scene.

Than love and joy, and peace shall reign
In sweet, unbroken away,
There'll be no vain or hughty quar,
They shall be far away.

O blessed, blissful, golden age,
May many joy in this!
O may I with the Lord enjoy
That heavenly jubilee!

Write—"Blessed are the meek, for they
Shall" then "the earth inherit!"
But who shall enter that glad rest
Because of his own merit?

Nay, only him whose soul is washed
In the Redeemer's blood
Shall ever enter that sweet rest,
The perfect love of God!

"Tis better—saith a voice within,
To bear a Christian's cross,
Than sell this fleeting life for gold,
Which Death will prove but dross.

"Far better, when yon shiv'ring skies,
Are like a banner furled;
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain
"The glory of the world!"

How far more blest, when to the Earth
Renewed from every stain,
The Redeemed from every stain
"Forever in life" again!

AUGUSTA.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married early in life, before he had attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellencies of her character, than for her personal charms. After eight years of happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband

wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms: "I was grieved," he observes, "in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life; she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. *To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be.* In her solicitude for my interest, she never a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placably, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress, had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."

LIABILITY OF RAILWAY COMPANIES.—

Charles Zedner and others, a few days since, brought an action against the Central Railroad Company, in New York Superior Court, to recover the value of a box of clothing placed in the freight cars at Plainfield, N. J., to be delivered to plaintiffs at N. Y., taken to the company office there, on Saturday afternoon, in December last, placed in the freight room, and stolen between Saturday night and Monday morning. The defendant contended that it was placed there by plaintiff's direction and remained there at his risk.—Verdict for plaintiff, \$311, being the value of the contents of the box.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUTH.

Extract of a speech delivered by Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, in the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, on the 20th of February, 1844, in the case of Francis Fenelon Vidal, John F. Girard, & others, Complainants and Appellants, against The Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of Philadelphia, the Executors of Stephen Girard, and others, Defendants, upon the following clause of Mr. Girard's will:

"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastical, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever shall hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college."

Now, I suppose there is nothing in the New Testament more clearly established by the Author of Christianity, than the appointment of a Christian ministry.—The world was to be evangelized, was to be brought out of darkness into light, by the influences of the Christian religion, spread and propagated by the instrumentality of man. A Christian ministry was therefore appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself, and it stands on the same authority as any other part of his religion. When the lost sheep of the house of Israel were to be brought to the knowledge of Christianity, the disciples were commanded to go forth into all the cities, and to preach "that the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It is added, that whosoever would not receive them nor hear their words, it should be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for them. And after his resurrection, in the appointment of the great mission to the whole human race, the Author of Christianity commanded his disciples that they should "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This was one of his last commands; and one of his last promises was the assurance, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world!" I say, therefore, there is nothing set forth more authentically in the New Testament than the appointment of a Christian ministry; and he who does not believe this, does not and cannot believe the rest.

It is true that Christian ministers, in this age, are selected in different ways and different modes by different sects and denominations. But there are, still, ministers of all sects and denominations. Why should I we shut ourselves to the whole history of Christianity? Is it not the preaching of the ministers of the Gospel that has evangelized the more civilized part of the world? Why do we at this day enjoy the high and benefits of Christianity ourselves? Do we not owe it to the in-

strumentality of the Christian ministry? The ministers of Christianity, departing from Asia Minor, traversing Asia, Africa, and Europe, to Iceland, Greenland, and the poles of the earth, suffering all things, enduring all things, hoping all things, raising men everywhere from the ignorance of idol worship to the knowledge of the true God, and everywhere bringing life and immortality to light through the Gospel, have only been acting in obedience to the Divine instruction: they were commanded to go forth, and they have gone forth, and they still go forth. They have sought, and they still seek, to be able to preach the Gospel to every creature under the whole heaven. And where was Christianity ever received, where were its truths ever poured into the human heart, where did its waters, springing up into everlasting life, ever burst forth, except in the track of a Christian ministry? Did we ever hear of an instance, does history record an instance, of any part of the globe Christianized by lay preachers or "lay teachers?" And descending from kingdoms and empires to cities and countries, to parishes and villages, do we not all know, that wherever Christianity has been carried, and wherever it has been taught, by human agency, that agency was the agency of ministers of the Gospel? It is all idle, and a mockery, to pretend that any man has respect for the Christian religion who yet denies, reproaches, and stigmatizes all its ministers and teachers. It is all idle, it is a mockery, and an insult to common sense, to maintain that a school for the instruction of the youth, from which Christian instruction by Christian teachers is sedulously and rigorously shut out, is not deistical and infidel both in its purpose and its tendency. I insist, therefore, that this plan of education is, in this respect, derogatory to Christianity, in opposition to it, and calculated either to subvert or to supersede it.

In the next place, this scheme of education is derogatory, to Christianity, because it proceeds, upon the presumption that the Christian religion is not the only true foundation, of morals. The ground taken is, that religion is not necessary to morality; that benevolence may be inspired by habit, and that all the virtues may flourish, and be safely left to the chance of flourishing, without touching the waters of the living spring of religious responsibility. With him who thinks thus, what can be the value of the Christian revelation? So the Christian world has not thought; for, by that Christian world throughout its broadest extent, it has been, and is still a fundamental truth, that religion is the only solid basis of morals, and that moral instruction not resting on this basis is only a building upon sand.—And at what age of the Christian era have those who professed to teach the Christian religion, or to believe in its authority and

importance, not insisted on the absolute necessity of inculcating its principles and its precepts upon the minds of the young? In what age, by what sect, where, when, and by whom, has religious truth been excluded from the education of youth?—Nowhere; never. Everywhere, and at all times, it has been, and is regarded as essential. It is of the essence, the vitality of useful instruction. From all this Mr. Girard dissents. His plan denies the necessity and the propriety of religious instruction as a part of the education of the youth. He dissents, not only from all the sentiments of Christian mankind, from all common conviction, and from the results of all experience, but he dissents also from still higher authority, the word of God itself. My learned friend has referred, with propriety, to one of the commands of the Decalogue; but there is another, a first commandment; and that is a precept of religion, and it is in subordination to this that the moral precepts of the Decalogue are proclaimed. This first great commandment teaches man that there is one, and only one, great first Cause, one, and only one, proper object of human worship. This is the great, the ever fresh, the overflowing Fountain of revealed truth. Without it, human life is a desert, without no known termination on any side, but shut in on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon.—Without the light of this truth, man knows nothing of his origin, and nothing of his end. And when the Decalogue was delivered to the Jews, with this great announcement and command at its head, what said the inspired lawgiver? that it should be kept from children? that it should be reserved as a communication fit only for mature age? Far, far otherwise. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up."

There is an authority still more imposing and awful. When the little children were brought into the presence of the Son of God; his disciples proposed to send them away; but he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." *Unto me*; he did not send them first for lessons in morals to the schools of the Pharisees or the unbelieving Sadducees; nor to read the precepts and lessons *phylacterized* on the garments of the Jewish priesthood; he said nothing of different creeds or clashing doctrines; but he opened at once to the youthful mind the everlasting fountain of living waters, the only source of eternal truths: "Suffer little children to come unto me." And that injunction is of perpetual obligation. It addresses itself to-day with the same earnestness, and the same authority which attended its first utterance to the Christian world. It is of force everywhere, and at all times. It extends to the ends of the earth, it will reach to the end of time, always and everywhere sounding in the ears of men, with an emphasis which no repetition can weaken, and with an au-

thority which nothing can supersede:—"Suffer little children to come unto me."

"And not only my heart, and my judgment, my belief and my conscience, instruct me that this great precept should be obeyed, but the idea is so sacred, the solemn thoughts connected with it so crowd upon me, it is so utterly at variance with this system of philosophical morality which we have heard advocated, that I stand and speak here in fear of being influenced by my feelings to exceed the proper line of my professional duty. Go thy way at this time, is the language of philosophical morality, and I will send for thee at a more convenient season. This is the language of Mr. Girard in his will. In this there is neither religion nor reason."

The earliest and most urgent intellectual want of human nature is the knowledge of its origin, its duty, and its destiny.—"Whence am I, what am I, and what is before me?" This is the cry of the human soul, so soon as it raises its contemplation above visible, material things.

When an intellectual being finds himself on this earth, as soon as the faculties of reason operate, one of the first inquiries of his mind is; "Shall I be here always?" "Shall I live here forever?"—And reasoning from what he sees daily occurring to others, he learns to a certainty that his state of being must one day be changed. I do not mean to deny, that it may be true that he is created with this consciousness; but whether it be consciousness or the result of his reasoning faculties, man soon learns that he must die.—And of all sentient beings, he alone, so far as we can judge, attains to this knowledge. His Maker has made him capable of learning this. Before he knows his origin and destiny, he knows that he must die. Then comes the most urgent and solemn demand for light that ever proceeded, or can proceed, from the profound and anxious broodings of the human soul. It is stated, with wonderful force and beauty, in that incomparable composition, the book of Job: "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease; that, through the scent of water ill bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But if a man dies, shall he live again?" And that question nothing but God, and the religion of God, can solve. Religion does solve it, and teaches every man that he is to live again, and that the duties of this life has reference to the life which is to come. And hence, since the introduction of Christianity, it has been the duty, as it has been the effort, of the great and the good, to sanctify human knowledge, to bring it to the fount, and to baptize learning into Christianity; to gather up all its productions, its earliest and its latest, its blossoms and all its fruits, and lay them upon the altar of religion and virtue.

Another important point involved in the question is, What becomes of the Christian Sabbath in a school thus established? I do not mean to say that this stands exactly on the same authority as the Christian religion; but I mean to say that the

observance of the Sabbath is a part of Christianity in all its forms. All Christians admit the observance of the Sabbath. All admit that there is a Lord's day, although there may be a difference in the belief as to which is the right day to be observed. Now, I say that in this institution, under Mr. Girard's scheme, the ordinary observance of the Sabbath could not take place, because the ordinary means of observing it are excluded. I know that I shall be told here; also, that lay teachers would come again; and I say in reply, that where the ordinary means of attaining an end are excluded, the intention is to exclude the end itself. There can be no Sabbath in this college, there can be no religious observance of the Lord's day; for there is no means for attaining that end. It will be said that the children would be permitted to go out.—There is nothing seen of this permission in Mr. Girard's will. And I say again, that it would be just as much opposed to Mr. Girard's whole scheme to allow these children to go out and attend places of public worship on the Sabbath day, as it would be to have ministers of religion to preach to them within the walls; because, if they go out to hear preaching, they will hear just as much about religious controversies, and clashing doctrines, and more, than if appointed preachers officiated in the college. His object, as he states, was to keep their minds from all religious doctrines and sects, and he would just as much defeat his ends by sending them out as by having religious instructions within. Where, then, are these little children to go? Where can they go to learn the truth, to reverence the Sabbath? They are far from their friends, they have no one to accompany them to any place of worship, no one to show them the right from the wrong course; their minds must be kept clear from all bias on the subject, and they are just as far from the ordinary observance of the Sabbath as if there were no Sabbath day at all. And where there is no observance of the Christian Sabbath there will of course be no public worship of God.

And I would ask. Would any Christian man consider it desirable for his orphan children, after his death, to find refuge within this asylum, under all the circumstances and influences which will necessarily surround its inmates? Are there, or will there be, any Christian parents, who would desire that their children should be placed in this school, to be for twelve years exposed to the pernicious influences which must be brought to bear on their minds? I very much doubt if there is any Christian father who hears me this day, and I am quite sure that there is no Christian mother, who, if called upon to lie down on the bed of death, although sure to leave her children as poor as children can be left, would not rather trust them, nevertheless, to the Christian charity of the world, however uncertain it has been said to be, than place them where their physical wants and comforts would be abundantly attended to, but away from the solaces and consolations, the hopes

and the grace, of the Christian religion.—She would rather trust them to the mercy and kindness of that spirit, which, when it has nothing else left, gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple; to that spirit which has its origin in all good, and of which we have on record an example the most beautiful, the most touching, the most intensely affecting, that the world's history contains: I mean the offering of the poor widow who threw her two mites into the treasury: "And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury; and he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for all these have, of their abundance, cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had." What more tender, more solemnly affecting, more profoundly pathetic, than this charity, this offering to God, of a farthing! We know nothing of her name, her family, or her tribe. We only know that she was a poor woman, and a widow, of whom there is nothing left upon record but this sublimely simple story, that when the rich came to cast their proud offerings into the treasury, this poor woman came also, and cast in her two mites, which made a farthing! And that example, thus made the subject of divine commendation, has been read, and told, and gone abroad everywhere, and sunk deep into a hundred millions of hearts, since the commencement of the Christian era, and has done more good than could be accomplished by a thousand marble palaces, because it was charity mingled with true benevolence, given in the fear, the love, the service, and honor of God; because it was charity, that had its origin in religious feeling; because it was a gift to the honor of God!

Cases have come before the courts, of bequests, in last wills, made or given to God, without any more specific direction; and these bequests have been regarded as creating charitable uses. But can that be truly called a charity which flies in the face of all the laws of God and all the usages of Christian man? I arraign no man for mixing up a love of distinction and notoriety with his charities. I blame not Mr. Girard because he desired to raise a splendid marble palace in the neighborhood of a beautiful city, that should endure for ages, and transmit his name and fame to posterity. But this school of learning not to be valued, because it has no fragrance of the spirit of Christianity. It is not a charity, for it has not that which gives to a charity for education its chief value. It will, therefore, soothe the heart of no Christian parent, dying in poverty and distress, that those who owe to him their being may be led, and fed and clothed by Mr. Girard's bounty, at the expense of being excluded from all the means of religious instruction afforded to other children, and shut up through the most interesting period of their lives in a seminary without religion, and without moral sentiments as cold as its own marble walls.

INFLUENCE OF COST ON APPETITE.

The correspondent of our spicy and readable contemporary, the *Courier des Eats Unis*, speculates gravely upon the singular phenomenon of contrast in the appetites of the same company at different places. At the President's balls, where the supper is free to all, the rush, crush and unexceptional demonstrations of hunger, would justify a supposition of famine. At the charity balls, on the contrary, equally fashionable, but where the guests pay for what they eat and drink, no polite person has any appetite whatever! This curious problem is left to the solution of the ingenious.

A provincial gentleman at the late splendid charity ball, stepped up early to the supper table, and did such havoc, among the most costly game and wines, as to require considerable waiting on by the attendants. His appetite at last staggered, he prepared to saunter carelessly toward the scene of the dance. The servant stepped forward, however, and handed him a slight memorandum.

"What is this for?" he asked with an expression of annoyance.

"For the pheasant, the *pate*, the champagne, the oysters and sweetmeats," replied the servant.

"Enough of your jokes, sir!" he said, pushing the protruding hand from him, with his slip of paper.

The waiter insisted.

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed the stranger; "I ate and drank three times as much at the President's ball, last night, and nothing was charged for that!"

The bill was still respectfully presented.

"Leave me alone!" continued the resuscitant, growing loud and wrathful; "You think to humbug me because I am from the country—but no you don't. I have paid for my ticket, and at that price I expect my share of all the agreeableness of the ball!"

Several persons had, by this time gathered around, and it was variously explained to the novice that the money must travel from the neighborhood of what he had eaten, to that out-held palm of the servant. He refused, pertinaciously, still, and it was not till a police officer's persuasion was added to the other arguments, that the little account was adjusted. It seems certain that people eat very differently where they pay or don't pay.—*Home Journal*.

INTERMARRYING RELATIVES.

A series of essays have been written on the evil consequences of the intermarriage

of relatives, but not a single fact has ever been brought forward to sustain the vulgar theory, which certain physiologists and moral reformers have been endeavoring to inoculate the public mind with. It is a law of nature that like must propagate like, and the fact of relationship can have no influence whatever on the offspring of parents. If the theory of the moral physiologist had been true concerning intermarriage in human race, as well as the other animal races that inhabit the earth, must have become extinct ages ago. But there is not the shadow of a foundation for the supposition that "breeding in and in," as the farmers call it, of animals, leads to deterioration of stock; but on the contrary, it is the violation of this principle that has filled the world with hybrids and imbeciles. But here is a specimen of the common understanding on the subject:—

The editor of the *Fredericksburg News* says about the matter—"In the county in which we were raised for twenty generations back, a certain family of wealth and respectability have intermarried, until there can not be found, in three of these, a sound man or woman. One has sore eyes, another scrofula a third is idiotic, a fourth blind, a fifth banby-legged, a sixth with a head about the size of a turnip, with not one out of the number exempt from physical or mental defects of some kind."

Of course there can be no truth in this statement, because it is in itself contradictory. A family that has intermarried during "twenty generations," a period of more than six hundred years, and has during the whole time preserved their respectability and wealth, cannot be said to have deteriorated much. There are but few families in existence that can boast of so long a continuance as that. So, if what the *Fredericksburg News* states be true, that there is a family in Virginia who have intermarried for twenty generations, and are still rich and respectable, there could be no better argument offered in favor of the system of breeding in and in.—*N. Y. Courier*.

ARISTOTLE AND SOLOMON.

Solomon says, "there is nothing new under the sun;" and I may illustrate this by showing that, probably Paley borrowed much from the "Ethics" of Aristotle, so Aristotle himself borrowed from other sources. A Jew, who kept a bazaar, came one day to my rooms to exhibit a bill of his goods. He saw a volume of Aristotle upon the table—took it up and read it with great fluency. "I was intended," said he, "for a rabbi, and these matters were once very familiar to me. Does it not," he continued, "sometimes strike you that you have read much of this in another place?" "Yes," I replied, "there

are parts of the Bible very like what I occasionally meet within this book."—"Exactly so," said he, "and no wonder! When Alexander visited Jerusalem, it is not probable he forgot his tutor's request to lead him the leading works of the nations he conquered. We may, therefore, suppose that Aristotle was not ignorant of the writings of Solomon; and there are obvious reasons why he should not acknowledge the source whence he derived whatever he might borrow from our sacred books." I have frequently since thought of the Jew's remarks, and it seems very possible that he was not far wrong.—*Church and State Gazette*.

DECEIVING CHILDREN.

On a certain occasion a physician was called to visit a sick boy about twelve years of age. As he entered the house, the mother took him aside, and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine, unless she deceived him.

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with. I will have nothing to do with deceiving a child, lest I help him become a man that will deceive his fellow-men, and finally deceive himself, and be lost forever."

He went to the boy, and after examining his condition, said to him,

"My little man, you are very sick, and you must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and will make you feel badly, and will then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it at once, and without the least resistance. He said also he would take anything else from her; for she had so often deceived him, and told him it was good, when she had given him medicines that he would not trust to anything she said. But he saw at once that the doctor was telling him the truth; and when he the bitter draught, he knew just what to expect.

Is not honesty with children, as well as with others, and in all circumstances, the best policy? How can parents hope to gain anything in the long run by deceiving their children?

WHAT IS A FOP?—A Mr. Stark, in a lecture before the Young Men's Association of Troy, New York, thus defines a fop:

"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth splending sick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth—He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor's bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles, but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heel. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs! They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Faste diamonds must have a splendid setting to entice their self. Only it does seem to be a waste of material, to put five dollars worth of beaver on to five cents worth of brains."

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

From the pen of Bishop Mollison, of Virginia, to his daughter residing in Richmond.

MR DEAR:—You have just entered into that state which is so replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon that prudent, amiable, uniform conduct, which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommended, on the one hand, or on that imprudence, which a want of reflection, or passion, may prompt, on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of an open, generous disposition. You have, therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness; it cannot be marred, if you reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue—if you now see clearly the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice, often such will give us many a pang; unless we see before-hand, what is always the most praiseworthy and the most essential to happiness.

The first maxim which you should impress deeply upon your mind, is, never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings, cannot and will not bear an opposition of any kind; which is attended with an angry look or expression—The current of his affections is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes; and, be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of a husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained. When he marries her, if he be a good man, he expects from her smiles, not frowns; he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not to take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct; but one who will place such confidence in him as to believe that his prudence is his better guide. Little things, what in reality are mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickering, and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference outweighs them all a thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be most judiciously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence, and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by her opposition or her differences? Nothing. But she loses everything, she loses her husband's respect for her virtue, she loses his love, and with that, a prospect of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweet-

ness of her temper, of her prudence and of her devotion to him. Let nothing, upon any occasion, ever lessen that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day, he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman, when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband stayed out longer than you expected? When he returns receive him as a prisoner of your heart.—Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament or furniture, or of any convenience? Never evince discontent, receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are housekeeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, however impossible it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and your company a hearty welcome; it will compensate for every other deficiency; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners which acts the most powerful charm; it will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature.

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessening the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and an unfeeling heart.

With respect to your servants, teach them to respect and love you, while you expect from them a reasonable discharge of their respective duties. Never tease yourself or them by scolding; it has no other effect than to render them discontented and impatient. Admonish them with a calm firmness.

Cultivate your own mind by the perusal of those books which instruct while they amuse. Do not devote much of your time to novels; there are a few which may be useful in improving and in giving a higher tone to our moral sensibility; but they tend to vitiate the taste, and to procure a disrelish for substantial food. Most plays are of the same cast; they are not friendly to delicacy, which is one of the ornaments to the female character. History, Geography, Poetry, Moral Essays, Biography, Travels, Sermons and other well written religious productions, will not fail to enlarge your understanding; to render you a most agreeable companion, and to exalt your virtue. A woman devoid of rational ideas of religion, has no security for her virtue; it is sacrificed to her passions, whose voice, not that of God, is her only governing principle. Besides, in those hours of calamity to which families must be exposed, where will she find support, if it be not in her just reflections upon that all-ruling Providence, which gov-

erns the universe, whether animate or inanimate.

Mutual politeness between the most intimate friends is essential to that harmony which should never be once broken or interrupted. How important then is it between man and wife? The more attachment, the less will either partner bear to be slighted or treated with the smallest degree of carelessness or inattention. This politeness, then, if it be not in itself a virtue, is at least the means of giving to real goodness a new lustre: it is the means of preventing discontent, and even quarrels; it is the oil of intercourse; it removes asperities, and gives to everything a smooth and pleasing movement.

I will only add, that the matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary; all beyond that point is ideal. Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him entirely engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune by honorable means, particularly by professional exertions, a man derives particular satisfaction, in self applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

In the management of your domestic concerns, let prudence and wise economy prevail. Let neatness, order and judgement be seen in all your different departments. Unite liberality with a just frugality; always reserve something for the hand of charity; never let your door be closed to the voice of suffering humanity. Your servants, in particular, will have the strongest claim upon your charity, let them be well fed, well clothed; nursed in sickness and never unjustly treated.

FIRST LOVE HIM

No man is a man till tried; till he has passed the ordeal, through deep waters and scorching fires. A man surrounded with comforts, friends and relatives, food and raiment; whose barns are filled with plenty, and whose press is gush out with new wine; who eats to the full, sits and reads, doles about takes his ease and his pleasure, smokes his pipe or chews his cud is he a man? Far from it. A man is not a man till he is proved, has passed the ordeal drunk the bitter cup, rose above life's conflicts, mounted the billow's wave. Was Joseph a man, in very deed, till he was cast into the pit, torn away from the bewitching tempter, leaving his garment behind? till he groaned in the prison-house? Was Moses a man, till he passed the fiery ordeal? Was Job, or Caleb, or Hezekiah? Was Daniel a man till cast into the lion's den? Were the three Hebrews men, till cast into the fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than was wont? Was Paul truly a man till he suffered perils by sea and by land, received forty stripes save one? "No man that warreth entangle himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to a soldier."—Let a man be forsaken of all, as was Job; swing loose on faith on God, and retain his integrity, rising triumphantly; is he not a man? Who besides?

"Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest out of thy law, that thou mayest give him rest from adversity; until the pit be digged for the wicked."—*Golden Rule.*

The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.
Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.

JULY 30, 1852.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION:

As many of our readers are interested in whatever pertains to our excellent schools located at this place, we cannot better entertain them than by giving a somewhat extended notice of the annual examinations and commencement exercises which have just closed.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The examination of the pupils of this flourishing school under the superintendence of Mrs. Eaton, closed on Friday, the 2d instant. The evidence given by the pupils of having been thoroughly instructed, and the rapid progress they had made in their studies, gave entire satisfaction to all concerned, and can but enhance the already high reputation of the teachers and add largely to the patronage of the Institute.

We hesitate not to say, that this school presents facilities for a complete Female education not surpassed by any school in the country, and cannot fail, if suitably encouraged by its friends, to become an honor to those who have contributed to sustain it, and a valuable acquisition to the educational interests of the country.

One peculiarity of this examination was, that it was conducted so as to test the real knowledge of the pupils, and that there might be no mistake about it, after the teachers had taken them through a rigid examination, they were given up to any persons in the audience to ask any questions they chose and detect if they could wherein they had been superficially taught. Several competent gentlemen gave them a thorough examination, which demonstrated to the audience that both teachers and pupils had done their duty.

On Friday evening there was to have been an address before the young ladies and citizens by Thos. B. Bradley, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala., but owing to the failure of the speaker to reach town in time, it was postponed until Monday evening. The address was one of great interest, and received the applause of all who heard it. The speaker gained for himself considerable reputation for the beauty of style and eloquence of the address, as

well as for the good sense and instructive sentiments which it embodied.

UNION UNIVERSITY.

The examination at the University commenced on the 6th and closed on the 15th, with the Commencement exercises. The examination, we were pleased to see, was attended by an unusual large number of visitors and friends from a distance, which added greatly to the interest of the occasion. The young gentlemen throughout acquitted themselves with great credit. The occasion was rendered doubly interesting by various addresses which had been arranged to take place in connection with the exercises. Among which was the eloquent annual sermon, which we noticed last week, of the Rev. J. R. Graves, of Nashville.

At the invitation of the students an address on the death of Hon. Henry Clay was delivered in the Baptist Church on Monday evening by Rev. Dr. Lapsley, of Nashville. The address was delivered in the peculiar style of the speaker, and embodied a great variety of interesting facts connected with Mr. Clay's history, which prove him to have been a pure patriot, a friend to liberty, and an enlarged philanthropist, leaving his impress upon the affairs of the world so as to render his name immortal.

On Wednesday evening followed an address before the Literary Societies by Rev. J. B. Fergusson. The subject of the address was Confucius, the Chinese Philosopher, and was delivered in the attractive style of the speaker, and showed a thorough acquaintance with the history and doctrines of the renowned Sage, and interested the large audience in attendance.

Thursday, the 15th, was occupied with the Commencement exercises. Four young men received the degree of A. B. Mr. G. W. Williamson and Mr. C. J. Harris of Mississippi, and L. P. Cooper and D. H. Selph, of Tennessee. The audience in attendance was large, and was highly pleased with the addresses of the young men, each of whom showed a capacity for public speaking rarely possessed, and inspired in their friends the highest hopes of future usefulness. Mr. Selph enters the Ministry, and with the blessings of God cannot fail to do good service in the cause of religion.

The Bachelaraute of President Eaton was admired for its plain common sense practical ideas, and was equal to the best productions of the speaker.

The whole closed with a brilliant entertainment given by the young gentlemen

to the citizens and visitors, on Thursday evening in the College buildings. We have never attended so elegant a party any where, and this is spoken of as surpassing any thing which has heretofore been given in the city. The number of ladies and gentlemen present did not fall short, we would suppose, of three hundred. Every one was delighted, and united in according to the young gentlemen the highest praise for the taste, good order and brilliancy of the whole affair.

Upon the whole the closing exercises of the year were such as to gratify the friends of the Institution, and inspire the greatest hopes for its future usefulness and success. One gratifying feature in the pillage of the University is the large number of pious young men who look forward to the Ministry and places of usefulness in the Church.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, plans were adopted for enlarging the usefulness and extending the influence of the College, to which we will refer again.

11.

DUTY OF BENEVOLENCE.

We pity the man whose ear is deaf to the calls of suffering humanity—whose heart is hermetically sealed against the cry of distress,—who never experienced the pleasant emotion which arises from the performance of a benevolent act.—Such a one is a stranger to the best joys that thrill the human heart.

The very circumstances of our being, it would seem to us, would indicate that we are under obligation to exercise benevolence towards all those whom it is in our power to benefit. We are created helpless and dependent creatures, directly dependent upon God for our being and all that can render that being desirable. We come into the world ignorant and are dependent upon others for instruction. We are liable to a multitude of diseases and infirmities which would render us absolutely dependent upon the benevolence of our fellow creatures. In the helplessness of infancy and decrepitude of age, what would be our condition if the law of reciprocity were exercised towards us. Such a constitution as we inherit then is a manifest indication of the will of God on this subject, and the will of God, however expressed constitutes the highest moral obligation. We are not left, however, to learn our obligations on this subject alone from the dim light of nature. God has expressly revealed his will in his word, "And if ye do good to those that do good to you what thank have ye; for sinners

also do even the same." "And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye; for sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again." "But love your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for he is kind unto the unthankful and the evil. Be ye therefore merciful as your Father in Heaven is merciful." "Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy, *that they do good, that they be rich in good works*, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." We might multiply passages of similar import—the whole tenor of the Scriptures from the beginning to the end enforces the obligation to benevolence. The example of our Saviour, while on earth, was designed to convey the same lesson. He went about doing good and how can we be his followers unless we imitate him in this respect. If God would inflict upon us a curse which would show in a peculiar manner his disapprobation, let him close our hearts against giving to benevolent objects.

E.

What gives to man a claim to be remembered by his fellow creatures? What must an individual do in order to win a high place in the affections of mankind and become a fit subject for the pen of the poet and the historian? It is not necessary that his life be spent in efforts to startle the world by new and striking exploits, or by a display of grand and splendid feats in the field of warlike achievements. He is not required to make discovery after discovery in the regions of science and invention to qualify himself for a niche in Fame's proud Temple. He may lay the world under lasting obligation to him by originating one new thought which will prove a salient fountain ever welling up in the hearts of mankind and influencing them to right action. It was but a casual thought in the mind of Robert Kajkes, that of collecting the neglected and friendless children in the crowded metropolis into classes and instructing them on the Sabbath. But this one thought has stamped his name with immortality and won for him a fame more enviable than could have been acquired by thousands slain on battle fields or pyramids of human bones. That thought, has been of more value to the world than all the victories achieved by Alexander and Bonaparte.

E.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

How slow is man to learn the lessons of wisdom which a benevolent Creator is continually endeavoring to teach him.—How ignorant is he of the true dignity of his own character and of the sources of pure and exalted happiness within himself.

Else why should he pursue with so much eagerness the gilded phantoms of earth? Why should he be so prone to neglect the culture and improvement of his intellectual and moral nature—to chase a butterfly that is crushed beneath his grasp, or to blow a bubble that dazzles a moment, then vanishes forever? We see a young man just entering upon the stage of active life, with no resources but his own energies, yet with bright visions of future success beckoning him onward. He looks abroad upon the world, and sees the wealthy courted and flattered while the humble poor are passed by and neglected.

He determines to be rich: for awhile his feelings are galled by the contemptuous looks of those whose favor he is ambitious to gain. But, at length, he accomplishes his object. By years of toil and care and vexation his coffers are filled and his acres are broad. He gathers around him the luxuries of life and he is not wanting in friends to share them with him. His house is thronged by parasites who extol his munificence. Those who once treated him with scorn, now seek his society, and the jeweled hand presses his in cordial kindness. But no sooner is the cup of happiness which he has so long been preparing presented to his lips, than by some of the changes so frequently in this fluctuating world, it is dashed from him. His wealth is gone, he is reduced to beggary. Where is now the crowd of friends that gathered round him to bask in the genial rays of the sun of his prosperity? Alas! the first shadow from the cloud of adversity was sufficient to disperse them all. And what is worse they triumph in his fall and by their base ingratitude add the most bitter ingredients to the cup of his disappointment. Happy is he if he can find one sincere and disinterested heart, though habited in poverty's mean garb, to sympathize with and strive to relieve him, and happier still if he learns the vanity of earthly possessions and is induced to seek for durable riches and righteousness.

We see another whose ears are delighted by the syren voice of fame. He follows her through all her intricate windings. The lone hour of midnight witnesses his solitary musings, his patient study and his ceaseless scheming. At length he has

the satisfaction of seeing his name blazoned forth in the public prints. He is borne aloft upon the wings of fame and his ears are greeted by the voice of popular applause. But the breeze of public favor is more changing than the wind, and though to day his sails may be filled with a propitious gale, to-morrow a counter current meets him, his bark is upset and he finds himself suddenly plunged into the vortex of infamy and execration. Why will man continue to seek after the gilded bubbles of earth that vanish in thin air by the grasping? Why should he spend the vigor of his years and exhaust the energies of his mind for naught? Seek O man, for those riches that are endurable and that inheritance that fades not away. Aspire after a seat among the spirits of just men made perfect and make one your friend that will stick closer than a brother.

E.

It is recorded that in the days of the good old Puritans one Roger Scott was indicted for sleeping in church during the preaching of the sermon and at the next court was publicly whipped. If this law was in force at the present day we fear many would absent themselves from the sanctuary in order to escape the penalty of violating it. A good custom however was in vogue in the ancient town of Lynn which in our opinion ought to be revived. A person was appointed whose business it was to go about the meeting house and wake up the sleepers. He carried a long pole with a ball on one end to beat the heads of the men and a fox-tail at the other end to brush the ladies faces. This instrument is sometimes needed at the present day.

E.

DR. R. W. JANUARY.

We would again call the attention of our readers to the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. He is rapidly gaining a reputation as a successful practitioner in the treatment of cancers and scrofulous affections. He has proved to all who have examined his patients that he can cure cancers of the most malignant type. He has cured cases of sixteen or twenty years standing and which had been pronounced *incurable cancers* by the most eminent physicians. If he continues to cure those thus afflicted as he has for the last year he will soon monopolize this branch of the medical profession. We would advise all those who are afflicted with cancers or scrofula to place themselves as soon as possible under his treatment.

E.

NIAGARA AS SEEN BY KOSSUTH.

An extract from his speech at Schenectady, on Thursday week:

"When I hurried through your city, a few days ago, to strengthen my outworn nerves by the contemplation of Niagara Falls, that sublime wonder of nature, to describe which human tongue will never have a word: to comprehend the grandeur of which, man must not look at it with the natural eye, but with the immortal soul; and hear it with the heart, then we understand it, that it is a mirror into which the Creator glances his own majesty; that it is the revelation of the great mystery, that in the boundless eternity of time and space is still going on; that it is a great monitor to the moral world, advising man that there is no difficulty over which an iron will, cannot prevail.

Such a mirror, such a revelation, and such a monitor, was Niagara to me. Every element of physical nature, and every element of spiritual life, has its destiny, and destiny must be accomplished. The mighty waters of the always increasing Erie Lake must have, and must make an outlet. Those waters must flow, and mankind must be free—both are a destiny. A whim of nature barred the way to these waters by a mighty range of rocks; as crime and ambition barred the way to mankind's liberty by a rock range of despotism: but the falling waters broke the barrier of rocks; progressing liberty will break the barrier of despotism. It is destiny.

When I saw the waters take that sublime leap over the rocks; and below the boiling foam of overcome toils, crowned with the rainbow of victory, and then after victory, flowing on in calm peace—when I saw the struggle, the victory—the rainbow and the peace, a mysterious voice in the recess of my heart told me there is the mirror of my country's cause.

And the rainbow in the foaming deep, spoke to me like as the rainbow on the sky once to Noah spoke, and an inexpressible joy thrilled through my heart, and I adored the Almighty with the awe of silence, that eloquence of a deep feeling heart.

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. The recollections of that sublime scenery carried my thoughts away, and I had no time to blot them out."

A WONDERFUL COMET.

There is a comet that requires 572 years in which to make its revolution in its very elliptical orbit, around the sun. The first account of its appearance on record, is 1767 years before Christ. Some, who

lived then, thought it the planet Venus, changing its appearance and course. It was seen the second time 1193 years before Christ. Again, 43 B. C. This was the year after Julius Cæsar, the Roman Dictator, was killed in the Senate. Some, in those dark times, thought it conveyed the soul of Cæsar to Paradise, others that it portended the glory of the ruler that should succeed the Dictator. It was seen without doubt the fifth time A. D. 531.—It was the fifth year of the reign of the Roman Emperor Justinian: The account is that a comet was seen 20 days in the month of September, and that for some time after, the sun appeared pale. It was due again in 1105, and early in the following year one was seen. Its last appearance was 1630. An account of its remarkable appearance, with its velocity, heat, &c., is given by Newton and others.

This comet has been gone near 171 years. It will require about 116 years more before it will get off to the farthest part of its orbit, and its greatest distance from the sun. It will be due here again in the year 2255. The idea of a comet's going off, and being gone so long, is a great one. It gives us an idea of the greatness of the Creator's works, and of the mighty operations of his hand.—Where does this fiery body go, and what part of the universe does it visit?

It has been already stated that this comet was seen 1767 years B. C. It must have appeared 375 years before that which would have been 2342 B. C., which was six years after the flood in the days of Noah. Its previous visit to our system, must have been 2917 B. C. Then before that, according to our Chronology was the creation. This lacks 62 years of the time requisite for the comet to make a complete revolution. So at the creation, it might have been placed at a distance from the sun equal to what it could have moved in 63 years. It probably is now making its eleventh revolution in its orbit. The creation is worthy of its Divine Author.

Oh! A kind word, a gentle act, a cheerful smile, what sunshine they bring with them; especially to the sorrowing heart.—How much by these we may add to the sum of human happiness, and the pleasant memories of those who meet us in life's journey. It is these little kindnesses, these gentle offices of courtesy and affection; that make up half the real blessedness of life. And they cost so little! They ask so small a portion of our time and labor; so little sacrifices of our convenience or comfort.

LET HIM ALONE.

Let him alone! Methinks it should sattle thousands, if it could meet them in their dream of bliss, and contentedness with this world's goods and show. Ephraim is wedded to his idols; he has chosen the world for his position; and likes it—he has set his heart upon things of time and sense, and finds them sufficient to his happiness: his cup is full, his spirit is satisfied, he drinks it eagerly, and does not wish for more. Let him alone—do not rouse him from his dreams to tell him it is not reality—do not disturb his conscience, or mar his pleasures, wake his fears, or check his hopes; he has made choice, let him have it and abide it—I have done with him. O God, rather than pass such a sentence on us, pursue us forever with thy chastening rod! If we have an idol that we love too much, better that it be dashed in pieces before our eyes; better that the scorpion-sting of sorrow chase from our every thought of bliss—better, far better, that we be the wretched and miserable of the earth, than we be left to such a propensity—a happy dream, from which the only waking will be eternal misery.—While he deigns to correct us, there is hope in the very zenith of our folly.—While he pursues our sins with punishment, mocks our wild hopes, mars our mad schemes, and blights our expectations, there is hope that he will save us from the eternal consequences of our folly. But when he lets us alone—when the careless conscience feels no pang, the stupid conscience sounds no alarm, all earth goes well with us, no warning from heaven reaches us—when, in the enjoyment of this world's good, the Giver is forgotten, and no evil comes of it,—when the laws of our Creator are broken and disregarded, and no punishment ensues—when we prefer time to eternity, and earth to heaven, and sin to holiness, and remain happy withal, start not our bosoms at the thought! He may have said of us, as he said of Ephraim, "Let him alone."

UNITED STATES STEAM MARINE.—A report from Mr. Curwin, Secretary of the Treasury, shows that the steam tonnage of the United States is 416,226, or more than double that of Great Britain, employing as officers and crew 29,057 men. The report shows that, of the steamers of the interior, on the lakes and rivers, there were lost in the single year 1851, one hundred and eighteen steamers and six hundred and ninety-five crews. Of all the steamers in the United States, one-tenth part are annually destroyed by fatal accidents.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however we chide and fend,
But one dead land is here!
There is no fieside, however defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us, but dim, funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death; what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection—
But gone into that shroud,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again unfold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart beats moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

RALDINO.

THE DYING INQUISITOR.

It was a most unwelcome place to meet
One's fate, where Raldino laid him down to die.
And yet it was a most fitting place
For him to yield up his soul to God—amid
The scenes of his more than savage cruelty,
And surrounded by the instruments and
Associates of his malignant zeal.

In a cold, damp cell, connected with the
Dungeons of the Inquisition, and separated
from the "Hall of Torture," only by a
grated door, lay the dying inquisitor.
A table, on which lay a mass of papers, a
few rough stools; and the straw pallet on
which he lay, constituted the furniture of
the lonely room; while the dim light of a
single lamp, showed it to be a place where
one would not wish to die. And yet many
a one had died there. Many a one had
been borne from the torture through that
door, and laid on that same couch to re-
cover strength for new sufferings, but had
there died and disappointed their tormentors.
Some had there expired peacefully,
triumphantly,—died as the Christian died!

Why then should not Raldino die there?

There had he witnessed many such a scene.
Was it to whisper words of comfort and of
hope to the departing? But to more than
one dying victim, had he held the idolatrous
crucifix, in the last attempt to extort
a confession; and over more than one
mangled and murdered body, had he pronounced
his curses, and pursued the departing spirit
with his maledictions. Why then should not
the inquisitor die where his victims had died?

The occasion, too, was one becoming
No angel music fell on his ear; he heard
No song of birds, or murmuring waterfall,
or sighing of gentle winds, as in his inno-
cent childhood, he had heard in sunny Italy.
No mother bent over him, with anxious
solitude, no sister kissed his cheek,
as in his boyhood they used to do. And
yet it was strangely appropriate, for
through that grated door, was heard the
clanking of chains, the creaking of the infernal
enginery of the Holy Office, mingled,
ever and anon, with shrieks and groans,
wrung by mortal agony, from tortured
victims.

"O God," groaned the wretched monk,
"it is hard to die," and he added with a
quivering lip, "to die here." Some monks
stood by him, but they were all men of
blood, and cared as little for him, as he
had cared for others.

"I cannot die here," he continued, and
his frame writhed in the severity of his
agony. "I cannot die here; take me
away,—remove me, take me where I can
see the light, and look once more on the
green fields. Take me away."

"That cannot be done, now," coldly
replied one of his attendants.

"Then bring me my sister. She still
lives, and can be found; let me once more
hear her voice. In mercy let me hear one
grateful sound, in this dreadful place."

"It would be impossible; she could not
be admitted here," answered the monk.—
Raldino sunk down exhausted and despairing.
He well knew the impossibility
of having his requests granted, but still
he pleaded, and still in vain. Why did he
dread that place so much? He had loved
it once, and loved its horrid work. The
groans that came forth from fifty dun-
geons, on either hand of him, quite round
the bloody hall, in sad unison with the cries
extorted by the wheel, and the screw,
and the cord, had once been welcome
sounds to his ear. Could it be, that he
who had adjudged so many to death, be-
fore the Court of the Inquisition, feared
now to follow and confront them at the
bar of God?

"Call a confessor, then," said the dying
man. That was a request that could more
consistently be granted; and in a short
time, a priest was at his side, with holy
oil, consecrated wafer, and the various
preparations deemed needful for such an
occasion, to administer absolution, unction,
and communion.

"I have come, my brother," said the
priest, "to hear thy confession, absolve
thee from thy sins, and prepare thy soul
for acceptance with thy Saviour, through
the intercession of the holy Apostles, and
our divine Mother the blessed Virgin—

These can retire therefore, while thou
shalt acknowledge thy faults."

"Sit down," said Raldino, in a tone of
authority, for he was used to command;
"and as for these, they shall remain, and
hear what I have to say. Nor do I wish
either crucifix, or wafer; do you not think
I know the folly of all these? But I am
troubled greatly. O mercy must I die?
Die now? Die here? O God! Sit down
and hear me." The priest obeyed, and
listened to the dying monk.

"It is a dreadful work, in which I have
been engaged; and it troubles me now,
that I have done it so dreadfully. Urged
on by that hellish spirit that devoted the
holy, I have received false testimony,—I
have condemned the guiltless,—I have
shed innocent blood. I am a murderer.—
Poor Arlina, her fate lies the heaviest on
my heart!"

"Arlina was a Calabrian, her husband
was informed against, for heresy; I had
him arrested, and tried him. She was
brought before the Holy Tribunal, to tes-
tify against him. She was young and
beautiful; and she had a little child, the
image of its mother, and sweet as a cher-
ub. They confessed nothing; they said
they had nothing to confess.

"Then I tortured her husband upon the
wheel; and then Arlina plead with me.—
O Heavens, how she plead! By every
name that was sacred; by every thought
that was dear,—by a mother's fondness,
by a sister's love, by joys of earth, by
hopes of heaven, to spare her husband.
But I would not hear her. She kissed my
feet, and plead for mercy, but I would not
hear her; and as I spurned her from me,
she raised her face, bathed in tears, with
such an imploring look, that spake the
mute agony of despair. Her eyes met
mine,—that look has never faded from my
gaze till this hour."

"The wheel had done its work on her
husband; every limb was crushed, and he
had fainted. She went and stood by him,
but spake not, wept not, while she kissed
the cold sweat from his forehead, that suf-
fering had wrung out there. As she turned
away, she raised her hand towards me,
and with a strange, wild look, spake of
"the judgment seat of Christ." It offend-
ed me, and I ordered her to be tortured
with cords; more as a punishment for her
temerity, than for the sake of a confession.
She bore it with the faith, and the
firmness of a martyr. Once only did she
speak; and then when writhing in her ag-
ony, she turned her head until she met my
gaze, and then she murmured, "We shall
soon stand together, before the righteous
Judge." This still more offended me, and
I ordered the torture increased. Tighter,
—tighter,—the cords were twisted around
her limbs, until they were buried in the
tender, and swollen flesh. Tighter,—
tighter,—her bosom heaved, her eye started
almost from its socket, and with each
fearful movement she groaned,—like that
you hear now. Tighter,—tighter,—the
cords cut through, quivering flesh, and
bleeding veins,—cut to the bone. She
looked on her husband, then on that little
fair-haired child, mourning piteously at its

parents' griefs, and calling their name,—she saw it all, and then she fainted. I thought she was dying; and had her unbound, and the cords removed.

"When poor Arlina fainted, did that little girl cling to her, wailing with a breaking heart. Her cries maddened me. Children's sorrow; moves some to pity; it moved me to anger, and I struck her.—Yes, like a fiend, I struck that sweet child, just as the mother opened her eyes. I hardly knew what I did, but it was a heavy blow. She moaned out one faint cry, and was still. I saw her sunny curls stained with blood;—I had killed her! Merciful heavens, I had killed her!

"The mother saw it, and though weak with suffering, she sprang to it, she clasped it in her arms, she pressed it to her bosom, fondly called its name, smoothed away the clotted locks from its forehead, and kissed its bloody cheek. Then for one moment she gazed upon its motionless features, when the terrible truth, like a sword, entered her soul,—her child was dead; and she uttered one long, wild scream, such as I never heard till then, nor since, and such as never rung through hat hall before. It is in my ear now.—That look, and that cry, have never left me by day, nor by night. O God,"—and the wretched Raldino closed his eyes as if to hide the vision of that scene.

"Then she laid her child calmly down, and came close up to me. Her eye was wild, and the froth was on her lip. She was a *maniac*. And then she *curled* me; O how bitterly! Cursed me by a mother's memory, and by a sister's love,—by the blue heavens, and the green earth,—by the light of day and the shades of night; she imprecated on my head the hatred of men, and the vengeance of God. She cursed me to a life of misery, to a death of despair, and an eternity of torment.—And lifting high her hands, with one fearful struggle, in the name of God, she cursed me. It was her last effort, and exhausted by suffering, the loss of blood, and the fury of her phrenzy, she fell, fell forward, fell into my arms.

"I bore her to this room; I laid her on this couch; I laid her head *here*, where my head now lies,—here in this same place; and then looked upon her,—she was dead *here*, where I now lay."—The dying Inquisitor groaned again in the agony of his soul. "Dreadfully has her curse been fulfilled, this hour," continued, "and I fear the rest."

He pressed his hands convulsively upon his eyes, and again he cried out, "O God, must I die so must die *here*. Poor Arlina, I murdered her,—I murdered her child,—I murdered her husband,—die *here*,—*here*!" Just then, a startling cry burst forth from a tortured victim in the hall without, echoed fearfully through the dungeon-doorways. Raldino started half up, with a wild, fierce gaze, and exclaimed, "That is her voice,—that scream again,—it's she,—there she comes,—and the child—bloody—and,—take her—save—Oh!—Oh!" It was the delirium of death. He covered his face, snuck back, and Raldino, the Inquisitor, was dead.

THE DEFECT HIDDEN.

Who was it, Messrs. Editors, Caesar or Hannibal, when his portrait was being painted, placed his finger on an imperfection on his face, so that the said defect should not appear in the picture? I am not surprised at the subject of the painting doing this, but I do admire the painter, inasmuch as, in defiance of all orders to the contrary, he did copy the imperfection.

How different is all this from the conduct of men in general; ay, even of Christian men! How very seldom do we hear the character of a man delineated, even though but a mere outline is given, without having the scar, or whatever the defect may be, particularly described. From what cause does this arise? Is it natural to men to find fault, or is it the result of imitating others who had the greatest influence over us in the days of our childhood, or is it the effect of emulation from him who is called "the accuser of the brethren?" Two things are certain, and it would be well that they should be impressed on the mind of all young readers. The first is, that this practice is every way injurious, and that not only to the parties immediately concerned, but to all who hear or see it done; and the other is, that if we had as much religion as we ought to have, our Christian love would hide every fault, and make every excellence of our friends very prominent.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

THERE is much clamor in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said that "In contentions for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trampled down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interest of a well balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, as woman, be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a helpmate," said the voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize fighter. "No, a helpmate, such as was fighting for man to desire, and for woman to become."

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes; it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them; and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its torrents? Need she be again tempted by pride or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she shares not the fame of the ru-

ler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "becomes those who profess godliness," though they leave no "foot prints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

STEALING A PIN.

A young girl named Jane Elliott, having been convicted of larceny, in the Court of General Session, she was brought up for sentence yesterday, but her counsel moved in arrest of judgment, on the ground that the article stolen was not sufficiently described in the indictment. It was merely alleged, that she stole "a pin," without setting forth whether it was a breast pin, a clothes pin, or a brass pin, and as pleadings must always be construed strictly in favor of the prisoner, it was argued that for aught that appeared on the face of the indictment, the pin, stolen might have been of trifling value. The Court, therefore acting on the maxim *in minimis non curat lex*, discharged the prisoner. It is said that in point of fact the pin stolen was a diamond one worth about \$100.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

THE PRICELESS DIAMOND.

There is no gem or jewel, or richest pearl in all the universe, of such priceless value as the soul. Worlds could not buy it—worlds could not redeem it, if once lost. Such a priceless diamond you carry about with you every day in your bosom, amid the dangers of earth, and where numerous and invisible foes are seeking to rob you of it. Do not delay to place it in the hands of the Almighty Saviour, who only can preserve and keep it safely till the final day.—Think, oh think, how much is at stake,—even your own soul, your own precious soul.

Suppose this world were a globe of gold, and each star in yonder firmament a jewel of the first order, and the moon a diamond, and the sun literally a crown of all-created glory; one soul, in value, would outweigh them all. Here is a man standing on board of a vessel at sea, holding his hand over the side of the vessel; he is sporting with a jewel worth a hundred thousand dollars, and which, too, is all his fortune.—Playing with his jewel, he throws it up and catches it—throws it up and catches it. A friend noticing the brilliancy of the jewel, warns him of the danger of losing it, and tells him that if it slips through his fingers it goes down to the bottom of the deep, and can be recovered no more. "Oh, there is no danger; I have been doing this a long time, and you see I have not lost it yet." Again he throws it up, and it is gone; past recovery, gone! Oh, when the man finds that his jewel is indeed lost, and by his own folly lost, who can describe his agony as he exclaims, "I have lost my jewel, my fortune, my all!" Oh, sinner, have not I casteted in your bosom, you have a jewel of infinitely greater value: in hiding away your precious time, you are in danger of losing that pearl of price unknown, in danger of being lost forever.

THE "WEAKER SEX."—In our country, within the past two or three years, the greatest literary, dramatic and musical triumphs have been achieved by women. Alice Carey, Grace Greenwood, Miss Fennimore Cooper, Miss McIntosh, and now Miss Chestnut, have gained in literature imperishable honors, at home, and in great Britain. Mrs. Mowatt, Miss Cushman and Miss Daverport, in the walks of dramatic are far before any male actors that we possess. And witness the triumph of Jenny Lind, Katie Hayes and Anna Bishop in music. Was there ever a more persevering radical (not excepting Cobbett) than is Mrs. Swissheim, of Pittsburgh? or a more persevering litigant than Mrs. Gaines? Woman! the weaker sex? The men must be thinking them of the despised tortoise, who won the race while the swift-footed hare took her forty naps.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A court-room in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators. From floor to ceiling rises one crowded array of anxious faces. A human being is on his trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defense. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symptom of feeling in the jury-box. And as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole frame is shaking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude too great even for utterance. *Is he too earnest?* Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid?—Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife, and that group of children, all waiting in agonizing suspense for the fate of a husband and a father!—Ask that breathless by-stander, and he will answer, "Not he cannot be too earnest; the life of a fellow-being is at stake; if he manifested any less solicitude, he would not only be wanting in professional fidelity, but even lacking the ordinary feelings of humanity."

When the next Sabbath comes, you meet that same by-stander in the house of God. Around you are a large company of travelers to eternity. Some of them are careless and indifferent. A large portion of them enemies of God, with the whetted sword of Almightiness already hanging over them. As the minister of Christ casts his eye over his audience, he sees many who are utterly 'without hope,' and if death were suddenly to overtake them, he knows that they must sink to eternal darkness, and the undying worm. Even to-morrow some of those hearers may be wrapped in their shroud, and their souls be in another world!

Weighed down with the tremendous responsibility that rests upon him, the herald of the cross proclaims his message, with strong crying and tears. Every argument that could be drawn from thundering Sinai or darkened Calvary, from an open heaven or yawning hell, is presented from a soul breaking with solicitude for dying men. And when the message of love has been delivered, and the minister of Christ has returned to his closet, to mourn there that he did not plead his Master's cause yet more earnestly, where are his auditors? How may he hear his message? How many gave any heed to it? How many remembered it until they reached their own dwellings? Well will it be if some did not retire to mock and sneer at it all as the effusion of crazy enthusiasm, or a fanatical bigotry. The modern Festus, who applauded the eloquent advocate in the court-room, pronounces this man "mad," and even many a frigid professor thinks that the worthy preacher was somewhat "beside himself," from the ardor of his emotion.

If such painful contrasts sink the souls of God's ministers here into sorrow, and well nigh to despair, how must they appear to those who behold them from an

other world! How must they appear to a saint in bliss, or to a lost soul in the world of woe!—*N. J. Observer.*

CREDULITY OF INFIDELS.

The history of infidelity is full of illustrations of the great susceptibility of infidel minds to imposture. One of the latest instances occurred in the case of the editor of the Courland Democrat, who has been so taken with the spirit rappings, that he has abandoned the publication of his paper, and commenced a paper for the purpose of publishing the conversations of the spirits. He says:

"Upon a thorough and careful investigation of the subject, we have come to the further conclusion that the manifestations are not only produced by spirits *out of the flesh*, but that they are permitted and delegated to communicate with mortals by God, for the vast and inconceivably exalted purpose of *redeeming the world from the bondage and corruption of sin*. And as one of the feeble instruments of God in this great work, we engage our weak talents, our time and our all, henceforth and forever, till the object be accomplished.—Paul, the Apostolic Messenger, directed us, *by means of the rappings*, to leave our business in this place, and remove to Auburn, there to commence and continue the publication of a paper, to be devoted wholly and exclusively to this cause.

He goes on to say that he has been converted from Infidelity to Christianity, by the rappings. So it seems that he who could not believe the sure word of prophecy, with all its divine attestations and intrinsic marks of divinity, has become the dupe of the jugglers. He who rejected the divinely attested writings of Paul, has listened to a mountebank forging the name of Paul. The Christianity to which one is converted by such means, cannot be of long continuance.—*Puritan Recorder.*

A GENTLE BOY.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

"They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently J. came in and threw down his hat, saying, "I hate playing with girls; there's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down." I am afraid you have forgot my precaution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it is their nature to be rough and hardy; they are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It is very well to talk of a gentle girl, but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous!"

"And yet, J., a few years hence you would be very angry if any were to say you were not a gentle-man."

"A gentle man! I had never thought

of dividing the word, that way before.—Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say, you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy."

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger, or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you are with females or with men; be gentle toward all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name which perhaps you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother; and I will endeavor to be what you wish—a gentle-manly boy."

AN ECCENTRIC CLERGYMAN.

In the early times of New England, in one of the oldest towns in Essex county, there resided an aged clergyman, who had long ministered to the same people. He was a learned and good man, but unfortunately was careless and whimsical in the use of language. Often his coarse and odd expressions, even in prayer, highly amused the young and thoughtless, while they grieved the aged and pious. In his old age this failing so increased, that his people, after long forbearance, called in a council of his brethren in the ministry to advise with him and them in the matter. A committee of the church kindly but fully stated the cause of dissatisfaction. The good old man admitted all that they alleged in regard to his multiplied eccentricities, and humbly asked forgiveness; and he promised, if still allowed to exercise his vocation, that he would set a double guard upon his lips, and not again offend as he had done. His people were really attached to him, and readily assented to a continuance of his ministrations. The whole difficulty seemed to be amicably settled. His brethren of the council begged him to pursue in future the course he had promised. A public meeting was held, the doings of the venerable body published, and much satisfaction was expressed in view of the happy prospect to pastor and people. By request, the old gentleman was to close the meeting with prayer. After suitable expressions of thanks for the pleasant result of the proceedings, he soon became fervent, and prayed that in future they might all set their houses together, and ride *beck by jowl, right into the kingdom of Heaven.*

DIED.—In this county on the — inst., Mr. WILLIAM MALLOY.

In this city on the 21st, JAMES A. infant son of H. C. and Susie C. Wright.

In this city on the 29th, FANNY, infant son of Wm. J. and Martha Jane McKnight.

THE HOT SEASON—BY C. W. HOLMES.

The folks that on the first of May
Wore winter coats and hose,
Began to say, the first of June,
"Good Lord! how hot it grows."
At last two Fahrenheit's blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball!

Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wleaze.
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten cork,
Like Joly's best Champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked the power.
Roll brimstone soon became a drug;
And loco-focos fell;
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of morrings ordered tight.
But, ere the scorching noons,
Their candle moulds had grown as loose
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead—he only left,
Four red-hot, rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to caloric drew
A flood of savage fire.
The leaves on heat were all torn out
From every book at school,
And many blackguards kicked and caned,
Because they said—"Keep cool."

The gas light companies were mobbed,
The bakers were all shot.
The penny press began to talk
Of Lynching Doctor Not;
And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors.
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolitionists and maids
Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their friends,
Unless their eyes were blue,
And, when I left, society
Had burst its ancient guards,
And Brattle Street and Temple Place
Were interchanging cards.

FUN NOT CONFINED TO MAN—The following paragraphs are copied from a work entitled "Fassions of Animals."

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary.

The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird on account of these singularities.

The crane expands its wings, runs around in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavors to catch them again and pretends to avoid them as if afraid.

Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched necks and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around.

Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery.

All animals that pretend violence in their play, stop short of exercising it. The dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feint of biting him.

Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; yoting leas for instance, leap after every snail, and moving on foot, even to the leaves screen by autumn wind, they crouch and steal forward, ready for the

spring, the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion. They bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another.

Bengger saw young jaaguars and enaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks and congregate in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner.

Birds of the pie-kind are the analogues of monkey, full of mischief, play and mimicry.

There is a story told of a tame magpie, that was seen busily engaged in a garden, gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and studied air, hurried them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "carriack" triumphly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for amusement.

HISTORY—George Washington served eight years in the Presidency; elected by no party.—John Adams was the first Federal President; served four years. J. Q. Adams was the second, served four years. Wm. H. Harrison was the first Whig President, and the third elected in opposition to the Democratic party. He died at the beginning of the administration, and the Tyler administration served four years. Zachary Taylor was the next Whig President, and the administration which followed, served four years, making sixteen years of Federal and Whig rule out of fifty six years, leaving the Democrats in power for forty years. We could not Washington as the representative of the people of his day, without distinction of party, as claimed by all history.—*Wm. A. Lacey.*

CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND LOCOMOTIVE BELLS constantly on hand, and *casters or comers* of any number) cast to order, improved Cast-Iron Yokes, with moribund arms, are attached to these bells, so that they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly, and Springs, also, which prevent the clapper from resting on the bell; thereby prolonging its sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke, Frame and Wheel) furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business, by their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best from for Bells, the combination of metals, and degree of heat requisite for securing in them the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious tones; which improvements, together with his very extensive assortment of patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who have grown up in the business, and who will use every endeavor to sustain reputation which the establishment has heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign countries; the bells from which have repeatedly received the highest awards of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society and American Institute; and at which were completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which they will have constantly on hand an assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Compasses, (plain, nonious and improved,) &c. &c. All so Brass or Composition of any size cast to order. All communications promptly attended to.

ANDREW MENELY'S SONS,
West Troy, Alb. Co. N. Y. 1851.

PLASTERING.

H. W. B. MITCHELL would respectfully inform the citizens of Murfreesborough and vicinity that he is now prepared to carry on the **PLASTERING BUSINESS** in all its various branches. He warrants all of his work to stand as well as any done in the State. Cisterns, Houses, &c., will be plastered at the shortest notice. Those who have no water convenient would do well to give him a call, as he is confident he can make it to their interest to do so. He is prepared to plaster Cisterns in a superior manner. No pay will be received until the Cistern is tried. He has already plastered several Cisterns in this city, which those who are disposed will please examine.

mar-12-51

JORDAN & WRIGHT,

DRY GOODS & MERCHANDISE,
South Side the Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

WEST TENNESSEE BAPTIST MALE INSTITUTE.

THE Trustees of this Institution, situated at Spring Creek, take pleasure in announcing to the friends of Education and the country generally, that this school will open its first session on the first MONDAY in March.

The services of a competent and highly recommended teacher, Rev. D. H. SELPH, of Union University, Murfreesborough, Tenn., being obtained, it is not doubted but that general satisfaction will be given to the friends and patrons who may favor their sons with the advantages of an Education.

The friends, anticipating this School have been able to erect a most excellent *Brick Building*, for this and other purposes, which is now in order for the reception of a large number of students.

The Terms of Tuition of five months, in advance, are as follows:

Primary Branches—Orthography, Reading, Writing, &c. \$8 00
Higher Branches—Arithmetic, Geography, &c. 19 00
Mathematics, Greek, Latin, &c. 16 00

Boarding and Washing can be had in the best families at \$6 per month. Accommodations can be afforded young men on the above terms either in the village or at short distance in the country.

By order of the Board,
JOHN C. ROGERS,
W. MOORING,
JESSE GRAY,
Spring Creek, Mar. 1, 1852. *Committee.*

W. R. McFADDEN,

Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,

HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to punctual dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received.

April 15, 1852.

H. G. SCOVEL,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)

Nashville, Tennessee,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Ball Lead, Percussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches, Soda or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

New Tin Establishment.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public that he has opened a Shop on the west side of the square, next door to Messrs. Thomas & Mosby's, for the purpose of carrying on the Tinning Business in all its various branches.

Grateful for all past patronage, and desirous for a continuance of the same, he respectfully invites his friends to give him an opportunity of demonstrating that work will be done by him as promptly, faithfully, and on as good terms as any shop of the kind in the city; and if unremitting assiduity and attention will avail, he anticipates a liberal share of public favor.

Entering and Job Work done at short notice.

feb7 **ROBERT W. JANUARY.**
D. W. TAYLOR & CO., Printers,
TELEGRAPH OFF. O. B.
Spring Street, South-west Corner of the Square

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, AUGUST 16, 1852.

NO. 2.

[From the New York Recorder.]

"WILL YOU GO TO HEAVEN?"

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

While passing the entrance of a public hall a short time since, I observed the above question, written apparently by some thoughtless boy, by way of a derision. But, though written carelessly, and in such a place, it may be the means of suggesting profitable thoughts in more than one bosom. Yes, reader, "Will you go to heaven?" And will you decide now what course to pursue, whether that path which will lead you directly there, or one which leads as directly to the regions of everlasting death? Will you sacrifice your *immortal* interests on the altar of sensual gratifications? Will you spend the precious hours of mortal life in grovelling pursuits, while a crown of *glory* is within your reach?

Young man, "Will you go to heaven?" You may be maturing plans connected with the business operations of life. Perhaps you have a wish to be distinguished in some way for magnanimous deeds or splendid attainments. Perhaps a career of *glory*, "falsely so called," is vividly pictured before the mind's eye, and every power of the soul is soon to be concentrated on this one grand scheme. The varied grades of promotion, it may be, have been carefully examined, while well-devised measures for the accomplishment of earthly good may have taken, and yet what will all avail at the expiration of a few fleeting years? Such glories will fade away; such attainments be valueless when the brief period allotted to mortal life shall have passed away. Then a "crown of righteousness" will far outshine the diadem of earthly distinction; "treasures in heaven" will far transcend in worth all that can be amassed in the pursuit of worldly gain.

But, "will you go to heaven?" If such is your wish, what have you done to secure an entrance into the heavenly Jeru-

salem? Have you extended your plans beyond this life? If so, have you examined the probabilities of success as attentively as those relating to worldly gains? You may have made investments in schemes of gain or emolument, but what have you done to secure spiritual good?—Will you pursue a course which has reference to temporal acquisition, or will you walk in "wisdom's ways?" "Will you go to heaven?"

It is not denied that every young man should make business arrangements for the future, and that it is his duty to be industrious, and have a proper regard to temporal prosperity. To neglect these matters would be an evident remissness in duty, a recklessness in reference to the welfare of community. But when carnal things are brought to a level with spiritual interests, nay, above these, it is indicative of a strange infatuation. Our temporal wants are few, comparatively, and easily supplied; they relate to a brief period of our real existence, and constitute but an unimportant part of enjoyment in this life. Many of them are closely allied to those of the "beasts that perish," and ought to have their appropriate place in our estimation. But not so with our spiritual nature; the spirit must live, and live on when material things have passed away. Its desires and aspirations are ever expansive; its gratifications of a high order, ennobling and elevating. Its capability of development is beyond the power of calculation. Its native element is in a higher sphere of action, and it never can be satisfied with the enjoyments which earth affords.

Which path, then, will you choose? It is a matter of *choice*. The *good* is proffered; the evil unavoidable, if not carefully shunned. Will you, then, for the sake of a few low and grovelling gratifications, disregard the great interests of a spiritual existence, the joys which must flow from the consciousness of doing right and en-

joying the smiles of the Creator of all worlds? Let me repeat, "*Will you go to heaven?*"

CODLY SORROW.

Godly sorrow brings into man's remembrance the history of his former life, makes him with heaviness of spirit recount the guilt of so many innumerable sins wherewith he has bound himself as with chains of darkness; the loss of so much precious time misspent in the service of such a master as had no other wages to give but shame and death. The horrible indignities thereby offered to the majesty and justice of God; the odious contempt of his holy will and sovereign authority, the daring neglect of his threatenings, and undervaluing of his rewards, the high provocation of his jealousy and displeasure, the base co-rivalry and contesting of filthy lusts with the grace of the gospel, and the precious blood of the Son of God; the gainsaying, the wrestling, and the stubborn antipathy of a carnal heart to the pure emotions of the Spirit and Word of Christ, the presumptuous repulses of him that standeth at the door and knocks, waiting that he may be gracious; the long turning of his back, and thrusting away from him the wording of reconciliation, wherein Christ, by his ambassadors, had so often beseeched him, to be reconciled unto God; the remembrance of these things makes a man look with self abhorrence upon himself, and full detestation upon his former courses. And he now no longer considers the *silver or the gold*, the profit or the pleasure of his wonted lusts; though they be never so delectable or desirable in the eye of flesh, he looks upon them as *accursed things*, to be thrown away, as the converts did upon their costly and curious books, Acts. xix: 19, Isaiah, xxx: 22, and xxxi: 7. Sin is like a *painted picture*; on the one side of it, to the *impenitent* appeareth nothing but the *beauty of pleasure*, whereby it bewitcheth and allureth them; on the other side, to the *penitent* appeareth nothing but the horrid and ugly *face of guilt* and shame, whereby it amazeth and confoundeth them. Thus the remembrance of sin part (which they are very careful to keep always in their sight, Ps. ii: 3) doth by godly sorrow work especial care of amendment of life for the time to come, 2 Chron. vi: 37, 38: Psalm cxix: 69; Ezek. xvi: 61, 63: xx: 43.—Bishop Reynolds.

DR. FULLER'S ADDRESS

AT THE MEETING OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD.

On Thursday, the 22d, there was the first grand meeting of the Alumni of Harvard. The Hon. R. C. Winthrop delivered a splendid oration in the chapel. At three o'clock, the Alumni and invited guests marched in a long column, and with fine music, to a vast area covered by an enormous tent. Several thousands, comprising some of the most venerable and illustrious men in the land, sat down to the collation. After dinner, the Hon. Edward Everett, Ex-President Quincy, and Chief Justice Shaw, welcomed the Alumni and guests in admirable addresses.—Dr. Fuller being called upon, spoke as follows:

My brethren,—and let no one suppose that I have forgotten myself, and unconsciously adopted the style of the pulpit, when I say "*Brethren*." It is not the vocabulary of the pulpit, it is the language of my heart. I feel this day strong affinities binding me to this place—a most fraternal tie uniting me to the students and graduates of Harvard.

My brethren and fellow Alumni, I rejoice to meet with you on this festal occasion. For years have I cherished a desire to re-visit these academical shades, once more to tread these hallowed grounds, to walk amidst scenes all over which is shed for me so tender an interest, and from every quarter of which, so many reminiscences come thronging on my heart. If ever there was a "*pilgrimage of the heart*," I am here upon such a pilgrimage; if, indeed, such a word as pilgrimage has any sort of application to my journey hither. That term calls up ideas and associations which scarcely belong to railroad traveling. It reminds us of staff and sandals, of

"Fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as we go."

A seat in a softly cushioned car, a flight—a rush—a precipitation in the express train from Baltimore to Boston, can hardly be called a pilgrimage. However, call it what you will, I am here, and I rejoice to be here and mingle with you.

O her periods of our history may be forgotten, but who can ever forget his college life—that seedtime from which harvest on harvest is afterwards reaped—that season when so many contributions are received, which are consolidated into what we call character?

No one can review his academical course, without recalling trials, perils, temptations, and conflicts, upon the issue of which was suspended much of his future destiny.—

We are moved as we peruse the records of a field of battle with all its stirring vicissitudes. But these are unimportant when compared with the internal vicissitudes of a human soul during the eventful and critical interval between boyhood and manhood. What dangers, snares, contests, defeats, rallyings, victories, are then often crowded into a single hour!

In walking over these grounds, I find everything in the external scenery greatly changed. The secret of the unexamined prosperity of this Commonwealth, is manifest at a glance. Labor is everywhere. One of the deepest evils of some States is the contempt of labor. Here labor is honored, and the spirit of improvement has so metamorphosed the appearance of this place, that Old Cambridge has become a New Cambridge. These alterations and innovations, however, are only in the wood, and bricks, and stones, in streets, and avenues, and edifices. All which makes Cambridge dear to me is unchanged and unchangeable. Old Harvard is still Old Harvard to me. I still feel the "*admonitiones loci*." I shall ever feel them when standing amidst the haunts of my youth, peopled as they are with my earliest dreams, and hopes, and visions, and aspirations.

I owe much to Cambridge—I may say, much to Massachusetts. I have never ceased to feel the beneficial influence of the healthy moral atmosphere I breathed here when a mere boy. Highly as I appreciate the literary opportunities I enjoyed here as a student, there are advantages I prize even more highly. I did not confine myself to the walls of the College, nor my studies to the closet and library. While my Southern friends were spending the vacation at home, I used to visit the country, to find access to the firesides of the New England yeomanry, to talk with them, hunt with them, fish with them, and I learned much by this intercourse.—I learned the importance of industry, patience, and perseverance. I learned a lesson which has been of more use to me than all the instruction of the lecture and recitation rooms. I learned what makes a man. I learned the great truth that the real difference between men is in energy. I learned that a strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything; that in this lies the distinction between great men and little men; that—as Goethe somewhere says—"Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without it."

It is impossible for me to stand where I do without deep emotions. When I look back to some passages of my college life, my soul is filled with unspeakable emotions of gratitude to that God who watched over my youth in a distant land, and spread over me his protecting care. And then the venerable men, whose kindness and counsels I experienced—their forms seem to rise before my vision—again I see their faces, and again hear the admonitions of their wisdom and experience.—How many of my class mates have passed away in a few brief years, and how soon must the grave close over us all. Nothing is more certain than that we shall all never assemble again in this world.—Amidst such impressive associations and admonitions, this great occasion should not be allowed to pass without leaving upon us all some salutary and indelible impressions. We ought to carry from the spot thoughts and resolutions which shall tell upon our future lives.

The influence of educated men upon the character of society cannot be overestimated. It is an important truth that the power which moulds society, comes from above. It descends from the educated and cultivated to the rude and ignorant. Intelligence and improvement work downwards—this is unquestionable. But now, if this be so, how great, how solemn the duty and responsibility of educated men.

Consider the number of seat of learning in this country, and how many minds they are fitting at this time to act upon the community. Enter into this reflection, and it will awaken a profound solicitude that the educated classes should understand and discharge their duties aright.

My brethren, our *Alma Mater* sends forth her sons to be members of society; and as such, how sacred their obligations? Why has God placed men in society? He might have created every human being apart. He has acted differently; and why? Why are we members of society? Why do we inhabit villages and cities? It is that we may touch each other,—sympathize with one another—be benefactors to each other.

I have listened with deep interest to your venerable Chief-Justice, as he spoke of the importance of a faithful administration of the law. After all, however, let me be pardoned for saying, that we owe to our fellow men a higher duty than a faithful administration of the law. The noblest use of education is not to make legislators and lawyers, and judges. These are for the punishment of evil-doers.—

Our first duty is not to *punish* crime, but to *prevent* it.

Some one has remarked that "the worst use you can put a man to, is to hang him;" and governments have too long seemed to consider this as a great part of their mission. What is the melancholy fact as to civil-governments? The fact is this.—They take but little pains to reach and educate the heart, from which are the issues of life. They leave the passions to strengthen and mature, and seek only to punish their outbursts. They satisfy themselves with passing severe enactments; scattering upon the victims of a depravity which they have never sought to retrench, and consigning them to the jail, the penitentiary, the gallows.

Society owes to the citizen a higher duty than all this. To repress the principles of evil, to inbreed and cherish right feelings and noble purposes,—this should be the great business of government. The laws cannot be too faithfully enforced; better *no laws*, than laws which are violated with impunity. But still, I repeat it, the first duty of society is not to punish, it is to prevent crime. This is real charity. True benevolence is not to shut up people in dungeons, but to shut people out of them. He is the Christian philanthropist, who thus wars against the prison and the gibbet, who corrects public opinion, and elevates public character, by teaching men that knowledge is better than ignorance, temperance than intemperance, virtue than vice.

If ever this blessed influence is to go forth upon society, it must emanate from educated men. And as members of society, our Alma Mater looks to us, and expects each of us to do his duty.

But we are not only members of society—we are members of *American society*; and what sacred trusts and duties, and responsibilities, are folded up in this relation.

In the *first* place, upon whom are we to depend for the preservation of our civil and political liberties, if the educated classes prove faithless to their charge?—There are two ways in which ignorance prepares a land for subjugation and tyranny. It begets and fosters a superstitious idolatry of some hero. Examine the history of despotism, and you will find that it has ever been based upon the worship of some mortal, who, himself the slave of his own passions, has succeeded in dazzling and deluding the multitude, and inspiring the popular mind with superstitious awe and adoration. This idolatry is so absurd that it cannot long continue, except where gross ignorance prevails. Education and knowledge will unmask the impostor, and dispel the illusion.

The other effect of ignorance is to keep one class in such a state of degradation and dependence, that they are easily forced into submission, and trodden down. There is but one safeguard against this deplorable evil. It is the diffusion of knowledge. Creation began with light,

and it is idle to suppose that any people will maintain, or understand, or be capable of real freedom, unless the educated class meet the high obligation which rests upon them to spread intelligence and intellectual improvement through the community.

There is another, a higher, nobler, more sacred right than even civil and political liberty. Politics and government are important, but man has a *mind*, a *soul*. His intellectual, spiritual interests as far exceed any right of person and property, as spirit transcends matter. And now, of this spiritual freedom, who are the natural guardians? They are the educated men of the country.

The direst curse of tyranny is not upon our bodies, nor our fortunes. It is within. It is upon the mind, that the flight works. Nor is there any liberty worthy of the name, where the soul, the intellect, is not left free. Governments have no higher and more solemn duty than to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of this freedom. The preservation of bodily health, all external possessions, all physical good, are little compared with the empire over our own minds, the enjoyment of spiritual health and liberty.

But now this franchise, this sublime prerogative of the immortal mind—who will defend it—who comprehend it, unless the educated men in a nation are true to truth, to their country, and themselves?

Let me remind you, too, that as American citizens, the integrity of this glorious Union is confided to our keeping; and that in times of trial, it is to her educated sons that our country turns, as the guardians of this sacred heritage. If the experiment of free institutions, if the problem of self-government fail in these United States, never again will it be resumed.—And, if it fail not, the conservative influence of educated men must be powerfully interposed. They alone will rise above popular prejudice and clamor. In seasons of frenzy and sedition, when madness blinds the judgment of the masses, they alone can wield an influence to expose the insanity of the hour; and inspire salutary counsels. They alone can assuage the storm, and still the tumult of the people.

I have spoken of our responsibility as members of society, and of American society. But let me not be faithless to all which is most important to man, by stopping here. If educated men possess so great an influence, how solemn their duty to exert this influence distinctly and emphatically on the side of morality and religion.

The question has been agitated whether the diffusion of knowledge promotes virtue and piety. I do not enter into this question. Can it doubt exist on this point? I admit that there have been examples of learning united with infidelity and vice; but these are the exceptions.—And moreover, we must consider what such monsters would have been without knowledge. As strengthening those faculties to which religion appeals,—as calling forth what is noble in man,—as opening new and pure spheres of enjoyment, it

is almost self-evident that morality will increase with education and intelligence.

Let us then of Harvard—an Institution whose foundation was laid in piety, upon whose walls were originally inscribed these noble words, "*Christo et Ecclesie*"—let no son of Harvard dishonor his birthright, and forget the duty he owes to his Alma Mater, to the souls of men and to God. A man's religion is the great tie to him. Not only to him. We cannot isolate ourselves if we would. Our influence is felt—must be felt upon the religion of others—felt now, and felt through eternity.—How deplorable, if the very advantage which gives us power over men, be employed to mislead, and corrupt, and destroy.

My office must be my apology for remarks like these, if apology be needed for introducing topics of such deep and inalienable interest to all. Are our chapels the only temples of God? No; the universe is a temple which should forever resound with his praise. And religion, what is it? Is it scholastic theology? No; one-half the world never understood, and the other half are heartily sick of the metaphysics of the pulpit. Religion is love—love to God, and to man. The religion of Jesus is philanthropy; and how can we so honor this day and this occasion, as by cherishing that religion?

We have just listened to one of our brethren, who with great wit, and in poetic strains, has introduced our venerable Alma Mater, addressing her counsels and exhortations to her children. Could the spirits of those who founded Harvard be present, and speak to us, their exhortations would be summed up in a single sentence. They would exhort and assure us to be true to truth, to conscience, and to God.

But I must restrain myself; I have spoken much more than I designed. I took seat under this canopy with no expectation to be called upon. When my name was mentioned, I was taken wholly by surprise. But neither my feelings, nor my sense of the honor done me, would suffer me to be wholly silent.

Again I rejoice, my brethren, that I am permitted to be with you at this festival.—It is Seneca, I believe, who says that the sources of rivers are sacred, and that altars ought to be built there. If emotions so serious should be awakened when we approach those fountains which send forth streams over the earth—what feelings should be ours as we stand here where our minds began to unfold the mysteries, and our characters to be developed—where were opened in us the springs and sources of lives, which, I hope, we have not lived in vain, and which are to be perpetuated and perfected in eternity. Let us build altars here to day, and let us dedicate the altars to truth, and freedom, and piety. Let us build the altars here, and upon those altars, let us make noble sacrifices, manifesting all that is selfish and unworthy. Let us offer ourselves; and all we have, first to God, and then to our common country.—to our country, united, free, happy—free, because united—and happy, because united and free.

[From the Home Journal.]

MR. WILLIS'S CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE SOUTH AND WEST.

DEAR MORRIS:—Mammoth Cave, one may say, is in the depths of Kentucky, far away from thoroughfares and buried in the woods. The nearest public house is the celebrated "Bell's Tavern," six miles south; and from hence there is a stage-coach to the Cave; but the approach from any other direction is by private vehicle, and fifteen or twenty miles through the wilderness. Coming across the country from the North-East, I was told that "Bear-wallow" was the nearest point upon the stage-route from whence a conveyance could be obtained, and at this place with the ominous name, I was dropped at midnight. Asleep when we arrived, the coach drove off before I was fairly awake, and I found myself, with my baggage and a full moon, in front of the only building anywhere visible—a ten-foot shanty with a single room that served for Post Office and "Store." Upon inquiry of the Postmaster, (a barefooted young gentleman in shirt and trousers,) I learned that there was one other building in the village, Hare's Tavern; but as this, the house of his only neighbor, was nowhere visible, I requested the Postmaster to show me the way to it. "No sir-ee!" said he, "that man and I don't speak! I ain't been there in twelve months!" upon which he prepared to close his door, leaving me and my baggage to the tender mercies of the moon. Persuading him, apparently against his will, to house my portmanteau till morning, I shouldered my carpet-bag and trudged "just up the road," as directed, till I came to the tavern, where I was violently set upon by two dogs, and, after a fight with sticks and stones for fifteen minutes, succeeded in rousing a black girl from her sleep and gaining admittance and a bed. I am giving you a very literal description of all this, because great wonders throw a charm over their neighborhoods, and one must tell how Mammoth Cave is approached, as Mr. James describes no castle, without first telling how "a horseman was seen winding up the avenue."

Spite of the dog-welcome given to the traveler, Bear-wallow Tavern is liberally and kindly kept. A negro came into my room in the morning with a large tub of water, (a bathing luxury not common even in more frequented places,) the breakfast set for me alone would have fed twenty persons, and the society of the landlady and her head man was thrown in—charge for lodging, bath, breakfast, and the con-

versation of two very agreeable persons, only fifty cents. The large, grassy front yard is nicely shaded; the bed-rooms spacious, the parlour well furnished. As one of those solitary inns for which a man sometimes sighs, where he may go to "forget and be forgotten" (for a week,) this seemed to me worthy of a memorandum. Bear-wallow, I should add, was named by the hunters, and was formerly known as the greatest resort in Kentucky for bears. They came to wallow in the mud of the ponds in the neighborhood.

The sixteen miles through the woods, from Bear-wallow to the cave, would be the most beautiful of rides on horseback, but a rougher track for wheels could scarcely be imagined. My conveyance had seen better days. Its torn curtains and shabby panels told the story of "reduced circumstances," though to which of those numerous "first families of Kentucky" it had once been the pride and glory, my black driver was unable to tell. Under miles of beech trees, every third one an unsung monarch—through orchards of mocking-birds and thrushes—over rocks, stumps and gullies, and through streams and quagmires—we made our varied way. It was an interesting ride—for one never tires of the primitive wilderness with its fragmented sublimities and splendid accidents of beauty—but the sight of the more civilized looking fence, which betokened an approach to the place of our destination, was a considerable relief. Those who come to the Mammoth Cave must prepare for rough riding.

We emerged directly from the woods upon a great mass of irregular building—like two streets of log houses shoved up close, and added on to a two-story tavern and this clapboarded and porticoed heap seemed islanded in the forest. Its acre or two of court-yard was surrounded by an ocean of foliage, and the whole place looked like a village that had crowded together from a sense of loneliness. Not a soul visible. The visitors, if there were any, were, probably underground. But my driving up to the door brought out the mammoth landlord—a towering and broad shouldered Kentuckian with a very kind and hospitable face—and I was soon installed in a clean room with broken windows and no handle to the door, and as comfortable as need be.

At breakfast, the next morning, I met a party of five—two ladies and three gentlemen—for whose re-appearance from the nether world we had "waited tea" the night before, but who had not returned till

after bed-time, their underground pilgrimage having occupied all day and part of the night. They had penetrated nine miles under ground—an eighteen-mile walk, in and out—and their exchange of enthusiasms and felicitations, recounting of adventures and recalling of splendors and wonders, was all very exciting to the curiosity. One of the gentlemen, an elderly Boston merchant, was something of an invalid, and he had achieved this wonderful walk very much to his own astonishment—attributing his unforeseen energies partly to the exciting interest of the scene, and partly to the cool and sustaining dryness of the air. To my own damaged chest and weak limbs this was very encouraging—though instances were mentioned of travelers whose strength had failed them, and this when they were in so far that it was very difficult to get them out. A newly married man, among others, had left his bride above ground, and, passing the Styx, (the cave's subterranean river,) had penetrated six miles when he fainted from exhaustion. The famous guide, Stephen, (of whom honorable mention is made in Benedict's account of Jenny Lind's visit, and every other description of the cave,) actually brought him back, six miles, in his arms; though, considering the ladders to go up and down, the holes to creep through, the crags to climb, the rivers and lakes to navigate, the slippery abysses to edge around, and the long passages in which it is impossible to walk upright, it was considered almost a miracle. It seemed a pity that they did not give the bride an opportunity to make a new version of the story of Eurydice, by summoning her to cross the Styx and bring out her Orpheus. Things come so provokingly near being romantic, sometimes, in these common-place days!

The ladies of this party were talking with a very picturesque-looking personage, after breakfast, and he was presently pointed out to me as the charon of the Ky Styx—the remarkable "Stephen."—As this was the man who was to take me to "Lethé" (and bring me back again!) ferry me over the "Styx," and show me, on the way, such wonders as "Purgatory" and the "Bottomless Pit" (names of different portions of the caves) I was interested to see him. I stepped up and joined the group, and the first glance told me that Stephen was better worth looking at than most celebrities. He is a slave, part mulatto and part Indian, but with more of the physiognomy of a Spaniard—his masses of black hair curling slightly and

gracefully, and his long mustache giving quite a Castilian air to his dark skin. He is of middle size, but built for an athlete, with broad chest and shoulders, narrow hips, and legs slightly bowed, and he is famous for the dexterity and bodily strength which are very necessary to his vocation. The cave is a wonder which draws "good society," and Stephen shows that he is used to it. His intelligent face is assured and tranquil, and his manners particularly quiet—and he talks to charming ladies with the air of a man who is accustomed to their good-will and attentive listening. The dress of the renowned guide is adapted to dark places and rough work. He wears a chocolate-colored slouched hat, a green jacket and striped trousers, and evidently takes no thought of his appearance. He is married. His wife is the pretty mulatto chambermaid of the Hotel. He has one boy, takes a newspaper, studies geology, and means to go to Liberia as soon as he can buy his wife, child and self from his present master. After sixteen years' experience as guide to the cave, he is anxious to try his hand at some one of the above-ground ambitions. I would warrant him success wherever the specific gravity of merit has a fair chance. He has tact, talent, and good address. You see I am getting a little before my story, and giving you some of my after knowledge of Stephen—but I wish you to comprehend why he figures so prominently in my own and other descriptions of this subterranean Switzerland; and he is so likely to be heard of some day, as President of Liberia or Ambassador from St. Domingo, that his portrait cannot be wisely slight.

There is an extraordinary uniform provided by the Hotel for visitors to the Cave. At one end of the long hall is a row of pegs, where hang the articles for ladies, and at the other end for gentlemen. You are directed to go up stairs and equip yourself before starting. I cannot say that the dress is becoming. A stuffed skull-cap of mustard-colored flannel is worn by ladies to guard them from knocks on the head where the cave is low. Then, "Lethe" and "Purgatory" being muddy and slippery places, and the ladders to "Fat Man's Misery" and "Bottomless Pit" being wet and perpendicular, short skirted petticoats of this same mustard-colored flannel are provided, to be worn with trousers of the same, or Bloomer's of the lady's own. Gentlemen wear the skull cap sometimes, and a short devil-may care is very generally worn—all of

the same unpleasant yellow—the crouchings in the wet boats, where the river roof is low, and the lying on the back to see the "Milky Way" to more advantage. being dirty warty work for coats. In the two or three days that I remained at the Hotel, I saw several parties for the cave in this singular costume, and the effect of their procession out of the grounds, I must say, was very funny, though it so happened that the ladies were too pretty to be made to look unsightly, even by ugly head gear and unaccustomed Bloomers. I should like to make a suggestion to visitors to the cave, however. In the dark pictures which impress them so powerfully, while under ground, their own party form the figures of the foreground. A dozen or more persons, each one with a lamp, passing in slow procession through those gloomy halls and corridors, add prodigiously to the effect of the perspective. And one need not be a painter to understand how much the picturesqueness might be aided by something pictorial in the costume. A slouched hat and plume instead of the skull cap, and short coats instead of those disfiguring frocks, would add essentially to the pleasure and beauty of the pilgrimage.

This preparatory information has spun out till I see that I shall not have room for a description of the cave itself. I will save it for another letter, adding, to this, an item or two more of the lesser history of the great wonder—such, at least, as I picked up in the stage-coaches and table-talk on the way thither.

Col. Croghan, to whose family it belongs, was a resident of Louisville. He went to Europe, some twenty years ago and as an American, found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and of which, at home, though living within ninety miles of it, he had heard very little. He went there immediately on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase and make it a family inheritance. In fifteen minutes bargaining, he bought it for \$10,000—though, shortly after, he was offered \$100,000 for his purchase. In his will, he tied it up in such a way, that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are nineteen hundred acres in the estate—three square miles above ground—though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land-owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their

own property—(a man's farm extending up to the zenith and down to the nadir)—great vivillance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable them to sink a shaft with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and there is probably many a backwoodsman sitting in his log-hut within ten miles of the cave, quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Europe and America are walking without leave, under his corn and potatoes!

The equable air, and the good health of the miners, who were at one time employed in digging saltpetre from near the entrance, started an idea, some time since, that a hospital for consumptive patients, might be profitably established in the cave. Stone huts were accordingly constructed, in the dark halls beyond the reach of external air, and among those who tried the experiment, were two consumptive gentlemen, who, with their two healthy wives, passed six weeks in hideous seclusion from daylight. One of the gentlemen died there, and the other received no benefit—but the devotion of those voluntarily buried wives should chronicle their names in the cave's history. Another patient, who went in and remained some weeks, was attended by friends and servants—but, his end approaching the death-scene in that dark a silent abyss became so appalling, that they fled in terror—friends and servant—and left the dying man alone. Nothing could induce them to return, and, when others went in, the poor man was found dead with an expression of indescribable horror upon his features. Those who have seen these dreary huts, miles away from sunshine—who have smelt the grave-like air, barren of the pervading vitality which vegetation gives the atmosphere above ground—and who have realized the intense silence and darkness that reign there like monsters whose presence is felt—can appreciate the horror of being left alone at the last hour in such a place.

The side avenues of the cave, into which visitors are not usually taken, are said to be labyrinths of interminable perplexity, and the guides are instructed to let none enter them alone. A gentleman who left his party a year or so ago, and ventured to explore for himself, lost his way, and was only found by Stephen, after many long and vain searches. He had stumbled and put out his lamp, and had been forty-three hours alone in the darkness—When discovered, he was lying on his

face, benumbed and insensible. Stephen brought him out, several miles, upon his back, and he recovered—but he had the experience of a death in darkness and solitude.

The Mammoth Cave is as large as a country, but having another country on top of it, it is not represented, I believe, in the Kentucky Legislature. In the country literature it will be strongly represented, some day—for there is scenery for a magnificent poem—a new Dante's Inferno—in its wondrous depths. It is a Western prairie of imagination—still wild and unoccupied.

The description of the cave itself may possibly fill another letter. Yours, etc.

N. P. W.

EVERY-DAY MYSTERIES.

"I believe nothing that I do not understand," is the favorite saying of Mr. Pettipo Drapperling, a gentleman who very much prides himself upon his intellectual perspicuity. Yet ask Mr. Pettipo, if he understands how it is that he wags his little finger, and he can give no reasonable account of it. He will tell you—for he has read books and "studied" anatomy—that the little finger consists of so many jointed bones; that there are tendons attached to them before and behind, which belong to certain muscles, and that when these muscles are made to contract, the finger wags. And this is nearly all that Mr. Pettipo knows about it. How it is that the volition acts on the muscles, what volition is, what the will is, Mr. Pettipo knows not. He knows quite as little about the sensation which resides in the skin of that little finger; how it is that it feels and appreciates firm and surfaces; why it detests heat and cold, in what way its papillæ erect themselves, and its pores open and close; about all this he is entirely in the dark. And yet Mr. Pettipo is under the necessity of believing that his little finger wags and that it is endowed with the gift of sensation, though he in fact knows nothing whatever of the why or the wherefore.

We must believe a thousand things that we cannot understand. Matter and its combinations are a grand mystery—how much more so life and its manifestations! Look at those far off worlds, majestically wheeling in their appointed orbits; millions of miles away, or look on this earth on which we live, performing its diurnal motion on its own axis and its annual circle round the sun! What do we understand of the causes of such motions! What can we ever know about the way and the

fact that such things are so? The discovery and apprehension of facts is much, and it is nearly our limit. To ultimate causes we can never ascend. But to have an eye open to receive facts and apprehend their relative value, that is a great deal, that is our duty; and not to reject, suspect, or refuse to accept them, because they happen to clash with our preconceived notion, or, like Mr. Pettipo Drapperling, because we "cannot understand" them.

"Oh, my dear Kepler," writes Galileo to his friend, "how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together! Here at Padua is the principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa lecturing before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Rub a stick of wax against your coat sleeve, and it emits sparks; hold it near to light, fleecy particles of wool or cotton, and it first attracts, then it repels them.—What do you understand about that, Mr. Pettipo, except merely that it is? Stroke the cat's back before the fire, and you will observe the same phenomena. Your own body will in like manner emit sparks in certain states, but you know nothing about why it is so.

Pour a solution of muriate of lime into one of sulphate of potash—both clear fluids; but no sooner are they mixed together than they become nearly solid.—How is that? You tell me that an ingredient of the one solution combines with an ingredient of the other, and an insoluble sulphate of lime produced. Well, you tell me a fact but you do no account for it by saying that the lime has a greater attraction for the sulphuric acid than the potash has; you do not understand how it is, you merely see that it is so. You must believe it.

But when you come to life, and its wonderful manifestations, you are more in the dark than ever. You understand less about this than you do even of dead matter. Take an ordinary, every-day fact, you drop two seeds, whose component parts are the same, into the same soil.—They grow up so close together that their roots mingle and then stalks intertwine.—The one plant produces a long, slender leaf, the other a short, flat leaf; the one brings forth a beautiful flower, the other

an ugly scruff; the one sheds abroad a delicious fragrance, the other is entirely inodorous. The hemlock, the wheat-stalk, and the rose-tree, out of the same chemical ingredients contained in the soil, educe, the one, a deadly poison; the other, wholesome food; the third, a bright consummate flower.—Can you tell me.—Mr. Pettipo, how is this? Do you understand the secret by which the roots of these plants accomplish so much more than all your science can do; and so infinitely excel the most skilful combinations of the philosopher? You can only recognize the fact, but you cannot unravel the mystery. Your saying that it is the "nature" of the plant, does not in the slightest degree clear up the difficulty. You cannot get at the ultimate fact, only the proximate one is seen by you.

But lo! here is a wonderful little plant, you touch it, and the leaves shrink on the instant, one leaf seeming to be in intimate sympathy with the rest, and all the leaves in the neighborhood shrinking up at the touch of a foreign object. Or take the simple pimpernel, which closes its eye as the sun goes down, and opens as he rises again; shrinks at the approach of rain, and expands in fair weather. The hop twines round the pole in the direction of the sun; and

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose."

Do we know anything about these things further than that they are so?

A partridge chick breaks its shell and steps forth into its new world. Instantly it runs about and picks up the seeds lying on the ground. It has never learned to run, or to select its food, but it does all these on the instant. The lamb of a few hours old frisks about full of life, and sucks its dam's teats with as much accuracy as if it had studied the principles of the air-pump. Instinct comes full-grown into the world at once, and we know nothing about it, neither does the Mr. Drapperling above named.

When we ascend to the higher orders of animated being, to man himself, we are as much in the dark as before, perhaps more so. Here we have matter arranged in its most highly organized forms, moving, feeling, and thinking. In man, the animal powers are concentrated, and the thinking powers are brought to their highest point. How, by the various arrangements of matter in man's body, one portion of the nervous system should convey volitions from the brain to the limbs, and the outer organs; how another part should convey sensations with the suddenness of lightning; and how, finally, a third portion should collect these sensations, react upon them, store them up by a process called memory, reproduce them in thought, compare them, philosophize upon them, embody them in books, is a great and unfathomable mystery!

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL.

No one can take a journey of five hundred miles as we have just done, without being surprised at the immense number of persons he meets, crowding to excess the cars and steamboats on our great thoroughfares. Truly we are a nation of travellers. Tens of thousands are daily journeying for business or pleasure, and the number is greatly increased at this season. We are confident therefore that we shall address nearly all our readers, by penning a few thoughts upon the religious influence of travel, its dangers and its benefits.

The Christian must be vigilant everywhere. Even at home, pursuing the daily routine of duty, he is watched by a cunning and powerful adversary, and is exposed to many severe temptations. But when travelling, he is in still greater danger, and yet is more liable to be off his guard. The regular habits of devotion which he found so valuable in maintaining the combat with sin, are interrupted. Family prayer is generally omitted, the closet cannot be visited at stated times as usual, nor can the Bible be read regularly. Or if circumstances allow the discharge of these duties, the calmness of home which is so essential to their enjoyment, has given place to excitement. Strange scenes, and new objects of interest crowd into the mind in the very hour of prayer, and so distract it that our prayers are principally for pardon on account of wandering thoughts. The Sabbath instead of a season of repose, devoted to holy meditation and devout worship, is turned into a day of excitement, spent partly in hearing some popular minister, partly in criticising his style and manner, and partly perhaps amid the noise and confusion of a hotel. It is very difficult to maintain that spirituality of mind, and to enjoy that sweet communion with God which every Christian should seek, but it is not impossible. Knowing the danger, we should exercise double care, and beware of pleading circumstances as an excuse for sin.

But there is another and more dangerous temptation. It is that released from the restraints of home influence, and exposed to all the fascinations of the world, the Christian may forget his duty, and mingle with gay associates in scenes and amusements inconsistent with his character. Travel, especially in summer for health or pleasure, lays a severe test upon the professor of religion. It often exposes the hypocrite and the self-deceiver, who pretends or imagines that he is a child of God. It shows who are governed by principle and who by fashion; who walk in the

narrow path from the fear of God, and who thus walk from fear of public opinion. Few are implicitly obedient to conscience, but regulate their lives by the custom of those around them. At home, they are models of propriety, but abroad they plunge with the multitude into the whirlpool of vanity and are not to be distinguished from other votaries of fashion and pleasure. We would not say that such cannot be true Christians, for temptation caused even Peter to fall, but they give fearful evidence of a want of principle, and certainly have no manly Christian character. Let us remember that we serve an *Omnipresent* God. That we cannot leave our obligations or vows at home, and that wherever we go, God demands that we glorify him; that a Christian is never without influence and that if we indulge in sinful amusements where we suppose we are unknown, the sin will surely find us out, and may encourage others in worldliness and folly.

By proper exertion we may not only avoid these evils, but turn a journey into a school for wisdom and piety. "All things are yours," said an apostle, and it is in the Christian's power to make everything aid him in the heavenly life.

The very fact that the modern modes of conveyance are so delightful and rapid should kindle gratitude in the heart of the traveller. It is no small blessing to be able easily in a few hours to visit friends or scenes so distant as once to have required days and weeks to reach them. Again, the danger attending upon travelling ought to keep constantly alive a sense of our dependence, and of our frailty. True, we are always in danger and are every moment upheld alone by God, but it is more apparent, when borne swiftly along, where the slightest accident might result in sudden and terrible death, or floating on the water, with but a few planks between us and the devouring waves. The remembrance of many appalling scenes where those a moment before as happy and safe as ourselves were instantly made mangled and bleeding corpses, or called to struggle for life amid the raging of fire or the storm, tends to impress deeply upon the mind our own peril.

Who that allows himself to reflect, can fail to find in this exposure to death, a motive for fervent prayer and humble trust in Him, whose we are, and in whose hands are all our ways? And if brought safely through these dangers, he must be a practical Atheist who does not with grateful heart praise the Lord for his goodness.

Nor can a Christian travel, without en-

larging his views of God, and acquiring a spirit of more liberality toward his fellow men. It dwarfs the intellect and contracts the heart to be always slavishly devoted to one pursuit, and confined to one spot.—Selfishness, sectional prejudices in politics, and sectarian bigotry in religion are often removed by travel. A man who has imagined that all wisdom and piety were confined within the narrow limits of his sect or party or country, soon finds out his mistake as he beholds the prosperity, and experiences the hospitality of those living under different institutions from his own. Every new rail-road is another iron band, to link more firmly the bonds of our Union, every steamer that ploughs our majestic rivers, or breasts the mighty deep, is a minister of good, scattering the mists of prejudice, enlarging the sympathies of mankind, and causing all to realize that they have common interests and a common destiny.

It is impossible also for a pious man to witness as he travels, the ever varying scenes of beauty and sublimity with which the earth is adorned, without adorning the goodness, power and wisdom of Him by whom creation is sustained.

What a refreshing change to the poor slave of business confined to the hot city over his counter or his work, to leave his groceries and dry goods or his dusty shop, to turn from the glare of the heated bricks, and feast his eyes and his soul upon the smiling fields, the hills clothed with flocks, and the gulleys with corn, the resplendent rivers, and the grand old mountains, the mighty forest and the mightier ocean, and to feel that God is everywhere, and that over all this beauty and sublimity reigns the same wondrous, loving, blessed Spirit. To him who travels with this thought governing his mind, the whole earth, is a teacher. Man and nature both minister to his improvement, and he will return wiser and better, with more exalted views of his Father in heaven, and with kinder feelings to the great family of his fellow travellers to eternity. F. W.

Marshall, High Lot at Saratoga.—St. Peter's Church, at Saratoga Springs, presented a magnificent appearance on last Tuesday morning to witness the marriage ceremony of Miss J. Walworth to Miss Helen Hadwin. The bride is said to be a beautiful and accomplished lady, and was the daughter of the brave and gallant Col. Hadwin, who fell in Mexico. The location and beauty of Saratoga was potent to witness the inspiring scene. A great party was given in the evening at the house of Chancellor Walworth in honor of the event.

A law suit about a cat has just been decided in Burlington, Iowa. The *West Point Gazette* says that the case originated in West Point, Iowa county, and the costs now amount to five hundred dollars, independent of counsel's fee. The value of the cat was three dollars.

POPEY AND THE CONFESSIONAL.

Kirwan's Letters to Chief Justice Tuncy.

These letters are marked by all the point, pith, energy of the letters to Bishop Hughes. They are perhaps, a little more dignified, and a little less idiomatic and effective. This is to be attributed to the fact that the writer no longer speaks anonymously, as a specimen of his style of treatment, we give the following on the Confessional:

Despotisms are always base, and will use any means to retain their power.—They are public robbers; and like other robbers, have no conscience as to the means they use. They employ spies, use bribery, lay snares, get up plots, sow dissensions; and use all unrighteous means to find out and to kill off their enemies, and to consolidate their usurped power, and to put new rivets into the chains that bind people to their thrones. And as the Papacy is the basest of despotisms, it has the basest means to accomplish its purpose.—Other despotisms seek by spies to discover plots, and secret cabals, and overt acts; but Popery has a plan by which not only to discover all these with almost infallible certainty, but also the very thoughts of men. And this it does through the infamous confessional, "the slaughter-house of consciences," an institution devised in hell, and set upon earth in the name of religion that "the Man of Sin," may find out the secrets of all families, and of all hearts, and for the purpose of widdling them all to the maintenance of his base dominion. All are obliged to confess on the pain of eternal death; no confession avails if any sin or secret thought is kept back; and these confessions, when necessary, are sent to head quarters. In this way the court of Rome is invested with a kind of omniscience as through the priests, its spies, its watchmen, who have their confession-boxes every where, they find out the secrets of courts, cabinets, and families, and even the very thoughts of men's hearts. And what is the effect of all this? A true Papist is afraid to think because his conscience drags him to the confessional, and the priests who sit there, weaving webs to catch flies, will drag out his thoughts; and when these thoughts are drawn out, they are sent to head quarters! I know the theory is, that confessions made to a priest are buried in his bosom, but has not "the Head of the Church" authority from God to release consciences from oaths when he judges that there is suitable cause for it?—And what cause can be more suitable than the good of the Church and the safety of the chair of St. Peter?

And what, sir, must be the natural effect of all this upon families? Go down to Naples and see! Many is the Neapolitan husband, son, and brother, rotting in the prisons there on the information wrung from their wives, mothers, and sisters, by the "watchmen of despotism" at the confessional. Go to Rome and see! Many is the noble Roman in exile, or in chains in those dungeons of Rome, on the information wrung from the female members

of their families at the confession, the husband and father can intrust no secret to either, cannot repose any confidence in them. The secrets and the confidences of home are unknown; the sweet confiding love of the family circle is broken up; not a word of freedom, or of dissatisfaction or of complaint must be uttered; no suspected guests must be entertained; no private meetings must be held or alluded to; for all, all must be told at the confessional, sent to the Vatican and down to the police! Even in the heart of a fond wife, there is no secret chamber which the priest, the watchmen of despotism, cannot enter, and from which he may not bring forth its most secret and sacred deposits.

Thus the mother, daughters and sisters are converted by the infernal confessional into spies upon the conduct of their husbands and brothers and are taught to believe that they are at once serving God and the Church, and saving their own souls, yes, and even doing the greatest good to their husbands and brothers, when revealing their thoughts and their conduct to these "watchmen of despotism." And is this, sir, a fancy picture? Go and spend a month in Naples, or in Rome, and seek information from those who are competent and not afraid to give it, and you will say that the picture is not one half to the life. And I only wonder that the husbands, sons and brothers of wives, mothers and sister, that go on the knees to Papal priests to confess, do not rise as one man and pile up the confession-boxes for a grand bonfire, and drive the reverend confessors and seducers to Purgatory for purification.

Nor, sir, are these pictures of these "watchmen of despotism" confined to Naples and Rome. Their character in those lands of Papal darkness, where the very light is darkness, is their universal character.

Wherever the Bishops or priests, the monks or the nuns of Romanism are found, they are only the spies, "the watchmen" of the drivelling despot that lives in the Vatican, himself the victim of a clique of cardinal despots. Through the instrumentality, nations of the earth lie open to the eye of Rome; and she is enabled to judge of the best means of keeping them in her power, or of subduing them to her sceptre. Archbishops are the spies of the Cardinals; Bishops of the Archbishops; priests of the Bishops; and your poor Popish maid or coachman, the nurse of your children, or the waiter at your table is the spy of the priest! And this vast system of espionage and tyranny is mainly conducted through the infamous confessional!

THE LOVE OF DRESS.

There are few subjects of more importance than female dress. When we reflect upon its influence, on both health and character, it is painful to think how many lives are shortened by vanity and the love of dress. Perhaps we see a young lady in the bloom of life; soon she has gone to her long home, in consequence of

gratifying her love of admiration by dressing in a manner unsuited to the season.—The vanity thus fostered by love of dress, will ruin the character of any person.—The thoughts will dwell upon nothing but dress; what shall I wear, and what will become me most, are questions constantly asked.

Dress is made for usefulness, and comfort. I do not say that we should not wear ornaments, for they are useful; because, when used in moderation, they please the fancy without injuring the morals; but when they are used in so great excess as to beget a passion for them, and for the admiration which they excite in the vain and foolish, they become mischievous in the highest degree; for the time and attention which should be spent on more important things, and thus entirely wasted.

Too much fondness for admiration also renders its possessor unhappy, when praise is not obtained, and selfish when it is.

CHRISTIAN GRACES ILLUSTRATED.

MANY among you may think it is inexpedient to speak frequently, or, indeed, ever, except on occasions of great solemnity, of religion; and to this I shall not attempt to reply. But the world cannot forbid you to manifest the spirit of the religion in a holy life. You may, therefore, show forth its essence in every act and deed; even the most ordinary and trivial affairs and relations of life need not be devoid of the expression of a pious heart. Let the deep and sacred feeling which inspires and governs all your actions, show that even in those trifles over which a profane mind passes with levity, the music of a lofty sentiment echoes in your heart; let the majestic serenity with which you estimate the great and the small, prove that you refer every thing to the Immutable, that you perceive the Godhead alike in every thing; let the bright cheerfulness with which you encounter every proof of our transitory nature, reveal to all men that you live above time and above the world; let your easy and graceful self-denial prove how many of the bonds of egotism you have already broken; and let the ever quick and open spirit, from which neither what is rarest nor most ordinary escapes, show with what unwearied ardor you seek for every trace of the Godhead, with what eagerness you watch for its slightest manifestation. If your whole life, and every movement of your outward and inward being, is thus guided, by religion, perhaps the hearts of many will be touched by this mute language, and will open to the reception of that spirit which dwells within you.—*Schleiermacher.*

JUDSON INSTITUTE.

We see that the Judson Baptist Association have located a Female Institute at Lewisburg, Marshall County, the citizens contributing a building fund. This argues well for the activity and energy of the Judson Association, and we wish their school abundant success. H.

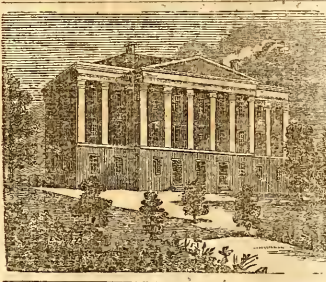
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



AUGUST 16, 1852.

WINCHESTER FEMALE INSTITUTE.

This flourishing Institute, known as the Mary Sharp Female Institute, closed its session about the first of the present month. We learn from gentlemen present that the examination was highly creditable to the teachers and pupils, and that the school is deservedly popular. We rejoice at the success of the various schools which have been established by our denomination throughout the country, and trust they may prosper and increase in usefulness. H.

THEOLOGICAL CHAIR.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Union University during the recent Commencement a plan was submitted and adopted for the establishment of a Theological Chair. The plan is one that will commend itself to the support of the Baptist denomination, and we doubt not will be entirely successful. There must be provisions for the Theological training of young ministers in the South West, and various concurring circumstances seem to point unerringly to Union University as the seat of such training. The Board appointed Rev. J. R. Graves and President Eaton to draw up the report of the Committee of the Board on the subject, and to present the matter in the shape of a Circular to the churches, which we will not anticipate by further remarks. H.

The preparatory department of Union University commenced on Monday 9th inst.

DUTY OF STATESMEN.

The term Statesman is not used with reference to those political demagogues whose minds are sectionalized and whose aim is to promote local or party interests irrespective of the people's welfare. But it refers to those who devote themselves to solving the intricate problems of that science which embraces every thing connected with the social and political condition of man, and which teaches us the best mode of obtaining and preserving those benefits that accrue from a system of government in perfect harmony with the fundamental principles of our nature.

In civil polity there exist certain abstract truths, such as liberty and natural right, the application of which constitutes the duty of Statesmen. These require to be unfolded and infused throughout the laws of a country in degrees proportional to the advancement of the people. When this is done, all things flow on smoothly causing prosperity and happiness to pervade all classes of society. But if the condition of the people is anticipated and these theoretical truths are prematurely applied, then, there is vividly presaged the dawn of political dissensions, which if not checked will result in overthrowing the social fabric. And if these truths are withheld and not set forth to meet the exigencies of the body politic, a revolutionary spirit will arise, the cry of oppression will be heard in all quarters and if the evil is not soon redressed civil war with all its horrors is the inevitable result. There is an equilibrium that must be preserved in order to secure the prosperous growth of any nation. This is evident from the fact that a people can maintain only the form of government for which they are prepared. If their rights are restricted, or their liberty is too extensive, the same evil consequences always follow.

This duty of Statesmen to devise means by which the greatest amount of liberty can be enjoyed without endangering the body politic is an arduous task, so much so, that it has given rise to the oft repeated aphorism that it is more difficult to preserve than to obtain liberty. To secure it requires but one determinate struggle, while to preserve it inviolate requires a system of laws more complete than man has ever yet devised. As an illustration, view unfortunate France. See her brave sons contending for their rights and offering up their lives upon the altar of liberty. They succeeded in throwing off the galling manacles of tyranny. The tree of liberty is planted upon the ruins of the

throne, but the blasting tempest of political dissensions, arising from the rash procedure of her Statesmen, soon rends it in pieces and leaves the country in a more degraded condition than before. T.

GEORGIA CONVENTION.

We have received the minutes of the Georgia Convention of Baptists for 1852, which is an interesting document, and shows the denomination in Georgia to be in a healthy and prosperous state. Their statistical table which is unusually full and complete, shows the following figures:

Associations,	53
Churches,	1213
Membership,	75,540
Baptized last year,	5,923
Gain in the State,	3,080
Ordained Ministers,	674
Licentials	190

The Convention is actively employed all the benevolent schemes of the day, and from the Treasurer's report shows a fund invested and otherwise of \$40,881, which is employed in educational, missionary and other purposes. In addition, the Baptists of Georgia have a University and Theological School, well endowed and in a highly flourishing condition. The report of the Board of Trustees of Mercer University close with the following resolution:—

"That the ample endowment of Mercer University is a matter of gratitude to Almighty God and encouragement to our denomination." It will be perceived that the Trustees report the endowment to be "ample." We can but commend this state of things to Tennessee Baptists, and enquire when it can be said of our University that the endowment is "ample?" This result has been produced by the liberality and union of Georgia Baptists. Are not the friends of Union University equally liberal, and will there not be such a union of effort as will make this right arm of Baptist strength all that it was designed to be? H.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

During the past year there have been about fifteen young ministers receiving instructions at Union University, wholly at the expense, for tuition, of the University, at a cost of about seven hundred dollars. All this the University is giving to the denomination in Tennessee and other Southern States. This act of liberality on the part of the College should commend it to the united support of all Baptists, and inspire them with greater exertions to fix it upon a firm a permanent footing. H.

MALE ACADEMY.

There is connected with Union University a Preparatory Department, the object of which is to ~~thoroughly~~ instruct lads in the fundamental principles of education. This will be done in such a manner, that the pupils can enter the College classes well prepared, or if circumstances do not permit this, that they may be able to enter immediately upon the active duties of life, and conduct their business in an *intelligent and systematic* manner.

No pains will be spared to render the students familiar with the Orthography of their mother tongue; to read in the proper sense of the term; to secure a *well defined* knowledge of Geography, History, the first principles of Natural Philosophy and of Astronomy; to understand the why and wherefore of Arithmetical operations; to comprehend the rules, principles and PRACTICAL applications of English Grammar, and to write a fair and legible hand.

These requirements are absolutely *essential*, to youths who do not design pursuing a College course, that they may understand the business transactions, in which every one is compelled to be more or less engaged, and also to those who intend to prosecute a more extensive course of study, that they may be saved the inconvenience, and mortification of being found ignorant of the most essential ingredients of a *practical* education.

The government of the Institution will be strictly parental, appealing as far as possible, to the finer feelings of the heart, in order to secure attention to study and a correct deportment.

Pupils will be received at an early age, and enjoy the greatest attention in encouraging and advancing them forward.

The services of efficient and energetic Instructors will be secured as the demands of the Institute require.

A daily record will be kept of the attendance, conduct, and recitations of each scholar, from which a monthly report will be made out, and sent to the parents, and it is earnestly requested that they *interest themselves* in the studies of their sons, and add every incentive to prompt them to application while at home.

The next session of this Department will commence on the 15th of Sept., and continue, with an interval of the Christmas holy days, until the 17th of July 1853.

Terms 13 and 24 dollars, for the Academic year of ten months.

Do you think a rough hand, rudely swept over the surface of the human heart, will be likely to bring much music out of it? It will bear no such performances.

[For the Classic Union.]

INTELLIGENCE FROM OUR CHINA MISSIONARIES.

It will doubtless be interesting to the friends of the missionary cause, to learn that our brethren, Burton and Crawford, have arrived safe at Shanghai, the place of their destination.

Below we give a few extracts from Dr. Burton's Journal.

SHANGHAI, April 9th, 1852.

After mailing my last to you I spent the day quietly with Mr. Dean, in whose conversation I was very much interested, he being not only a pleasant intelligent gentleman but one of the oldest missionaries in China. I had a room at his house but boarded at Mr. Johnstons who lives on the same lot, and is supported by the same board—and it being customary to pay board when you are stopping with persons sustained by a different society, I felt much easier than I should have done had I stopped at their expense. The following day (Sabbath) I attended service in the morning at the English chapel, and in the afternoon at Mr. Dean's chapel, in which the services are conducted in Chinese. It being their communion season, we were invited to participate with them, which we of course accepted. The Chinese converts (some of whom had traveled 15 or 20 miles in an open boat on a cold wet day to be there,) seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. It was very interesting to listen to them singing to the praise of our Heavenly Father—in the Chinese language—words adopted to old familiar tunes—and receive the emblems from the hands of one who had recently been engaged in the worship of stocks and stones. Yet even during this interesting scene there was a continuous sound of the trowel and hammer in the building—as the Chinese who are unconverted observe no Sabbath—have no days of rest save those that are set apart in honor of some idol. In the evening I attended a social prayer-meeting at Mr. Deans, at which I met Lieut. Murray, (U. S. N.) of Virginia, quite an agreeable gentleman, and several others.—Mr. Dean gives us an interesting talk.—Monday evening we were invited by Mr. Johnson to visit a friend of his who lives about two miles distant, on Morrison's hill, a place of some notoriety here, from once having had a large hospital kept there—the house is at present occupied by a Mr. Lyman—a German Missionary—who with his wife received us cordially. The house is situated on a high hill, with

the bay in the rear, and a beautiful little valley of 10 or 12 acres in front, (the only level land I saw in Hong Kong, except that which had been leveled by the hand of man) beyond which nothing is to be seen but high, barren hills. We remained until after lunch, and returned to Victoria. The ladies carried in sedan chairs by coolies, Mr. Crawford and myself on foot. Victoria is considered by those who live there a very pleasant city; but I should not like it as a place of residence—there being a great number of sailors and soldiers there, whose influence on the natives is very demoralizing—the principal street is said to be three miles long, though by no means straight (as they can build only, near the edge of the bay, owing to the high rock hills of which the island consist.) About half of it is occupied exclusively by the Chinese, and is (as all their streets are) narrow and dirty. The part of it occupied by the foreigners, however, is broad and has on it a few fine granite buildings owned by foreigners, and several public establishments (barracks, hospital, &c.,) owned by the British Government. Mr. Harris (U. S. N.) called on us—who by the way was during several years editor of the Nashville Union, and married a lady in Nashville, I believe, a Miss McGavoc—meeting one who had lived in Tennessee, out here, seemed very much like meeting and old friend. We found him very pleasant and talkative.—He afterwards called on us several times and brought a boat off and escorted Mr. and Mrs. Crawford to the ship (I had visited it.) Wednesday we were informed that the Horatio would not go to Shanghai, but proceed immediately to Whampra, and were engaged during the day in getting our baggage deposited at Mr. Deans and getting on board. Thursday morning at 3 A. M. we weighed anchor and sailed for Whampra. The scenery along the Canton river is rather picturesque—consisting chiefly of high rocky hills, many of which have forts on the banks of the river in front of them—a few on top—there are a few Pagodas up near Canton. We passed three or four Men of War ships (Chinese) either of which I think could have been taken by a boat-crew of well armed Yankees. Having but little wind we were forced to anchor at night, in consequence of which we did not reach Whampra until 11 o'clock next day, which being cold and rainy we remained on board the Horatio that evening and night. We found here a new Schooner, "Swina," which was to sail for Shanghai in a few days, and upon which we could

have good accommodations, which is difficult to secure up the coast. In the evening I finished collecting and packing a box of shells which I had secured for you and left them in charge of Capt. Crocker to be left with Mr. Smith, and which I hope you will receive next fall by some of our merchants. Friday morning we procured a small Chinese boat rowed by four stout Chinamen and a woman, and in about two hours reached Canton—about 12 miles distant from Wampra. The river for a mile or more before we landed was filled with Chinese junks and boats. We stopped at Mr. French's, a Presbyterian missionary, and leaving Mrs. Crawford, he and my self went up to the Factories, where all the business transacted is conducted. There is an open garden on the river, surrounded on three sides, or rather bounded, by large, fine houses in which the merchants live and transact business. We called on the agent of the Merina and engaged passage to Shanghai, at \$75 each (the usual passage is from \$120, to \$150, but the agent knowing we were missionaries, voluntarily put it down to that,) and learning from him that the Schr. would leave Whampra for Hong Kong that evening or the next morning; but that we could join her at the latter place, by going there on the steamer Saturday or Tuesday. Mr. Crawford determined to return to Whampra that evening—I to remain until the following Tuesday and go down on the steamer; but on reaching Whampra he learned that the Schr. had left for Hong Kong, and would be off before I could reach there on Tuesday, and wrote me a note requesting me by all means to come on the Steamer the next day, which I felt it my duty to do, as my passage was engaged, and would be forfeited if I missed the Schr. I therefore remained in Canton only one day and night, but saw the principle objects of interest. I called on Dr. Parker in the morning (who by the way gave me a beautiful pointer puppy) dined with Mr. French, took tea with Mr. Williams, and spent the night and breakfasted with Dr. Hader. They were all pleasant and courteous towards us.

I left Canton, on the Steamer Saturday morning, and at Whampra was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford. (The Steamer stopped in the river a few minutes only.)—I did not have an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Crocker except at a distance, but as I passed the Horatio I saw a number of hats waving, and her standing on deck waving her handkerchief. Capt. Crocker came to the Steamer with Mr. Crawford.

He was much affected at parting with us, and wept as though he was parting from a near relative. He presented me with a nice little clock as a memento of him.—Bidding adieu to the Horatio we started again for Hong Kong via Nacoo, which is one of the prettiest Chinese (or rather Portuguese) cities I have seen. We stopped here about an hour, after which we went into Hong Kong, which we reached about 9 o'clock at night. G. W. B.

"PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."

Two of the children had gone to bed. Ellen still sat in her mother's lap, although she was quite a large girl. She seemed to have something in particular to say; for this mother always encouraged her children to tell her fully all about themselves. At last she said, "Mother, I have thought a great deal about what you read to us a little while ago how Jesus 'pleased not himself.'"

"I am very glad you did, my dear; I hope you will try to be like him."

"Mother," said she choking, "I do try to, for I saw, after I went to bed that night, that I was just contrary to it. Tom and Jane call me disobliging, and so do the girls at school; and, mother it is because I like to please myself best."

"That is very sad," said the mother seriously.

"Very, mother," answered Ellen. "I felt it was and I did wish, I do wish to be less like myself, and more like Jesus.—Well, it seems to me by striving I shall. I really shall. Yesterday you know I wrote to grandma, and grandma always wanted me to do something for her. Tom and Jane like to, but I don't very well. Yesterday, I wanted to feel obliging and do willingly what grandma wanted me to. I wanted to please her more than myself, so before I lifted up the latch, I just went under the lilac-tree and prayed. I kept asking the Lord Jesus to make me like himself, that I might not please myself, but him. Then I went into the house, and said as quick as could be, 'Yes, grandma, I'll get it for you;' and mother, she thanked me; all along as I went to get it, I felt *beautiful*. It is a great deal better not to try to please yourself."

What an affecting experience is this.—"For even Christ pleased not himself." "I came," he says, "not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father, who sent me." It is this *forgetfulness of self*, which is the very marrow of the Christian spirit, as well as the essence of all true politeness. Lord Chesterfield says, "Politeness is

benevolence in little things." Lord Chesterfield was a wordly man, and only acted upon wordly principles, but you see in describing that which should regulate our behavior towards each other, how he copies a great Bible principle. A disoblighing, selfish, conceited spirit is neither Christian nor polite; it is unlovely every way, and as unhappy as it is unlovely.—Ellen saw and felt this; she grieved over it and was anxious to improve; she was not contented with merely wishing, but the dear child acted accordingly. She asked her mother to help her; but the greatest help of all was the heavenly helper, Jesus Christ. In the hour of temptation she went to him under the lilac-tree and he met her there. He gave her his Spirit; and it was a willing spirit, a benevolent spirit, a self-forgetting spirit; O, it was a beautiful spirit. Let every child desire to possess it, and not only desire it but *act* like Ellen under the lilac-tree.

"THAT IS A BOY I CAN TRUST."

I once visited a large public school. At recess, a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "*That is a boy I can trust.* He never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess.—He had a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark.—What a character had that little boy earned. He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are *rated* by older people: every boy in the neighborhood is known and opinions are formed of him; he has character, either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him; he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure, boys, that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God has placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teachers or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you also will be called to render an account to Him. Be trusty—be true.—*Child's Paper.*

MR. CLAY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Two years since, during Mr. Clay's address to the students of the "New York State and National Law School," in Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, one object of which is to train its pupils in the art of extemporaneous speaking, he said, when commenting on the advantages of the institutions, "I owe my success in life, I think, chiefly to one single fact, viz: that at the age of 17, I commenced and continued for years the process of daily reading and speaking, upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox, for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and molded my whole subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero by captivating their affection and swaying their passions—the influence of one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day."

MECHANISM OF THE HEART.

On reviewing of the mechanism of the heart every reflecting mind must be struck with the admirable adaption and suitability of its several parts, and also the harmony of its operation. How important is the least portion of its complex machinery! If but thread connected with the valves be broken, or one of its slightest membranes burst—if a single valve omitted to fall down before the retrograde current of blood, or became inverted, the vital functions could no longer be carried on—the vast machinery of the whole animal frame would be immediately deranged, and death necessary ensue! Who could suppose that an apparatus so complex, so easily deranged, and which is thrown into action considerably more than a hundred thousand times a day, should yet continue unimpaired for fifty, eighty or a hundred years?—How insignificant and imperfect must appear the most admirable piece of mechanism constructed by man when compared to this! What piece of mechanism, exerting so much power, could bear such velocity for one year? Yet so perfect apparatus and so well fitted are all its parts, that its rapid motions never, during health, disturb even

the tender babe, in whose breast it beats perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand times a day.

[For the Classic Union.]
TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.

I miss thee from my side, Love,
At the morning's early dawn
When the shades of night are fleeing
And the dew is on the lawn.
Then the visions of thy presence
Which enchant me during sleep
All vanish on awaking,
I miss thee, love, and weep.

I miss thee from my side, Love,
At the solemn hour of prayer
But when I'm at a throne of grace
Of then, art thou not there?
Do not thy morning orisons
Ascend in fervent tones
To Heaven for choicest blessings
Upon thy cherished ones?

I miss thee from my side, Love,
When thy children gather round
And lisps the name of Father,
With a sweet infantile sound.
I would that thou could'st catch the smile
That thrills my bosom's care,
And list the loving voices
Of thy darling babes once more.

I miss thee from my side, Love,
In the silent hour of even
When the stars are shining brightly
In the azure vault of Heaven.
The light that cheers our hearth-stone
Is dim when thou art gone
I miss thy cheerful converse
And I feel that I'm alone.

Oh! hasten to my side, Love,
Thou art too long away,
The heart that loves thee dearest,
Is saddened by thy stay.
Though hundreds may applaud thee
As thou abroad dost roam,
There are no hearts that LOVE THEE
Like the fond ones of THY HOME.
EUGENIA.

LITERARY THEFT.—In the June number of the Southern Lady's Companion, published at Nashville, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and edited by the Rev. M. M. Henkle, D. D., we have observed a specimen of the most unkillful plagiarism. A person calling himself Dal N. A. WILLIAMS, residence unindicated, has had the hardihood to copy and publish in the afore-mentioned periodical the celebrated poem from the pen of GEORGE D. PRENTICE, (a favorite son of the Sacred Nine,) entitled "The Closing Year," as an original offspring from his own pill-scented brain. The Dr. however, has paid Kentucky's most gifted poet a well-merited but unwritten compliment, for so faultless did he find the poem referred to, he adopted its fatherhood, as its author had prepared it, pruned only of a few of its

brightest inherent beauties through a prudent deference, we presume, to the super-excellence of his own genius!

This instance of literary pilfering, though ludicrous, and easily detected, deserves our unmixed contempt. It is seldom we encounter any plunderer who so little understands the power of turning his booty to a good account as Dr. Williams. Literary men of all parties are growing impatient of such insufferable nuisances, as the one we have just discovered, and it is the duty of all who are anxious for the purity of the national taste, and for the honor of the literary character, to join in discountenancing such complementable trickery.

If this professed son of Esculapius be as awkward in the use of his lance or forceps as he is in literary empiricism, we pity the victim who shall fall under his practise.—The insatiable gripe of poverty may be an excuse for sheep-stealing, but how a man, a man of delicacy and spirit, can justify himself in the committal of such larceny as we have proven upon the subject of this exposure, we are at a loss to divine.—*Wes. Recorder.*

BEGIN RIGHT.

If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin it right; otherwise, you will have to take it in pieces and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful at first to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farther out of the way.

Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, you will be all the time going out of way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labor will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have done.

Do you ask, "How shall I begin right?"

The wisest of men has said, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The, "fear of the Lord" is piety. The way to begin life aright is, first of all to seek God, and make it your first and chief business to serve him, and then everything else will come out right.

TESTIMONY OF AN ATHEIST REFUSE.—In the U. S. Circuit Court, on Wednesday, Judge Sprague refused to allow Walter Hunt, of New York, to testify in the sewing machine patent case, on the ground that he was an Atheist.

THE UNDECISIVE CHARACTER.

A person of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in *his* way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, and in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with much facility or confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued, *if* his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were in this or the other point, different from what they are: or if fortune had showed her favors on him. And he gives himself as much license to complain as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused, by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life. Thus he is occupied, instead of catching with a vigilant eye, and seizing with a strong hand, all the possibilities of his actual situation.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, puny force of some cause, about as powerful, you would have supposed, as a spider, may make a capture of the hapless boaster the very next moment, and triumphantly exhibit the futility of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and his will. He belongs to whatever can seize him and innumerable things do actually verify their claims on him as he tries to go along, as twigs and chips, floating near the edge of a river, are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it, *if* the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the week, will let him. As his character precludes all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his veils and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge the next day's proceedings are at the disposal of the winds and clouds.

This man's opinions and determinations always depend very much on other human beings; and what chance for consistency and stability, while the persons with whom he may converse, or transact, are so various? This very evening he may talk with a man whose sentiments will melt away

the present form and outline of his purposes, however firm and defined he may have fancied them to be. A succession of persons whose faculties were stronger than his own might, in spite of his irresolute reaction, take him and dispose of him as they pleased. An infirm character practically confesses itself made for subjection, and the man so constituted passes, like a slave, from owner to owner.—*Foster.*

LIFE AND DEATH OF AN OYSTER.—The life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of material ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords, and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air.

Its first appearance is a microscope oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes, flanking a mouth and shoulders unencumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down, as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oysters-bed to oysters-bed, and, if in luck, so as to escape the watchful enemies that lie in wait or prow about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickening through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all times—a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the glutony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him, unresisting, to the busy cities and hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feast. If a sturdy, thick-backed strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious mouth of a street fish-monger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger.—*London Quarterly Review.*

THE TRIAL OF MR. TONGUE.

Mr. Tongue was charged with being "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and in proof of the charge, the law books produced, and a passage cited from James iii. 8.

The defendant replied, that if it were not for Mr. Heart, who lived a little way below him, he should be as innocent as Mr. Nose, or the Messrs. Eyes, and in support of his position, he cited a passage from the same law book, Matt. 18.

The court decided that the defence was a sound one, and that nothing really good could be expected from Mr. Tongue until a radical change had taken place in his neighbor Heart.

If our young readers approve of this decision, we advise them to have the Mr. Heart that lives nearest to them set right as soon as possible, as it will make all the difference in the world with the whole neighborhood.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND HENRY CLAY.—The *Boston Journal* thus alludes to the duel between John Randolph and Henry Clay: "The particulars of the duel are well known. The eccentric descendant of Pocahontas appeared on the ground in a huge morning gown. This garment constituted such a vast circumference, that the locality of the swarthy Senator, was at least a matter of very vague conjecture. The parties exchanged shots, and the ball of Mr. Clay, hit the centre of the visible object, but Mr. Randolph was not there! The latter had fired in the air, and immediately after the exchange of shots he walked up to Mr. Clay, parted the folds of his gown, pointed to the hole where the bullet of the former had pierced his coat, and, in the shrillest tones of his piercing voice exclaimed. "MR CLAY, you owe me a coat,—you owe me a coat!" to which Mr. Clay replied in a voice of slow and solemn emphasis, at the same time pointing directly at Mr. Randolph's heart, "Mr. Randolph, I thank God that I am no deeper in your debt!"

WHAT IS LIFE?

We are sensible that we live. We feel the principle of LIFE within us; this thinking, sentient being never dies; the Great Author of nature will bring to their eventual consummation this world and all that belongs to it, but *we shall still live*. The hour of time's dissolution shall come, yet we live. Eternity shall roll on and on, while we continue to live. Strange, seeming paradox—we die, nevertheless *live*, always live and never die!

"Life, what is it?"

How complicate, how wonderful is man!
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust;
Helpless immortal, insect infinite!"

I suppose the mind, in its limited capacity, incapable of grasping all that is involved in the great realities to which life gives birth, as affecting our interests and destiny, in view of eternity's vastness and immensity. What thoughts are suggested! how confounding and overpowering! But life here, ere we reach that dark river from beyond which none have ever returned to tell or aught reveal, has much to excite reflection.

From the Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.
THE TORN KITE, OR MY MOTHER'S
PORTRAIT.

A TETCH.

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

I was quite young when my mother died, a mere child, but I loved her dearly, and felt when I saw her laid in the grave, that I had lost a friend, whose place in my little heart no one else could fill. My aunts, to whose care I was then confided, were very kind to me, and did their best to soothe my sorrow. They brought me new toys, and books, and sweetmeats, all those things that children love to possess, but for a long time I would not be comforted, and cried for the return of her who lay silent in the grave. I missed the touch of her soft hand upon my head, for O, whose touch is like a mother's, and the sweet sound of her voice, as she pronounced my name. It was the mother I missed, and the whole world could have given me nothing like her or equal to her.

But childhood is too happy and buoyant a season to be always sad. The dark clouds of grief cleared away at last from my sky, and the sunshine came back to dry my tears, and waken again my spirit to life and joy. The mother was not forgotten, but the boy who had lost her had ceased to pine for her presence. Three years rolled away, and the third from the period of my mother's death carried with it the anniversary of my tenth birthday. I had returned from school one afternoon, weary and in a fretful humor, for I had recited an indifferent lesson, and incurred my teachers displeasure. As I entered the yard, who should I see standing in the pathway, but my little cousin, Alfred, with my kite, my new and precious, and, in my eyes beautiful kite, nearly torn to pieces, and with his hands full of shreds and fragments of paper; which he was scattering upon the grass. Enraged at the sight, I flung down my satchel of books, and rushed towards him. There was a picture of an Indian upon the kite, and the body had all been torn away, leaving only a portion of the head. Blinded with anger and passion, I struck the little fellow a blow with one hand, which sent him reeling from me, while with the other, I snatched the kite, and seeing at a glance its hopeless ruin, dropped it upon the ground.

Alfred screamed violently, for the blow had hurt him, but I did not care for that; I was too angry; and I ran away into the house, and entering the parlor, shut the

door violently, and throwing myself upon the carpet, gave way to the tide of wrathful sorrow that flooded my soul.

But by degrees I became a little calmed. The parlor was cool and dark, for the shutters had been nearly closed to exclude light and heat; and its still, grateful atmosphere refreshed and soothed the wearying strife of my spirit. After the hurricane of passion comes the still, but no less powerful, season of remorse. Ungovernable fury always recoils upon itself, producing shame and regret.

I raised my eyes and looked around me. At first the room seemed very dark, but when my sight had become a little accustomed to its obscurity, certain objects became somewhat distinct. It was an old-fashioned house that I lived in, and the shutters had been made whole, with the exception of a little aperture cut in the shape of a heart, near the top of each one. Through these came a few straggling rays of light, falling upon me, upon the furniture of the room. Directly opposite the shutters which emitted the most brilliant light of all, being in the line of the setting sun, hung a portrait, the portrait of my mother. As my tearful glance fell upon it, the face seemed illuminated, and the large soft eyes looked lovingly down upon me as they had done often, oh, how often in years gone by. And I thought, as I gazed earnestly up at her, that there was a reproachful sorrow in the tenderness of her glance, such as I had seen before when I had given way to the violence of passion while she was alive. The words which she uttered at such times, echoed in my ears with such distinctness, that I seemed truly to hear her repeat them again, "Remember, my dear boy, never, never to let the sun go down upon your wrath." The right chord had been touched in my soul, and I melted at once into penitence and tears. The memory of my mother's words brought back with power at the sight of her countenance, subdued me, and my anger vanished away.

She was dead, but she still had power over me, for the memory of the words she had uttered, the counsel she gave me, the prayers she offered in my behalf had been written on my heart in characters which would never fade.

The sight of that dear face brought them all back, and the lion was transformed into a lamb. In obedience to her own advice I fell upon my knees, and prayed to God to forgive my passionate, wicked heart, and help me to control it in days to come. I could scarcely bear to leave the dear portrait, so beautiful, so full of love,

did the sweet face now seem, as the light still played upon the canvass before me, but when I did go away, it was to seek little Alfred, and with many kisses and acts of kindness, endeavor to atone for my unjust violence, and wipe the memory of it from his mind.

My Mother's Portrait! how often afterward I sought the room where it hung, to gaze upon it, not only when a sense of wrong roused the slumbering passions of my soul, but when my boyish trials and griefs seemed to me a heavy burden, and I missed the encouraging smile and voice of her who would have helped me to bear them well, or shown me how they might be cast aside. Even after I arrived at the period of manhood, the portrait was still as dear to me as ever, and from those loving eyes, came forth the same mysterious power to soothe my waywardness and cheer the sorrows of my heart. It existed not truly in the painting—there was no spirit in the skillfully combined colors, no soul in the silent canvass, but the life I saw there was the reflection of that which existed in my soul, where her image was graven, and from whence it beamed forth in acts of love and self-control, the fruits of the seed she scattered before she passed from earth forever.

The good mother never dies. She will live in the sons and daughters she leaves behind her, and in those who come after them, till the end of time. Precious is the memory of such; yes, more precious than rubies, and dearer than a legacy of the finest gold.

READ THE SCRIPTURES WITH A PURE INTENTION.—In reading the Scriptures with a view to personal application, we should be careful that it be done with a pure intention. The scribes and pharisees searched the Scriptures, yet without deriving any real benefit from them; they thought they had eternal life in them; yet they would not come to Christ that they might have life. He, however, who peruses the sacred volume merely for the purpose of amusing himself with the history it contains, or of beguiling time, or to tranquilize his conscience by the discharge of a mere external duty, is deficient in the motive with which he performs his duty, and cannot expect to derive from it either advantage or comfort amid the trials of life. Neither will it suffice to read the Scriptures with a mere desire of becoming intimately acquainted with the sacred truths, unless such reading be accompanied with a desire that, through them, he may be convinced of his self-love, ambition, or other faults, to which he may be peculiarly exposed, and that, by the assistance of divine grace, he may be enabled to root them out of his mind.—Bishop Horne.

A PICTURE OF PRIESTCRAFT.

BY FATHER GAVAZZI.

It is not merely at the bedside of the dying that clerical meddlers come to curse or to "convey." It is not merely in public politics they presume, but intrude into the household business of every-day life, and invade the privacy of every man's home with loathsome and pestilent pertinacity. They will dictate to a father of a family what school he is to select for his sons, and quote canon law for the infraction of the simplest laws of human society and of God, the common Father of all, and founder of the sacred rights of paternity. What else is this canon law but an attempt to invalidate all human legislation, and to confound Christianity, in its relation to secular communities, with the exploded and superseded theory of the Jews? Are not the doctrines of Christ compatible in the view of the divine Redeemer with every form of government? Is not that the essence and boast of Catholicity? Whence, then, is the Vatican at war with every free country, with Belgium, with Sardinia, with England, at peace with the despotisms of Kaiser and the Czar? Catholic Poland is manacled by the encyclicals of old Gregory, and ruthlessly delivered up to his brother Pope of Petersburg, while to the Kaiser our own heavenly land is offered in holocaust of treacherous and ignominious homage to papal felony. Truly canon law reigns at Rome; a model land for prize legislation, where terror walks the streets, and the spy lurks at every key-hole; where social intercourse is a snare, and the domestic outbodings of the family circle so much grist for the mill of the confessional; where the greetings in the market-place are noted down by the moonday devils of the police, and the shafts of venomous denunciation are shot at random in every man's pathway; the luxury of hidden woe, and indulgence of deepest dye; and a clandestine press the only outlet of the national despair. One channel alone was open for the energies of the country to find issue; the public robber was abroad; the brigand, like the owl of Sultan Mahmoud, blessed the clerical government for unprotected villages and the utter dissolution of society. The banded plunderers of Hassatore have established a formidable competition with the sacerdotal speculators of the capital, and set up a rival canon law, equally disastrous, but not more at variance with the rights and immunities of the public. For after all, what consolation is it to the dispossessed and defrauded citizens, that the brigand who makes free with their chattels and personal liberty wears a head-gear of conical shape, with a jaunty feather, and perhaps an image of the winking Madonna for luck, or robs and plunders in a hat shaped like a bee-hive, with a cross on the top of it, and calls it a tiara. A pair of apostolic keys thrust under the nose of the victim are found quite as efficacious as a brace of pistols to make folks stand and deliver. What matters it that the bands of Passatore are only native outlaws, driven to the sad trade of robbery by the forcible extirpation of every honest industry, and the crushing and withering effects of priestly domination; while the bands which the other brigand has brought to get on the country are transalpine violators of international law, and regimental aliens who rob in uniform? The French gang, with the gallantry of their nation, are content to work as assassins, but the Austrian foot-pads insist on their hue of the "poo-

and go hawkes with the priestly tax-gatherer, the Friar Tuck of Italy. Can this atrocious farce go on in the eye of civilized mankind? No; by the God of justice! The end is at hand. The doom of the House of Hapsburg and of the pope-dom hastens to its final catastrophe, with swift and precipitate audacity. Broken and bankrupt both, they have both outlived the means of their respective livelihoods, and as they were equally lovely in their lives, so in their death they shall not be divided, the crash is inevitable. The whole human race is preparing to clap hands on their joint and associated down-fall.—Hear ye not the ill suppressed throes of their agony, and the death-rattle in their throats?—Are not the symptoms of their dissolution, the moribund groan of their decrepit senility, visible and audible to mankind? The funeral toll of St. Stephen's belfry is re-echoed by every steeple in broad Bohemia, in Hungary, in the cathedral of Lombardy, and the great bell of the Capitol begins to swing in sympathetic vibration. Bayonets and bankruptcy, bayonets and bigotry, the changes have been rung to the disgust and abhorrence of the whole family of man. Prussia, for very shame, must shake off the pestilential connection; even Turkey, tired of being the common jailer of Christendom, asserts the higher manliness of Mohammedanism, and taunts us with the lost glories of Goliath and lion-hearted Richard. Free and independent America had, by the majestic organ of Daniel Webster, expressed the full scorn of the Western hemisphere for that wretched Russian flunkey, Joseph of Hapsburg, the Romulus Augustulus of the holy Roman Empire. To live and reign by the grace of God and Cossacks is a contemptible line of livelihood, but the kindred existence of the popadom is reduced to expedients of still more despicable turpitude. The quackeries of miraculous imposture are the fitting concomitants and appliances of a system of which the rotten crutches are the crumplings Franzoni in Turin, the traitor Marille in Switzerland, and that transparent Tartuffe, Montalembert, in France.

The cheers elicited by these eloquent sentences were tremendous; and when Father Gavazzi wound up with the following eloquent peroration, the excitement of the audience mounted to enthusiasm.

The French are incapable of a serious emotion, or they would feel the importance to England of the present movement, worthy of the great and thoughtful nation in which it occurs, and caused by no trivial alarm. Let France look to her own condition.—By what insidious arts and persevering craft has she not been dragged down from her special position to be a mere instrument of papal tyranny abroad, with a Roman expedition, *a l'interieur*, in full progress at home.

Here began a splendid and highly poetical description of the great Norwegian whirlpool called the Maelstrom;

—buoyant on whose circling eddies the ship of France was very visible, though every hour sucked closer and closer into the central vortex, where it was doomed to be engulfed and disappear.—Such was its present position with reference to the Papacy. Was not the British vessel sailing beyond the influence of this dreadful phenomenon, warranted in crowding all sail to keep still further aloof from the focus of destruction?—England sees the degradation of its neighbors, sees the operation of priestcraft, and smells the pestilential odor of the Vatican in the breeze that is wafted over the channel.

England instinctively feels that these foreign bishops bode no good either to her spiritual or temporal concerns. They come in flagrant violation or evasion of British laws; they enter not at the door, but, robber-wise by the window; emissaries of a power which, like the "Old Man of the Mountain," whose name is given to assassins, sends forth its satellies, if not to poignard kings, certainly to strangle the liberty of nations that are free to act as a remora to the onward march of civilization; a clog to progress; a drag on the social wheel in its joyous gyrations. Discord has already been the first result; blood has been shed at Birkenhead. What heeds the court of Rome the social evil of her handiwork? She seeks the pomp and pride of her delegates, reckless of consequences to the land they invade. Wherever there is wealth to gain, whether from the imbecility of her votaries when alive, or at the pillow of dying opulence, her agents are at hand—speculators when they are not spies. Men of England, bless your Queen for repelling, in the face of Europe, these skirmishes of the forlorn hope of a foreign power.

So ended the lecture, leaving the auditory to wonder how such a mind as Father Gavazzi's should have been imprisoned an instant in the Romish Church. May he speedily break from its bondage, and employ his genius in a sphere where men love the light of Christianity, and shun errors gloom.—*Pen and Ink Pictures of the English Pulpit.*

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

At a called meeting of Mt. Moriah Lodge, No 18, on the 6th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, to wit:

Death has again invaded our sacred circle of friends and brothers; our lamented Brother THOMAS M. EDWARDS, is no more! He departed this life at his residence, in this city, on the 5th inst., at 6½ o'clock P. M., after a protracted and painful illness. From this inscrutable decree of an infinitely wise providence; we are again admonished with unerring fidelity that as "Leaves have their times to fall—flowers to wither and decay—and stars their periods to set," so death claims all seasons for its visitations to man.—Brother EDWARDS was a true and genuine Mason, possessing those qualities eminently fitting him for the association of "friendship and virtue."

In his life, action, and demeanor, he exemplified the excellencies of morality and virtue; and in his death he gave abundant testimony of the power of Christianity, and the triumph of faith over the darkness of the grave.

Resolved, therefore, that while we most sincerely sympathize with his family in their sad and afflicting bereavement, while we lament most deeply the loss of so worthy a brother, and so bright an ornament to the Masonic fraternity, yet we bow in humble submission to the Great Architect of the Universe, in whose hands are the destinies of men.

Resolved, that we will attend the mortal remains of our deceased brother, to their final resting place.

Resolved, that as a further token to the memory of the deceased we will wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, that the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in all the papers in this city, and that a copy thereof be presented to the family of the deceased.

JOS. B. PALMER, W. M.

W. R. McFADDEN, Sec.

Tom Hood, says there is no animal in Germany more inhospitably used than the Jew. He is wrong depicted, and hoisted at—He is robbed, taxed, and spit upon, and all for what?—be cause he believes in the Old Testament, and would eat pork sausages.

THE LOST BANK NOTE.

A—was an irreligious man nearly sixty years of age. He had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language. One day last winter he lost a bank note in his barn. He sought for it several times, but did not find it. At length he said to himself—"That note is in the barn, and I will search for it till I find it." Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved straw and hay after hay, till he found the note.

He had told me two months before that he knew that his soul was not right with God, and intended to live a better life and seek salvation. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note he sat, by the fire burning on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked:

"What must one do to become a Christian?"
 "You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank note."

She said no more. It was "a word fitly spoken." He tried to follow the direction, and thinks that, through the grace and mercy of Christ, he has found the pearl of great price, and prejudices in the hope and glory of God.

A LESSON FOR FARMERS.—All the Bible is full of promises to those who trust in God. A man must either believe the promises or give up the Bible, if he is honest with himself, and there are circumstances in the occupation of a farmer which should remind him continually of this, and make him more trustful and libed. I can hardly imagine a good man going forth into his fields, and seeing the hope of the next year laid in the ground, without remembering, at times, such striking passages as these:—"There is that seedeth, and yet increaseth;" "He that soweth little shall reap plenteously." Moreover, the whole harvest so evidently the work of God, from first to last. The manufacturer, if his produce is bad, justly taxes his men or machinery. The tradesman, if he loses, blames his want of foresight, or his unprincipled customers. But the farmer, having the best land, the best workmen, the best tools, the best seed, the longest experience, is still in the greatest uncertainty from first to last. Circumstances, which he can neither foresee, nor foresee, control, keep him venally in God's hands—and, if he is wise, he should be resigned and trustful, be his fortune what it may. The worm, the caterpillar, the fly, or drought and rain, cold and heat—his friends if they fall at the prospering moment, render all his labors doubtful to the end. And therefore, being so entirely manifestly in God's hands, he should rest satisfied, and neglect his duty, confident that he is more likely to prosper, even though his aims are what the world would consider rash—but not rash, because they are given to Him, and with faith in Him from whom he holds all that he enjoys.—*Heggate.*

THE BIRD AND THE MAIDEN.

A summer bird that has lingered late in the autumn, leaving his timid footprint in the first fall of snow, ever reminds us of that delicate fair one, in light thin slippers, on a cold icy pavement. The bird, however, can escape to a warmer clime, and in the spring it can re-appear; but the lady is on that journey from which there is no return. The music of the bird may again gladden its native tree; but her voice will not again cheer the hearth of her home. The badges of sorrow and the slowly returning hearse will soon tell what that slipper has done. It has taken from us in the bloom of life one that we loved, but would not listen to the voice of admonition. Her bright days are now passed; the light of her countenance has fled, and the night of the grave carries the deep couch of her repose. But a voice speaks tenderly from that grave to those whom she has left behind; it whispers the admonition which she disregarded.—Shall that whisper not be heard? It is a sister's voice that pleads.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Kossuth.—The New York Herald, speaking of Kossuth, says, "We are in possession of some very curious documents, giving an insight into the secret movements of Kossuth before he left this country for England, his plan of operations there, and his schemes on his return to this coun-

try in the fall. These papers present him in the light of a swiftness politician of a very small calibre, and are highly interesting and amusing."

MARRIED.—On Monday evening, by Rev. S. D. Baldwin, Mr. MARION T. McFARLIN to Miss EMILY MCKINLEY—all of this city.

DIED.—On Thursday evening, Mr. THOMAS M. EDWARDS, an esteemed citizen of this place. He was buried yesterday by the Masons and Sons of Temperance.

SOULE FEMALE COLLEGE,
Murfreesborough.

THE 3d. Session of this Institution will commence on the 1st Monday in September next.

FACULTY.

Rev. I. RANDOLPH FINLEY, D. D., President.
 Miss P. JANE RAYMOND, Assistants in College.
 Miss P. RAYMOND, Gate Department.
 Miss MATILDA HENDERSON, Assistant in Preparatory Department.

Professor HOFFMAN, Teacher of "Instrumental and vocal Music."

The Corps of Teachers will be increased whenever necessary, so as at all times to have a full and sufficient number.

TERMS.

As heretofore, without change.

BOARDING.

In the family of the President at \$40 per session of five months.

D. D. WENDEL, Sec. Bd. Trus.
 Murfreesboro', July 10, 1852.

DR. MCQUELOCH.
 (OFFICE ON SHELBYVILLE PIKE.)
 FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE,
 Murfreesborough, Tenn.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned tenders his services to his friends and the public generally for the treatment of all kinds of Ulcers, Tumors, Cancers, Sore Eyes, Rheumatic Pains, Scrofula, White Swellings, Dyspepsia, &c.

As an evidence of his success in the treatment of the above mentioned diseases he has in his possession a great many certificates and letters from persons who have been permanently cured—some of many years standing. The public is referred to several of the names of my fellow citizens who have witnessed the effects of my medicine on cases who have placed themselves under treatment. In cases of cancer it is essential the patients come to Murfreesborough, my place of residence, and remain until the cancer is killed and the roots taken out. Those who are afflicted with this most fearful disease, if they desire a speedy relief would do well to avail themselves of services as soon as possible.—There is one thing connected with this disease, that all who are afflicted should understand. When the flesh becomes cancered, to effect a cure, the cancered flesh must all be removed; this my medicine does without giving any pain to the patient, and does not destroy or injure the sound flesh. It is painful only when it comes in contact with the quick when the cancer is removed. The longer the cancer is permitted to spread the greater will be the loss of flesh, and a longer time required to effect a cure.

R. W. JANUARY.
 Murfreesboro' Tenn., July 17, 1852.

A Chance for Purchasers.

I wish to sell my two valuable lots in Murfreesborough. One is situated on church street, adjoining the residence of Dr. Wheeler, fronting 75 feet and running back 130 feet, with a fine dwelling and other improvements. The other is situated on the Manchester Turnpike, near the residence of H. C. Carter, fronting 140 feet, running back 200 feet. On this there is a comfortable dwelling. These lots will be sold on accommodating terms. For further particulars, inquire of me, at the Charleston Eating House, near the Depot.
 July 3 CHARLES WATTS.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
 NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
 (Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)
 Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
 IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine,
 Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
 Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars,
 Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent
 Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental
 Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for
 Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Per-
 cussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches,
 Sado or Mineral Water, &c., &c. Jan 3

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
 South Side the Public Square,
 4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

W. R. McFADDEN,
 Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,

Corner of Main Street and the Square,
HAS received his stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which embraces almost every article kept in his line, to which he respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public. He offers great inducements to cash purchasers or to punctual dealers on time. Thankful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received.
 April 15, 1852.

CHURCH BELLS.

 **CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, AND LOCOMOTIVE BELLS** constantly on hand. And *Pells or Chimes* (of any number) cast to order. Improved Cast-iron Yokes, with movable arms, are attached to these Bells, so that they may be adjusted to ring easily and properly, and Springs also, which prevent the clapper from resting on the Bell; thereby prolonging its sound. Hangings complete (including Yoke, Frame and Wheel,) furnished if desired.

An experience of 30 years in this business by their late father, enabled him to ascertain the best form for Bells, the combination of metals, and degree of heat requisite for securing in them the greatest solidity, strength, and most melodious tones; which improvements, together with his very extensive assortment of patterns, are now held by the subscribers, who have grown up in the business, and who will use every endeavor to sustain reputation which the establishment has heretofore enjoyed, both in this and foreign countries; the bells from which have repeatedly received the highest awards of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society and American Institute; and at which were completed Chimes and heavy Alarm Bells for different parts of the Union and Canada.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS will still be manufactured by the Subscribers, of which they will have constantly on hand an assortment of Transit Instruments, Levels, Surveyors' Compasses, (plain, nonious and improved,) &c. Also Brass or Composition of any size cast to order. All communications promptly attended to.

ANDREW MCNEELY'S SONS.
 West Troy, Alb. Co., N. Y. 1851.

W. A. & R. D. REED
HAVE associated themselves together for the purpose of continuing and extending the Book Business in this city, at the old stand occupied by R. D. Reed.

We expect shortly to receive a large addition to the present stock.

We solicit Teachers, Pupils, country Merchants, and the public generally, to call and examine over our stock of Books before purchasing elsewhere. Respectfully
 W. A. & R. D. REED.
 -16-3m

WINDOW BLINDS & DOORS.—For sale by
 D. D. DICKEY.

D. W. TAYLOR & CO., Printers,
 TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
 Spring Street, South-west Corner of the Square

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, AUGUST 30, 1852.

NO. 23.

[From the Home Journal.]
MAMMOTH CAVE.

DEAR MORRIS: We were three miles under ground at the close of my last letter, and the subterranean river called "Lethe" was before us. The voyage looked untempting. A shallow skiff waited to receive us, and the stream, black as ink under the dim glare of our lamps, disappeared suddenly around a corner of rock, leaving all that was beyond entirely to the imagination. Dark and gloomy cliffs walled in and roofed over the entrance. Not a weed, nor a ripple, nor a sound, nor a breath of air, gave token of life farther on. It was to be a launch into black darkness.

And the worst of it was, that we were to leave behind us all that was particularly young and lovely, in our party. The one lady who had accompanied us thus far, held a side conference with her husband while the lamps were being trimmed, (they were a newly married couple, we understand,) and the result was a decision to leave Oblivion for the present untempted. There was a spare guide, fortunately.—He could return with them to daylight and the bridal moon. They waited kindly to see us off, however, and really, as they stood with their swinging lamps on the receding shore, the lovely bride smiling and joyous, and with one little foot already turned from under her short petticoats to retrace her steps, I thought, lights, groupings and all, I never had seen a more dramatic picture. We dropped silently down the stream, with our lamps hidden in the bottom of the skiff—Stephen's slouched beaver, raven mustache and large melancholy eyes looking even more poetical than old Charon, as he shoved from the shore—and in the next minute we were hidden from view, afloat and alone on a breathless and rayless river. And thus romantic is the first launch upon Lethe!—Be comforted, oh many bards!

The passage of the Lethe is like an aisle of a cathedral, a mile long, traversed with a lamp at midnight. The gliding between its gray walls in a boat silently and without effort, adds a strange mysteriousness to its effect. The ceiling of the arched rock, which roofs it in, varies from twenty to forty feet in height; and, half way up, runs a shelving gallery, as designedly architectural as a thing could well seem; and, along under this gallery, is a succession of empty niches of the

shape commonly constructed for busts—a natural Westminster Abbey for the likenesses of disappointed politicians, which makes its name, as the river of forgetfulness, singularly felicitous. "Salt River," you will remember, is but sixty miles from this.

There is a short interruption of a sand-bank after the first quarter of a mile, and crossing this, we took another boat and resumed our glide down the dark river.—From the remarkable echoes along this last mile or three-quarters, Stephen gives it the separate name of Echo River—but this seems a needless multiplying of names, for it is all one stream, and Lethe is (if anything is) a name for continuance. We stopped oar and tried echo. There seemed to be remote caves which only answered upon very long and deliberate reflection—yet as sweetly as reluctantly.—Stephen sang a sorrow song, and the echo of the first line came back about the time of the fourth. It struck me that it would be a pretty thing to imitate a duett—suspending the last line while the leading sentiment, (say a struggle against the river's tide of forgetfulness,) recurs with a mournful echo. My brother the composer will build good music for such a song, and you can do the words, being as good at that. If a passenger down Lethe is wanted, I am good at most kinds of victim, and will do that part of it. So copyright your tears, my dear Morris, and begin.

The dead silence with which we floated downward most of the way—Stephen having a fine idea of the dramatic, and suspending oar and voice for very effective intervals—was far more affecting and impressive than I can well give you an idea of. It was like the pathos in a play. I thought an interlude might be agreeable, and having seen the handle of a pistol in the pocket of our *comme il faut* companion from New Orleans, I asked leave to try the echo with a discharge. Chapultepec! what a roar! The immediate thunder was like the coming down of the rocks about our ears, but the long-continued and far-off reverberations seemed to tell of that had never before been reached or found utterance. I have omitted to mention that there is an avenue called "Purgatory," which runs parallel with the river; and the loudest echoes were doubtless from that. Whether it was a disturbance, or an agreeable variety, to the spirits who thus groined back their

answers, we had no "medium" to tell us! It seemed as if the echoes would never be done. Silence after a while, however—and silence—and silence. The grass must stop growing; and the stars hold their breath, to give you, above ground, any idea of that silence.

My companions expressed great regret at disembarking from the breathless river of Oblivion. Even the lively Professor, who was making a pedestrian tour on the other side of the Styx, (your side,) resumed his legs and his lamp very unwillingly for the dark explorings beyond. I was the last to leave the boat, being probably the most tired of the party, but contriving to be the least, throughout the trip, for the sake of adding my friends and their procession of lamps to the beauty of the picture. However splendid the avenue or the dome, a foreground of half a dozen illuminated figures is a great embellishment—I record it as a hint to any reader who may visit the cave after me.

Picking a corner of a stone, for every step one takes, makes a mile very long, besides keeping one's eyes and enthusiasm more busy with one's toes than with the surrounding scenery. Stephen called my attention to the even loftiness of the roof of "Silliman's Avenue," (forty feet high,) but only remember that it was as "Long as a pilgrimage on peas to Rome."

And, of a tedious labyrinth called "The Infernal Regions," I remember nothing but Stephen's cautions against stumbling into pits. We stopped in one large opening called "Cascade Hall," where there is an anonymous waterfall, heard but never seen. We turned a spacious corner which singularly resembles the hull of a ship, and is called "The Great Western."—"Ole Bull's Concert Room" is just beyond, and here we sat down and listened to Stephen's very graphic description of the romantic Dane's underground performance. Geo. D. Prentice, the poet-editor, was present, with his wife, and, except the "spirits-whose walk is there," I understood Stephen to say there was no other audience. Those applauded who had the wherewithal. The reverberations were fine.—The hall is eighty feet wide and sixty feet high, and three unexplored passages open from it in different directions. Ole Bull seemed very much excited, and gave Stephen new ideas of the agility of music. As the Dane walked back seven miles through the woods, (af-

ter his departure from the Cave Hotel,) to take one more pilgrimage underground, he doubtless found it a genial atmosphere for his wild nature. I forgot, when at Louisville, to ask Prentice about that trans-Lethan performance, but he ought to record his impression of it. Ole-Bulliana will be interesting, by the time the Cave finds its poet and historian.

Our Danish Professor, with his wit and eccentricity, had given us an occasional half-mile of uproarious laughter on the way, and when we came to a stalactite singularly like a suspended crown, we placed him under it and unanimously elected him Emperor—Keppen the First.—To make a bad pun, his long blonde mustache looked sufficiently *de-Cear* for the occasion. This gentleman, by the way, has been for several years one of King Otho's Professors at Athens; and, stored as his mind seems to be with information on every scientific subject, and speaking half a dozen languages with perfect fluency, I should suppose him and his Lectures valuable additions to our community. His knowledge also of real life, (as different from the same thing in books as figs before packing,) would be a valuable ingredient in the compound of a College Faculty. He has been lecturing at Brown University, and more recently at New Orleans.

Great wonders but weary nites. "The Pass of El Ghor" I mentally promised to remember and admire, with more strength and better leisure. The "Hanging Rocks," "Martha's Vineyard," "Black Hole of Calcutta," and "Elindo Avenue," I duly recognized at Stephen's request, as remarkable things and places—hoping, all the while, that the next announcement would be the kindly rock on which we were to dine. The eighth mile, I observed, was a procession performed in profound silence, lamps no longer lifted to admire, nor fingerings made to examine and philosophize. The Cave is too large and too long. Its nine miles, in one iteration of wonder, are like nine dinners in a day. Writing this as I do, in hungry abstinence of distance from the spot, it seems to me as if any one of those numberless halls and sparry grottoes which we tracked so wearily with little notice, would be a feat to see. Yet, at the time, I would have exchanged twice the sublimity of any one of them for a look into Stephen's basket.

But the chocolate slouched hat, everlastingly preceding in the distance, "rounded to," at last. Our long single file of stumblers stumbled into a group, and stood surveying, with expressions of strong interest, a tabular ridge of rock, situated (Stephen assured us) in "Washington Hall." For Washington and his Hall we should feel enthusiasm, perhaps, with something in our stomachs whereon to place it; but our gaze, for the moment, was on the basket being unstrapped from Stephen's shoulders, and on the vicker flask which looked defiance to the State of Mine, out of his trousers' pocket.—The rock we stood around looked historical. Champagne and the ale bottles

were piled here and there in stacks, eloquent of destinies fulfilled beyond the Sixx—poets first uncorked when underground. A small sprig of mint, of flavor truly delicious in that dry air, lay on a crag—evidence of some julep, doubtless provoking reminiscent, which had been drank in presence of the spirits hereabouts. There were crusts of bread and bits of chickens; and of some of these last, still sweet, Stephen told us the posthumous age, providing that meats do not become corrupt in an atmosphere of that degree of dryness. Some of the gentlemen and ladies who had dined there, had left their cards sticking the cracks of the rock. I could have wished for a seat, and a soft one, near the table; but we were accommodated upon sharp corners of crags, at various distances, and, for every fresh bone to pick, we were obliged to walk. It was an active performance, however.

If one could most describe what he most enjoys in travel, (alas! no!) I should enlarge upon this dinner eaten at eight miles from daylight. Sun or moon would scarcely have improved it. Our guide modestly remembered that he was a slave, and, after spreading the repast under the weight of which he had toiled so far, he seated himself at a distance; but, remembering his merits and all the geology and history he had given us on the way, we voted him to the "first table," by an immediate and general remonstrance. Our friend from New Orleans had provided claret which had an unexpected affinity with the climate under ground—(worth making a note of.) And all was brightened by the Professor's mingled fun and wisdom.

Having got you into the Cave, I must get you out of it, my dear Morris, but there are mummies and mammoths, and many a wonder yet to tell of, and this letter will scarce give the room. You shall see daylight in my next.

Yours, etc.,

N. P. W.

GOD RECONCILED IN CHRIST.

When you look through a red glass, (says Leighton,) the whole heavens seem bloody; but through pure uncolored glass, you receive the clear light that is so refreshing and comfortable to behold. When sin unpardoned is between, and we look on God through that, we can perceive nothing but anger and enmity in his countenance; but make Christ once the medium, our pure Redeemer, and through him, as clear transparent glass, the beams of God's favorable countenance shine in upon the soul. The Father cannot look upon his well-beloved son, but graciously and pleasantly. God looks on us out of Christ, sees us rebels, and fit to be condemned; we look on us, but when Christ is between, God looks on us in him as justified, and we look on God in him as pacified, and see the smiles of his favorable countenance. Take Christ out, all is terrible; interpose him, all is full of peace.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

Last evening, as we were walking leisurely along Clark street, the music of the choirs in three Churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new tunes and strange tunes, but, one. And that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but awakened a train of long-buried memories, that rose to us even as they were, ere the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it. It was sweet old Corinth they were singing—strains we have seldom heard, since the rose color of life was blanched—and in a moment we were back again to the old village Church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat near the pulpit was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who, we used to think, could never die, so good was he, has concluded "application" and "exhortation," and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was Corinth.

It was years—we dare not think how many since then, and "The Prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended," and the choir is scattered and gone. The girl with the blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air; the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at night, and the eyes of the other like the same heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both became mothers, and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing Corinth still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up! There they sat Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the "leader," and to our young eyes they were passing beautiful, and to our young ears their tones were the very "soul of music."—That column bears still their pencilled names, as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183—, ere dreams of change had overcome their spirit like a summer's cloud.

Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweet old tunes have died upon the air, but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung again in sweet re-union of song that shall take place, by and by, in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pure pearl, whose floors are all gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more, for what could the choir do without them?—*Chicago Journal.*

GOOD NATURE.—Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influence? Don't let little matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross or crabbed. If a friend has injured you; if the world goes hard; if you want employment and can't get it, or can't get your honest dues, or fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruits of many years' hard toil; or your faults magnified, or enemies have traduced, or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad with anybody; don't abuse the world or any of its creatures; keep good natured and our word for it, all will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun are not more effectual in clothing the land with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the heart of men and women with blossoms of kindness and affection—those flowers, the fragrance of which ascend to heaven.

VEGETATION OF THE FROZEN REGIONS.

We take the following from a review, in the London Literary Gazette, of Seemann's "Botany of the Voyage of H. M. S. Herald, under the command of Capt. Kellett." The Herald was one of the ships engaged from 1845 to 1851 in exploring the Arctic regions; and in the search for Sir John Franklin:

"Among the more remarkable features of this uninviting region are the ice-cliffs crowned with soil and luxuriant vegetation. The following account of them will be new to most of our readers:—

"The soil is always frozen, and merely thaws during the summer, a few feet below the surface. But the thawing is by no means uniform. In peat it extends not deeper than two feet, while in other formations, especially in sand or gravel, the ground is free from frost to the depth of nearly a fathom, showing that sand is a better conductor of heat than peat or clay, and corroborating the observation of the accurate J. D. Hooker, who, after a series of experiments in India, arrived at the same conclusion. The roots of the plants, even those of the shrubs and trees, do not penetrate into the frozen subsoil. On reaching it they recoil as if they touched upon a rock through which no passage could be forced. It may be surprising to behold a vegetation flourishing under such circumstances, existing independent, it would seem, of terrestrial heat. But surprise is changed into amazement on visiting Kotzebue Sound, where, on the tops of icebergs, herbs and shrubs are thriving with a luxuriance only equalled in more favored climes. There, from Elephant to Eschscholtz Point, is a series of cliffs from seventy to ninety feet high, which present some striking illustrations of the manner in which Arctic plants grow. Three distinct layers compose these cliffs. The lower, as far as it can be seen above the ground, is ice, and from twenty to 50 feet high. The central is clay, varying in thickness from two to twenty feet, and being intermingled with remains of fossil elephants, horses, deer, and musk oxen. The clay is covered by peat, the third layer, bearing the vegetation to which it owes its existence. Every year, during July, August, and September, masses of ice melt, by which the uppermost layers are deprived of support, and tumble down. A complete chaos is thus created: ice, plants, bones, peat, clay, are mixed in the most disorderly manner. It is hardly possible to imagine a more grotesque aspect. Here are seen pieces still covered with lichens and mosses, there a shoal of earth with bushes of willows; at one place a lump of clay with senecios and polygonums, at another the remnants of the mammoth, tufts of hair, and some brown dust, which emits the smell peculiar to burial-places, and is evidently decomposed animal matter. The foot frequently stumbles over enormous osteological remains, some elephants' tusks measuring as much as twelve feet in length, and weighing more than 240 pounds. Nor is

the formation confined to Eschscholtz Bay. It is observed in various parts of Kotzebue Sound, on the river Buckland, and in other localities, making it probable that a great portion of extreme North-western America is, underneath, a solid mass of ice. With such facts before us we must acknowledge that terrestrial heat exercises but a limited and indirect influence upon vegetable life, and that to the solar rays we are mainly indebted to the existence of those forms which clothe with verdure the surface of our planet."

A curious fact is stated respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the Arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time, when, if it be not night, it ought to be; but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves, and sleep even as they do at sunset in more favored climes. "If man," observes Mr. Seemann, "should ever reach the Pole, and be undecided which way to turn, when his compass has become sluggish, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will show him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the North."

THE USES OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Religious liberty is something far higher and more important than the right to ascertain and defend whatever religious opinions one may choose to adopt. It is the bestowal by Providence of the opportunity to perform religious labor. It is a privilege conferred in order to the discharge of a sacred duty. How often do we hear thanks givings expressed—as is meet—for our exemption from the free worship of God; "that we are permitted to sit under our vine and fig tree, with none to molest us," is the frequent phrase. Now, is it quite certain that the time has come when it is permitted the Lord's servants to sit down under any vines or fig trees whatsoever?

St. Paul, in the course of his life, had some seasons of comparative religious freedom. At such times he felt summoned to special activity. He desired to visit Corinth, but denied himself the privilege because "a wide door and effectual" was opened elsewhere; therefore, said he "I will tarry at Ephesus."

In these United States there are some millions of professed disciples of Christ, who have freedom to serve their Master to the utmost of their hearts' desire: "Probably the apostle was much less favored at Ephesus, for he qualifies his observation with the words, 'and there are many adversaries.'" There are other millions destitute of the faith and hopes of the gospel

Hundreds of thousands come annually from abroad to cast in their lot with us, with immortal souls in the same moral destitution. Vast empires in the old continents are wide open, offering the same fearful motives of action. The freedom is absolute. Nothing hinders any one from saying to his neighbor, to his brother, Know the Lord.

The liberty we do well to prize and to maintain. Nay, it is to be watched for with jealous vigilance. But it is no blessing if it be not also diligently used. As no power claims religious instruction and counsel may be, so it should be, freely imparted. As no power claims to restrict it to certain places and set times, and prescribed forms, so anything like form and routine. As no order of men has a lawful monopoly of exercising spirit gifts, the humblest cannot be defrauded and ought not to defraud himself of their exercise, as opportunity is ample. The occasion is urgent. The motives are vast and overwhelming. The danger of neglect is fearful, for an account is to be rendered hereafter. While therefore, we "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," the inspired caution is to be also remembered: "*Only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"—Macedonian.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIAN MANLINESS.

A gentleman met another one Saturday, who invited him to dine with him on the day following. The answer was, "I cannot accept your kind invitation for to-morrow, for I never dine out on Sabbath.—Some years afterwards, the same gentleman was traveling in a coach, and opposite to him sat another, intently perusing a book, who no sooner looked up than he recognized him, and after the ordinary salutation, said, "This book which I once did not value, and I am indebted to you for having turned my thoughts to it. It is the Bible." "Indeed!" said the other; "I do not remember." "Most probably not," was the reply, "but I once asked you to dine with me on a Sabbath, and I was not a little annoyed by your assigning as the reason for declining, that you never dined out on Sabbaths. But the more I felt irritated, when the incident recurred to me, the more it fixed itself on my mind, till, at length, it led to an inquiry which, by the blessing of God, issued in a blessed change."

A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles barchaded, without taking cool.

ADDRESS

Delivered at the laying of the Corner-stone of Saule Female College, Murfreesborough, Tenn., on Saturday, July 3d, 1852, by Rev. I. R. FINLEY, D. D., President.

Permit me, Fellow citizens, to congratulate you upon the occasion which brings us together, and which marks this day in the history of our community.

We are assembled, this morning, to celebrate, by anticipation through reverence for the Sabbath, the natal day of American Independence, not with the loud reverberations of the deep mouthed cannon's roar, not with potations that shall steal away our brains, nor with the empty expressions of mere lip patriotism; but practically and efficiently, simply and earnestly, by laying the corner stone of an edifice to be devoted to purposes than which none, perhaps, are more strictly fundamental to the preservation of that liberty in whose amplitude we this day rejoice:—a most appropriate mode of celebrating the birth day of a national freedom; a most suitable day for such an act of celebration.

A little more than three-fourths of a century ago, and on the day at whose 76th anniversary we now stand, there might have been seen gathered together in the old Town Hall at Philadelphia, a noble band of patriot-heroes, whose hearts beat high with hopes of freedom; whose nerves knew no relaxing from the tension of resolution to be free or to die in the attempt, and who with compressed lips, unquailing eyes, and steady hand, affixed their signatures to a document which was at once the Magna Charta of American Independence, and the death warrant of tyrants and of tyranny wherever found to exist. From the belfry of that old Hall there rang out clear, and joyful, when the last name had been signed, the defiant shout of an infant nation to its proud oppressors; and the firm resolve to be no longer down trodden and enslaved. Nobly was that resolution redeemed; and this day we meet, not as they met in sight of British tyrants and of British gibbets, but in the midst of more than 25 millions of freemen, who exult in their might, and in the wealth of the legacy received by them from that patriot band;—a legacy which it is our solemn duty to hand down undiminished and unimpaired to our latest posterity. We are met not to determine the question of submission or of resistance to a galling yoke, as did our fathers in '76, but to recall with gratitude the memory of those who then pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, on the altar of Liberty; and in our turn, and in the perform-

ance of a duty no less high and imperative than was theirs, though infinitely more facile, to do an act for which our children's children will, hereafter on the anniversary of this day, rise up to bless our memory. For one, as an adopted citizen of this town, and of this State, I feel proud of this day, and cannot but congratulate you, Fellow citizens, and myself upon its auspicious occurrence. May all of us, in after years, have occasion to look back to it without one shadow of regret.

We have said that it is the duty of this generation to perpetuate to posterity the great institutions which have been transmitted to us by our forefathers; and it is a question of deep interest to us all how this may be done. In no way, perhaps, can so much be accomplished, in this regard, as by education—right education; the education of the masses, for the masses control the destiny of the nation.

The general diffusion of education is the great want of the age, of the world, as well as of this people. Why is it that in all the efforts that have been made by the nations of Continental Europe to burst the fetters of tyrannous oppression, signal failure has been the result? Fighting with a bravery worthy of so excellent a cause, they have generally been successful in throwing off their chains, but for want of intelligent views of freedom, and of human rights, those chains have again been riveted upon them, perhaps more firmly than before, and they have sat them down in dogged sullenness, heart-broken, and dispirited. Why was the long protracted struggle for freedom in this country, against the most formidable obstacles, and almost without the means of making that struggle, so eminently successful? Why is it that this nation, in so short a period of time, comparatively, has arisen to so great a height of power, and influence among the nations of the earth, as to be admired and feared by all, and to wield no insignificant control over their destinies? It is the result of education—not, it may be, without defect, nor carried to any great degree of perfection; yet of education which has developed moral resources, directed physical energy, and controlled the fortune of the multiplying millions which people our wide spread territory.

Entertaining a rational idea of the nature of true liberty, our fathers fought for a definite object, and not for a mere fancy; for a stern reality, not for a phantasm; and when that object was attained, that same intelligent conception enabled them to se-

cure the prize which their valor had won, by the adoption of wise precautions, and the formation of a government which should combine all the elements of strength, and contain within itself the means of self-perpetuation, provided those who were to come after them should have equally just views with regard to freedom, and a like spirit of compromise in the adjustment of difficulties which must necessarily arise from time to time. The children of the sires of the Revolution have so far fulfilled these conditions, and although great national and sectional questions have more than once threatened to rend asunder the bonds of union which have bound us together as a nation:—questions which have but too frequently been complicated in their difficulties by the dissensions and personal ambition of rival politicians, yet the sober common sense, the educated, intelligent, controlling thought of the people has rebuked these plotters against the public weal, and has delivered the ship of State from the threatening breakers which seemed ready to engulf her. We are still a nation of freemen, exulting in the largeness of our liberty and because in our political heavens no storm cloud arises, no muttering thunder is heard, no vivid lightning flash is seen, we are prone to imagine that our glorious edifice stands immovably secure upon a foundation which cannot be shaken; and that the eyry of our mountain bird can never be scaled, nor robbed of its rich treasures.

But is it so? Is there no peril to our liberties in the expansion of our territory to an extent inconvenient for the purposes of a representative government—in the prodigious and unceasing influx of a motley foreign population teeming from the bad governments of Europe, and wholly unprepared for the rational liberty and mild restraints of a republic like ours—in the great sectional interests and questions which have so long and so earnestly engaged the attention, and enlisted the feelings of this nation? Is there no danger to our liberties to be apprehended from these things, especially when we take into consideration the additional fact that as a people our attitude towards Liberty, and our relations to the other nations of the world place us under the absolute necessity of involvement, sooner or later, in the contentions of Europe, and in the political convulsions which must rend and tear that unhappy region until the last form of tyranny shall have been destroyed. Our position in the earth is one of ever increasing interest and importance, difficulty and

danger: while one after another, those noble statesmen who have so long stood at the helm of State, and who connect the present age with the past, are passing away from us, with all their wisdom, experience, and pure patriotism; and I am not prepared to say that their places are being filled in every instance by men who are competent in all of these regards to conduct well the affairs of the nation.

It cannot be concealed nor denied that the times in which we live, the perils which beset our path as a people, and the on-rushing of human events to some great catastrophe, as evidenced by a thousand concurrent indications all around us—that these all demand at the hands of the present generation of American citizens a careful consideration of the present aspect of things; and the adoption of wise precautions against the shipwreck of our political hopes. We may not safely leave any measure unadopted which will secure the perpetuation of our civil and religious institutions and liberties:—least of all may we safely neglect that one which underlies them all, and is unquestionably the most important of all, the education of the future mothers of the land.

Leaving to others, whose more especial business it is to consider the prognosis and treatment of the maladies to which the body politic is heir, permit me, for a few moments, to call your particular attention to the point just mentioned, as replete to us with practical interest, and as being directly pertinent to the occasion which has brought us together to day.

The time has been when parents at large and especially in some portions of our country, seemed to regard the education of their daughters rather as discretionary than as obligatory. It was with them a clearly ascertained duty to educate their sons:—a duty felt to be imperative whether those sons were blessed with brains or not. It was sufficient for them that they belonged to the stronger, to the privileged sex. They must be sent to the best schools, and colleges, and universities within the compass of parental means, or of parental sacrifice; and when they had received their diplomas, and the appendage of a Baccalaureate was affixed to them, the fortune of these young hopefuls was considered as made, forgetful that the fiery ordeal through which they had passed to gain these testimonials, but too frequently constituted them when obtained, not evidences of qualification for the stern duties and responsibilities of manhood, but mere warrants to wear white kids,

sport ratans, or gold mounted ebories, spurn every thing that might prove to them means of honorable livelihood, and become gentlemen loafers:—*things* ycleped men but serving only as walking advertisements of the skill of the bootmaker, hatter, and tailor: mere conveniences, like hooks, or bodies stuffed with straw and hay, upon which the industrious mechanic might hang his fabrics, for the inspection of the gazing crowd; these handicraftsmen, meanwhile, paying for this medium of advertising by the accounts which they footed up largely upon their ledgers, but against which no credit for cash was ever found.

As for the daughters of the land, what need had they of education, beyond learning to bake and brew, to spin and sew, and knit, to darn and mend; and that too for those very gentlemen loafers, who were wont to spend their time in aristocratic idleness, and in laying plans to live by their wits instead of by their honest labor of body or mind, or both, the universal law of our existence: while their *honor*!—Heaven save the mark—was like touchwood, ready to blaze up in an instant, and immolate with the Bowie-knife, or the revolver, him who should presume to insinuate that they were not the most perfect gentlemen, or valuable citizens to be found.

The entire circle of literature and of science was to woman *tubooed* ground, to enter which was to lose caste and character, and to become wholly disqualified for that which the lords of creation were pleased to consider as her proper sphere—a life of toilsome endurance for their special benefit; in much the same way that the untutored savage is wont to look upon the chase as the only employment suited to his high dignity, and upon the other sex in the light of a very convenient drudge of all menial work. Indeed to such an extent did this sentiment and its baleful tendencies prevail that the race, so far at least as regarded the cities and populous towns, seemed to be fast degenerating into something very nearly allied to Monbodo's theory of the origin of that race; while manhood—stern, strong, resolute, energetic manhood—was to be found—only in the remote country places, and in the mountain fastnesses.

Heaven only knows what would have been the extent of that degeneracy had not a few master spirits arisen to stem the torrent by the gradual introduction of a new system of thought, feeling, and action in regard to the education of woman,

and by demonstrating that she is something more than a domestic slave, a mere nurse, and housekeeper:—that God, her Creator, designed that she should occupy a most important position in relation to human society, and to human destiny:—even to stand at the very flood gate of life, and give out moral, and intellectual light, and warmth, and vigor which should ramify into every department of man's pursuit and interest, and control the fate of empires and of the world.

It was the task of these master spirits, who 30 or more years ago stood in advance of the age in which they lived, to educate public sentiment aright on this momentous subject; and I have had it from the life of one who acted as the first pioneer in this great enterprise, and whose institution still exists in a neighboring State, Kentucky, after having sent out as its alumni some of the very first women in all this land, that this training of public opinion was the most formidable part of the entire undertaking. But in this, as in many other excellent senses, the Schoolmaster has been abroad; the work has gone bravely on; a mighty and bloodless revolution has been affected; and edifice after edifice, devoted to the education of woman, has arisen, until the whole country is full of these beautiful temples, where our daughters may drink of the pure waters of literature and science, upon which is reflected the mellow light of our own holy christianity, and where they may become "as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." Tennessee, our own gifted, generous, patriotic, warm-hearted, noble Tennessee, is no laggard in this great enterprise; but standing side by side with the proudest of her sister States, she points to her schools at Clarksville, Nashville, Columbia, and other places, and though last, not we trust with least prospective—exaltation to Murfreesboro', and with Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, exclaims—"these are *my* jewels!"

Among the numerous advantages—social, moral, and political—which have grown out of this new state of things, and which would furnish abundant topics of discourse for hours, if it were proper to detain you so long, there is found one which should attract the fixed and interested attention of all. It is the reflex action of female education upon that of the other sex.

It has been, as you are all aware, the general cry of parents, that the morals of their sons suffer a deterioration in their progress through the halls of a college,

for which their intellectual acquirements furnish no compensation at all; and permit me to say, after four years presidency, in another State, over more than 100 male students, with all the anxiety, care, and watchfulness exercised by night and day, on the part of a Faculty whom I have never known to be excelled for fidelity and energetic zeal in the discharge of their duty; there is too much truth in this complaint. But why is it so, I ask? It is not, as a general thing, the fault of those to whom the interests of our male institutions of learning are confided, at least where the government of those institutions is strictly parental in its character.

It is not because the system of Collegiate education is radically and incurably a mischievous one. By no means, for things have been greatly worse in former years, and are constantly improving. But it is because of defective training by the mother under the roof-tree;—at least in the great majority of cases. It is *there*, that moral culture commences—that the first moral impress is stamped—that the twig receives its first direction. If deflected from the right line, however, imperceptible it may be at the time, it will become manifest in the days of collegiate life, and meeting there no corrective, necessarily, will develop more fully, causing moral obliquity of a deeper shade perhaps, and more serious consequences in afterlife.

Let the mother be an intelligent, virtuous, and pious woman, and the son will bear that same impress upon his intellectual and moral character throughout life. This is at once the dictate of sound philosophy, and the testimony of all past experience, finding its illustrations in the history of all the truly good and great of all nations and of every age. But, on the other hand, let her who is naturally the first, and by consequence the most important instructress of her children, be ignorant, inert, and uninfluenced by those great moral considerations which should govern one who stands in relation to immortal sentient beings, of so grave magnitude as those which surround a mother, and her offspring will be willful in childhood; rebellious and impatient of all wholesome restraint at school; restless spirits and bad citizens in social life; and unsafe hands into which to confide, in any degree, the interests of a government constituted upon the principles of a Republic.

If then we would have a nation of intelligent freemen;—if we would secure the stability of those civil and religious in-

stitutions in which we glory, and which are stamping their impress on all the world, while they afford an asylum for the down-trodden and oppressed of every clime under heaven;—we must educate the daughters of the land, educate them thoroughly, educate them without reference to the cost, provided we reach the end proposed without wasteful extravagance, educate them to be the future mothers, and first teachers of their children. In no other way can we make so profitable an investment for their benefit, or for that of their offspring, though by permitting them to grow up but partially educated, we might be able to leave them in possession of thousands well secured in Bank or Railway stocks, houses, or lands. In no other way can we effect so much for the perpetuation of freedom at home, and for its diffusion among the enslaved millions of earth;—in no other way can we make equal demonstration of our true appreciation of the rich legacy inherited from our ancestors, of our own patriotism, or of our benevolence to our race.

But the transactions of this duty; the liberality hitherto manifested by this community in the subscription of stock for the erection of the proud monument of the intelligence and patriotism of the citizens of Murfreesboro, and county of Rutherford, which is presently to rear its head in usefulness above the corner stone to be laid to-day by the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Masons, in the presence of these kindred Orders, and of this vast concourse;—these all admonish me that it needs no further argumentation to convince this auditory of that which has already the sanction of their sound judgment.

Permit me then, in conclusion, without adverting to any other of those numerous topics which come teeming up from an occasion like the present, and which I should have gladly left for the more able discussion of some other speaker, had not the wishes of the Board of Trustees left me without choice in the premises, while our efforts to procure the services of others proved unsuccessful; permit me to express the hope that as the mottoes of these independent Orders, which are assembled here to-day in friendly concert, so beautifully unite in those cardinal principles which elevate and adorn human character and action, so may our united efforts, as a christian community, to build up an Institution in our midst, that is fraught with so rich and varied blessings,—efforts untinged with sectarianism, albeit for motives of sound poli-

icy and of universal approbation, that Institution has been placed under the patronage of a distinctive denomination, without however, permitting any one of its peculiar dogmas to enter into the instructions of the school, in any manner whatever;—may those efforts be crowned with the most signal success: May the Institution long continue to exist, and prove a source of widely extended benefit and blessing: and when in after years our children, and our children's children shall look upon the marble tablet which is to be built into the front of that edifice, bearing in letters of gold the names of those who shall have contributed to its erection, while its halls teem with the disciples of learning, may it be their proud satisfaction to point to honored names, and say—*Our father's helped to rear this noble structure!*

May the rich benison of Heaven rest upon the friends of Female Education everywhere. Palsied be that hand or that tongue which shall be used against the onward progress of so good a cause: and may blighting disappointment fall upon all who shall ever employ this noble instrumentality as a means for the advancement of merely partisan, sectional, or sectarian purposes. True Education is too sacred in its character, too important, far reaching, and eternal in its results, to be degraded to private or selfish ends; and surely God, the Author of this, as of every other blessing which man enjoys, will not smile upon the efforts of those who seek to pervert it from the great object proposed by Himself—the preparing human beings to act well their parts here, in order to their enjoyment of immortal felicity hereafter.

WORDS FROM JOHN WESLEY.

We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about my opinion only see that your heart is right towards God—that you love the Lord Jesus Christ—that you love your neighbor, walk as your master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them—my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me solid substantial religion; give me an humble lover of God and man—a man full of mercy and good fruits—a man laying himself out in works of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with such Christians wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinions they may hold. "He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother."

RELIGIOUS AFFECTIONS.

Religious affections of the right kind can never be too strong. The following remarks of President Edwards on this subject are worthy of attention:

"Though there are false affections in religion, and in some respects raised high; yet undoubtedly there are also true, holy, and solid affections; and the higher these are raised, the better. And where they are raised to an exceeding great height, they are not to be suspected merely because of their degree, but on the contrary, to be esteemed. Charity, or divine love, is in scripture represented as the sum of all the religion of the heart; but this is only a holy affection. And; therefore, in proportion as this is firmly fixed in the soul, and raised to a great height, the more eminent a person is in holiness. Divine love or charity is represented as the sum of all the religion in heaven, and that wherein mainly the religion of the church in its more perfect state on earth shall consist; when knowledge, and tongues, and prophecies shall cease; and therefore, the higher this holy affection is raised in the church of God, or in a gracious soul, the more excellent and perfect is the state of the church, or a particular soul. If we take the scripture for our rule, then the greater and higher our exercises of love to mankind, brokenness of heart, abhorrence of sin, and self-abhorrence for it, the more we have of the peace of God which passeth understanding, and joy in the Holy Ghost; unspeakable and full of glory; the higher our admiring thoughts of God, exulting and glorying in him, so much the higher is Christ's religion, or that virtue which he and his apostles taught, raised in the soul."

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.—He knows no boyhood; steps from long clothes into pinks, and before his hair is quite grown, cultivates a moustache. Asks the old Gov. for a "spot," when he wants a dollar, and if he won't give him one, steals it.—Thinks his mother ought to have been his grand-mother, and calls her the "old woman;" love to come home limping, because its such fun to frighten her. Fond of handling a loaded gun, especially in the presence of ladies; boasts that he can kill ten partridge on the wing, at one shot. When talking of his conquests (?) says "He wealy don't know which to maw." Thinks a two-forty team entirely beneath his notice; a tandem and a "smasher," which invariably smashes him up before he is through, though he never has time to die on such occasions.

Employs four tailors, unknown to each other—all victims. Has learned the exact color of the hair, eyes and eyebrows of all his duns, and when he cuts them generally—runs up a bill somewhere else. Thinks nothing of signing his employer's name to a bit of paper; likes champagne dinner, and effects to be heir to some wealthy old gentleman; talks of the "old buck's being certain soon;" is exceedingly nonplussed when his father comes down from the country, and calls him "Samivil" before the bloods; more nonplussed when

he tells him he has sold all his cabbage, more nonplussed still when he tells him that "the folks are well to hum, and his mother sent her love and his stockings, and hopes Samivil'll be a good boy, and not forget his poor old parents;" arrives at the height of "nonplussation" when his father meets him and his fashionable affianced, and says, "my son, vot young gal is that?" Feels bad the next day, when said young lady gives him the mitten. Finally is indignant when an officer calls him from the ball-room, and politely informs him he is under the necessity of arresting him for forgery.—*Olive Branch.*

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay—
That angel to whom charge is given,
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The angel paused in silent thought:
What grace was there that flower had not?
"Twas, but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower the rose exceed?"

THE PENDULUM.

A few years ago, a gentleman in Boston, having a leisure hour, sauntered into the court-room, where an interesting trial was in progress.—Directly over the head of the judge was suspended a large clock. The broad face of the brass pendulum, nearly a foot in diameter, vibrated to and fro in a solemn, measured movement, which arrested his eye. For a moment he looked listlessly upon the precision of its oscillations, and the idea gently occurred to his mind of the lapse of time—its ceaseless, rapid flow, marked off so solemnly by the tickings of the clock. The train of thought thus suggested, gradually and silently absorbed his attention. He was entirely insensible to the scene passing around him, as he thought of the events occurring over the world in the interval marked by the vibrations now some are sinking into a watery grave—now the assassin plunges the dagger—now comes the fiend-like shock of armies—now the cry of remorse ascends from the pillow of the dying sinner—what multitudes die during each vibration! How rapidly the vibrations cut off the moments allotted to man. How soon will the clock strike my last hour? Where shall I then be? In heaven, or in hell?

Thus he stood, lost in reverie, while that noiseless pendulum preached to his soul in tones such as he had never heard before. He left the court-room, mingled with the thoughtless crowds in Washington-street, but the harbed arrow of religious conviction had pierced his heart, and he could not extract it. He sought his closet. He fell upon his knees, and in anguish offered the prayer which, sincerely offered, never is refused, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner." He soon found the peace of pardon, and went on his new way heavenward, rejoicing. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one who is born of the Spirit."—*Am. Mes.*

WONDERFUL TOY.

The latest notable effort of mechanical puppet manufacture is exhibited in Boulogne at the present time. It is that of a jeweller, who has devoted eight years of his life to the perfection of a clock work conjurer, which he has made a thorough master of a thimble-rig. Dressed in an eastern costume, necromancer stands behind a table, covered, as the tables of professors of legerdemain usually are, with little boxes and cabinets, from which he takes the objects usually employed in his exhibitions. He produces his goblet, and shows the balls under them, which vanish and re-appear in the most approved style; now two or three are conjured into a spot a moment before vacant; presently these disappeared again, and are perpetually divided and reunited. At every exclamation of the spectators, the little conjurer turns his eyes from side to side, as if looking around the house, smiles casts his eyes modestly down, bows, and resumes his slight of hand.

He not only takes up the goblet from a stand and places them over the balls, but leaves them there for a minute, and holds hand up, to show the audience that he conceals nothing in his palm or sleeve.—He then sizes the goblets again and goes on. This trick over, he puts his cups away and shuts the cabinet. He then knocks on the table and up starts an egg, to which he points to secure attention; he touches the egg which opens likewise, and a little bird into life, sings a roundelay, claps its enamelled wings—which are the real humming bird's feathers, beyond any metallic art in lustre—and then falls back into its egg. The little conjurer nods, smiles, rolls his eyes right and left, bows as before, and the egg disappears into the table; he bows again, and then sits down to intimate that the performance is over. The height of this little gentleman is about three inches; his table and everything else being in due proportion. He stands on a high square pedestal, apparently of marble. It is, however, of tin painted white, and within it are all the wheels and works containing the mystery.

GOOD ADVICE.

There is much sense in the following, which although old, deserves, says a contemporary, to be repeated every year:

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one—it degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibility of disgrace on one hand, and increases the power and passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better for us, and the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man cheat you, to quit dealing with him; if he abuse you, quit his company; if he slander you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is or how he misuses you—the wisest way is to just leave him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

READING.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined, for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or book.

THE BIBLE.

It has thrown its light and radiance over the distant islands of the sea, and raised its hospitals of charity and benevolence, for the relief of the poor and unfortunate, in every civilized nation under heaven. It has demolished the licentiousness of a corrupt Mythology; restrained the fury of the Barbarian and Scythian, unchained the shackles of tyranny, and emancipated the bond. It has given tenderness to the parent, obedience to the child, and improved with a charm every domestic endearment. It has poured the balm of comfort into the aching heart, and kindled on affection's tender, severed chord the brightening prospect of joining the lost and departed in a world of purer spirits. It has sustained the Christian martyr under the frowns and insults of men, and when brought to the rack and the gibbet, to the fire and the dungeon, enabled his soul without a struggling murmur, to bear up in the dying hour and sweetly sing itself away to everlasting bliss. It has purified the noblest affections of the heart, raised bleeding humanity from the dust, riveted indissolubly the bonds of the marriage covenant, and rescued from "the mercy of scandal's clarion the fair fame of female virtue." It has broken up the long established systems of oppression, and inscribed in legible characters the insignia of liberty and independence upon the throes of empire and the ruins of despotism. It has breathed its sweetness and shed its dewy influence over the character and actions of men; and is even now kindling up the charitable feelings of the heart, and spreading peace and benevolence and love throughout the whole civilized world. It has entered the hovels of vice and wretchedness, reformed the character of the abandoned profligate, whose hands have long been steeped in infamy and crime, and inspired him with the hope of rising from the confines of the grave to a life of immortality and unceasing joy.

In our meditations upon divine truth we may derive pleasure from it not only as the avenue through which the rays of hope and immortality beam; not only as delineating the character of him who rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm; not only as disclosing the pearls of virtue and opening a field in which the Poet may gather laurels wreathed in the galaxy of heaven. But the predominant feature of the Bible is thought, and captivated with its sublimity you may soar aloft on the pinions of imagination to bask in the visionary fancy of celestial worlds, or contemplate

the grandeur of the scenery when a lonely pilgrim, seated on the barren rocks of Patmos, beheld the throne of the Eternal surrounded with all the beauteous tincture of the emerald and purple rainbow, and heard preceding from the great crystalized sea of glass, the triumphant song of those that had gotten the victory, when in prophetic vision he saw the heavens wrapt together as a scroll, the crescent of blood rolling over the nations, the rocks leaping from their deep set sockets, the mountains tottering upon their bases, and trembling nations congregating with assembled angels to

"Behold their God in grandeur;
And their world on fire."

For the Classic Union.

ELIM.

Lo on the yellow desert's vast expanse
The dazzling fervour of the stilly noon!
No tuft of verdure soothes the tired gaze
No cloud to soften and relieve the glare
Is in the blue intense!

In voiceless hush

The hosts of Israel press along the waste—
With glowing lips compressed the men of might
More firmly grasp the staff and print the sand
With sterner step. The patient camels groan
The moistureless throat forbids the infant cry
And Israel's daughters clasp their fevered hands
In meek and silent suffering.

On they press

Till toiling up a sandy eminence
Rises at once upon their raptured eyes
An oasis! a lovely isle of green!
A shout of joy bursts on the silent air
The horses neigh—the camels lift their heads
And crash with fleetest foot the yielding sand!
And now the balmy scent of waters cool
Hid in the depth of those luxuriant palms
In graceful languor bending their green plumes
To the soft winnow of the idle wind—
Trembles around them like a breath of Heaven.
I would I could have seen!
The placid pleasure of the matron's grave
And the old men as seated in the shade
The gay young maidens singing of their joy
With dance and lute and harp and tymbal sweet
By the rich silver gushings of those wells!
The frolic glee of lisping infancy
Flashing and bathing in the copious wave!
The white tents spread within the grove as if
Their toils and wanderings were o'er for aye!

I would I could have heard!
The hymns of deep thanksgiving thrilled along
The courts and porches of that temple green
That temple sacred from the busy world!
How tranquil to the weary way-worn host
How heavenly must have seemed that lovely rest.
And when shalt thou O Israel of Christ
Cease wandering thro' the desert and the wild
Thy trials and thy warfare o'er repose
Beneath the palms of peace and victory
Beside "the wells of plenteous salvation?"

AUGUSTA.

WE MUST ENCOURAGE OUR MINISTERS.

But how? Pay his salary promptly?—
This is an essential point. But still he

will sink. What then? Shall we treat him with respect? Yes, certainly. But then he would die of discouragement under the kindest treatment, and the affectionate smile of the whole church. He would give more for one fervent prayer, than the whole round of fashionable civility. Never—no, NEVER can you encourage him, while he sees you not at the prayer-meeting. All the rest, though highly proper, can never keep up his courage. And a minister whose courage rests only on these, and is contented with these, is not worth a fig. Courage he may have, but no thanks to you for it. You had fed it only with works of chaff. And if he has it, it is from God. A church, or church members, who do not patronize the prayer-meeting, can never encourage their minister. And the sure way to kill his courage outright, is to let the prayer-meeting die. For he can have little confidence that professors will pray fervently at home, if they shun the prayer meeting, or believe that they desire a revival, however greatly they need it. To those who wish to encourage their minister, the way is plain. And as to others, whether they wish it or not, they are sure to discourage him just as far as the prayer meeting is forsaken.—[Christian Mirror.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

Sir Walter Raleigh one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him: "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" to which he answered, "When your majesty leaves off giving!" But think how much more bountiful God is, who did not give over grant Abraham his request for Sodom till he left asking. And who can tell but that if he had gone on, and prayed that if five righteous persons had been found in Sodom, the city might have been spared for their sakes, according to his request? Can we think that God will hear the young ravens when they cry, and neglect the dove that mourns in the valleys?—that he will hear the young lions when they roar, and forget the lambs that bleat after the sheep?—that he will hear Hagar and her Ishmael, that cry unto him in their extremities, and will yet turn his back upon the tears, or stop his ears to the prayers of his own children that cry unto him daily in the name of his dear Son Christ Jesus? Undoubtedly not. St. Ambrose was wont to say, the better to comfort Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, who prayed much for him, "It is impossible that a son of so many prayers and tears should perish." As long, therefore, as God gives us a heart to pray for mercy, let us not be out of heart. And why so? Because then we beg no more than what God liath commanded us to ask; and we ask no more than what he hath promised to give; and he has promised no more than what he is able to perform; and he will perform no more than what he shall have glory for, and we know that his glory is dear unto him.—Beadle.

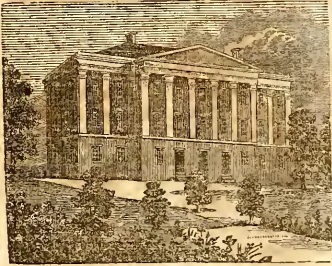
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per
year, invariably in advance.



AUGUST 30, 1852.

CHANGE.

After the present issue our connection with the Classic Union will cease. Having accepted the pastorate of the church in Knoxville, we shall in a few days be on the way to our new destination. We leave the Classic Union in the hands of our associates to make such a disposition of it as their wisdom may dictate. We trust such arrangements will be made as will perpetuate its existence and give it a wider circulation and increased usefulness. In taking leave of our patrons and readers we return our thanks for their indulgence and numerous favors, and the many warm expressions of approbation and interest in the success our enterprise. We presume that our withdrawal from the editorial department will detract nothing from the interest of the paper, but on the contrary will be the means of such other arrangements as will make it more deserving the patronage of the public. H.

"GRAVE DIGGER."

In the Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate of July 29th, a most furious assault is made upon this paper, Union University and the Baptists in general, by a writer assuming the very dignified and christian-like name of *Grave Digger*. The occasion of this attack, was that we had the temerity to publish and endorse an extract from a sermon preached by Rev. J. R. Graves, in the Baptist church of this place, during the examination of the University.

We know not who the author of this article is, or where he hails from, but from

his carefulness to conceal his whereabouts, we suppose his location is in this city, and from the style of the composition—the amount of wind—we suppose we are not far mistaken as to the author. It is true that the name, and spirit of the composition would lead one to suppose that it was the effusion of some juvenile braggadocio eager to display his courage by making an onslaught on an enemy either real or imaginary. Still we would not be surprised if the author is a man of experience, and perhaps sports a title of distinction above his fellows. He has chosen to designate himself by a somewhat singular name, and leaves room for us to conjecture the design of it. Does he intend to intimate that as the occupation of a Grave Digger is one that brings him who follows it so often in contact with the dead, and the corruption of the tenants of the tomb, that the finer feelings of his nature are blunted to the sufferings and misfortunes of his fellow creatures, and that he stands ready to commit them to their last resting place without any sympathetic emotions? Or rather does he intend it as a warning or threat of death or a living burial to those whom he attacks? He should be ware that he does not assume the assassin's garb rather than that of a simple Grave Digger. If, as we suppose, our last conjecture is the true one, he certainly displays the coward in concealing himself in the dark and madly thrusting at his intended victims. Some men are dangerous only when concealed, and we apprehend that the only danger to be feared from this *Grave Digger* is from his concealment.—But we must notice the article itself.

The whole of his tirade, "ground and lofty tumbling," and holy horror, is grounded on a misstatement of facts. Indeed, so great a caricature of truth, and so palpable a perversion of an author's words, we have rarely seen, as is displayed by this *grave* writer, in what he gives purporting to be extracts from the published sermon. He states that the author set out "to demolish Infant Baptism," and then selects words and phrases from different and distant parts of the sermon, torn from their connection, and then by adding words and phrases of his own, makes the author say what he never said. The truth is Infant Baptism is not named in the whole sermon, and is barely alluded to in connexion with other rites practiced by the Papal church. What this writer represents the sermon as saying of Infant Baptism was said of Popery as a system.—We know not how a conscientious and candid man can deliberately torture the lan-

guage of another and then make it the subject of attack. The design of the published extract from Mr. Graves' sermon was to show the manner in which the Papacy gains and maintains its ascendancy over its subjects, and in our estimation the picture is a true one. We believe the statements are incontrovertable, and we apprehend that the Grave Digger so regarded them, for notwithstanding his fraternal feelings for Popery which led him to attack this sermon, and the University with all the seeming intolerance of the Pope himself, he has not dared to attempt a refutation of a single sentence.

But this writer is grossly unjust to individuals. He says that the Faculty of the University endorsed without reserve the sermon, and would represent them as endorsing it according to his representation of it. The fact, however, is that the Faculty have not, so far as any thing that appears will show, expressed any opinion about it. Whatever endorsement accompanied the extract, was by itself, over our own signature, and we alone are responsible for it. The statement, then, that the Faculty of the University endorsed the sermon, is gratuitous, and that they endorsed his application of it, is unjust.

It is evident that this *sexton's* main design was to inflict an injury upon the University, that he has entertained an evil disposition towards it, and has made this a pretext to assault it. Well, what we have to say is, that his attack has given us no uneasiness. We presume that he will influence but few Methodists to do otherwise than they would have done though he had never merged from among the tombs to utter his warning voice.—Methodists have colleges of their own, and we suppose they feel it a matter of duty, when they have to send their sons from home, to patronize their own schools; and when they do otherwise, it is a matter of interest or convenience, and we esteem them for so doing. But we doubt if those who have patronized Union University, and have made themselves acquainted with the character of the College in relation to sectarian influences, will be influenced by this writer. We hope the good sense of all parties in Murfreesboro will not permit our hitherto quiet town to be stirred up to strife and bitterness of feeling in relation to their educational interests, which we fear is the design of the author of the article we are noticing. We have no fears that such assaults can in-

lict any injury on either the University or its Faculty. As to ourself, our course through life has been to let all such attacks pass without the trouble of repelling them.

H.

THE THRONE OF INIQUITY.

Dr. Barnes on the Maine Liquor Law, delivered a powerful discourse at Hallowell last winter, about which so much has been said by way of eulogy, that we copy for the columns of the Chronicle the substance of the argument itself, omitting the introduction and inferences.—*Ch. Chronicle.*

THE PRINCIPLES IN LEGISLATION BEARING ON PUBLIC EVILS.

1. First, society had a right to protect itself. I do not know that this would be called in question, for it is universally acted on; but the importance of the principle itself, and its connection with the point before us, demands that it should be well understood, and that its bearings should be clearly seen. It is important to understand that there is such a right in fact, and to see clearly to what it extends.

(a) In regard to the fact, it may be remarked, that it is inherent in the nature of a right that there should be the prerogative of self-protection, or self-defense, and that all societies, and all individuals, act on it.

God has a right to protect his own government, not to say himself, and is constantly doing it by all his prohibitions of certain courses of conduct; by all the penalties affixed to his laws; by all the punishments which he brings on transgressors; by all that he does to overthrow and crush the enemies of himself and his kingdom.

Man as an individual, or as the head of a family, has a right to protect himself or his family, by all the wisdom which he has; by all the strength, properly employed, which he possesses; by all the aid which he can secure from the magistrate under the operation of law; and by all his appeals to the God of truth and justice. There are arrangements everywhere to secure him in the protection of his rights, and he does no wrong if he avails himself of these to defend those rights against all who would invade them.

Society has a right to protect itself.—The right is inherent in the organization. It is always acted on. If it were not so, the attempt to organize civil society would be a farce. In all civil society it is assumed that this is so. Hence the enactment of laws; the affixing of penalties to laws; the institution of courts; the estab-

lishment of a police force; the infliction of fines and punishment; the cutting off of those who are dangerous, by capital punishment; the employment of a military force to suppress riot and rebellion; the resistance of foreign invaders, and the suppression of treason.—All these proceed on the principle that society has a right to protect itself so as to secure the ends of the organization.

But to what does the right extend?

Clearly to every thing where injury or wrong would be done. In God's government it extends to every thing where his honor or his law is involved; in the case of a man as an individual or as the head of a family, to every thing where he or his family have rights which are invaded by others; in regard to society, to every thing which pertains to the public, and which affects the public good. "Let a man," says Blackstone, "be ever so abandoned in his principles, or vicious in his practice, provided he keeps his wickedness to himself, and does not offend against the rules of public decency, he is out of the reach of human laws. But if he makes his vices public, though they be such as seem principally to affect himself, (a drunkenness or the like,) they then become, by the bad example they set, of pernicious effects to society; and therefore it is then the business of human laws to correct them." 1, 124.

As this principle is interpreted by society, it extends to every thing which would affect good order, its safety, its prosperity, its existence:—a protection of society extended *in behalf* of all that would promote its welfare; a protection against all that would injure, endanger, or destroy it. It is a protection extended to the peaceful pursuits of industry; to the person and reputation of individuals; all that contributes to good morals and order; to the rights of conscience; to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness:—it is a protection of the community *against* all which would invade it by force and arms; against all which would corrupt or weaken it; against all which would undermine the public morals;—against all vices, as Blackstone specifies, which are of a public nature, and which tend by example to be of pernicious effects in society.

On these principles of self-protection, society legislates against lotteries, against gaming, against counterfeiting the public coin, against drunkenness, against profaneness, against poisonous or corrupted drugs, against any employment that in its nature tends to endanger the public health,

peace, or morals. No man, on this principle, is allowed to set up and prosecute a public business, however lucrative it may be, which will have either of these effects—for the public good is of more consequence than any private gain could be.—If, for instance, a man should set up a *bakery* in this city, in which by the infusion of a deleterious drug into his bread he would endanger the public health, society would not hesitate for a moment in regarding this as a proper subject of legislation, and would never dream of tolerating it, or taxing it, or regulating it, or licensing it. If from the bakeries of this city, bread of such a character should go forth for a single morning, and there was a general concert and understanding among the bakers to continue this practice as the regular line of their business—if there was not *law* enough in the community to put a stop to it, there would not be *patience* and *forbearance* enough to prevent a storm of public indignation that would in a day lay every such bakery in ruins. There are not as many bakeries in this city as there are houses for selling intoxicating liquors.

2. I lay it down as a second principle in regard to legislation, that society should not by its laws *protect evil*. This perhaps is sufficiently clear from the remarks already made, but the importance of the principle in itself, and in the application of which I intend to make of it, requires that it should be made a little more distinct and prominent. The position is, that the purpose of a society in organizing a government, the purpose of a government under such an organization, should not be to *protect evil in any form*. The law is made "for the lawless and disobedient; for the ungodly and sinners, for unholy and profane, for murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers, for manslayers, for whoremongers, for those that defile themselves with mankind, for men stealers, for liars, and for perjured persons," (1 Tim. i. 9,) and not to *protect* those who practice these vices, or to *protect* anything which will give facility in practicing them. The true object of legislation is to *prevent*, not to *protect* evil. God never instituted a government on the earth with a view to its throwing a protecting shield over vice and immorality; he has never commissioned men to sit in high places to accomplish any such work. The end of government, so far as it bears on that point at all, is to suppress crime; to punish wrong-doers; to remove iniquity; to promote that which is just and true.—

And it matters not what the evil is, nor how lucrative it may be made, nor how much capital may be invested in it, nor how much revenue may be derived from it, nor how many persons may have an interest in its continuance,—the business of the lawgiver is to suppress it; not to protect it; to bring it to as speedy an end as possible; not to become the panderer to it, or the patron of it. What would be taught of a government that should, under any pretext whatever, take under its protecting care, thieves, counterfeiters and burglars?

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

Upon examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discovered. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk-worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be the most accurately circular. The finest miniature painting appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be the mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God, even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects, what proportionate exactness, uniformity and symmetry do we perceive in all their organs! what profusion of coloring! azure, green and vermilion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies and diamonds, fringe and embroidery, on their bodies, wings, heads, and every part! how inimitable the polish we everywhere behold!

ON LOWLINESS.

While the man of the world is aiming at something great, and crying, Oh! that I were higher, the true Christian, with grace in his heart, cries, Oh! to be lower, lower, lower! Give me humility, O Lord! When shall I be lower? Lowliness of mind is not a flower that grows wild in the fields of nature, but requires to be planted by the finger of God; and God is always willing but requires us to put a fin-

to this work. It is a most excellent disposition: it makes a worm stand higher than an angel. All experience has proved it safer and better to be humble with one talent, than lifted up with ten. It is one of those lessons a man sits down and learns at the feet of Jesus Christ. It is one of these parts of practice which enlist the sympathy of angels, and call down the care and condescension of Jehovah himself, for "He giveth grace to the humble." Palaces and thrones have no attraction for him, so he passes them by; but "to this man will I look, who is poor and of a contrite heart." It is a preparative for received, from both which considerations the more a man has of it the better. It not only fits a man for the grace of God, but puts him in possession of a God of grace; and he who seeks earnestly the best gifts, will find this to be one of them. Let us not be satisfied with a small degree of lowliness, but strive after it make it an object, "so to run as to obtain" it and remember that he who is contented with grace enough to get to heaven, and desires no more, may be very sure that he has none at all.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY."

A lesson in itself sublime.
A lesson worth enshrining.
Is this—"I take no heed of time,
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto-words a dial bore,
And wisdom never teaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches,
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it,
So hope sings on, in every heart,
Although we may not hear it;
And if to-day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous movements hasty,
And then forget their glitter—
We take the cup of life, and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

Though darkest shadows of the night,
Are just before the morning,
Then let us wait the coming light.
All boding phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely,
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

My mother, how well do I remember her, with her pale brow, and sunken eyes. Sweet mother, thy memory will never leave me; it will linger around my dying couch, and be an angel to guide me calmly through the dark portals of death.

My mother—like a single ray of bright sunlight, throbbing through the grated window of a convict's cell, does that smile you gave me, as we parted, lighten my soul and fill me with strength, and hope, and love. Sweet smile—pure as a snow-flake on the winter's air; thou'rt indeed holy; bringing back on the wings of thought, the golden hours of the past, when the little fleeting joy our years of childhood crowned our trustful hopes, with a starry future, paved with naught but happiness.

That smile, through the toils and troubles of life's fitful struggle for fame, for fortune, it has gleamed before me, ever turning my erring footsteps aside from the darkness of sorrow and sin, to the true path of right.

That smile—it was the only thing that unharmed the windows of my soul and covered my cheek with tears. Tears of grief, that driving joy away, became glistening sentinels; guarding against the entrance of a single thought of pleasure.

Yet even though her heart-strings were vibrating, ringing to their last tension, with sorrow's music, a smile rested on her lip, and made radiant her tearful eyes.

And why did she smile? why was that calm quick smile resting there as loftily, beaming as a summer's cloud upon the brow of a summer morn? She whispered to me—James brother Bob has fastened a tin pan to your coat-tail!

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

Look at the excellent gifts that Christ bringeth with him. He bringeth justification with him and is not that an excellent gift? He bringeth sanctification with him, and is not that an excellent gift? He bringeth joy of the Holy Ghost with him, and is not that an excellent gift? He bringeth the love of God with him, and is not that an excellent gift? He bringeth patience under suffering with him, and is not that an excellent gift? But why should I name what he bringeth? He bringeth himself, and "all things," and what would you have more? O, for one saving smile of his face! It would make your hearts lay by your enmity that you have maintained so long.

PLEASANT.—To open your wife's jewel-box and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We know nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "knifey."

SPECIMENS OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.
SHOWING THE CHANGES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I. *Early Classic: Anglo-Saxon.*

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,
Si thin nama gehalgod;
To-become thin Rice;
Gewordhe thin Willa on Eorthen swa swa
on Heofenum.
Urne ge daghwamlican Hlaf syle us to-dag;
And forgyf us ure Gyltas swa swa we
forgifadh urum Gyltendum;
And ne gelade thu us ou Costnunge;
Ac alys us of Yfe. Sothlice.

II. *Anglo-Saxon: A. D. 875.*

Fader ure, thu the eart on Heofenum,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
To-become thin Rice;
Gewurthe thin Willa on Eorthan swa swa
on Heofenum;
Urne ge daghwamlican Hlaf syle us to
dag;
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we
forgyfath urum Gyltendum;
And ne geladde thu on Cosnunge;
Ac alyse us af Yfe.

III. *Anglo-Saxon: about A. D. 880.*

Fader uren, thu arth in Heofnum,
Si gehalgud Noma thin:
To cymeth Ric thin;
Sie Willo thin suae is in Heafne and in
Eortha;
Hlaf usenne of wistlic sel us to dag;
And fergef us Seylda usna, swa, we ferge-
fon Seyldgum usum;
And ne inlad usih in Costunge;
Uh gefrig usih from Yfe.

IV. *Anglo-Saxon: about A. D. 900.*

Thu ure Fader, the eart on Heofenum,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
Cume thin Rice;
Si thin Willa on Eortha, swa swa on Heof-
enum;
Syle us to Dag urne to daghwamlican
Hlaf;
And forgyf us ure Gyltas, swa swa we
forgyfath tham the with us agyltath;
And ne lad thu na us on Costnunge;
Ac alys us fram Yfe. Sih it swa.

V. *Anglo-Saxon: about 900: Another ver-
sion.*

Fader unser se the is on Heofnum,
Gihalgod bith Noma thin;
To cymeth Rice thin;
Sie Willa thin sie swa on Heafne and on
Heorho;
Hlaf userne daghwamlice sel us to Dage;
And forgef us Synne use swa fastlic and
ee we forgefasseghwelle Seylde user;
And ne usih on lad thu in Costhunge;
Ah afria usih from Yfe.

VI. *English or Semi-Saxon: about A. D.
1160.*

Ure Fader, thu the on Heofene eart,
Syo thin Name gehaleged;
To cume thin Rice,
Geworde thin Wille on Heofene and on
Eorthe;
Syle us to Daig urne daighwamliche Hlaf;
And forgyf us ure Geltes, swa we for-
gyfath aelcen thare the with us agyl-
teth
And ne lad thu us on Costnunge;
Ac alys us fram Yfe.

VII. *English: 1200—1300.*

Oure Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thin Name;
Thy kingdom come;
To be thi Wille do as in Hevene and in
Erthe.
Gyff to us this Day our Brede over other
substance;
And forgyne to us our Dettis, as forgyuen
to ure Dettours;
And lede us not into Temptatioun;
But delue us fro Yvel. Amen, that is,
so be it.

VIII. *Wiclif's version; 1370.*

Our Fadyr, that art in Hevenes,
Halloed be thy Name;
Thy kingdom come to;
Be thy Will done in Erthe as in Hevene;
Geue to us this Day our Bread, over other
substance;
And forgyf to us our Dettis, as we forgenen
to our Detters.
And lede us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evil. Amen.

IX. *A. D. 1430.*

Oure Fadir, that art in Hevenis,
Halewid be thi name;
Thi kingdom come to thee;
Be thi Will done in Eerthe as in Hevene;
Giue us this day oure Breed over othere
substance;
And forgyve to us oure Dettis, as we for-
given oure Dettours.
And lede us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Ivel. Amen.

X. *A. D. 1526. Tindal's version.*

Our Father which art in Heven,
Halowed be thy name;
Let thy kingdom come;
Thy will be fulfilled, as well in earth, as it
is in heven,
Geve us this daye our dayly bred;
And forgeve us our Dettis, as we forgiven
our Detters;
And leade us not into temptation;
But deliver us from Evill.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glorye forever.

XI. *Gothic: A. D. 360. Compare this
with No. 1.*

Atta unsar, thu in himinam;
Weihnai namo thein;
Quimai thiudenassus theins;
Wairthai wiljah theins, sue in himina, jah
ana airthai.
Hlaif unsarana, thana sinteinan gif uns
himnadaga,
Jah aflet uns thatei skulans sijaima, swa-
swe jah weis. afletam thaim skulam
unsarain,
Ja ni briggas uns in fraistubajai,
Ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin,
Unta theina ist thiudangardi jah mahls,
jah wulthus; in aiwins. Amen.

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS RELIGION.

Dartmouth College, on the Connecticut
river, at Hanover, New Hampshire, is one
of the oldest and most respectable colleges
in our country. It was named in honor of
Lord Dartmouth, an English nobleman,
who gave a large sum of money to endow
it. There is a fine picture of him in one
of the college halls. He was young, and
handsome, and rich, and accomplished;
but he had something far better than all
these, he had *piety*. He loved and honored
Saviour, and although at the time when
he lived it was the fashion to mock at seri-
ous things, he was never ashamed of his
religion. The king and some noblemen
agreed on one occasion to take an early
morning ride. They waited a few minutes
for Lord Dartmouth. On his arrival, one
of the company seemed disposed to call
him to account for his tardiness. "I learn-
ed to wait upon the King of kings, before
I wait upon my earthly sovereign," was
Lord Dartmouth's answer. No matter
what he had to do, or who wanted him,
reading the Bible and secret prayer were
duties which he never put off. Let us
remember his example, and be faithful to
God as he was.

TRUST NOT THE OUTWARD SHOW.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

Trust not the judgement to thy outward show:
'Tis false! false as the treach'rous cup of wine—
Which in its bosom, (tho' it outward glow
With happiness and joy,) conceals a foe,
Whose clasp is deadliest; since it doth entwine
Its lep'rous arms round those who cannot see.
Trust not the outward show! 'tis like the scenery
gay
Upon the stage by dazzling lamp-light seen;
Which look'd upon by light of truthful day,
The flimsy tissue shrinks and fades away
To what it is and not what it doth seem:
As glow-worm's light from morning sun doth flee
Thus may a smile dance careless on the lip,
Whilst gnawing grief is raging at the heart.
A heart too proud to *show* it feels the whip
That lashes it to madness; but with giant grip,
Holds back its groans; nor lets them part
From out the bosom save in tones of gloe.

From the Tennessee Baptist.

PLEASANT RETREAT, Ky.,
August 1, 1852. }

BROTHER GRAVES:

It is with great pain that I attempt to give you a brief and imperfect sketch of the life, illness, and death of my daughter, SUSAN JAMES CRUTCHER, who departed this life on Saturday morning, July 31, 1852, aged nineteen years, three months, and fifteen days.

She was born April 16, 1833, and exhibited such sprightliness from her childhood as gave her parents great hope that she would constitute a large share of their happiness in their old age. But alas! how much has that hope withered and died, and with what feelings of deep sorrow we have been called upon to part with one so dear to our hearts!

Modesty forbids that I should say any thing concerning her intellect, the cultivation of her mind, or the many amiable qualities she possessed. Suffice it to say that her presence in health always soothed the sorrows and sweetened the joys of her relatives. I can, however, speak of her christian virtues with the greatest propriety, and to these, together with her almost unparalleled patience and fortitude, during a protracted illness of six weeks, I wish to confine this notice. At a camp meeting held with the Sulphur Spring Baptist Church in October, 1847, she professed saving faith in the blessed Saviour, united with the church, and I was permitted to baptize her in the clear waters of Spring Creek.

She lived a happy and a consistent member of this church until October, 1850, at which time she was united in matrimony to Rev. L. J. Crutcher, and shortly after, they both received letters, and (having located near Nashville, Ten.,) united with the church at Mill Creek. A short time after they removed their membership to the Second Church of Nashville, the pastorship of which brother Crutcher had accepted. With that church her membership remained until her happy spirit took its flight to unite with the church of the first born in heaven.

She loved to read her Bible—she loved to go to the house of God—she loved to sing, and pray, and talk about heaven.—She was accustomed to kneel down at the side of her bed and pray before retiring to rest; and if her husband seemed the least disposed to neglect family worship, she would go and place the Bible and Hymn Book upon the table near him, and to entreat him with great earnestness not to neglect so important a duty.

About the 10th of June last, she came to see us, with the intention of remaining some weeks. She had been here but a few days when she had a severe attack of bilious fever, which continued preying upon her during the whole of her illness. At one time we thought the fever was about to subside, and cheerfully hoped to see her convalescent soon; but like the secret volcano, it was working silently, and accumulating strength, which was soon displayed in a most fearful manner.

Her kind physician (Dr. Neely) visited her every day, sometimes twice, and frequently spent the whole day or night.—But every effort failed to remove the disease and restore health.

She was remarkably patient, and endured all her sufferings with the greatest fortitude that it has ever been my lot to witness. She retained her senses until the very last moment, and had strong hopes of recovery, until a few hours before dissolution took place. About two days before this, she discovered that I was weeping, and asked, "What is the matter with my dear father?" I approached her and said, "My dear daughter, we are all sorry to see you so sick, and we fear that you can't get well!" Whereupon, she seemed to be alarmed at first, but presently she commenced weeping freely, and lifting up both hands said, "Thank the Lord, I am ready to go." The next day her husband talked to her (at some length) from the scriptures, and endeavored to nerve her for death, by pointing out the great advantages that would result to her, even, if the Lord should remove her speedily. In conclusion, he asked, "My dear wife, if it should be the will of the Lord to take you away, are you resigned?" She answered promptly, "I am resigned."

About two o'clock next morning it was evident to all present that the hand of death was upon her. Oh what an awfully heart-rending moment! All were silent and solemn as death! Just at this juncture of time, she seemed to have a glorious view of heaven, and exclaimed, "Sweet angels! Oh, I see ten thousand sweet angels!" She then said, "where is the Doctor?" He came to her, with tears in his eyes, and thus she addressed him, "Dr. you have done your duty faithfully, and I thank you for it." Then taking him by the hand she said, "Now I wish to bid you an affectionate farewell. I hope to meet you and all your dear children in heaven." Then she bade me farewell, also her sisters and all present, and told us, that she was going to the happy land, and we would soon meet again. She then

requested us to sing that beautiful song, "There is a happy land, far, far away, &c." No one attempted to sing; whereupon, she commenced and sung it herself. Then called for the servants. They came. She bade them farewell, and exhorted them to prepare to meet her in the happy land. To an aged black woman, she said, "Aunt Anny, you have raised me, and you know what I am. You feel near to my heart, and I want to meet you in heaven." She then sung again: After which she requested her sick mother to be brought. She was brought and placed near her, when she said, "Oh my dear mother, we will soon meet in the happy land." Then bidding her an affectionate adieu, she saw her husband weeping at her side, and said, "Dearest, I have one word for you. You are the strongest tie that I have on earth. We have not been married long, and it seems hard that we must part so soon; but we will meet in the happy land before long. I am now willing to go."

He impressed a parting kiss upon her emaciated cheek, whereupon, she requested us all to come and kiss her for the last time, which being done, she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus without a struggle, and was no doubt received, and accompanied by those "sweet angels" to the "happy land," where her tongue will never be parched with fever any more.

Thus passed away one of my children, who was truly dear to us all. Surely there never was a more bright and glowing evidence given of the power of the grace of God in preparing the soul for death. Her remains rest in the grave yard near the church where she found the Saviour precious, by the side of her eldest sister.

Daughter sleep, thy work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won;
"Sweet angels" bear thy soul away,
Where all is one eternal day.

O. H. MORROW.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—When enemies gather thick around him—when sickness falls heavily upon him—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try thy friendship. They who turn from the scenes of distress; or offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not bestowed on you in vain.

OLIVER CROMWELL.
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Not long after King James I took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrooke. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. He spent his life, I suppose, pretty much like other English knights and squires in those days, hunting hares and foxes and drinking large quantities of ale and wine. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him, for a good many years. In it there was a great hall, hung around with coats of arms, and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in battle, and with horns of deer and tails of foxes, which they or Sir Oliver had killed in the chase.

This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew, who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name of little Noll. His father was a younger brother of Sir Oliver. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little customer to take care of. He was forever in mischief, and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by a miracle.

Even while he was an infant in the cradle; a strange accident had befallen him: A huge ape, which was kept in the family, snatched up little Noll in his fore paws and clambered with him to the roof of the house. There this ugly beast sat grinning at the affrighted spectators, as if he had done the most praiseworthy thing imaginable. Fortunately, however, he brought the child safe down again; and the event was afterwards considered an omen that Noll would reach a very elevated station in the world.

One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrooke, with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, to be sure, but a very great trouble; for the Lords and Ladies, knights, squires, guards and yeomen, who waited on the King were to be feasted as well as himself; and more provisions would be eaten and more wine drank in that one day, than generally in a month. However Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the King's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen, and the neighbors knew by the smoke which poured out of the chimney, that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting and trying were going on merrily.

By and by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching nearer and nearer; and a heavy, old fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver with his hat in his hand stood by the gate, ready to receive the King. His Majesty was dressed in a suit of green not very new; he had a feather in his hat, and a triple ruff round his neck; and over his shoulders was slung a hunting horn, instead of a sword. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world; but the spectators

gazed at him, as if he had something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

"How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent; for Scotland was his native country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

The good knight thanked the King, at the same time kneeling down, while his majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground, he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the King himself. Though by no means an ill looking child, he seemed shy, or even sulky;—and his cheeks were rather pale, as if he had been moping within doors, instead of being sent out to play in the sun and wind.

"I have brought my son Charles to see ye," said the King. "I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his play mate?"

Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men with their gray beards, humbled themselves before this child. They bent their bodies till their beards almost swept the dust. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him.

The poor little prince! From his earliest infancy not a soul had dared to contradict him; everybody around him had acted as if he were a superior being; so that, of course, he had imbibed the same opinion of himself. He naturally supposed, that the whole Kingdom of Great Britain with all its inhabitants had been created solely for his benefit and amusement. This was a very sad mistake, and it cost him dear enough, after he had ascended his father's throne.

"What a noble little prince he is!" exclaimed Sir Oliver, lifting his hands in admiration. "No, please your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of His Royal Highness; but there is a nephew of mine somewhere about the house." He is near the prince's age, and will be but too happy to wait on his Royal Highness."

"Send for him, man! send for him!" said the King.

But as it happened, there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose (which had been put on new and clean in honor of the King's visit) were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle, and the prince one of his customary playfellows.

This was little Noll himself.

"Here, please Your Majesty, is my nephew," said Sir Oliver, somewhat

ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor. "Oliver make your obeisance to the King's Majesty!"

The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the King; for in those days children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince in a very grave and dignified manner extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

"Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the Prince."

"I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand, with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?"

All the courtiers were amazed and confounded and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the King laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn what sort of a people he was to rule over.

So King James and his train entered the house; and the Prince with Noll and some other children was sent to play in a separate room, while his majesty was at dinner. The young people soon became acquainted, for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games they diverted themselves with, I cannot tell. Perhaps they played ball—perhaps at blindman's buff—perhaps at leap frog—perhaps at prison bars. Such games had been in use for hundreds of years; and princes as well as poor children have spent some of their happiest hours in playing at them.

Meanwhile King James and his noblest were feasting with Sir Oliver in his great hall. The King sat in a guided chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him wine or the various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees. You would have thought, by these tokens of worship that the monarch was a supernatural being; only he seemed to have quite as much need of those vulgar matters, food and drink, as any other person at the table. But fate had ordained that good King James should not finish his dinner in peace.

All of a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard trying to restore order among the children. The King and everybody else at the table looked aghast; for perhaps the tumult made them think that a general rebellion had broken out.

"Mercy on us!" muttered Sir Oliver—"that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other. The naughty little whelp!"

Getting up from the table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests, and the King among them.

They all crowded to the door of the play room.

On looking in, they beheld the little prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn and covered with the dust of the floor.—His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time, a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand, how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure bold as a lion, as if he were ready to fight not only the Prince, but the King and the Kingdom too.

"You little villain!" cried his uncle, "what have you been about? Down on your knees and ask the Prince's pardon! How dare you lay your hands on the King's Majesty's royal son?"

"He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll; "and I've only given him his due."

Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet who had dared to resent a blow from the King's son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their great zeal for the King's services, were about to lay hands on the boy, and chastise him in the royal presence.

But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist.

"Thou art a bold boy," said he, looking fixedly at little Noll; "and if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friend with thee."

"I never will," said the little Prince stamping his foot.

"Peace, Charlie, Peace!" said the King; then addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants, "Harm not the urchin; for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit by it.—Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose!"

So the King finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. The Prince, indeed, might have lived a happier life, and met a more peaceful death, had he remembered that quarrel, and the moral which his father drew from it. But when old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans and all who loved liberty rose against him, and beat him in many battles, and pulled him down from his throne.

Throughout this war between the King and nobles on one side, and the people of England on the other, there was a famous leader, who did more towards the ruin of royal authority than all the rest. The

contest was like a wrestling match between King Charles and this strong man. The King was overthrown.

When the disrowned monarch was brought to trial, this warlike leader sat in the judgment hall. Many judges were present besides himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles, or doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, this victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his Majesty from death.

"Nol" said he sternly. "Better that one man should perish, than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake.—It is resolved that he shall die!"

When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace at Whitehall. He beheld to poor victim of pride, and an evil education and misused power, as he laid head upon the block. He looked on with a steadfast gaze, while a black-veiled executioner lifted the fatal axe, and smote off that anointed head at a single blow.

"It is a righteous deed" perhaps he said to himself. "Now Englishmen may enjoy their rights."

At night when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lightening himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with the many battles in which he had led the van; his brow was wrinkled with care and the continual exercise of his stern authority. Probably there was not a single trait, either of aspect or of manner, that belonged to the little Noll, who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he!

He lifted the coffin-lid, and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then probably his mind went back over all the marvelous events that had brought the hereditary King of England to this dishonored coffin, and raised himself, an humble individual, to the possession of kingly power. He was a king, though without the empty title or the glittering crown.

"Why was it?" said Cromwell to himself—or might have said—as he gazed at the pale features in the coffin. "Why is it that the great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?"

And indeed why was it?

King Charles had fallen because in his manhood, the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother, he deemed himself a superior being and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose because, in spite of his many faults, he manly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellowmen; therefore the poor and oppressed all lent their strength to him.

MARRIED WELL.

There is not an expression in the whole English language more wretchedly abused than 'his—it is abused, because it is misapplied.—

When properly used, it tells of a heart and land connection; a blooming together of similar tastes and fancies for the course of life; a giving-away early in the spring of years the affections of the heart; and joining them in marriage, with the steadfast determination of adding a joy to the existence of each other. But this is all forgotten in the race of selfishness; and the language is—"Mr. James Lovemoney has married well—very well." "Ah! pray, who has he married?" "Why Miss Lucy Owumuch, the lady from the south; her father lately died, and she has forty thousand dollars at her command."—"Indeed! well, I always thought James would succeed well in the world, he is such a genteel, good-looking fellow, and there is something so insinuating about him; but is the lady handsome?" "I never saw her but once; she was dressed elegantly then, but was a little lame, and squints with one eye." I did not stop to hear the conversation, but probably the last question was—"Has she a good disposition, or is she intelligent?" But this last is a trifling matter with those who wish to marry well. Well, we live to be happy—we ponder much upon the best method of becoming so; and if we wander from the true path of marriage, we get lost in a wild of misery, where the sunlight of enjoyment scarcely ever finds its way. Now I for one, do not believe that money is the grand panacea for every ill of marriage; or that it will create a smile of joy upon the brow where affection does not dwell. Take the word of an old fellow for it—he who woe and wins modest merit; who seeks a partner for the social circle, and a helpmate for the domestic concerns of life; who uses the voice of reason—and I have no objections to his listening a little to the warblings of fancy in his choice—will marry well; although he may not obtain a copper with his bride, yet she brings to him a willing heart and a free will, and these are of infinite value to have ever around us, as we journey on through the world. There is a warning in Mr. Lovemoney's case, and a moral to be gleaned from it; still it is not in every instance that the lameness is visible, or the blindness perceptible, yet there is many a poor fellow who has been engaged in "marrying well" in the world, and yet has found to his sorrow, that he has been lame, and almost blind in the subject of matrimony. Away with it all—the wealth of an intelligent, virtuous and modest partner, will last and grow bright with use, like Franklin's key—while the other may ride away on the wing of every speculation. I have done. A little miscellaneous chat on this subject is well—it interests us all—and always by reasoning together we shall become wiser, better and happier.

The Value of the Steam Power.—Suppose, for a moment, that the power of steam was wrested from our service—the labored breathings, the shrill whistle heard no more—the factory, lately instinct with life, a deserted ruin—the gigantic ocean steamers, floating a crippled bulk upon the deep—on our mighty rivers, no longer seen their floating palaces, nor our mountain solitudes started with the impatient neighing of the iron horse—the printing press thrown back a century, no longer giving forth its hourly thousands, and necessary intellectual food of our errand millions. What would we be—and where?

It is not every baby that curried lobster will agree with.

GENTLENESS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy heart or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again;
Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that the wind or the wave shall
bring
The treasure back when needed!

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may grow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup of bitterness
With a bright draught filled—Oh, never
Shall the earth give back that lavished
wealth

To cool thy parched lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered!

REFLECTION OF CHRIST.

Among thousands of thousands of true Christians, every one has been smitten with his ideal, and has, in his measure, striven to reproduce it. Every one has not merely accepted the precepts of Christ, but imitated the person of Christ, and the Christianity which is in the world is, after certain reflections and refractions, the same light mirrored forth with manifold variety, according to the subjective differences of various minds; even as the morning sun comes to us in hues of the mountain, the dancing waves of the sea, the flowers of the field, and the innumerable drops of dew, each viling with the rest to show forth some beam of the great luminary. Such credence have these claims received, that it is the character of Christ which lives again in each individual believer, and in the body of the church. I might go further, and show that the civilization of the modern world is a modified effluence from the same center. The humanity of Christian nations what is it but a poor copy of the benignity of Christ? The tendency to universal amity among nations—what is it but the gradual imitation of the Prince of peace? The hospitals, infirmaries, and asylums of our day, for the helpless blind, deaf, lunatic—what are they but the life of Christ to some humble degree, actuating the life of society? And when the process shall be complete—when the last recreant shall give in his allegiance; when all nations shall be converted, and the church and the world have the same boundaries; what shall it be but the body of Christ, in which every member shall derive strength and character from the Head?—[Dr. Alexander.

FORGETFULNESS OF THE DEAD.

How little do we think of the dead. Their bones lie entombed in all our towns, villages, and neighborhoods. The lands they cultivated, the houses they built, the works of their hands, are always before our eyes. We travel the same road, walk the same path, sit at the same fire-side, sleep in the same rooms, ride in the same

carriage, and dine at the same table, and seldom remember that those who once occupied these places are now gone—alas! forever! Strange that the living, so soon forget the dead, when the world is full of the mementoes of their lives.—Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast to the exclusion of those so near. To-day man stands and weeps over the grave of his departed friend: to-morrow he passes that grave with cold indifference. To-day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved: to-morrow, the image of that friend is effaced from his heart, and almost forgotten! What a commentary upon man!

A GOOD EXCUSE.—There is a society in existence in this city, which like most other associations of the same kind, has a standing rule that all members who come late or absent themselves, shall be fined a certain sum, unless they are able to give a sufficient excuse for their tardiness or absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours, and the chairman asked him his excuse for not being late.

"Really, sir," said, "I was not able to get here before—domestic troubles—perplexity of mind—I cannot say which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Ah," said the chairman, expressing much commiseration, for the father and the husband, "I was not aware of that. Remit the fine, Mr. Secretary—the excuse is a good one."

The member consequently took his seat.—The next morning, another member met him, and with much feeling asked him how his wife and daughter were?

"In excellent health," replied he.
"How!—I thought you said last night that you did not know which would die first."

"I did—and am still in a quandary. Time, however, will decide the question."—*City per.*

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait.
Till I am asked to pass my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair nor plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
I must not play—nor must I sing,
I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret, if I don't think it good;
I must not say, "The bread is old;"
"The tea is hot," "The coffees cold;"
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating, speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please;"
The table cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil,
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run,
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

MARRIED.—In Montgomery county, near Clarksville, on the 16th instant, Mr. J. E. Rudolph to Mrs. Lucy A. Harris.

In this county Mr. Andrew J. Fanning to Miss Susan T. Blackman.

DIED.—In this city, on the 23th inst., Mrs. MARTHA H., consort of E. L. Jordan.

H. G. SCOVEL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)

Nashville, Tennessee,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine,
Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Ci-
gars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent
Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental
Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for
Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Per-
cussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches,
Sago or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
4-y MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

W. R. McFADDEN.

Retail Dealer in Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS.

Corner of Main Street and the Square,

HAS received his stock of Spring and Sum-
mer Goods, which embraces almost every
article kept in his line, to which he respectfully
invites the attention of his friends and the pub-
lic. He offers great inducements to cash pur-
chasers or to punctual dealers on time. Thank-
ful for past favors he hopes still to receive a full
share of the liberal encouragement he has heretofore received.
April 15, 1852.

W. A. & R. D. REED

HAVE associated themselves together for the
purpose of continuing and extending the
Book Business in this city, at the old stand oc-
cupied by R. D. Reed.

We expect shortly to receive a large addition
to the present stock.

We solicit Teachers, Pupils, country Mer-
chants, and the public generally, to call and ex-
amine over our stock of Books before purchasing
elsewhere. Respectfully
j16-3m W. A. & R. D. REED.

Valuable Land for Sale.

I OFFER for sale 350 or 400 acres of very de-
sirable land, lying from one to two miles of
Murfreesborough, on the Nashville Turnpike,
on which is a Dwelling House and a Saw and
Grist Mill. I will divide it to suit purchasers.
It will make several good little farms with Wa-
ter, Wood, and fine land on each. Terms lib-
eral. Title undisputable. For further infor-
mation apply to Wm. Spence, at Murfreesborough,
or myself at my residence near it.
j13-14 News. W. L. MURFRE.

"Lights and Shades."

E. R. GANNAWAY,
DAGUERREAN ARTIST,
NORTH-EAST corner of the Square, would
respectfully inform the citizens of Mur-
freesborough and vicinity that he is now perman-
ently located here and hopes to be able to meet the
wants of the people in his line of business,—
having added another room to his Skylight
Gallery, which makes it more comfortable and
convenient, he flatters himself that he can pre-
sume his customers that no person shall excel
him either in quality or condition of sale.

Any correction of dress or attitude will be
made in his own work free of charge, which is
an advantage not offered by the traveling artist.
j19

Confectionaries.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citi-
zens of Murfreesborough and surrounding
country, that he is now doing business entirely
for himself, and invites the attention of the pub-
lic to his present stock of CONFECTIONA-
RIES.
may15 JAMES ARTHUR.

DR. McCULLOCH.
OFFICE ON SHELBYVILLE PIKE,
FOUR DOORS FROM THE SQUARE,
Murfreesborough, Tenn.

Classic Union.

DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. I.

MURFREESBOROUGH, SEPTEMBER 15, 1852.

NO. 24.

HINTS ON SLEEP.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make men healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"An hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after it."

In what sense is "an hour's sleep before midnight worth two after it?"

It is the order of nature that men should go to rest early. The birds cease their singing as the sun goes down; the sheep and the deer go to their resting early, and throughout nature quietness and repose are the order of the night. It is *natural*, then, to *sleep early*; and for this reason it may truly be said, "it is twice as good to obey nature's law as to break it." It is twice as good to sleep regularly and habitually *before* midnight as to wait until after it.

Sleep is one of the greatest of Heaven's blessings. When fatigued and careworn, how grateful, how refreshing its influence. Were it not for sleep, how dull and monotonous would life become. The poor man who labors hard the live-long day, and the student who toils no less in his health-trying employments—what would become of these were it not for the ever-genial influence of sleep? Without it, life could not possibly be sustained for more than a few days.

But, necessary, refreshing, and invigorating as is this provision of nature for restoring the system, people know very imperfectly how to use it. They generally know almost nothing of the real *how* to eat, drink or sleep. It would seem as if their whole study were (if they may be said to study at all) continually to get the cart before the horse. Many kinds of the most unhealthy food are, by almost every family in Christendom, eaten merely from habit; and tobacco, tea, and coffee are used as if they were the most friendly and healthful substances in the world.

So too in sleeping, the room must be almost hermetically sealed, to keep out the night air, and the softest feather beds with down pillows are everywhere used. Peo-

ple do not know, or seem to care to know, that breathing the air continually over and over again, renders it a perfect poison; that feather beds and feather pillows are among the greatest causes of physical debility, horrible dreams, nightmares, and the most unrefreshing sleep that can be.—Who does not remember of being put in those best rooms with a feather bed so high as almost to need a ladder to enable one to mount it; and how one almost loses himself in the smothering envelopment of these "best beds?"

Remember, too, what a stench there is coming from the feathers and the impure air when we enter in the morning such a sleeping room, and having just come from the fresh air. Will people generally heed any admonitions on this subject? Not one in a hundred, we fear; but now and then the seeds fall on good ground; and this encourages us to work on. One of the most pernicious customs in regard to sleep, is the practice of sitting up late at night, and losing the best and most delightful "hours of early morn." Studious persons particularly are apt to contract this habit of sitting up late at evening.—The solemn stillness of night is supposed to be more favorable for study and reflection than the day. And when a person makes a change, and undertakes to observe the proper hours, he finds that he is dull in the morning, and cannot study so well as at late hours. Soon, however, if he will persevere, he will learn that by rising early, and retiring seasonably to rest, he will accomplish more with less exhaustion of the nervous power, than by sitting up late. It is, too, an important fact, that artificial lights, of whatever kind, are much more trying to the nerves than the natural light of day. Oculists tell us that the former often injure the sight, and sometimes produce disease of the eyes, very difficult to remove.

What are we to say of theatre going people, and those who frequent balls, par-

ties, &c., habitually, and late at night?—They are living continually in opposition to nature's laws, and must receive the penalty. Such people never enjoy good health. See the fashionable young ladies of our cities who remain in bed late in the morning and sit up late at night. How feeble, pale, sallow, and nervous they are; crooked-backed often, and not more fit for a wife than a doll-baby. But it is fashionable; therefore, they must be up late at night to show off in society.

Shall we sleep at all during the day?—It is natural, evidently, for infants to sleep much of the time, day as well as night.—Nature demands it. We think, too, that some feeble persons are the better for a "nap" before dinner. Farmers, who rise at daybreak, and toil hard during the long days of summer, have a habit of sleeping after dinner. This may, on the whole, do good, since they, in such cases, need more sleep than they get at night; but if they will make the experiment, they will be astonished to find how much more refreshing the sleep will be before dinner than after. Fifteen minutes sleep before the meal is better than a whole hour after it. We do not see the animals going to sleep immediately after. Sleep during the day should be in the forenoon, so that it be not disturbed at night. If a person sleep in the afternoon, he will be much more liable to wakefulness at night.

Some have agreed that sleep during the day, in the case of adults, is always wrong. Persons often feel unrefreshed and feverish after a day-nap. Women when tired, often throw themselves upon the bed, and are surprised on rising to find that they feel smothered, feverish, and worse than before. Now the cause of this often is the lying down with their clothes on. It is natural for the skin to breathe. "But," says one, "the clothes are on while we are up, and why not the harm then?" Because then the clothing is more loose and the skin is left more

free. But when we lie down, the clothes are pressed against the skin much more than when we are up. To have sleep refreshing, then, we should remove the external clothing as we would at night.—Then if we need sleep it will be refreshing. But, as a general fact, it must be acknowledged that it is the best not to sleep at all during the day; to keep active, and then, early at night to retire to rest. Then sleep will be worth the while. Indolent people have a pernicious way of dozing in the morning, taking a second nap. The habits should be so active, and everything in our power so regulated, that we sleep soundly, and on the first awakening, which, with good dietetic and other habits throughout, will be early, we should rise. Do not wait in the vitiated air of your room to sleep more. Rise, wash, drink some cold water, and if possible go into the open air. It will give a good appetite, a keen relish for the plainest food, vigor, health, and strength of body, and peacefulness and contentment of mind.

Try it, ye idlers, regularly for three months, and then tell us if we are not right. Try it, ye students, literary men, merchants, and ye ladies; it will give you a good circulation, warmth of extremities, and a glow of the cheek, natural, healthy and beautiful. Try it all.

SIMPLE HABITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Our Queen has recently purchased a Highland estate, (says an English letter writer,) so that both she and her husband are now Scottish landholders. I cannot refrain from telling you a story I heard the other night, of her simplicity of style in dressing.

She was out in the neighborhood of Balmora, her Aberdennish country-house and sat down by the side of a public road to take a sketch—an art in which she very much excels. A shepherd boy comes up with a drive of sheep, and they, seeing a person sitting on the road, would not pass. "Gang out o' the road, woman," cried the boy, at the top of his voice. Sir James Clark, or some other dignified person, hastens to restrain the boys unwitting impudents, but not before he has roared out with more intense vehemence, "Woman, I tell you, gang out o' the road." The Queen, either too much occupied or too much amused, never lifts her head, hand, lifts her head, and perhaps never heard him. "Boy," said Sir James, "do you know whom you are calling to?" "I neither ken nor care," rejoins the boy, "that's the sheep's road." "Be quiet, sir,

that is the Queen." "The Queen!" whimpered the boy, all aglashed at his temerity, and choked with a sense of his presumption; "weel, if she be the Queen, what for does she no' put on claes that folks may ken her by?"

I have no doubt that all well-bred ladies will rejoice to find their good taste confirmed by the simple habit of dressing of the first lady in the world.

WHAT CONSTITUTES TRUE FAITH.

Genuine, or saving faith, is truth received into the understanding and combined with the affection of good in the will, and so intimately combined as to be constantly operative in the use of a good and orderly life. In order that there may be true faith, good and truth must be closely and reciprocally united, forming in man that heavenly marriage which the Divine word so often describes. There can be no saving faith without charity as its living and essential principle. For faith, in its inmost form, is charity in the will connecting itself with the knowledge of truth in the understanding; and thus producing an internal acknowledgment and love of the truth. Faith, or the knowledge of truth, gives to charity its form and quality; while charity on the other hand, gives to faith its living and essential principle; so that each is mutually dependent upon the other, and neither can really have any separate or independent existence. "To believe those things which the Word teaches, or which the doctrine of the church teaches, and not to live according to them, appears as if it were faith, and some also fancy that they are saved by it; but by this alone no one is saved, for it is persuasive faith, the quality of which shall be now declared. Faith is persuasive when the Word and the doctrine of the church are believed in and loved, not for the sake of truth and of a life according to it, but for the sake of gain honor, and the fame of erudition as ends; wherefore they who are in that faith do not look to the Lord and to heaven, but to themselves and the world * * * They who are in a persuasive faith are understood by those of whom it is said, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name have done many wonderful works? then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

MEANS OF SALVATION.

The Lord, throughout the whole econ-

omy of His providence, both in things spiritual and natural, accomplishes nothing but by means. From the blade of grass to the highest state of angelic perfection, everything is effected by the employment of means divinely appointed for the purpose. And as the salvation of man is the greatest of all ends contemplated by the divine love of our Heavenly Father, so the most sacred and important of all means have been divinely appointed for the accomplishment of that end. These means are, in a general sense, the revelation of the Holy Word, the work of redemption, and the divine ordinances, Baptism and the Holy Supper; all of which are of very great use in promoting the regeneration of man, and bringing him into conjunction with the Lord. These means of salvation having been appointed by the Lord, and plainly revealed in his Word, no one who intentionally disregards them can have any true hope of being delivered from evil and prepared for heaven.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, have some one in his manhood stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say, I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parisian or Italian marble.—The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD.

A celebrated female writer thus pleads the cause of the little girls; "I plead that she be not punished as a romp, if she keenly enjoy those active sports which city gentility proscribes. I plead that the ambition to make her accomplished do not chain her to the piano, till the spinal column, which should consolidate the frame, starts aside like a broken reed—nor bow her over her book, till the vital energy, which ought to pervade the whole frame, mounts into the brain, and kindles the brain fever.

CHANGES OF TIME.

In Asia Minor, we tried upon a soil rich in interesting and splendid recollections, with an existing population completely debased by ignorance and slavery. The glory of twenty different nations that once flourished here, has been extinguished; flocks wander over the tomb of Achilles and of Hector; and the thrones of Mithridates and the Antiochuses have disappeared, as well as the palaces of Priam and Cræsus. The merchants of Smyrna do not inquire whether Homer was born within their walls; the fine sky of Ionia no longer inspires either painters or poets; the same obscurity covers with its shades the banks of the Jordan and the Euphrates. The republic of Moses is not to be found. The harps of David and Isaiah are silent forever; the wandering Arabian comes indifferent and unmoved to rest the poles of his tent against the shattered columns of Palmyra; Babylon has also fallen beneath the stroke of an avenging destiny, and that city which reigned supreme over oppressed Asia, has scarcely left behind it a trace that can show where the ramparts of Semiramis were raised. "I have seen," says a traveller, "the accomplishment of that prophecy, 'Tyre, the queen of nations, shall be made like the top of a rock, where the fishermen shall spread their nets.'"
—*Malte Brun.*

NATURAL GAS.

The Fredonia Censor says that that village has for a long time been lighted by natural gas, which issues at certain places spontaneously from fissures in the underlying strata of rock. The supply, however, has hitherto proved insufficient for the demand. On Thursday afternoon last, while a workman was engaged in drilling for a further supply of water in the well at the Johnson House, a fissure was reached, from which, on the withdrawal of the drill a large and constant current of gas issued; with much force, through the water. Upon placing a tunnel over the jet and applying a candle, the gas ignited, throwing a column of flame to the top of the well, near twenty feet, and burning the man severely. Up to the present time, the gas continues to issue unfailingly; and it is the intention of the proprietors of the hotel to apply it to immediate use in lighting their building.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure too laugh; the business of his life is to get more money. He is still dragging on, saying that Solomon

says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." We see but the outside of a rich man's happiness; a few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels; and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all for a quiet conscience.—*Isaac Walton.*

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

"Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss, when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently, will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of Princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the *practical habit* of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And therefore I am firmly persuaded that indulgence *infallibly* produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character."—*Lord Jeffrey.*

WORK HARD.

The Rev. Dr. Stowell, now President of Cheshunt College, in England, was in early life a Sunday School teacher, in Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool, the scene for the last forty years of the labors of the late Dr. Raffles. One Sunday morning, while Mr. Stowell was engaged with his class, the venerable Rowland Hill, who was going to preach, walked into the room, and going up to Mr. Stowell, then a very young man, with his usual benignant smile, asked, "Pray, youngster, would you like to live long?" "Yes, sir." The old gentleman seemed to like the promptitude of the answer. "Do you know how?" "No, sir." "Would you wish me to tell you."

"Please, sir." His answer was given in two words, "WORK HARD." This was what he himself did, and he lived and preached till his eighty-ninth year.

We know that it is possible to *work too hard*, and in a few—a very few instances—we have known this done; but far more have died from *rust*, than from *undue wear*.

REMEMBER THESE THINGS.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

The face of truth is not the less fair of all the counterfeit wizards that have been put upon her.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

Witty sayings are as easy lost as the pearls of a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Flat Roofs.—All the new houses which have been built in New York recently, have what are termed flat roofs; that is, the roof is nearly level and slants but slightly from one side to the other. The old huge peaked roofs are fast disappearing, we wonder how they ever came into use. The inventor of them must have been a man full of conical ideas. The flat roofs are covered with tin and well painted. If a fire takes place in a building, it is easy to walk and work on the flat roof, so as to command the fire if it be in the adjacent building this cannot be done on peaked roofs. Flat roofs are cheaper and more convenient in every respect. We advise all those who intend to build new houses to have flat roofs on them. It is far better to have a flush story at the top of a building than a peaked cramped up garret which is comfortable for travelling on the hands and knees.—*Scientific American.*

"Justice," says Penn, "is the insurance which we have on our lives and property;"—to which may be added, *and obedience to the laws is the premium which we pay for it.*

If reputation robberies were as faithfully detailed and industriously published as are those depredations which are committed upon property, what a picture of human vice and turpitude would be presented to us every day.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

There are certain pairs of old-fashioned-looking pictures, in black frames generally, and most commonly glazed with greenish, and crooked crown glass, to be occasionally met with in brokers' shops, or more often, perhaps, on cottage walls, and sometimes in the dingy, smoky paror of a village tavern or alehouse, which said pictures contain and exhibit a lively and impressive moral. Some of our readers, doubtless, have seen and been edified by these ancient engravings; and, for the benefit of those who have not, we will describe them.

The first picture of the pair, represents a blooming and blushing damsel, well-bedded in a frock of pure white muslin, if memory serves us faithfully, very scanty and very short waisted, as was the fashion fifty years ago, and may again be the fashion in less than fifty years hence, for aught we can tell. Over this frock is worn a gay spencer, trimmed with lace and ornamented with an unexceptionable fill, while the damsel's auburn curls are surmounted with a gipsy hat of straw, fluttering with broad, true blue ribbons, which fasten it in a true-love knot, under the dimple chin.

Her companion (for she has a companion) is a young countryman in glossy boots, tight buckskins, gay flapped waistcoat, blue or brown long-waisted and broad-skirted coat, frilled shirt, and white kerchief, innocent of starch, who smiles most lovingly, as with fond devotion, [here, gentle reader, is the moral of the picture]—he bends lowly, and chivalrously places at the disposal of the fair lady, hand, arm, and manly strength, as she pauses before a high backed stile which crosses the path—leading, if we mistake not, to the village church. Beneath this picture, reader, in Roman capitals, are the words:—"BEFORE MARRIAGE."

We turn to the second picture; and there may be seen the same high-backed stile, the same path and the same passengers. Painfully and awkwardly is the lady represented as endeavoring unaided, to climb the rails, while beyond her is the companion of her former walk—her companion still, but not her helper—slowly sauntering on, and looking back with an ominous frown, as though chiding the delay. Beneath this picture are the significant words—"AFTER MARRIAGE."

One could wish these pictures were only pictures; but, in sober earnest, they are allegories, and too truthfully portray

what passes continually before our eyes;—the difference, to wit, between the two states presented. Truly, indeed, has it been said, "Time and possession too frequently lessen our attachmet to objects that were once most valued, to enjoy which, no difficulties were thought insurmountable, no trials, too great, and no pain too severe. Such also, is the tenure by which we hold all terrestrial happiness, and such the instability of all human estimation!—And though the ties of conjugal affection are calculated to promote, as well as to secure permanent felicity, yet many, it is to be feared, have just reason to exclaim—"Once to prevent my wishes Philo flew; But time, that alters all, has altered you."

It is, perhaps, not to be expected that a man can retain through life that assiduity by which he pleases for a day or a month. Care, however should be taken that he do not so far relax his vigilance as to induce a belief that his affection is diminished.—Few disquietudes occur in domestic life which might not have been prevented; and those so frequently witnessed, generally arise from a want of attention to those mutual endearments which all have in their power to perform, and which, as they are essential to the preservation of happiness, should never be intentionally omitted."

This witness, dear reader, is true. The neglect of those little attentions which every married couple have it in their power to show to each other, daily, hourly, is a sure method of undermining domestic happiness. Let every married reader bear this in mind, and reflect upon it; for it is an undeniable truth.

It was a full quarter of a century ago that the writer first saw the pair of engravings which he has described. They were hanging over the fire-place of a newly-married cottager. "There," said she, laughing, as she pointed to the second picture; 'you see what I have to expect.'

She did not expect it though! Such an attentive, kind, and self-denying lover, as her 'old man,' as she called him in sport, had been, would never change into a morose brute, who could suffer his wife to climb over an awkward stile without help, and scold her for her clumsiness.

Reader, not many months since, we saw poor Mary, prematurely gray and time-stricken. For years she has been living apart from her husband, her children scattered abroad in the world, and she is sad and solitary. And thus it was:—He, the trusted one, tired of being the fond lover of the picture, soon began to show himself the husband. *She*, the con-

fiding one, stung by some instance of neglect, reproached and taunted. He resented these reproaches as unjust, and to prove them so, redoubled his inattentiveness to her, absented himself from home, and bestowed his attentions elsewhere. *She* copied his example, and by way of punishment in kind, lavished her smiles and kindnesses in other quarters. *He*—but why go on? years—sad years of crimination and recrimination, of provocation and bitter reproaches, and suspicion, and mutual jealousy, and dislike, and hatred, wore away. At length they parted. What became of the pair of pictures, we often wonder.

"For about two years after I was married," says Cobbett, in his advice to a husband, "I retained some of my military manners, and used to romp most famously with the girls that came in my way; till one day, at Philadelphia, my wife said to me, in a very gentle manner, 'Don't do that, I do not like it.' That was quite enough; I had never thought on the subject before; one hair of *her* head was more dear to me than all the other women in the world, and this I knew that she knew; but I now saw that this was not all that she had a right to from me; I saw that she had the further claim upon me that I should abstain from everything that might induce others to believe that there was any other woman for whom, even if I were at liberty, I had any affection."

"I beseech young married men," continued he, "to bear this in mind; for, on some trifle of this sort the happiness or misery of a long life frequently turns. If the mind of a wife be disturbed on this score, every possible means ought to be used to restore it to peace; and though her suspicions be perfectly groundless; though they be wild as the dreams of madmen; though they may present a mixture of the furious and the ridiculous, still they are to be treated with the greatest lenity and tenderness; and if, after all, you fail, the frailty is to be lamented as a misfortune, and not punished as a fault, seeing that it must have its foundation in a feeling towards you, which it would be the basest of ingratitude, and the most ferocious of cruelty, to repay by harshness of any description."

"The truth is," adds the same writer, "that the greatest security of all against jealousy in a wife is to show, to prove by your acts, by your words also, but more especially by your acts, that you prefer her to all the world; and I know of no act

that is, in this respect, equal to spending in her company every moment of your leisure time. Everybody knows, and young wives better than anybody else, that people, who can choose, will be where they like best to be, and that they will be along with those whose company they like best. The matter is very plain; and I do beseech you to bear it in mind. Nor do I see the use, or sense, of keeping a great deal of company as it is called.—What company can a man and woman want more than their two selves, and their children, if they have any? If here 'be not company enough, it is a sad affair.—This hankering after company proves, clearly proves, that you want something beyond the society of your wife; and *that* she is sure to feel most acutely; the bare fact contains an imputation against her, and it is pretty sure to lay the foundation of jealousy, or of something still worse."

Addressed, as these sentiments are, to the husband, they are equally applicable to the wife; and on the part of domestic happiness, we urge upon our readers, all, to prove their constancy of attachment by mutual kind offices and delicate attentions, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow; by abstinence from all that may wound; and by an honest preference of *home* enjoyments above all other enjoyments.

But to keep alive this honest preference, there must be—in addition to other good qualifications which have heretofore passed under review,—

1. *Constant cheerfulness and good humor.* A wife and mother who is perpetually fretful and peevish—who has nothing to utter to her husband when he returns from his daily occupation, whatever it may be, or to her children when they are assembled around her, but complaints of her hard lot and miserable destiny—who is always brooding over past sorrows, or anticipating future evils—does all she can, unconsciously it may be, to make her hearth desolate, and to mar forever domestic happiness. And the husband and father who brings to that hearth a morose frown, or a gloomy brow—who silences the prattling tongue of infancy by a stern command—who suffers the annoyances and cares of life to cut into his heart's core, and refuses to be comforted or charmed by the thousand endearments of her whom he has sworn to love and cherish—such a one does not deserve domestic happiness.

Young reader, and expectant of future domestic bliss, take a word of advice:—

Be good-tempered. You have not much to try your patience now: by-and-by your trials will come on. Now, then, is the time to practise good-temper in the little vexations of life, so as to prepare you for future days. No doubt there are many little rubs and jars to fret and shake even you; many small things, not over and above agreeable, to put up with. Bear them you must; but do try and bear them without losing your temper. If a man have a stubborn or a skittish horse to manage, he knows that the best way to deal with it is by gentle, good-humored coaxing. Just so it is in other things: kindness, gentleness, and downright good-humor will do what all the blustering and anger in the world cannot accomplish.—If a wagon-wheel creaks and works stiff, or if it skids instead of turning round, you know well enough that it wants oiling. Well, always carry a good supply of the oil of good temper about with you, and use it well on every needful occasion; no fear then of creaking wheels as you move along the great highway of life.

Then, on the part, still, of domestic happiness, would we earnestly advise a *decent, nay, a strict regard to personal habits*, so far, at least, as the feelings of others are concerned. "It is seldom," writes a traveler, "that I find associates in inns who come up to my ideas of what is right and proper in personal habits. The most of them indulge, more or less, in devil's tattooing, in slapping of fingers, in puffing and blowing, and other noises, anomalous and indescribable, often apparently merely to let the other people in the room know that they are there, and not thinking of anything in particular. Few seem to be under any sense of the propriety of subduing as much as possible all sounds connected with the animal functions, though even breathing might, and ought to be managed in perfect silence." Now, if it were only in inns that disagreeable personal habits are practised, it would not much interfere with the happiness of nine-tenths of the people in the world; but the misfortune is that *home* is the place where they are to be noticed in full swing—to use a common expression. Indeed, perhaps there are few persons who do not, in a degree at least, mar domestic happiness by persisting in personal peculiarities which they know are unpleasant to those around them. Harmless these habits may be in themselves, perhaps; but inasmuch as they are teasing, annoying, and irritating to others, they are not harmless. Nay, they are criminal, because they are

accompanied by a most unamiable disregard to the feelings of others.

To make home truly happy, *the mind must be cultivated*. It is all very well to any that a man and his wife and their children if they have any, ought to be company enough for each other, without seeking society elsewhere; and it is quite right that it should be so: but what if they have nothing to say to each other, as reasonable and thinking beings—nothing to communicate beyond the veriest common-places—nothing to learn from each other?—nothing but mere animal enjoyments in common? Imagine such a case, reader, where father, mother, and children are sunk in grossest ignorance, without knowledge, without intellectual resources, or even intellectual powers, without books, or any acquaintance with books, or any desire for such acquaintance! What domestic happiness can there be in such a case? As well might we talk of the domestic happiness of a dog-kennel or sheep-pen, a stable or a pig-stye. And just in proportion as ignorance predominates, so are the chances of domestic happiness diminished. Where there is great ignorance, and contentment with ignorance, there is vice; and vice is not happiness—it cannot be. Therefore, all other things equal, that family will have the greatest chance of the greatest share of domestic happiness, where each member of it has the mind to take in, and the heart to give out, a constant succession of fresh ideas, gained from observation, experience, and books. Reader think of these things.

TEACHING AND TRAINING.

It is recorded of Dean Swift, that he had often been teaching his servant in vain to close the library door, when she left the room. One day she entered her master's study, and requested permission to go to the marriage of a friend, a few miles into the country, which was granted. The door as usual was left open. Annoyed at this, the Dean permitted the girl to leave the house several minutes, and then told another servant to follow and say to her that her master wished to speak with her. She reluctantly obeyed the summons, and returning in great haste, inquired what her master wished to say.—The Dean calmly replied, 'O, nothing in particular: shut the door.' What teaching had failed to do, training in this instance fully accomplished, for the door was ever afterwards promptly closed.

Learn to subdue your passions, and live soberly.

[From the N. Y. Baptist Register.]
DR. EATON'S ADDRESS.

This address, delivered before the Adelphean and Æonian Societies, an extract from which was designed to be given last week in the article of our correspondent, but which we were compelled to leave out for want of room, we present according to promise in the present number.—[Ed. Rev.]

RESPONSIBILITIES OF EDUCATED MEN.

"We proceed to speak in the second place, of the responsibilities of educated men in regard to themselves as individuals, and this we consider as the more important branch of our subject. The danger at the present day is not so much that educated men will neglect the duties that they owe to society, as that the hurry and excitement attendant upon the discharge of public duties will lead them to neglect those which they owe to themselves. Many educated men are early laid aside from usefulness through neglect of the duties they owe themselves as physical beings. The physical laws established by our Creator, are as really expressions of his will as are his moral laws; and would not an enlightened spirit of filial obedience lead us to be as mindful of his will in the one case as in the other? We say that ignorance of moral law is no excuse for its violation, when knowledge is within reach; and may we not say the same in regard to physical law? All would condemn a man who viewed himself merely as a physical being, and whose whole time and attention were engrossed with the study of the laws of corporeal nature, and the application of those laws to his bodily health and comfort, to the entire neglect of his intellectual and moral nature. How much wiser those are who regard only the spiritual and moral laws of their being, and forget that the exercise of the higher faculties of the soul depends upon the healthful action of the various bodily functions, we will not attempt to determine. The one would be the wisdom of the man who would lay a firm and solid foundation and never build upon it, the other of him who would rear a lofty and beautiful superstructure without a foundation capable of sustaining its weight. As we look abroad upon society, and see the amount of cultivated intellect which is rendered useless to the world through bodily infirmity—as the monuments in our cemeteries reveal the names of those whose talents and attainments had awakened the highest expectations of their future usefulness, but who were

early brought to the silence of the tomb by overtasking their minds and neglecting their bodies, we must be convinced that there is much error on this subject—that educated men do not feel as they ought the obligation they are under to regard the physical laws of their being.

"Again, educated men, from their peculiar position, are in danger of neglecting the duties they owe to themselves as moral beings. In too many instances the portals of the heart are not sufficiently guarded, the secret motives which prompt to action are not scrutinized with jealous care—the impure thought gains occasional admittance, and the imagination is allowed to draw pictures which it would shrink from submitting to the public gaze. And thus while the individual is actively engaged in the suppression of evil abroad, the enemy intrenches himself firmly within the citadel of his own heart, and there watches the favorable moment to gain a decisive victory over him. Who of my hearers can not call to mind instances which furnish painful illustrations of this fact? How many men who have shone as stars of the first magnitude in the intellectual firmament, fitted by their talents and acquirements to exert the most widespread and beneficial influence, have suddenly fallen like stars from their orbits, plunging into the darkness of moral degradation, and thus extinguishing that light which is the hope of the world. The commencement of all this evil was the neglect of that self-culture and vigilant watchcare over the secret springs of thought, feeling and action, which are essential to the formation and maintenance of a firm and reliable moral character.—Many who in the early part of their history, would have indignantly resented the insinuation of the possibility of their fall, have nevertheless fallen to rise no more. Could their history be traced, it would be found that the beginnings of evil were very small indeed. In hours of leisure, the thoughts were allowed to wander uncontrolled, and the imagination to present occasional pictures, calculated to awaken unlawful desires—this caused no apprehension in the mind of the individual in regard to his own moral safety, but by degrees the heart if left defenseless, feelings are cherished which readily respond to temptation from without, and by the act of one unguarded moment, a reputation which it had cost a life time to erect, is prostrated in the dust, and a head once venerable for wisdom and learning, is now loaded with the execrations of an indignant community. We

tremble when we think how many there may be who are now high in the public esteem and confidence, but who from this very cause, are at this moment standing upon the verge of a fearful precipice, from which some slight temptation presented in an unguarded moment, would plunge them headlong into the abyss of ruin and disgrace—would hurry them into some act by which that esteem and confidence would be forfeited forever, thus inflicting an injury on the cause of truth and virtue, over which angels might weep tears of blood, if tears were shed in heaven. We are far from blaming the public sentiment which visits such prompt and terrible retribution upon the head of the offender. Such a public sentiment is the only safeguard of public virtue and morals, and he who does aught to soften the rigors of its condemnation, to palliate or excuse crime, or to encourage the criminal to carry a bold front, and endeavor to browbeat the public sentiment which he has outraged, such a one inflicts a deeper injury upon society than could be inflicted by the deadly thrust of the midnight assassin.

"Vanity is the rock on which many educated men make shipwreck of reputation and usefulness. They commence their course, perhaps with sincere desires to glorify God and promote the best interests of their fellow men. But their early efforts elicit commendation, and this excites a thirst for applause, slight perhaps in the beginning, and scarcely transcending the bounds of laudable desire to secure the approbation of the good and the discerning, but the heart is left unguarded, every expression of commendation adds fuel to the flames of vanity already enkindled, and at length it comes to be the motive and spring of every action. Means are disregarded, so that the end of securing applause can be attained. Hence the popular side of every question is espoused, regardless of the right; the craving of the diseased moral appetite for praise becomes so intense, that when it is withheld by the wise and the good, it is keenly relished though coming from the ignorant and the vile. In the madness of his passion, the victim of vanity rushes into extravagance and folly, which forever exclude him from the privilege of having his name enrolled among the benefactors of his race.

Undue regard for private pecuniary interest is another snare which entangles many who give early promise of eminent usefulness. It is true, that in every de-

partment the laborer is worthy of his reward, and it is not only the privilege, but the duty of the educated man to secure a competency for himself and family; but when the desire for gain engrosses his affections and becomes the main spring of all his actions, who shall say that he will not soon be led into some act of selfishness, if not of injustice, which shall forfeit the esteem of his fellow men, and destroy the influence for good which he might have exerted. On the other hand, not a few educated men ruin their reputation and usefulness through neglect of their pecuniary affairs. The labor of computing their expenses with rigid exactness, and confining them within the limits of their actual income, is unsuited to their tastes, and they go on recklessly indulging in the luxuries and refinements of life, without stopping to consider at whose expense these luxuries are procured. Presently they find themselves unable to meet their engagements. Difficulties thicken around them, they become harassed and perplexed, and sometimes as in the case of Professor Webster, or the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, they are driven to awful extremities, in the vain hope of extorting themselves; and when this is not the case, their want of punctuality in pecuniary matters, and the suspicion of dishonesty created thereby, tend to destroy their influence and limit their usefulness. The remedy for this evil is a careful cultivation of that nice sense of justice which would lead a man to recoil from the idea of indulging himself at the expense of another. We might multiply illustrations of the danger of neglecting to guard with unceasing vigilance the secret chamber of thought, and the springs of emotions.—As well might we expect a poisoned fountain to send forth sweet and healthful waters, as to suppose that the thoughts and feelings indulged in the secret chambers of the soul, will not sooner or later embody themselves in action. It is true, the obligation to exercise this vigilance is not confined to the educated man, it rests equally upon those in the more retired and humble walks of life. But in the turmoil and distraction of public duties, he may be more in danger of forgetting it, and if he should fall through his own neglect, the evil would be far greater. A dereliction from the path of rectitude in one whose attainments have rendered him conspicuous, is seen by ten thousand eyes, and the moral sense of the whole community is injured. It is worthy of remark, that those men who have gone down to their

graves at full age, leaving untarnished an enviable reputation, are those who made the formation of their own habits, and the cultivation of their own characters an object of pre-eminent importance. They strove to keep all right within, and their external acts flowed forth spontaneously from the principles which they cherished, &c.

“Had our venerated Washington started out with the intention of being a great man, of doing striking things and of securing the applause of his fellow men—had he allowed his attention to be engrossed in plans and efforts for making an impression abroad, to the neglect of watchfulness over his own motives and principles of action, he might have gone down to the grave loaded with the execrations of all good men, and his name have been a stain upon the records of humanity, instead of being encircled as it now is by a halo of glory, and pointed to with feelings of exultation and pride as an illustration of the possible elevation of human nature. No one can read his history without being impressed by the fact, that his highest ambition was to cultivate within himself a pure and exalted character—to be in reality what he would wish to be when the secrets of all hearts are laid open to the view of angels and men, and actions are weighed in the balance of eternal truth. Whatever came in his way stamped with the impress of duty, he cheerfully engaged in and executed according to the best of his ability, but he never in a single instance turned aside from the plain and obvious path of duty for the sake of seeking an opportunity to impress his fellow men with the idea of his greatness. Here lay the secret of his superiority. “Here was the hiding of his power.” Many have equaled, and some have excelled him in all those shining qualities which are wont to attract the admiration of the world.—But in the purity of his motives, and the singleness of his aims, to be what he *ought* to be and to *do* what he *ought* to do, he stands unrivaled and alone. Contrast with his the career of Napoleon, engrossed in planning and executing schemes of ambition, his own motives and character were never the subject of scrutiny. All the mighty energies of his giant intellect were directed to the accomplishment of objects outside of his own heart, and though success attended his efforts, yet he was blasted in the midst of success, and drank to the very dregs the cup of bitterness.

“Another illustration of the value of

self-culture is found in the character of John Q. Adams, a character well worthy the study and imitation of every American citizen. His is a fame that will grow brighter as years glide away, bearing upon their resistless tide the prejudices of party faction, leaving the minds of men free to view impartially the moral beauty and sublimity of his life. That he possessed genius of a high order, none will deny, but hundreds of others have been favored with natural endowments equal to his, who have nevertheless gone down to their graves, leaving names unassociated with any grateful remembrance. He was in the highest sense of the word an educated man, but extensive and varied as were his attainments in knowledge, they are perhaps within the reach of a majority of the young men now before me. But who among them will subject themselves during a long life to the same rigid self-discipline?—who will catch and arrest the hours as he did, and mark them down to some useful purposes?—who will guard as assiduously against the seductive influence of popular applause, and as fearlessly adhere to the true and the right, though at expense of worldly interests and public favor?—who will begin each day as he did with earnest prayer to Almighty God for grace, wisdom and guidance, and nightly subject his motives and actions to the test of a rigid and impartial self-examination? Show me one that will do all this, and I will show you a man who will be a blessing to his race, and one whose influence will be felt for good to the end of time.—If there is one idea which above all others, young men, I desire to impress upon your minds, it is the importance of discharging faithfully the duties you owe to yourselves as individuals in the formation of your own characters and habits. If this is done, we have no fears in regard to your external conduct. But I need not remind you, that the first step in discharging this duty is to seek by penitence and faith the renewing and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, and subsequently to govern all your thoughts and actions by the precepts and principles laid down in the unerring standard of truth and duty. Those and those only who do this in humble reliance on the grace of God, are prepared to face the responsibilities which rest upon them as educated men. Let it never be forgotten that the heart is the point from which all our influence radiates, and it is to that point that our chief care and attention should be directed.”

Honesty is the best policy.

BOYS.

With all their faults, we love boys.—They have a hard time of it in this life.—They are compelled to obey their superiors at an age, when they can see no propriety in obedience, and when fear is the only principle of their constitution, to which a successful appeal can always be made. Then they are put to school at an early period, when they can see neither sense nor reason in the many hard books they are made to study. Many of them are made to study foreign and dead languages, ere they have been made acquainted with the beauties and proprieties of their own. They are made to cypher with letters, and learn that *a* multiplied by *b* makes *ab*, before they can see that either *a* or *b* represents anything else in the universe but a letter of the alphabet. Well do we remember how many hundred times we asked ourself, when an urchin, the practical benefit of this or that study, and we found the solution difficult to be given just in proportion as we disliked the subject. Such is the experience of boys at school, while at home, on the street, at church, everywhere, they fare but little better. They are brought to the table after every body else is gone and the good things have become cold and unpalatable. Then they are tantalized with the question, what part of the fowl they would prefer, when they can see as plainly as anything can be seen, that there is nothing left but the *os coxijis* or the drum-stick. If they go on the street, no one takes any notice of them, unless to rebuke them for some imputed mischief. At church, the old folks keep their eyes on them, lest they slumber and snore or keep themselves awake by catching flies or staring in the faces of their neighbors in the rear. Do not boys have a hard time of it? We wonder what they think is the object and upshot of this life? No wonder they long to be men. Does not every man remember what were his dreams of manhood, and how ardently he prayed for his arrival at that estate. As boys get so many cuffs and so little comfort, and as they are told that this life is a blessing, it is natural that they should suppose all its happiness in the future to them. Is it wonderful that they should fight and swear and tell lies, too? Who has ever told them that they must be gentle and kind, or who has ever been kind and gentle to them? The bridle has been put upon them, when they are most restive under its restraints. Who ever sat down and told them why they are bridled, or showed them the advantage of such discipline? Did any one ever tell

them that hard books were not written by bad men, just to puzzle them, when they might have been made easy and plain, just as well? We believe not. The book is put before them and the lash behind.—What shall they do? They love neither and fear both. Is not this enough to crush humanity out of the breast of the poor, friendless, hopeless lads?

Notwithstanding all this harsh treatment, cuffing and neglect, there is much good in boys, and we love them. We love them in their very mischief. The truth is, boys are not appreciated by the world. They have many noble impulses, and we would go sooner to them for a kindness, than to any old head in the world. Nor have boys ever received proper treatment from their superiors in age. Instead of casting them off into the back-ground, and making them too sensible of their inferiority, the better policy would be to encourage and patronize them by some little attention, which will neither trouble the aged nor elevate the boys too much above their true position. Well do we yet remember and esteem the men, who treated us with kindness and consideration, when we were a boy.—They made an impression on our youthful mind, that no change of time or circumstances can ever obliterate. They were the friends and patrons of our childhood, and we will remember them gratefully for it. They took us by the hand, when we felt like the outcast of the human family, as all boys must feel, and we can never regard them with any but feelings of esteem. So are boys to be restrained and governed, when all harsher discipline shall have failed.

SWISS HUSBANDRY.

The Alpine pasturages are elevated in heights, of two, three, or more ranges, according to the season—the herdsmen ascending with their cows and goats, and often with sheep, as the heat increases from early spring to the high temperature of July and August, and then descending as autumn declines into winter. These pastures form the principal source of maintenance and opulence to the inhabitants of the greater part of Switzerland, Savoy, and Voralberg, and Tyrol. Each pasture elevation has its particular *chalets* for the herdsmen. The butter and cheese afterwards carried down to market are made in these tiny habitations. Below in the valleys, or often in sheltered nooks on the brow of the mountains, are the winter houses for the cattle which are then fed with the hay gathered by great industry

even in spots to which the goats can scarcely resort. * * * The intrepidity of the *maher*—mower—of the Alps is scarcely less than that of the Chamois hunters. Whether he be gathering grass for the cows, blue melilot to mix with the cheese, or medical herbs for the druggist, he starts forth provided with food, kirch-wasser, and tobacco; the soles of his shoes fortified with pointed nails, and with hay inside to soften his fall when he leaps from rock to rock; his gaiters unbuttoned below to leave him free at the ankles, and a whetstone stuck under his belt to sharpen the little scythe or sickle carried over his shoulder. He thus ascends to the hollows and crests of rocks on the brows and summits of mountains, and ties the hay he cuts in firm bundles, which he then pitches downwards from the heights. In this perilous way he in summer gains a scanty living. In winter he may be seen suspended by ropes over precipices and gorges, to reach fallen trees, which he contrives to displace and slide downwards for fuel. If he succeeds in saving by these daring pursuits enough to justify his demanding the hand of the maiden he loves, and whose father often has no more fortune than a little chalet, an Alpine pasture, and the milk of three or four cows, which the pretty peasant maid carries to sell in the valley where he has probably first met her, he marries, takes a chalet, and becomes, in his turn, a herdsman, and in time the proprietor of a few cows, and the father of a family.

MUSIC.—There is a deep spiritual significance in music. That of *melody* is well understood and very generally acknowledged. It is the expression, in sound, of affections and emotions.—These it breathes forth in all their variety. From the stern purpose of resisting assailing evil, as embraced in martial strains, fitted for the spirit stirring life and drum, to the deep pathos of disinterested and self-sacrificing love, as breathed in the soft, sweet tones of the flute. But although the spiritual significance of melody is generally acknowledged, it is little understood, because the affections it expresses are but little known. Few reflect on their *feelings* and discriminate between them, and fewer still perhaps can form any conception, not having experienced them, of the deeper and more interior and consequently more exalted loves. Still all these in all their diversity, and variety, sound, or melody is capable of expressing; and in Heaven, it is the natural out-breathing of angelic affections. But *harmony* also has a beautiful significance. This is a combination of many diverse and simultaneous sounds and melodies, all blended together into one concordant whole, thus symbolizing in a most striking manner, the life of a good man with his intelligence and affection all blending together into one harmonious character. Music, therefore, is not without its uses. It is one of the natural means of expressing the good and the true within us, and if resorted to from an interior love of genuine melody and true harmony, it will give innocent and pure delight. Some souls are ever melodious. They are perpetually gushing out their sweet and beautiful affections in never ending variety, like the voices of singing birds; while from others, proceed nothing but selfish passions, like the mutterings of insanity, the croakings of the raven, or the screechings of the owl.—*Alton Letters.*

We transfer to our columns the following chaste and able article, from the pen of our clever friend McEwen of the *Nashville Gazette*; it is well worth perusal.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.

The mental energy of the present age is one of its most wonderful features. It exhibits itself in every department of life or business. It is seen in the number of newspaper presses, in the ceaseless title of volumes, that flows from the pens of authors on all subjects, in the countless and various inventions, that exhaust human ingenuity, and in the innumerable marks and instances of improvement, that everywhere appear. Mind is active, energetic, sleepless. The body reposes, but the mind never does. When it seems most to slumber, it is then only gathering its energies for some new and bolder flight.—The universe is open for its search.—Wherever mystery finds cover, there is intellect hunting it out and prying into its caves.

This is peculiarly the characteristic of American mind. There is no topic in the universe of thought, feeling or knowledge, upon which Yankee intellect is not now making some experiment. Every day brings to light some new triumph of this mental restlessness. Government, science and religion have alike enlisted all the energy of American mind. To what extent will be its soaring in these various fields, no imagination can foresee. Its triumphs are but dimly foreshadowed in its past history. In government, our people are perhaps a century in advance of any other nation. In point of freedom, England herself does not compare with the American States. It is impossible to compute the influence of this single fact upon the energy, freedom and ambition of the American minds. In the nations of continental Europe, government sits as an incubus upon the popular mind, clips its wings and offers a barrier to its soaring. The world must look to free governments for high achievements in the cause of mental discovery. It is only among a free people, that the immutable laws of mind can be promulgated, and that any encouragement is given to their study. Tyrants are proverbially jealous of every aspiration of the intellect for its natural and proper element. Especially do they impose restraints upon its absolute and entire freedom. He, who knows anything of the nature and laws of mind, will understand that its powers cannot be fully developed, while any of the slightest weight is upon it, while its freedom is ab-

ridged or any one faculty is incumbered or dwarfed. As well might you expect to make a perfect man, while this or that limb is bandaged from infancy, as to produce a fully developed intellect, while this or that faculty is curbed. The whole mental machinery must be free and in perfect train. Not otherwise can its development, its operation and its triumphs be complete. Such a development is to be hoped for no where so confidently, as in these States. Here, there is no censorship of the press, no *espionage* over the conversations of private citizens. Here, the intellect is freer than the body, and both feel no more than a wholesome and necessary restraint. Here, it is no treason to speak against any temporary administration, to advocate this or that policy, or to animadvert however severely upon this or that public officer or department of State. Consequently, American mind has every temptation and field for activity. Instead of being minions to government, to religion or to morals, this mental liberty has been found highly conservative of society, of all its established principles and most valuable interests.—Such a proposition would sound most heretical in the ear of a European sovereign. American liberty is a standing mystery, for which European politics has no solution. Europe cannot yet understand, that perfect mental freedom is consistent with governmental safety.

American mind, in the exercise of this active spirit, is yet to bless and astonish the world with its triumphs. No subject is too high for its ambition, too abstruse for its comprehension, too practical for its taste. It has only begun to try its power, and it is awaking to the conscious strength of a giant. Such power will be used only for the good of the world.

CULTIVATION ABOUT FRUIT TREES.

We have often urged the importance of clean and mellow cultivation for young fruit trees, to promote growth; and for older ones, to furnish fruit of fine quality. Young trees, in grass ground from necessity, should be widely spaded; but even this treatment is quite imperfect, and becomes nearly useless as they advance in size and throw out roots far beyond the reach of any ordinary spaded circle. We have just measured a few trees differently treated in this particular. Small peach trees, set out six years ago, and kept cultivated broadcast most of the time, have trunks a foot in circumference, two or three feet above the surface. Those in similar soil, but kept spaded in five feet

circles, in grass, are only eight inches in circumference, although ten years old.—Most of this growth was made in the first five years.

Peach trees three-fourths of an inch in diameter were set out on a gravelly soil, of only very moderate fertility; but they were kept cultivated by the plow and harrow, and no crop or vegetable growth of any kind allowed within the broad strip of ground of which they occupied the center. Two and a half years from transplanting, that is, the third summer, several bore a peck or more each, and one bore three pecks.

We have often wondered why some planters were so extremely desirous to procure very large trees for transplanting, as those of medium size make the best growth, and often outstrip the others.—But we have now solved the puzzle.—They set them out on hard ground, in cramped holes; and then, unlike any farm crop, whether corn, potatoes, carrots, &c., leave them entirely to themselves, to contend with weeds, grass, crusty soil, and other difficulties; unassisted. They consequently make no growth at all, or, to use the provincial phrase, “none to speak on”—and hence in three years, the large trees are still the largest, and the smaller still the smallest, both remaining at their original stature.

Seven years ago, we set out a row of apple trees on a rather unpromising gravelly soil. The holes were dug seven feet in diameter, and all but the central position, where the tree was to stand, filled with soil made rich by thoroughly raking in manure. About one-third of a cubic yard of manure, or a little less, was applied to each hole. When the tree was set, only ordinary good soil was placed in contact with the roots. Nothing unusual appeared the first year. The second, the young fibres began to reach the rich bed of earth, and the rapidity of growth was surprising. The fifth year one tree bore a bushel, although they were only the size of a common carriage whip when transplanted. We have to-day, (after seven summer's growth,) measured most of them, and find their circumference at two feet high, to vary from fourteen to eighteen inches. The soil has been kept cultivated, with but little crops near them. Their growth continues undiminished.

Will not those who have neglected their trees, profit by these hints, at the present time.

Ditto Pete says that if he wanted to marry, he would choose for a wife the girl who reads the newspapers.

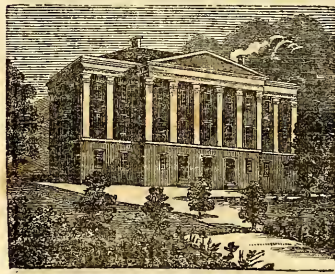
The Classic Union:

"Nisi Dominus, frustra."

M. HILLSMAN,
AND THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS.

Published Semi-monthly at ONE DOLLAR per year, invariably in advance.



SEPTEMBER 15, 1852.

TO OUR READERS.

The present number closes the first volume of the *Classic Union*, and owing to the withdrawal of Mr. HILLSMAN from the editorial department, and the multiplied duties of the Faculty, its publication will be suspended for the present.

In commencing the paper, it was our design merely to make it defray the expense of its publication. In a great measure these expenses have been met, and we are assured, that if our friends will only make the effort, we can resume the publication of the *Classic Union* early in October, or November. If they will exert a little influence, and send us about two hundred additional subscribers, the paper will be placed upon a firm footing. Arrangements will be made to have the editorial department in competent hands, and every means employed to give it additional interest and usefulness. The Faculty do not desire any compensation for their services—all they ask is enough to defray the expenses of publication.

Those who have not yet paid their subscription will please forward the same immediately as it is important that they should be settled. Those who have paid the full subscription, will receive the back numbers up to the time their subscriptions commenced.

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The third session of this Institution commenced on Monday, the 6th inst., under very favorable auspices. The number of students is larger than at the commencement of any previous session, and is increasing daily.

MAGNETIC MASKS.

Among the various useful purposes to which magnetism has been applied, the following is not the least serviceable or singular. In needle factories, the workmen who point the needles, are constantly exposed to excessively minute particles of steel, which fly from the grindstone, and mix, though imperceptible to the eye, as the finest dust in the air, and are imbibed with the breath. The effect is scarcely noticed on a short exposure, but being constantly repeated every day, it produces a constitutional irritation, dependent on the tonic properties of the steel, which is sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption.—Persons employed in this business, used scarcely ever to attain the age of forty years. In vain was it attempted to purify the air before its entry into the lungs by gauze or linen guards; but the dust was too fine and penetrating to be obstructed by such coarse expedients. At length some ingenious person be-thought him of that wonderful power which every child who has reached for its mother's needle with a magnet, is acquainted with. Masks of magnetized steel wire are now constructed and adapted to the faces of the workmen. By these, the air is not merely strained, but searched, in its passage through them, and each obnoxious atom arrested and removed.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

That house will be kept in turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the andirons and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and probably get ashamed and repent.—But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw others into the scrape, and let one harsh word be followed by another; and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid splendors. The venerable Philip Henry understood this well, and when his son Matthew, the Commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:—

"Love one another, pray oft together; and see
You never both together angry be;
If one speak fire, 't'other with water come;
Is one provoked? be 't'other softer and dumb."

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.

The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate some-

what of so sweeping a generality, the one very frequently grows into the other.—The former is a sort of balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction to be taken by the more fully expanded mind.—Point out to me a boy of original or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood-side and river bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then on his return to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings—to inquire into the natural history of each according to its kind—point such an one out to me, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow, who does but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them.—Of such stuff as this were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy, and so, from the nature of things, they must generally be. And no wonder.—The spirit that is powerful enough to chose, ay, and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and chances of the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and very dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to thy blessed Word and ordinance, and both of us may rejoice in thee, having our portion in the love and service of God for ever.—[Basil Montague.]

LIFE INSURANCE.

Prejudices have heretofore existed in the minds of some against the practice of insuring against casualties, and disease, and all the effects of the existence of human life, as encouraging a sort of a gambling spirit in the first instance, and secondly, as being irreverent and almost God defying in principle. We are gratified to know that this prejudice, founded as it was, in ignorance, and the want of proper reflection, has given place to more charitable and enlightened views. And pertinent to this subject, a fact has occurred in this community well calculated to awaken inquiry and reflection among the fathers and heads of families in our country. Some fifteen or eighteen months since, the late Daniel McCallum, then an energetic and enterprising merchant of this city, insured his life with the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, New Jersey, and procured a life policy of five thousand dollars for the benefit of his wife and children. This policy cost him less than \$150, and in less than twelve months after its date, he sickened and died in the meridian of life and the full career of business. His business, which he alone understood and could manage having no longer the benefit of his personal attention, will, in all probability render his estate insolvent.

In due time, however, the required evidence of the death and attending circumstances of Mr. McCallum, were forwarded to the Insurance office, and we learn from J. M. Welcker, Esq., of this city, the attorney who attended to the business, that the Insurance Office, with becoming and most satisfactory promptitude, paid up the entire proceeds of the policy; complying with its conditions in letter and spirit, and that the money, amounting to about five thousand dollars, has gone into the hands of the widow of the insured and the guardian of his orphan and minor children; which, in this land of abundance, with ordinary prudence and frugality, guarantees to the widow a home and comfortable living, and to the fatherless children, good raising and a respectable education. It is a fact and the result that contrasts so happily with the saddening occurrences frequently happening in this country, where, upon the death of the enterprising merchant and trader, his wife and children are often reduced from affluence to want and suffering, that, as a public journalist we feel justified and take pleasure in heralding to the country.—*Knoxville Register.*

SATURDAY EVENING.

Reader, do not let this season pass without some profitable reflections. Carefully review the week: sum up the blessing you have received from a Father whose provident care has kept you in life, in health, in comfort, while others, every way your equals, and perhaps superiors, have been prematurely cut off, or spared to live in misery. Think of this, think of it with gratitude. Calmly and carefully review the transactions of the week. Have you habitually controlled your temper and your tongue? Have you thought of the poor and infirm, and, to the extent of your ability, relieved them? Have you labored to make your home pleasant and attractive? Have you acquired or imparted any useful knowledge? Have you answered any of the great and important ends of your existence? Look these questions in the face; answer them honestly and without evasion: and your sleep to-night will be more quiet, and your future life better than the past.

CHEAP NEWSPAPERS.

"Cheap and good," has a very attractive sound for most ears, but the terms are hardly convertible; for, in almost every case, what is gained in reduction of price, is, somewhere, lost in quality. To make an article *really* good, there must be good material and good workmanship; and these always command a fair price. This is as true in regard to newspapers as anything else. It is therefore as impossible to make a really good newspaper at a very low price, as it is to make good furniture.—There must, in the nature of things, be poor material and the absence of superior talent, for both of these command fair prices.

Of all instances of doubtful economy practised by very many persons, we think that the most unprofitable which leads to the choice of a paper for family reading, because it offers itself to public favor on the mere claim of cheapness. What are fifty cents, or a dollar a year, compared to the moral and intellectual well-being of a whole family? Here, if anywhere, on would think that quality should be the first consideration; for cheapness may prove the most fatal economy.

BAD AIR IN CROWDED ROOMS.—Medical men are becoming alive to the fact that "the sources of in-door contamination are more abundant, more difficult of removal, and more deleterious, in various ways, than has been hitherto suspected. A writer says—"We instinctively shun approach to the dirty, the squalid and the

diseased, nor use a garment that may have been worn by another. We open sewers for matters offensive to the sight and smell; we carefully remove impurities from what we eat and drink; we filter turbid water, and fastidiously avoid drinking from a cup that may have been pressed to the lips of a friend; yet, on the other hand, resort to places of assembly, and draw into our mouths airloaded with effluvia from the lungs, and skin, and clothing of every individual in the promiscuous crowd—exhalations offensive, to a certain extent, from the healthy individual; but, when rising from a living mass of skin and lung, in all stages of evaporation, disease and putridity, and prevented by walls and ceiling from escaping, is in the highest degree deleterious and loathsome."

THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.—The Hon. Daniel Webster concluding his address on the birthday of Washington before the Historical Society, said "Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul: the realization of all these, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God. But under his divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and virtue of ourselves and our posterity. If we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion, if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments; if we and they shall maintain just moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life, we may have the highest of the future of our country.—But if we and posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how suddenly a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. If that catastrophe shall happen, let it have no history; let the horrible narrative never be written; let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy which no human eye shall ever read, or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more than that it is lost, and lost forever."

The influence of men is not to be confined to the circle of their acquaintance. It spreads on every side of them, like the undulations of the smitten water, and will reach those whom they never saw.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated they lose the greater portion of utility.

"I AM A POOR MAN."

1. Then certainly you are exempt from some of the heaviest burdens that crush many other men. Wealth multiplies the sorrows of its possessor. Anxiety to keep safe what is already gained, and restless eagerness to gain more, keeps the souls of multitudes tossing like the troubled sea.—If you are poor, then certainly you cannot have the trouble of the care of gain, however much you may vex yourself with the desire of gain.

2. Then you have some special advantages for spiritual elevation of character. It was to the poor of this world that the gospel paid its first address, and from their ranks have come the greatest number into the family of God. The world does not press so hard upon you as upon those who are heavily laden with its good things.—The leaden weights are not upon your wings that are on theirs, who have much earth to love and care for, and be entangled by. Your thoughts have not so many directions to take, so many things to pursue, and can more easily be sent into that channel where it is most important to the soul's best welfare that they go. ●

3. Then you may be comforted in the fact that you tread the same path trodden by many of the best inhabitants of our world. You need not be ashamed of your company, for your Lord himself "had not where to lay his head," and there was not an apostle of his but "knew how to be in want." And but few eminent servants of God, since gospel times, have been above knowing the various incidents of poverty. And it was doubtless that very poverty that caused them to seek, with the more zeal and greater success, those spiritual riches in which they abounded.

4. Besides, it is as likely as not that you are the very poor who could not, with any safety, be trusted with wealth. You may have much confidence in the firmness of the texture of your brain, but prosperity might turn it. Money has sent many a lover of it to the insane hospital, and it might have done the same for you. Or it might have struck the chords of otherwise slumbering passions, so that you would have been a miserable victim to their power. Money might have shrivelled up all the benevolent sensibilities of your soul, as it has done for thousands, and fastened you down in the iron gripe of covetousness; or, it might have caused you to throw loose the reins of self-indulgence, and sent you through all the scenes of sensuality, dissipation and extravagance, to a miserable end.

It will not do for you to complain that you are poor. Probably you have done this often. But you have never put a penny in your pocket by that process. Your sighs have been like snow flakes falling into the ocean. They have effected no change.

You would have been rich long ago, if you could have been. The dazzling prize has had your panting heart upon it. But an unseen hand has prevented your grasping it. Your will has been overruled by a higher will. The Infinitely Wise judged it best that you should walk in the valley rather than on the mountain top. He that knows you better than you know yourself, assigned poverty as the safest and best allotment. You may be of his mind before you die. At any rate, cheerfully submitting to his will, you will have just as much worldly good as is best for you, and as much spiritual wealth in heaven as will make you rich to all eternity.—*New York Observer.*

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION ANSWERED.

The subject of ministerial support attracts considerable attention. A writer in the Recorder, in answer to the question, What is an adequate support for a clergyman? replies as follows:

"All that is necessary to enable the ministry, with economy, to occupy a good house, set a good table, clothe themselves and family in good apparel, give their children a good education, to be provided with such help as will relieve them of their bonds at home, that they may visit their flock, and attend to the wants of the church, and, after this, to have something to give to the poor and the cause of benevolence, and lay up something for the day of adversity, old age, and superannuation." We apprehend, however, that the point to be gained is not so much a large amount of income, as a more secure enjoyment of the little the clergy do possess. We should like to see it an established principle, that a church which enjoys the fruit of a clergyman's best days, is bound, in simple justice, to maintain that clergyman as their pastor, even when his best days are over, even to his latest breath. That is the principle to write up.

Home Journal.

SPENDING TIME.

We talk, says a quaint English author, of spending time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity, whereas, we are all living upon our capital; and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

[From the National Intelligencer.]
THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN.

MESSRS. GALES AND SEATON: As anything which relates to Japan at the present time may be interesting, I send you the following concise sketch of that kingdom. It is called by the natives Nippon, and was founded about six hundred and sixty-five years before Christ, by Simmu. From him to Sinzakin there appears to have been sixty-one Emperors. After this period, in the year 1142, a change took place. From this time a double chronology commences, including the reigns of the Dearios and Cubos. The Dearios were military officers, and at one period completely usurped the power of the Emperors; but a general by the name of Jeretime being crowned, succeeded in depriving the Dearios of all military power. At the present time the kingdom of Japan is governed by an Emperor with full military powers, a Deario with full civil powers, and a Cubo, or prime minister, who has authority over certain cities, their Parliament, &c.

The kingdom of Japan consists of three large and thirty or forty smaller Islands, situated off the coast of China. The largest of these Islands is Nippon, the next Jesso. On the Island of Bungo, southwest of Tonsa, is the city of Nan-gaschi, and near that city is the little artificial Island Disna, on which a Dutch factory is built.

Jeddo, or Yeddo, the capital of the empire, is situated in the midst of a fine plain, in the province of Musace. It is built in the form of a crescent, and intersected in almost every street by canals, their banks being planted with rows of beautiful trees. The city is not surrounded, as most eastern cities are, by a wall, but has a strong castle to defend it. The river Tongag waters it, and supplies the castle ditch, and, being divided into five streams, has a bridge over each. The public buildings are on a magnificent scale. The imperial palace is formed by three cinctures, or circular piles of buildings, and inclosing many streets, courts, apartments, pavilions, guard-houses, gates, drawbridges, gardens, canals, &c. In it reside the Emperor and his family, the royal domestics, tributary princes and their retinues, the Ministers of State, many other officers of government, and a strong garrison. The walls of the magnificent palace are built of free-stone, without cement, and the stones prodigiously large. The whole pile was originally covered with guilt tiles, which gave it a very grand and beautiful appearance.—

Many of the stately apartments are formed and altered at pleasure by movable screens. The principal apartments are the Hall of Attendance, the Council Chamber, Hall of Thousand Mats, &c.

The city is under the rule of two Governors, who rule a year each.

The next largest city is Meaco. It is also a royal city, and is situated on a lake near the middle of the Island of Nippon, and surrounded by mountains, which give a remarkable and delightful prospect to the whole; the circumjacent country between the city and the mountains is covered with temples, sepulchres, &c., &c., and is embellished with a variety of orchards, groves, cascades and purling streams. Three considerable rivers water this fertile plain and unite their streams in the center of the city, where a magnificent stone bridge facilitates the communication between the different parts of the city. *A strong castle* defends the town; *it is six hundred yards in length*, has a tower in the center, and is surrounded by two ditches, the one dry, the other full of water. This splendid city is twenty miles long and nine wide, within the suburbs, which are as well populated as the city.—The number of the inhabitants of the city proper is supposed to be 529,000. The universities, colleges, temples, &c., are almost incredible in number and magnificence. It contains twelve capital or principal streets, in the center of which are the royal palaces, superbly built of marble, and adorned with gardens, orchards, pavilions, terraces, groves, &c.

The next principal town is Ozeaco. It is deemed the chief seaport, is very populous, and has an army of 80,000 *men always ready* at the disposal and command of the Emperor. It is near fifteen miles in circumference.

The city of Nangasacke is the Japanese naval depot, but as they have not yet found any use for a navy, the vessels are only in the rough material, and stored away for emergencies.

The Kokansa or prison is here. The name means, in Japanese, hell; it has one hundred dungeons and cages. The history of those few cities gives a fair outline of the whole empire. Their private dwellings are small but neat, and ornamented with small gardens; in this they excel, as they are the very best of horticulturists. A few feet of ground are turned to the best advantage, as the Japanese understand perfectly the art of dwarfing plants, trees, fruits and flowers. *They use neither tables, bed-steads nor*

chairs; but sit, eat and sleep, like most Eastern nations, on mats.

Almost the first accomplishment learned by them is the art and grace of suicide; the child in the nursery stabs itself with its finger or stick, and falls back in imitative death; the lover cuts out his intestines before his obdurate mistress, and the latter pours out her heart's blood in the face of her faithless lover; the criminal executes himself; and, in fact, the whole nation, from early youth, revels in the luxury of suicide.

Their trade is, at present, under great restrictions, as they only trade with the Chinese and Dutch. The latter have always fostered, cherished and increased the prejudices of the Japanese against all other nations, particularly the French, English and Portuguese.

The mechanics and manufacturers in Japan excel in their different branches, and are even far superior to the Chinese. Their silks and cottons are excellent, and their Japan ware and porcelain unequalled. Their exports are raw and manufactured silks, iron, steel, artificial metals, furs, teas, finer than the Chinese, Japan ware, gold, silver, copper, gums, medicinal herbs, roots, diamonds, pearls, coral, shells, ambergris, &c. Whatever goods the Japanese want, they pay for in gold and silver.

The Japanese worship the principal two gods, Xaca and Amida. At Meaco there is a stately temple, built to one of these gods; it is of free-stone, as large as St. Paul's, with an arched roof, supported by heavy pillars, in which stands an idol of copper, which reaches as high as the roof; and, according to a description given by Sir Thomas Herbert, his chair is seventy feet high and eighty feet long; the head is big enough to hold fifteen men, and the thumb forty inches in circumference.—There is another statute called after the god Dabio, made of copper, twenty-two feet high, in a sitting posture. This shows that the Japanese understand the art of working in broze, and they are far ahead of Christian nations in this particular.—They allow polygamy, and they often strangle their female children, but never the males. The nobility extract the two front teeth, and supply them with two gold.

The principal rivers are the Ujingava and Askagava—the former so rapid and wide that a bridge cannot be built over it; the latter remarkable for its depth and perpetual fluctuations. The chief lake, called Citz, is 100 miles long and 21 wide.

A large valley exists in the interior, filled with carbonic gas, and called the valley of the Upas. It is covered with the skeletons of numerous wild and tame beasts and birds. The Emperor, it is said, often sent criminals to the valley to bring away a precious gem of inestimable value, and the bones of men also whiten its deadly sides.

Acidulated lakes and thermal springs are common throughout several of the islands.

Their great source of opulence are their mines of gold and silver, but they have no antimony, calamine, sal ammoniac, borax, or einnebar, (quicksilver.) These articles are in demand, and bring a high price. Birds and every kind of duck and poultry are plenty; camphor trees are abundant, and the cedars are the finest in the world. Few countries open so fair a field as the Islands of Japan for botanical and geological research. It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed statistical account of the commerce of Japan. A direct trade to that empire would increase the commerce of this country about \$200,000,000 annually; if not more.

It has always been in contemplation with this country to make an effort to open a direct trade with Japan. Commodore Porter, as far back as 1815, addressed a letter to Mr. Monroe on the subject. It was intended to fit out a frigate and two sloops-of-war and place them under his command, but subsequent events prevented the consummation of this design, but it has been revived from time to time, without being carried out. But a few years ago the undersigned drew the attention of Hon. J. Y. Mason to the subject by the recommendation of a steam line to China, with a view of incidental commercial intercourse, and finally direct trade with Japan. It would require but small efforts to accomplish commercial intercourse with so shrewd a people as the Japanese, who are alive to commercial feelings. A steam line direct from New York to the Isthmus being already in existence, it is an easy matter to continue it to the Gallipagos, which islands abound in coal; thence to the Marquesas, on and to Shanghai or Jeddo.

W. D. PORTER.

BEARS FISHING.—During the height of the fishing season, the salmon are so plentiful in all the rivers and creeks of Kamtschatka, that the bears catch them with the greatest ease; and will then only eat of the heads and backs. The Kamtschadales say that a large bear will spoil from twenty-five to thirty fish of a night. As the season advances, and the fishes get scarcer, the bears become less choice in their food.

AN HOUR BEFORE SUNSET.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

An hour before the sunset,
Upon a summer eve,
I heard a mother answer—
"You should not men believe,
'Tis easy to make promises,
And that the thoughtless find;
But truthfulness and giddiness
Are never long combined:
If you'd have lovers woo you,
For neither land nor self;
If you'd have men respect you,
You must respect yourself!"

"Men care not for the maiden
That any glance can strike;
Men care not for the sweet looks
Bestowed on all alike!—
But there's a maiden dignity
Which no one can deride;
A sanctity of soul that makes
The rascal turn aside!
If you'd have lovers woo you,
For neither land nor self;
If you'd have men respect you,
You must respect yourself."

"No charm more sweet than innocence
From angels could be brought;
No shield so strong as modesty—
And purity of thought!—
The heart is jealous of its own,
And would not even prize
A hundred graces, if displayed
Before a hundred eyes—
If you'd have lovers woo you,
For neither land nor self;
If you'd have men respect you,
You must respect yourself!"

RAZOR.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving, but if laid by for twelve days, they will then shave well. By microscopic observation, it is found that the tired razor, from long stopping by the same hand, and in the same direction, has the ultimate particles or fibres of its surface or edge of a place of cut velvet; but, after a month's rest, these fibres re-arrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other, and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by.—These and many other instances are offered to prove that the ultimate particles of matter are always in motion; and they say that in the process of welding the absolute momentum of the hammer causes an entanglement of orbits of motion, and hence a re-arrangement as in one piece; indeed, in the cold state, a leaf of gold laid on the polished surface of steel and striken smartly with a hammer, will have its particles forced into the steel, so as to permanently gild it at the point of contrast.—*Scientific American.*

ART OF SWIMMING.—Men are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the unboyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does

not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking, or rather walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, and so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to some other purpose. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

Definition of a Husband.—The English language is a copious one. If we had not been previously aware of the fact, it would have been made evident to our understanding by reading the following paragraph in a Scotch paper "What is a husband?" Hear a lady's definition. "He is," said she "a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, froward, cross, gruffy, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, dry, brutish, fierce, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, rugged, blustering, captious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, manndering, astish, stern, grating, frumpish, humorous, envious dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor lets others eat."

JUGGERNAUT'S HOUSEHOLD.—The establishment connected with the great temple of Juggernaut is immense. It includes 36 different kinds of offices, some of which are subdivided into several more. About 640 persons are required to fill the appointments, a few of which are the following: The one who puts Juggernaut to bed, the one who wakes him, the one who gives him water and tooth-pick, the painter to paint his eyes, an officer to give him rice, another to give him a pan, one to wash his linen, one to count his robes, one to carry his umbrella, and one to tell him hours, of worship. Besides these, there are 4,000 cooks, 120 dancing girls, and 8,000 priests many of whom are exceedingly rich.—*Journal and Messenger.*

FORMATION OF THE EARTH, AND PRESERVATION OF ANIMAL MATTER.—Professor Corini, who is Professor of Natural History at the University of Lodi, has made, before a circle of private friends, a very remarkable experiment illustrative of his theory as to the formation of mountains. He melted some substances, known only to himself, in a vessel, and allowed the liquid to cool. At first it presented an even surface, but a portion continued to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations were raised, until at length ranges and chains of hills were formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those that are found on the earth. Even to the stratification, the resemblance is complete; and M. Corini can produce, on a small scale, the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate.

In another, and more practically useful, field

of research, the learned professor has developed some very important facts. He has succeeded to a most surprising extent in preserving animal matter from decay, without resorting to any known process for that purpose. Specimens are shown by him of portions of the human body, which, without any alteration in their natural appearance, have been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for six or seven years; and he states, that at a trifling cost, he can keep meat for any length of time in such a way that it can be eaten quite fresh. The importance of such a discovery, if on a practical investigation it is found to answer, will be more readily understood when it is remembered that the flocks of sheep in Australia are boiled down into tallow, their flesh being otherwise almost valueless, and that in South America vast herds of cattle are annually slaughtered for the sake of their hides alone.—*London Times.*

SUPERSTITION OF THE CAFFERS.

The Amaponda Caffers have three professions—that of the "Amaquira," or witch doctor; of the "Abanisi-hamvula," or rain-maker; and of the "Agika," or doctor of medicine, which may be considered the most valuable of the three. The "Agika," is acquainted with many valuable roots, which are used both internally and as embrocations. Dr. Morgan remarks, in a paper recently read at the South African Institution, Cape of Good Hope, "there are not many diseases peculiar to these people. The *tania*-tape-worm—as per to be the only one that can be called endemic; dyspnea, scien, and rheumatism are no uncommon complaints, most probably produced by smoking noxious herbs, fatigue, and exposure to atmospheric changes. Paralysis and glandular swellings are also complaints to which they appear subject. In their treatment of disease, no regard appears to be paid to the character of the complaint; the treatment is generally loss of blood by a rough sort of operation, consisting of scarifying and drawing blood after the manner of cupping among us. Roots are infused in water, which communicate a purgative quality, and sometimes an emetic root is given to the sick person. In pains and aches of the bones and limbs, they burn a preparation similar to the moxa; they have lately substituted gunpowder when it can be obtained. They are subject to a variety of other diseases which baffle the skill of the medical advisers' who, in such cases, have recourse to smearing the patient with cowdung, and keeping up his spirits with the constant excitement of dancing and singing within his hut. Should he still continue sick, he is supposed to be bewitched, and then the "Amaquira" is called in. The medical men are well paid; and if the patient be poor, the people of the kraal where he lives are responsible for the remuneration. In fact, the man who fetches a doctor usually carries with him either a calf or a quantity of beads and assagais, as an inducement for his immediate attendance."

TO KEEP YOUNG.—No surer destroyer of youth, of man's privileges, and powers, and delights, than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill temper and selfishness. We should all be cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing occasional sorrowful experience to overshadow our perception of the preponderance of good.—Faith in good is as once its own rectitude and reward. To believe good, and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanity's conditions. To take events cheerfully, and promote the happiness of others is the way to insure the enduring spring of existence. Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth that keeps a man's nature and being fresh and green. "Lord keep my existence fresh and green," would be no less wise a prayer than the one so beautifully recorded respecting a man's memory. If we would leave a gracious memory behind us, there is no way better to secure it, than by living graciously. A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit, for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and destroyed.—*Mrs. Cowden Clarke.*

HANDSOME MEN.

That aimable lady, Fanny Fern, the famous contributor to the *Olive Branch*, lets herself out after the following fashion, on 'Handsome Men.'

'Mercy on us! what a double and twisted fool I was to marry a handsome man! He never finds a spare minute to adore me, because he is all the time adoring himself. I never could see the necessity of beauty in a man. For a woman might as well cut her throat and done with it if she isn't pretty: but if a man has a fine, well made figure, and is a gentleman in his manners, that's enough, provided he neither squints, nor smokes, nor swears; and knows enough to hold an umbrella over a lady's bonnet without giving her all the drippings. (A rare masculine accomplishment.)

'Now, my husband, Sam Jones, has beauty enough for a dozen of men, and what's more, he knows it. He spends one-half of his time at the glass, and the other half in basking eyes at the women.— Couldn't I be the death of him? If we go out to walk, every body says, what a handsome fellow! How came he to marry such a little wife! (That's pleasant!)— I haven't a closet in the house that isn't lumbered up with his superfluous rattlertaps. Checked, striped and plaid pants, double and single breasted vests, of every color and shape; boots and pumps without limit; smoking caps, dressing gowns, revolving shirts, with dickies plaid on one side, white on the other, made for dress or traveling, with accommodating bosoms to suit all emergencies: eau de Cologne, jockey club, Macassar oil, curling tongs, scented shaving soap, whisker dye, and a score more of fooleries than I have neither time nor place to mention.

'I'm never sure what the man is about! it takes me all my time to look after him, and then get awfully humbugged; and that puts me in mind to inquire privately, about the 'new club' he has joined. Don't believe a word of it! Clubs don't meet every night in the week, Sam-ivell

'Next to clubs, I hate widows. They are the very—! I've heard the heathen called 'benighted'; they have sense enough to burn widows when their husbands die—and that's a step further in civilization than we've taken. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry a man, it's done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm comes up, she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower,) and clap her little hands, and fly around till the man was half distracted for fear she would get killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms had rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic?

'Then there's—that little blue-eyed Widow Wilkins. Don't she drop her prayer book coming out of church, for my handsome husband to pick up? And didn't I see him squeeze her hand when he handed it back to her? And when I

told him a long rigmarole of a story, going home, to divert his mind from the little minx, didn't he answer 'yes' and 'no,' at random, and laugh in the wrong place? And didn't he the next morning put salt in his coffee, and sugar on his beefsteak?

'And won't she be Samivel Jones, No. 2? Answer me that? I should like to cut her up into inch pieces with a dull jack-knife.

'But it's no use to struggle against fate. I shall have to put my pride in my pocket and tell Samivel it is my request that he should marry her when I am gone, and that will 'pull woll' over people's eyes, and save his credit, for he'll have her if an earthquake should be the consequence.

'It's astonishing widows will be so indelicate as to doff their weed. Its nothing more nor less than a walking advertisement for another husband. Mrs. Lee was spending a short time at the sea shore, in her new regimentals, when one of the ladies at the tea-table, struck with a sudden thought, said, very innocently: 'By the way, Mrs. Lee, where is your husband?' I should have been very sorry to have told where I thought he was, for the way he used to swear when he talked, was awful to mention!

'Now what a glorious example I'd be to the sex, if Providence should see fit to make me a widow! I wonder if Samivel will pop off? I should hate to put my curls behind my ears, but I'd do it, and I wouldn't so much as look at a man unless it was Tom Cling. Wonder if he'd marry me! Well!—there now! I have spoken in meeting! It can't be helped now, as Deacon Smith said, when his daughter surprised him hissing Widow Moore—'It's natur, Sally; it's natur.'

A COOL PLAGIARIST.

Mr. Webster, in his great India Rubber speech at Trenton, related the following anecdote:

May it please your Honors, I remember having heard an anecdote of a celebrated divine, Dr. South—a man of great learning in a virtue. He relieved himself of his clerical duties one summer by traveling rather *incog*. He went into a country church in the north of England one Sabbath morning, and heard the rector read a sermon. In coming from the church, the rector suspected him to be a brother of the ministry, and spoke to him. He received the rector's courtesies, and thanked him for the very edifying sermon he had preached, suggesting that it must have been the result of a good deal of labor.

"O, no," said the rector, "we turn off these things rapidly. On Friday afternoon and Saturday morning I produced this discourse."

"Is that passible, sir?" said Dr. South; "it took me three weeks to write that very sermon."

"Your name is not Dr. South?" said the rector.

"It is, sir," said Dr. South.

"Then," said the rector, "I have only to say, that I am not ashamed to preach Dr. South's sermons anywhere."

The Providence Journal adds to the above the following capital story:

Some years ago, a colored brother, we believe from Liberia, appeared in this city well recommended, and an appointment was made for him to preach in the vestry of the first Baptist Church in the evening. Considerable interest was manifested in him, as the good people expected in interesting information touching the prospects of African colonization. After the preliminary services, the reverend gentleman arose and delivered, verbatim, Dr. Wayland's sermon on the Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise. The only variation from the original delivery, was in certain gestures and intonations which it is believed Dr. Wayland did not employ.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY KIRK WHITE.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestride the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,

Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every king,
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once, on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blo'd
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!

CHINESE CELEBRATION OF FOURTH OF JULY.—The participation by the Chinese in the celebration of our National Anniversary, at San Francisco, is described as follows:

The great and principal feature of the procession was the Celestials, who turned out in astonishing numbers. There were less than three or four hundred of these singular beings, who took an active part in commemorating this glorious day. Their procession was headed by four of their number bearing a large flag made of silk, on which was the figure of a dragon and having eyes made of looking glass. It was one of the richest specimens of art we have seen, and the cost of it alone was \$2,000. Another banner in the procession, borne by some of their numbers, bore the emblematic words of "A rush for Republicanism," and "The Fourth of July hereafter and forever a festival day for the Chinese." A carriage drawn by four gray horses contained a band of their native musicians who, with their unwieldy and strange looking musical instruments, discoursed horrible music in an extravagant style. A large number of mandarins in carriages and on horseback were in attendance, whilst many followed on foot. A whole was under the command of Norman The Sing, Esq., together with Sam Wo and several other of our prominent Chinese citizens.

The custom of eulogizing men for their honesty and sometimes paying them extra sums for doing nothing more than their duty, is a humiliating evidence of the general depravity of the world. In a word, it is nothing less than complimenting a man for not being a cheat or an unfaithful agent.

From the Nashville Banner.

☞ The following is a beautiful poem—sparkling with brilliant imagery, breathing a sweet pensiveness realized by all who have withstood the rough encounters of the world, and chastened by a moral tone pure and elevated, creditable to the author, whom we regard as one of the most promising young poets of the West:

Wearv.

BY CHARLES M. DENIE.

Wearv! wearv! Oh! how wearv
Of life's restless troubled dream!
Things that look'd most bright are dreary—
Oh! that things were what they seem!

Joyless, cheerless, full with Sorrow;
Smiling lip and heart of flame.
I've no hope to gild the Morrow,
For each Morrow comes the same!

Thus I heard a voice repining
As I wandered in the night:
And I thought, a heart is pining
For some Star gone out of sight.

And I mused—what is this Sorrow
Thus without sweet Comfort's scope?
What's the woe that may not borrow
From the future one lone hope?

Love, perhaps, with lyre broken;
Love perhaps that's unrequited—
Some wild worship all unspoken,
In the heart a fire unred.

Or mayhap, that heart was lifted
Up in glorious dreams of fame,
Which Experience cold has lifted
For its hard to win a name!

Oh! how many a heart is bearing
In its closest fold a woe,
Which, howe'er 'twould ease by sharing,
None must hear of, none must know!

Yet, tho' all below be shrouded,
And our dreams their falseness prove,
There's a place as yet unclouded,
And the soul can look above.

Yes! oh, Yes! there Hope is banished—
For its dreams are all possess'd!
And tho' earthly joys have vanished,
There we know we shall be blest!

Earthly joys are only shadows,
Of the substance in the skies:
As the semblance of the meadows
Only in the streamlet lies.

And for Stars we dive all blindly
In the bitter briny wave,
While they shine above all kindly
With the light Jehovah gave.

When Life's stream is dark with trouble,
'Tis because through slime it flows.
Gain the source, and it doth bubble
Gladly, purely, free of woes.

Change its course to cleaner channels,
'Tween the shores of Love and Truth,
And no more its written annals
Are defaced by Sorrow's tooth!
Murfreesboro', Aug. 22, 1852.

TO THE GIRLS.

Here is a paragraph of plain talk to the girls which is worth a library of Young Lady's books or young lady's friends, or whatever may be the title of the wisly wacky compends that are sold for the benefit of that interesting portion of community.

"Men who are worth having, want women for their wives. A bundle of gew-gaws bound with a string of flints and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a coccine sancer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are good in their places, and so are ribbons, fills, and finisels, but you cannot make a dinner of the former, or a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary

to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration, remembering the tassels and curtains but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course of good prospects? to bea looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may catch him, or you may trap him or catch him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself worth catching and you will need no chrowd mother or brothers to help you find a market."

THE INAPPROPRIATENESS OF NAMES.—How so many names of persons, came into the world has never yet, to our knowledge, been clearly accounted for. But why, when they did name people, did they not give them names that were more appropriate? For instance, within the range of our acquaintance, a Mr. Taylor is Mayor and Mayer is a tailor; Mr. Pierce is a Scott man and Mr. Scott will vote for Pierce; Mr. Childs is childless, and Mr. Sloo sails the swiftest steamships on the Atlantic; Mr. Hunter never shot a rifle in his life; and always has his pen in his hand, while Mr. Penn spends but a few minutes in the woods, hunting; Mr. Shipp, Mr. Sloo, and Mr. Seaman, never saw an ocean vessel during their natural existence; Mr. Day nights half the night, and Mr. Knight works all day; Mr. Mason is a miller, and Mr. Miller is a mason; Mr. Brown is very white, while Mr. White is very brown; Mr. Gamble never bets, and Mr. Betts never gambles; Mr. Fisher is a merchant, and Mr. Merchant goes often a fishing; Mr. Shoemaker is a flour-dealer, and Mr. Farmer a box manufacturer; Mr. Crossman is very agreeable, and Mr. Pleasant rather morose; Mr. Croikshanks has straight legs, and Mr. Legg has short ones; Mr. Carver is a printer, and Mr. King a republican; Mr. Robb is an honest man, and Mr. Steele never stole anything in his life; Mr. Poor died one of the richest men in town, and Mr. Rich is as poor as an editor; Mr. Coffin is a jolly sort of a fellow, and Mr. Death weighs 300 pounds; Mr. Gardner is a merchant, and Mr. Mount puts like a porpoise in getting up stairs, Mr. Wright is invariably wrong, and Mr. Porter never drinks malt liquor, Mr. Walker and Mr. Foote are ever riding, and Mr. Ryder is always on foot; Mr. Shute never fired a gun, and Mr. Gunn went off; Mr. Winter is a warm hearted man, and Miss Blanche is as brown as a nutmeg; Mr. Blaze and Mr. Fury are most amiable gentlemen, and Mr. Gold and Mr. Silvers has no more money than many other people; Miss Grace is as awkward and stiff as a pair of old compasses, and Mr. Stiff is all grace and elegance; Mr. Backe'er has been married three times, and Mr. Waters is run 'an, Mr. Banks goes against unincorporated institutions, and the complexion of Miss Olive is like that of the lily; Jim Green is a darkey, and Mr. Black is very green.

For other particulars see small bills.—Cin Commercial.

H. G. SCOVEL, DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.

NORTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE,
(Three doors West of the Nashville Inn.)
Nashville, Tennessee.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER,

IN PAINTS, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine,
Brushes, Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye
Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Ci-
gars, Snuffs, Window Glass, Glass Ware, Patent
Medicines, Stone Ware, Surgical and Dental
Instruments, Wines and Liquors, exclusively for
Medical purposes, Powder, Shot, Bar Lead, Per-
cussion Caps, Pistols, Flasks, Shot Pouches,
Sado or Mineral Water, &c., &c., &c. jan3

JORDAN & WRIGHT,
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
South Side the Public Square,
4-5 MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

Cheap for Cash.

A FINE article of SOLE LEATHER.—Law-
renceburg tanned, also a fine lot of TIN-
WARE and TOBACCO for sale at the Factory
Store. JOHN FIELD.

CANCER CURED.

MRS. SUSAN HESTER, Aged 77 Years.
SIXTEEN years ago there appeared on my
left cheek two years tumors, a small distance
apart, supposed to be a cancer, another on my
chin, which increased to a considerable size,
something larger than a hen egg, hearing of the
success of Dr. January of Murfreesboro' in the
treatment of cancer, I was induced as the last
resort, to visit him, and place myself under his
treatment; who did in thirty days, take out and
entirely heal up the two cancers on my left cheek,
this was accomplished without giving me any
pain or inconvenience, the large Tumor on my
chin was taken off in eleven days, the disease
having spread a considerable distance, and so
large a quantity of flesh having to be taken out
has taken a long time to granulate and heal up,
I have been under Dr. J.'s treatment near three
months, I leave for Kentucky this evening, with
an assurance that a permanent cure is the result
of my visit to the city of Murfreesboro.

August 29th 1852. SUSAN HESTER.

This is to certify that Mrs. HESTER, boarded
at my house during Dr. January's treatment, of her
case. I have often examined the cancer whilst
the medicine was being applied. I consider the
cure permanent, she leaves to day for Kentucky;
in excellent health and vigor for a lady of her age.

August 29th 1852. JAMES BIVINS.
sept 1st-4

EXTENSIVE BOOT AND SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.



F. GLASE would respectfully inform the
citizens of Murfreesborough and vicinity
that he has bought out the Boot and Shoe Estab-
lishment of David Travis, on the East side of
the Square, and is now prepared to execute all
orders for Boots and Shoes at the shortest pos-
sible notice.

He has in his employ all the hands who have
been with Mr. Travis for the past two years, and
he is determined that his work shall not be sur-
passed in style, finish, and durability. He uses
none but the best Stock, and employs the most
experienced workmen.

He returns his sincere thanks to the public for
the very liberal patronage he has heretofore re-
ceived, and solicits a continuation of the same.
He will do an entire CASH BUSINESS, and
will be better enabled to give BARGAINS to
his customers.

Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to give him
a call. ☞ Shop on the East side of the Square,
formerly occupied by Mr. Travis. mar13

COME AND TRY ME.

THE subscriber thankful for the patronage
heretofore extended him, would announce to
his friends and the public, that he has now on
hand, at his old stand, a very large and desirable
lot of FURNITURE of various descriptions,
which he is determined to sell for cash, or on
time, cheaper than it can be bought elsewhere in
this market. Persons wishing to get good bar-
gains, are invited to call and examine his stock.
UNDEBARKING.—He is prepared to fill, at
the shortest notice, all orders for undertaking,
from any part of the county, at prices in proportion
to other furniture. He has a good HEARSE,
for one or two horses, which will be sent any dis-
tance required.

aug14. E. A. COCHRAN.

Notice! Notice! Notice!
AND FOR SALE! The undersigned wishes
to sell the farm on which he now lives 4½
miles East of Shelbyville on the Winchester
road, adjoining the lands of John Shofner and
James Mullins, containing 337 acres of as fine
quality of land as there is on Duck River, with
about 160 acres cleared, in a high state of cul-
tivation, with two never-failing springs and stock
water in abundance; with comfortable buildings.
Those wishing to purchase would do well to call
and examine for themselves. Terms made easy.
aug18. JOHN S. BOUTH.

Gas Lamps.

JUST received another supply of Gas and
Lamps. ☞ Remember, we loan the Lamps
gratis. BINFORD & McDERMOTT.

411 9974

$$\begin{array}{r} 8848064 \\ 0-14 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 94180 \\ 0000495 \\ 0-140609 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} -571 \\ 0-1000-84 \\ 0-581820 \\ 089446 \\ -58 \\ 92651410 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \ 5 \ 7 \ 8 \ 9 \ . \\ \hline 9 \ 5 \ 8 \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \\ 6 \ 5 \ 6 \ 4 \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \\ 4 \ 8 \ 6 \ 7 \ 6 \ 6 \ 8 \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \\ \hline 6 \ 8 \ 9 \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \\ \hline 1 \ 5 \ 4 \ 6 \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 64864 \\
 \times 54 \\
 \hline
 25936 \\
 25936 \\
 \hline
 349248
 \end{array}$$

2. $\sin 2\theta = 2 \sin \theta \cos \theta$

3. $\cos 2\theta = \cos^2 \theta - \sin^2 \theta$

4. $\tan 2\theta = \frac{2 \tan \theta}{1 - \tan^2 \theta}$

5. $\sec 2\theta = \frac{1}{\cos 2\theta}$

6. $\csc 2\theta = \frac{1}{\sin 2\theta}$

7. $\cot 2\theta = \frac{\cos 2\theta}{\sin 2\theta}$

8. $\sec^2 \theta = 1 + \tan^2 \theta$

9. $\csc^2 \theta = 1 + \cot^2 \theta$

$$\tan^2 \theta = \frac{\sin^2 \theta}{\cos^2 \theta}$$

10. $\sin^2 \theta + \cos^2 \theta = 1$

11. $\sec^2 \theta = 1 + \tan^2 \theta$

12. $\csc^2 \theta = 1 + \cot^2 \theta$

13. $\tan^2 \theta = \frac{\sin^2 \theta}{\cos^2 \theta}$

14. $\cot^2 \theta = \frac{\cos^2 \theta}{\sin^2 \theta}$

$$\sin^2 \theta + \cos^2 \theta = 1$$

15. $\sec \theta = \frac{1}{\cos \theta}$

$$\tan^2 \theta + 1 = \sec^2 \theta$$

$$\cot^2 \theta + 1 = \csc^2 \theta$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 00012-5448 \\
 4844-68 \\
 00098 \\
 14 \\
 25 \\
 125 \\
 25 \\
 4924-4 \\
 49452
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 8914251 \\
 -5644444 \\
 \hline
 4400000
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 59650 \\
 40000 \\
 10000 \\
 10000 \\
 10000 \\
 10000 \\
 10000 \\
 10000
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 -594000000 \\
 -414573 \\
 -4862525 \\
 184110 \\
 952 \\
 -
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 414 \\
 114
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 19 \\
 19 \\
 19 \\
 19
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 -16 \\
 12 \\
 12 \\
 12
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 25 \\
 25 \\
 25 \\
 25
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 25 \\
 25 \\
 25 \\
 25
 \end{array}$$



1-6-27

1-6-27

1629
41558
2125
28
4445

10
45

182471
4
1
4

174
1

4013-1-5-4

132954

7

6347

175

12

4927

1629

648

Robert

17686
2164
1416

142982

441128

180402

2.59



